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ERRATA.

Page 51, col. 1., line 16. For "many" read "two." Line 22. For "Magyars" read "Slavs of Moravia." Line 33. For "Parliament" read "Diet." Line 34. For "Magyar" read "Moravian."

Page 254, col. 1. Cancel the second paragraph for what relates to the caucus and the primary.

Page 266, col. 1., line 22. For "Thomas" read "Charles."

Page 432, col. 1., line 4. For "Crowell" read "Crothers."

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The Week.

While every one must regret Secretary Hay's disablement from ill health, there are some obvious advantages in having the Colombian negotiations turned over to a trained lawyer like Mr. Root. It is on the legal side, next to the moral, that the Administration's case has been throughout weakest. Secretary Root was in Europe when the blundering policy was undertaken, but immediately upon his return was credited with having induced the President to abandon one part of his rash plan—that to stop British merchantmen on the high seas. It was an instance of a cool-headed lawyer fearing to tread where impetuous statesmen rushed in. Irrespective of what is past, however, the present state of the case calls for legal acumen of a high order. The document which Colombia has presented in protest is a legal document; its contentions relate to the interpretation of law and treaty. Those things must mean more to a lawyer than to the mere diplomat. The latter may be disposed to take his wishes for the law, and to say, as Mr. Hay did when squarely asked why this Government would not allow Colombia to land troops in her own territory, "It is not thought desirable." A lawyer in his place would have anxiously inquired, "Where is my warrant?" All these and many other legal questions are now to be pressed upon the attention of the Administration more seriously than ever. We count it fortunate, therefore, that its special representative is to be a man skilled in the law.

The *Sun's* Washington correspondent says that the Administration is anxious for the ratification of the new Panama treaty because most of the President's advisers believe that the treaty of 1846 authorizes us only to keep transit open, leaving us with no right to take more drastic action to defend the Republic of Panama. These advisers are cold comforters, for has not the President himself already interpreted the treaty to mean that he may prevent all fighting on the Isthmus? Before there was a sign of a revolution, orders were issued to our navy to prevent the landing of Colombian troops within fifty miles of Panama or Colon. If Mr. Roosevelt must now have a treaty in order to do that sort of thing to protect Panama, he plainly confesses that he acted without legal warrant when he aided the incubating Republic of Panama. Such a course does very well, Mr. Roosevelt seems to feel, when there is nobody but a supersensitive press to criticise it. When Congress is in session, however, it is convenient to act under treaty. It looks better, keeps the Democrats quiet, and pleases Senator Hoar.

To suppose that the Colombians will be content with a sop thrown to them by Panama out of the $10,000,000 purchase money, or with the assumption of a portion of their national debt by the extemporized republic, is absurd. Strange as it may seem to some Americans, the Colombians are a high-strung, proud, and sensitive people. They feel about the shearing away of Panama just as we should about the cutting off of Florida from our country by a *coup de main*. Consequently, we may be confident that the hopes of Gen. Reyes and his colleagues look to some larger and more thorough-going adjustment than any mere money payment. It is more than foolish to talk about the Administration's being bound to "stand firm" and "yield nothing." Why should it stand still, firmly or otherwise, when by moving in a new direction it could accomplish its main object better? It is clear that new developments are to be expected. Colombia's present offers are, we believe, of a nature to make it entirely feasible for the President to end the whole controversy in a way satisfactory to all concerned.

Conservatism was the keynote of the utterances at the Democratic dinner on Monday night. Mr. Cleveland's letter closed with the words, "a safe and conservative Democracy." Mr. Hill cried out, "Fellow-Democrats, the people want a safe, consistent, level-headed, conservative administration." Mr. Olney, however, was the most important speaker, and his deliverance had the greatest significance. After detailing Democratic policies in foreign and in domestic affairs—"observance of treaties and obedience to international law," "respect for the rights of every nation, however small," "without making rumors and trivial events the pretexts for military demonstrations in foreign parts"—Mr. Olney added, "We have had a surfeit of sensations and of spectacles, and need a rest. We need it to recover our equilibrium." In short, the Eastern Democrats are giving plain warning that they regard safety and conservatism as the strongest issues. As Mayor McClellan phrased the appeal to the country at large, "Wherever they are to-night, in the East or the West, in the North or the South, let all Democrats hear our avowal." The candidates who are suggested also represent the conservative Democracy—Cleveland first of all, and Mr. Olney and Judge Parker. Whether or not we take Mr. Olney's tribute to Mr. Cleveland as a serious effort to bring him into the field, it is clear that delegates who enter the convention prepared to support an old-line Democrat are not likely to be stampeded for any man of the Bryan stripe.

With possibly two exceptions, Mr. McClellan's selections betray his readiness to accept the old Tammany doctrine that to the Wigwam workers belong the spoils. The men who got out the vote or worked at headquarters are the ones whom he has primarily considered in distributing his favors. Even his best appointees, Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Crain, are men who took an active part in the campaign against the good-government forces. Mr. McClellan, in thus limiting his choice, is in striking contrast to Mayor Low, some of whose best commissioners—Folks, De Forest, and Lederle—were practically unknown outside of what may be called professional circles. In retaining Commissioner Woodbury in order to placate independent Democrats, he has chosen one of the least eminent of Mayor Low's lieutenants, whose work has disappointed the public and has fallen below the Waring standard. The selection is, moreover, recognized in its true aspect as another exception which proves the Tammany rule. The most sinister aspect of the incoming Administration is, after all, the domination of Murphy. The fact that there is another boss in Tammany Hall, who has risen by way of the saloon, with bedraggled garments, stares us in the face, just as we are compelled to witness in the Republican party the supplanting of one "State leader" and autocrat by another. It cannot be ignored or belittled. The next two years Murphy will devote to strengthening himself and his position by means of a tool who relies upon his own feeble powers to counteract the evil influences of corrupt or inefficient commissioners, and is quite unable to see that a dozen police captains may nullify the reform efforts of a McAdoo.

Through the decision of the Supreme Court on the Gonzales case, the Porto Ricans are promoted from an anomalous position to that of "nationals" of the United States of America. Isabella Gonzales, a Porto Rican, was, on the 4th of August, 1902, denied admission at the port of New York. Commissioner Williams took the ground that she was an alien immigrant, likely to become a public charge, and thus liable to exclusion under the Immigration Act of 1891. On appeal, the Supreme Court

decides that the Porto Ricans, owing no allegiance to any other Power, are "nationals" of the United States and entitled to freedom of passage. In other words, they are virtually subjects, and under conditions which are generally applied, say, to natives in the French colonies, or to our own Indians; they are entitled to all civil rights under our Constitution and laws, but must acquire political rights (citizenship) by naturalization. (The Court expressly declines to consider the question of citizenship.) No one can doubt that the decision is in accord with substantial justice, but its full implications should be faced. The Filipinos, too, are our "nationals," and are entitled to pass freely and do business in our territory. It will be impossible to exclude them under any provisions of the Immigration Act. Here is only a hint of the embarrassments of a republic which injects into its body politic a great class of people who are neither citizens nor aliens. The logic of the situation is to prepare our "nationals" for citizenship with all expedition, or, should they seem undesirable as citizens, to restore them to their real status as aliens. The Supreme Court, in recognizing the national rights of the Porto Ricans, is tacitly making a strong argument for the independence of the Philippines.

The Boston Custom House episode should be a lesson to Secretary Shaw. He seemed to think that if he wanted to abolish the "release-bond" practice, the only thing he needed to do was to say so in plain terms. That may be the proper method out in Iowa, but in Boston they have always had a way of asking for the reason of things. And if they do not like the reason, they are apt to talk. Some persons over there seem to think that they have found the real reason for the recent bond-release ruling. It is said that politics is at the bottom of the affair. The collector, it appears, is a personal friend of Senator Lodge, and in overruling him the Secretary of the Treasury has trod on the toes of the Nahant statesman. Possibly Mr. Shaw could have effected his end without all this fuss if he had used a little Boston politeness. His direction to Collector Lyman to "go ahead and fix things, and I will see that you do not lose your official head," was in shocking taste. No wonder the Collector was "hurt," and called in Senator Lodge. But the Senator has his own ground of complaint. It was an ill-mannered act for the Secretary to make an important ruling in the Boston Custom House entirely on his own initiative. Massachusetts has no official Republican boss, but names are of no consequence. Senator Lodge and President Roosevelt have for more than twenty years been the warmest kind of political and personal friends to no purpose if the Senator has to refer the Boston merchants to the Secretary of the Treasury every time they come to him to help them fix things at the Custom House. No wonder it is said that Washington will hear from Mr. Lodge on this subject. It is time for the real status of the Secretary of the Treasury to be determined.

Increasingly vigorous protests are made against Gov. Pennypacker's plan to leave the Governor's chair for a seat on the Supreme Court bench of Pennsylvania. The leading newspapers of both parties are unanimous in their condemnation of the proposed turning over of the State government to the worst kind of Quay machine politician—Lieut-Gov. Brown. They declare that Brown could not be elected Governor on any ticket, and are of the opinion that Gov. Pennypacker's preëlection pledge to serve out his term should in honor prevent him from resigning now. At a public discussion in the North Broad Street Baptist Church of Philadelphia on Sunday week, a majority of the speakers criticised the Governor's course very severely, and with the entire approbation of the audience of five hundred men. But Senator Quay has assured the Governor of his hearty sympathy with the proposed "promotion," and it is therefore generally believed that this disgraceful deal will go through. As for the Governor, it is evident that his career is one which is worthy of the analytical powers of our best psychologists.

The appointment by Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia of a committee of public safety to report upon the theatre conditions in that city points the way for similar action by Mayor McClellan. The contradictory opinions as to the safety of our playhouses with which the press has been filled, merely emphasize the need of an authoritative finding. The new Fire Commissioner has been prompt in ordering an inspection of the fire curtains, and some managers have shown alacrity in opening their fire exits after every performance. But the published insurance rates for the various theatres show clearly that more important matters are involved, and it is extremely significant that some of the newest theatres are charged very high rates. What the public should know is whether in those cases where the proper exits are hampered by doors swung at right angles, by steep stairs leading down from the balconies, and by turns in the passageways to the street from the orchestra, the authorities cannot demand immediate alterations to safeguard the theatre-goers. Safeguarding the scenery is not the only requirement of the hour. Buildings in which large numbers of people assemble for any purpose should be rendered panic-proof as well as fireproof, if this is in any way possible. Mayor Harrison's radical action in closing all of Chicago's playhouses shows what a thoroughly aroused executive can do when he realizes the necessity of promptness and thoroughness.

In view of the differences of opinion among experts as to the security of our places of amusement, Mr. Perez M. Stewart's suggestion that there should be a committee of public safety to pass upon them has very considerable merit. Mr. Stewart was impressed with the necessity of such a body while Superintendent of Buildings in Manhattan, and particularly after the Park Avenue Hotel fire, with its needless loss of life. While the present Building Code has perhaps more stringent requirements than any similar municipal regulations, the responsibility for the lives of those who frequent halls, theatres, hotels, and restaurants is divided among the police, fire, and building departments. Some theatres are old and antiquated, but are beyond the reach of the law so long as they comply with certain technical requirements, such as asbestos curtains, etc. Frequently, too, they are wedged in the centre of blocks, and, therefore, have practically only one exit for orchestra and balconies. A commission of experts could easily be procured to pass upon these places of amusement and certify to their condition. Even if legislative sanction for such a committee should be required, it would be promptly forthcoming at this time. A certificate of safety from a body like this would be money in the pocket of every manager possessing one, as well as an asset to be advertised.

Pennsylvania is the latest State to feel the need of a rural police under control of its State authorities. For three months past the commonwealth has been disgraced by a series of crimes of violence in several districts, which shows clearly that the lawless elements have the upper hand. The Philadelphia *Press* reports that a lonely couple is tortured about every week; that houses are plundered, and that men working in isolated places, such as signal towers, are constantly in danger of being robbed and murdered. The *Press* attributes this epidemic of crime to the immigrants who have flocked to the State, and also to men who have been bred to violence by local disorders, as in the iron and coal regions. As in other American States, the only protection is provided by sheriff, constable, or watchman, and how precarious that is, every one knows who has ever lived in a rural community. Therefore, the remedy seems to be a State police patrolling the roads and supported in part by the localities served, and in part by State taxation. The same plan has elsewhere been advocated as a preventive of lynching, or in order to bring about the enforcement of certain laws.

In New York the need of a State police is most felt when it comes to the enforcement of the excise law. Take the Hudson River villages, for example. There is hardly one of them in which the statutes in regard to the sale of liquors are not persistently and openly violated. The officials whose sworn duty it is to enforce these laws are chosen by the voters of these same villages, and they are, therefore, content to wink at abuses and violations lest they be retired to private life at the next election. To many observers the only hope is a permanent State police to back up the now ineffective State inspectors. Its members could be shifted from county to county whenever they became too familiar with any one district. Such a force, if mounted, could also be assembled quickly for riot or strike duty, and, if properly handled, would be very much more effective than a similar force of militia. This argument should especially appeal to Pennsylvanians, who have had to pay out large sums for the National Guard in the long strike campaigns every other year for more than a decade. But, wherever tried, to be of any value, such a State police would have to be officered by men of military training, and would have to be entirely divorced from politics. It should follow the methods of the English county constabulary or the *gendarmerie* of France and Germany.

The report of the State Superintendent of Banking treats of some very important subjects. These include compulsory examinations, restriction of investments by trust companies, compliance by foreign trust companies with the restrictions of this State, cash reserves by trust companies, and weekly statements by trust companies and State banks. Most of these subjects have been threshed over before, but the promotion of "hazardous and experimental schemes" by trust companies is practically a new theme. The great underwriting deals of the last few years have in a very great number of cases failed to meet the expectations of those who went into them; but it is only during the past year that this fact has been demonstrated. It was not so very long ago that underwriting large industrial projects was considered a very safe and highly profitable business, and there was every temptation for many of the trust companies to go in for it. Owing to their not having to make public their affairs, as do the national banks, it has been difficult to form an opinion as to how far they have been affected by the setback to industrial underwriters. Doubts on this point have played their part in Wall Street in recent months, and no one will now question the wisdom of rigidly curtailing this kind of business in the future.

The best evidence that the industrial situation is sound at heart is the resumption of operations by mills which had been obliged to shut down. Every day adds to the list of these, and reveals a very interesting economic process. The mills did not raise wages until everything else had gone up on them. When the stock market brought about a prolonged period of tight money, consumers could not afford to pay so much for goods as formerly. It was necessary for the mills to bring about cheaper production, and the first step was a wage reduction. Manufacturers showed their good sense by quickly realizing the necessity of lower prices. The question was, Would the labor element be as quick to see the part they should play? When mills began to close all over the country, there was ground for apprehension, but it now appears that the shutdowns have in most instances been merely incidental to the adjustment of labor to new wage conditions. The frequent reopenings show that the labor element has in the main recognized the demand of the situation. The result is that the year ended without the widespread dislocation of industry which some people feared.

From the bare press reports it is impossible to judge of the activities of the Carnegie Institution. But, pending the distribution of the Year Book, it should be said that the drift towards research in the natural sciences is as marked as ever. To be sure, grants were given last year to the veteran Orientalist, Dr. Ward, for deciphering West-Asian seals; to Mr. Worthington C. Ford for calendaring the American archives at the Congressional Library; to Dr. Putnam for compiling a much needed directory of learned societies—but these were exceptional concessions to the historical sciences. That the Institution declines to subsidize systematic investigation in logic and metaphysics must be taken, we trust, not as evidence of contempt for philosophy as such, but of absence of attractive proposals in that field. But the scientific prepossessions of this unique foundation for research make it doubly desirable that it should be generous to the few really promising enterprises proposed in behalf of the humanities. In this regard Professor Seymour's report on sites for excavation in the Hellenic territory, and Mr. Pumpelly's preliminary account of vestiges of Mongol civilization in Trans-Caspia, deserve the friendly attention of the trustees. That the latter investigation might clear up obscure chapters in the history and archæology of Asia, readers of Sven Hedin's latest books of travels are fully aware.

The enthronement of a Roman Catholic archbishop at Westminster is an event of more than passing significance, for the ceremony did not take place humbly, but in a new cathedral which in certain respects rivals St. Paul's—the only church of the first architectural importance built by Protestants. Critics will differ as to the merits of Bentley's great basilica at Westminster. Many will regret its close adherence to Byzantine modes, but no person of taste will deny the impressiveness of the interior and the beauty of the fenestration, which is surpassed only in old Westminster itself. Pious Catholics will see in it a symbol of the Church Triumphant. They will recall that, since Mary's time, the Church, dispossessed of the great places of worship it had built, has lived a hole-and-corner life in England. The erection of a metropolitan church, quite as ambitious as any of the lost cathedrals, seems to mark the passing of the mission stage of Roman Catholicism in England. That the fact is viewed in a friendly light by the Protestant press, is a welcome sign of growing tolerance.

"A prudent lord," says Machiavelli, "should not keep faith when such keeping turns to his disadvantage." It is seemingly from this feeling that France will refuse to be bound by treaty to join the mad adventure of Russia in the Far East. Doubtless M. Delcassé, who is actively trying to bring the Russian Foreign Office into a peaceful mood, tacitly accepts Machiavelli's apology. "This counsel [of not keeping faith] would not be good if all men were good; but since they are bad, and do not keep faith with you, you need not keep it with them." But, of course, the French have a better reason for keeping out of the Far Eastern imbroglio. It is no affair of theirs; its scope was not foreseen when President Faure and Alexander III. exchanged toasts at Cronstadt, while practically France would have much to lose and nothing to gain in saving Russia's Korean chestnuts. There was, then, from the first a probability that the Dual Alliance would break down when applied beyond the Urals. Baron Hayashi, as reported in the dispatches, apparently has definite assurances that France will maintain a neutral attitude in the event of war. Here is unmistakably seen a first effect of the Anglo-French *entente*. The two nations are earnestly seeking peace at St. Petersburg. One cannot doubt that this common action will draw England and France still closer together, and will leave France in a merely platonic attitude towards the ally from whom she has received so little. Clearly we may expect a new shuffle of the diplomatic cards. France and England, with Italy, very likely, would form an alliance against which Germany and Russia might desire to combine forces. Thus the uncertainty in the Far East will probably result in a considerable readjustment of the European balance of power.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE DEFENSIVE.

President Roosevelt has heard from the country. He knows now, what he did not appear to dream of when he wrote his easy paragraphs about Panama in his annual message, that his course is open to serious objection. It has been challenged by men of weight in his own party, to say nothing of the independent press, on grounds of both morality and law. It is no longer possible to whistle down this opposition, or to put us off with the comfortable assurance that the President can do no wrong. Mr. Roosevelt himself has seen the need of attempting his own defence; and he makes it at great length in the message which he sent to Congress on Monday.

It produces no new facts, even with the extensive aid of a newspaper-clipping bureau, though it misstates some old ones. Thus, the President says that, just before the Panama revolution, he was thinking of "going to the Nicaragua route." But he has before stated that he had given that up as impracticable, on the advice of the most competent engineers. He also remarks that the idea of constructing the canal by "private enterprise" had long since been given up by this Government. Why, then, did it agree, in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, that it might be constructed "either directly at its own cost, or by gift or loan of money to *individuals* or *corporations*"? Nor would his assertion that the orders to our naval commanders this year were of the same tenor as those of 1901 and 1902 bear examination. There is a sinister difference. Previously, the instructions had been simply to keep transit open, and last year Secretary Moody allowed Colombian troops to be transported; this year the orders were to keep Colombia from landing a force anywhere within fifty miles of the Panama railroad—that is, practically, anywhere on the Isthmus.

All these minor matters, however, are of small account beside the grave questions of law and policy which the President discusses. He frankly admits now that his course has been irregular. The recognition of Panama was, he surprisingly declares, "in no way dependent for its justification upon our action in ordinary cases." Mr. Roosevelt confesses that the "general rule" is against him. This is a great advance since November and December, when he was asserting that he had but done what this Government had "always" done. He does not deny to-day that "a new state should not be recognized as independent till it has shown its ability to maintain its independence." That is, he acknowledges that the precedents and the rules are adverse to the course he has followed. Then what is his defence? Why, simply that our "national interests" and "the interests of civilization" demand that we take this extraordinary and lawless step! In other words, when we want a thing intensely, we are entitled to trample upon propriety and the law in order to get it!

Now it is unnecessary to remind an historical student like President Roosevelt that every execrated political crime, every ruthless act of conquest, every wicked oppression of the weak, has been justified by its perpetrators on precisely this ground. Has he never read Napoleon's proclamations? That giant despoiler of the nations held exactly the language of President Roosevelt—all his plundering and murdering was for the "national defence" of France and the good of humanity. It is more than a coincidence that the President cites the words of Secretary Cass. They were written at the time when the slave-holding Democracy of this country was looking everywhere for new lands to subdue and pollute, and only shortly after that infamous Ostend manifesto which the first Republican platform denounced as "the highwayman's plea." What would those founders of the party have said had they conceived it possible that a Republican President in 1904 would make that plea his own?

What we say is that, with such principles of action avowed by the President, no country is safe from his aggressions. This Government was founded as a government of law. When the Executive sets the army or navy in motion, he must be able to point to warrant in the Constitution or in the statutes. But here we have Mr. Roosevelt erecting as the true standard the "national interest"—or what *he* conceives to be the national interest. Apparently, this chivalrous President intends for the present to confine his attacks to weak nations—those which, as he says with fine magnanimity of Colombia, are "helplessly unable to enforce" their will as against us. But who shall put a check upon him? If he is to be a law unto himself and set up his notion of the national interest as his sufficient guide, where shall we stop? Nowhere short of becoming a standing threat to the peace of the world. Such wild and lawless conceptions of public policy must be put down, or the man professing them rebuked by the people, unless we wish to see this nation embark upon a career of universal aggression.

The President's message, far from being the end of debate, is only the beginning of it. He has not answered the searching questions put to him by Senator Hoar. He passes over entirely his commission of an act of war against a friendly nation. This and his other violations of law and precedent are the real points at issue. They cannot be hidden by the President's cloud of irrelevancies. The question before Congress and before the country is simply whether this great nation is willing to twist a treaty, to turn its back on admitted precedents, and to violate international law, all in order to win a mean and mercenary advantage.

"INCHOATE RIGHTS."

It fairly makes one's head swim to try to keep up with the Administration's successive inventions of legal doctrine. On the heels of the President's garrulous message, the upshot of which is that the essence of law is *sic volo sic jubeo*, comes the published correspondence of Secretary Hay with Gen. Reyes. In it we have one more astonishing attempt to find warrant for an arbitrary and illegal determination. Franklin said that it was a hard case indeed in which a reason could not be found for what you wanted to do; but Mr. Hay's task is the infinitely harder one of finding a law for what he wants to do. Gen. Reyes had politely but pointedly asked him on what ground this Government forbade Colombia to land troops on the Isthmus to defend her own sovereignty. The Secretary replied by recounting recent events, and referring to the treaty between Panama and the United States. Then he said—and here is where you begin to lose your breath—that, although this treaty had "not yet become law," there were "already inchoate rights and duties created by it." In other words, though the law was nonexistent, it was in force.

This is a charming novelty of Secretary Hay's. A treaty pending carries with it inchoate rights. Very good. The bearing of this doctrine lies in its application. Colombia, for example, might have applied it while *her* canal treaty was pending. She might have demanded half of the $10,000,000 purchase money, on the ground that the treaty, though not yet ratified, had already created inchoate rights, and she would take $5,000,000 for hers, please. Having this doctrine by him all the while, we wonder greatly that Secretary Hay did not bring it into play in connection with some of his own reciprocity treaties. While they were still before the Senate, why did he not write to Chancellor von Bülow or Minister Delcassé that the mere fact of a reciprocity treaty's pendency created an inchoate right on our part to exact lower duties for our goods, though we were not yet ready to grant them to foreign goods? The reason is, of course, that either of those gentlemen would have told him that his new doctrine was preposterous nonsense. Gen. Reyes, however, being the representative of a weak nation, is expected to admit gracefully that our logic is as powerful as our guns.

Inchoate rights under a mere project of law would be made short work of by any court. If our right to go to war to defend Panama can be deduced from an unratified treaty, so can Panama's right

to receive her $10,000,000. Imagine a Comptroller of the Treasury letting a dollar go out on any such warrant! Yet it would be as valid for him as it is for the President. For neither, of course, is it anything more than waste paper. The whole argument would be ridiculous were it not an alarming indication of a lawless spirit in the men set for the enforcement of the law. Prof. Henry Loomis Nelson, writing from close observation, has declared that President Roosevelt has essentially a lawless mind. That is, he thinks only of what he wants done, and has a thoroughgoing contempt for everything, including the law and the testimony, that stands in his way, The wriggling tergiversations which have marked the attempt to justify the Panama trickery go far to confirm that diagnosis.

Mr. Hay's discovery of inchoate validity in a treaty that has, as yet, no effect whatever in law, may be compared with that other invention, all his own, that the refusal to ratify a treaty is an unfriendly act. That was the burden of one of his threatening dispatches to Colombia. For it he was deftly called to book by the Colombian Minister for Foreign Affairs. Señor Rico stated but an elementary truth, but it is one which covers with confusion Secretary Hay's present contention, as it did the former. Said the Colombian Minister: "Previous to ratification, a treaty is but a project which, according to the law of nations, has no rights or obligations; and for the same reason, to reject or delay its ratification is not cause for the adoption of measures tending to alter the friendly relations between two countries." He added with great force that, if such were not the case, the mere "preparing of the treaty would be the occasion of a serious danger, instead of an element of peace and progress." It is plain that it would be if a ruler were free to make an unratified treaty the ground of usurping the power of Congress to declare war. Happily, if the President of the United States really does that, he will be liable to impeachment.

It is evident that the master-motive of both Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Hay in all this Panama recklessness has been a thorough contempt of the Colombians because they are not altogether such as we are, and because they are weak. This crops out in the President's message. He speaks of the "anti-social spirit" and "imperfect development" of the Colombians. How could such wretched inferiors expect to have their rights respected by the flower of Christian civilization? The old conception that laws were made for the protection of the weak has no place in Mr. Roosevelt's philosophy. Whom we can afford to despise we may wrong with impunity. Now contempt is as perilous a basis of intercourse between nations as between men. From despising people you soon pass to despising their rights; from contempt of their wishes you pass to contempt of our laws. The President's latest revelation of the way in which that spirit actuates him, has been too much for some of his warmest supporters. Whatever the immediate political and public effect may be, there can be no doubt what the verdict of the judicious will be upon the Panama high-handedness. Apropos of one of Palmerston's international aggressions, Lord Malmesbury wrote in his diary: "A low trick and unworthy of England." When the letters and journals of the present day come to light, how many honorable Americans will be found to have written in secret a like condemnation of John Hay and Theodore Roosevelt!

THE HANNA BOOM.

The Hanna boomers are still abroad in the land. At the annual "love feast" of the Indiana Republicans last week, Senator Beveridge spoke up bravely for Roosevelt, but there was much enthusiasm when Senator Hanna was described as "the most astute leader in the party." In Nebraska Gov. Mickey, who is a strong Roosevelt man, is reported to be alarmed over an attempt to undermine his candidate. In this State, as everybody knows, Wall Street much prefers Hanna to Roosevelt, and is prepared to back its preference substantially. In view of these steady efforts to bring Hanna forward, it is worth while to note his real elements of strength.

He can count upon considerable personal popularity in his own State. Ohio always has a favorite son, and to-day Hanna is the man. He could surely get the electoral vote in 1904—but so could Roosevelt or any other Republican, for the State is for the present as firmly fixed as Maine or Vermont. The party, then, is not under the necessity of nominating Hanna for the sake of saving Ohio.

Hanna's support among eminent financiers is, on the whole, a source of weakness rather than of strength, even in this State. Of course, huge campaign contributions would be a help, especially to a candidate like Hanna, who is not squeamish about spending money where it will do the most good. But corruption funds are not the be-all and the end-all in a political fight. Human passion and prejudice still play their part. It must not be forgotten, besides, that Wall Street has never been beloved outside of Wall Street; and the recent slump in stocks, which has impoverished thousands of small investors all over the country, has not warmed many hearts. The nomination of Hanna would be taken by every day-laborer, farmer, small shopkeeper, and professional man of moderate income as a signal that promoters, subsidy grabbers, bloated monopolies, protected Trusts, and law-breaking corporations had captured the party, body and soul. As a Republican leader in this city, who keeps close to the people, remarked the other day, "With Hanna on the ticket, we might as well not hold an election."

Hanna's greatest power, so far as securing the nomination goes, is with the machine politicians. Probably there are few States in which they would not be glad to see him overthrow Roosevelt. He could have the whole gang of venal Southern delegates at a low price for cash. He could secure many from the North by the judicious distribution of patronage—a business of which he is the acknowledged master. The rank and file of the "workers" would know that under Hanna there would be no nonsense about civil-service rules, no fussing over moral qualifications, no disagreeable inquiries into shady pasts—things that have made so many enemies for Roosevelt. Grave Senators would no longer have to sacrifice their dignity by solemnly protesting that the postmaster of their choice, though he looked the villain, was fit to be received in decent society.

More than this, there would be no damaging investigations of post-office thefts and land scandals, no prosecutions by "mugwumps" like Messrs. Bonaparte and Conrad; no painful explanations by former Cabinet officers; no indictments and sentences to prison for Beavers and other trusted friends of Congressmen. Hanna's stalwart defence of Rathbone and Heath has inspired all the rascals in both parties with confidence in him as a candidate. Every man who is thanking God for the statute of limitations would throw up his cap for Hanna. The only difficulty in the way of a sweeping victory would be the hostility of those citizens who do not flock with jailbirds. Exactly the same causes that would kindle enthusiasm in the "grafters" would alienate millions of plain people who are not looking for "plums," pickings, and rake-offs, and who have done nothing to make them fear the penitentiary.

As a candidate for election, President Roosevelt has obvious weaknesses. He will find those financiers who were troubled by the Northern Securities suit and by his attitude in the coal strike either lukewarm or positively cold. He must reckon upon half-hearted work from those spoilsmen of all grades—from United States Senators to district leaders—whose demands he has failed to recognize. He must also lose votes among the steady, conservative business men throughout the country, who regard him as impulsive and erratic. Yet, when all these deductions are allowed, he still retains far greater strength than Hanna. He is regarded as straightforward, incorruptible, fearless. If he is occasionally too strenuous and over-eager, he is, at any rate, not the tool of special interests. He is cordial, hail-fellow-well-

met, and is the possessor of certain engaging personal traits that make him enormously popular in the West. It is possible that such a candidate as Cleveland might consolidate all elements of opposition and beat him. Perhaps there are Republicans who might run almost as well as he. But the idea that Hanna could supplant him in convention and then carry the country is preposterous. A diversion for Hanna might conceivably bring in a Democratic President, but any one who is putting up his money on Hanna with the hope of really electing him is betting on the wrong horse.

OUR DEBT TO MR. LOW.

Mayor Low's Administration passes, but its works do follow it. New York city will never cease to show the impress of these two years of government under an honest, an intelligent, a high-minded and non-partisan Mayor. Mr. Low has made mistakes—some of them serious—which we have freely criticised; but above them all rise the solid achievements which an appreciative municipality should place gratefully to his credit now, as impartial history surely will hereafter.

We do not propose to detail here the record of the Administration which the voters put in power two years ago. It is known of all. It was spread before the city during the recent election, and no part of it was successfully challenged by its adversaries. Mayor Low's ability in practical affairs is of a high order, and was never displayed more signally than in the rehabilitation of our municipal finances. The intelligent care with which great public improvements were planned and watched over during his Administration; the attention given to the needs of the most needy, through efficient and considerate management of the Tenement House Department and the Charities Department; the improvement in the police force and the suppression of the grosser forms of public vice—all this is an old story, which needs no repeating here. But the moral of it all cannot be too often repeated. All details of public office are dry, as Disraeli said to the under-secretary, but it is necessary to master them. It was to this work that Mayor Low has given his days and nights. Only in that way can efficient government be had. The machinery will not run of itself. A spirit of energy and fidelity in the whole personnel of the public service has to be imparted from the man in control; and in this respect Mr. Low's example has certainly been all that could be desired. New York never had a more faithful or hard-working Mayor.

But it is the spirit even more than the methods of his Administration upon which it becomes the inhabitants of this city to fix their eyes. It was not a party Administration. The Mayor's chief obligations were not to a machine, but to the municipality. This left him free from the fetters which bind even a good man who becomes a partisan Mayor. He has no end of party claims to consider. He has to provide for troops of party hangers-on. His action in many matters has been mortgaged in advance. It is not possible for him to fasten his mind solely upon the work to be done and ask who is the best man to do it. But Mayor Low was happy in the possession of liberty. He was able to turn to the fit man, ignoring party designations. The result was to give the city a government in which a new principle was put into operation. Never before in this country has non-partisanship as the working basis of municipal administration been given a trial on so large a scale.

This is the chief thing for us to bear in mind. Here is the standard by which to judge Mayor McClellan. Mr. Low won his success in office because he was unhampered; because he could enlist available talent and public spirit without first seeing whether they were duly labelled with the correct party name. In other words, his range of choice was greatly enlarged, while his freedom of action—and the freedom of action of all his subordinates—was rendered more secure. Now it is unnecessary to argue that those are the essential conditions of successful administration. They are such in every other executive position known to man, and they are in the office of Mayor. Hence it is absurd to say that non-partisanship fails with the failure of Mr. Low to be reëlected. The non-partisan principle is simply a dictate of common sense, a mere platitude of business; and as soon as Americans make up their minds to manage their cities on common-sense and business methods, they will necessarily stand for non-partisanship. Mr. Bryan is returning from his European trip deeply impressed with our backwardness in city government, as compared with the level reached abroad. One reason certainly is that foreign cities do not tie themselves hand and foot under a partisan government. They leave their rulers at liberty to secure the best administration possible. But that is non-partisanship.

That principle will not die with Mayor Low's administration. Neither will the substantial improvements which have been wrought under it pass away and leave not a wrack behind. The good is the enemy of the bad. What the people have seen done for two years, they will insist shall be done in part, at least, during the years to come. We shall not fall back completely into the slough. In this way, even spasmodically, we win and keep a measure of reform—gaining only by painful inches. Good in itself, Mayor Low's Administration will be good in its future effects. It has given us an example from which succeeding Mayors will fall away at their peril.

NEGRO DISFRANCHISEMENT IN MARYLAND.

The negro is to be disfranchised in Maryland, although most of the causes which have led to similar action by the States farther south are absent. As compared with theirs, the negro population of Maryland is relatively small, being but 198 to every 1,000 inhabitants, in contrast with Mississippi, 585; South Carolina, 584; Louisiana, 471; Alabama, 452; Florida, 437; Virginia, 356; and North Carolina, 330. In Mississippi and in South Carolina, the first States to close the ballot-box to such of their citizens as had African blood in their veins, the negroes were in a large majority. Universal manhood suffrage, with free and fair elections, would make absolute negro domination at least theoretically possible. In Louisiana, Alabama, and Florida, the white majorities are so slender that a mere handful of Caucasians could, by allying themselves with the negro, have given victory to a party six-sevenths of whose voters were black. Even in Virginia and North Carolina it was quite possible for the highest State officers to be elected by a political party two-thirds of whose members were of African descent. In Maryland no person can be chosen by the vote of the State at large unless he receives more than three white for every two black votes. Nothing, therefore, which by any latitude of language can be called negro domination is possible there.

In all the other Southern commonwealths just named, negroes have held distinguished office. Two of them from Mississippi have had seats in the Senate of the United States. In Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina men of that race held high State and judicial offices, and were sent to the national House of Representatives, as they were from Alabama and North Carolina. In all the States in which they are now disfranchised, negroes have filled county and other local offices of dignity, power, and emolument. Nothing of the kind has ever been known in Maryland. Not only has no negro ever been elected to any office of any kind in the State, other than that of city councilman, but no negro has ever been the candidate of any organized political party for office.

During the twenty-five years prior to 1896 in which the Democratic party controlled all branches of the State Government, no attempt at disfranchisement was ever made. There would seem to be less reason for it now than heretofore, as for ninety years the proportion of negroes to the total population of the State has been steadily diminishing, as appears from every census since 1810, when the ratio was 382 to every 1,000. When President Roosevelt entertained Booker Washington, the Maryland negroes were relatively only about

half as numerous as they were when Benjamin Banneker was the correspondent of Thomas Jefferson. There is not a single county in Maryland in which the negroes do not now constitute a smaller proportion of the total population than they did twenty years ago. Indeed, outside of Baltimore City and County there were, in 1900, 1,761 fewer negroes than there were in 1880. Maryland has really no black belt in the sense in which that term is used in the farther Southern States, in each of which there are many counties in which the negroes are in the majority. In some of these counties there are two, three, four, ten, or even fifteen negroes to one white person. The difference between conditions in Maryland and those prevailing in the other disfranchising States in this respect is very clearly brought out by the following table, showing the number of counties in each State in which (a) the negro males of voting age are more numerous than the white males of that age, the counties in which (b) they are at least twice as numerous, and the counties in which (c) they are more than three times as numerous:

	(a)	(b)	(c)
Mississippi	34	21	12
South Carolina	27	5	1
Louisiana	28	10	7
Alabama	19	12	9
Florida	14	2	1
Virginia	25	1	1
North Carolina	9	—	—
Maryland	1	—	—

Charles is the one Maryland county in which there are more adult male negroes than there are white. In that county the negro majority is sixty. Somehow or other, the advocates of the disfranchisement of the negro in Maryland have created the impression that in the so-called black counties of the State the negroes are replacing the whites. It has been frequently asserted, not only that this process is going on, but that it is a result of the local governments of these counties having been under Republican control for perhaps half the time since 1870. Now it is true that the three counties in question —Charles, St. Mary's, and Calvert—are increasing but slowly in population. Their economic condition is not good, but it is doubtful if it is very much worse than that of many other purely agricultural regions in the North and East. It is not pretended by any one that there have been any gross frauds in their local government. Indeed, they are so poor that no money is raised except for the most necessary expenditures, and what those are everybody knows. There is no chance to steal anything much worth the taking, no matter how knavish the officeholders might be. It is said, however, that their governments have been inefficient and have not spent with much wisdom what money they have had; all of which is doubtless true, but it will be very difficult to show that there was any difference in this respect between the years in which the Republicans were in power and those in which the Democrats ruled.

There is a prevailing superstition that things were very much better in those counties in ante-bellum days; that they were then rich, prosperous, and progressive, and that since the war the whites have left these counties and the negroes have crowded into them. Now the fact is that precisely the opposite is true. In the halcyon days "before the war" the population of these counties was decreasing, and was 2,600 less when Abraham Lincoln was elected the sixteenth President (42,177) than it was when George Washington became the first (44,809). On the other hand, in 1890, after thirty years of negro suffrage, they had 2900 more inhabitants than they had in 1860 (45,067), and a trifle more than they had in 1790. Slavery, and not freedom, tended to drive out the whites, who in 1860 numbered 6,000 less than they did seventy years before (22,551 and 16,590, respectively). In the forty years since 1860 they have regained (22,020) nearly all they lost in the preceding seventy years. The black population, which in 1860 was 3,300 more than it was in 1790, was in 1900 2,500 less than it was in 1860. In 1830, eight of the then nineteen counties of Maryland had more negro than white inhabitants. In 1900 there were only two counties in which such was the case, and in one of these the negro excess in total population was so small that there was a white majority among the males of voting age.

It is not seriously pretended by any one that the Republican State Government in power from 1896 to 1900 was not both honest and efficient. It was exceptionally so. More enlightened legislation was placed upon the statute-books in those four years than in the entire quarter of a century preceding them. The fact is, that a large majority of the white people of Maryland have never felt that the negro ought to be allowed to vote, and much of this feeling is entirely independent of the way in which the negro may vote or of the results of his vote. For many years no attempt was made to disfranchise him, simply because it was not then supposed that the Constitution of the United States could be defied or evaded. The States farther south have shown that it can be. It therefore now seems practicable, and the Democratic politicians are much interested in it because the large growth in the white Republican vote of the State and the greater independence of many of the Democratic voters have made Maryland a doubtful State. Under the conditions which have existed for the last eight years, the Democratic organization has been frequently compelled to nominate for office a very different class of men from those it would have liked to put in place, because it has known that those whom it likes the majority of the voters much dislike. If the managers can get rid of thirty or forty thousand negro votes, they will be for a number of years in absolute control. It is highly probable that a Constitutional amendment disfranchising the negroes, and not materially affecting the whites, will be adopted if it be submitted to popular vote. Many white Republicans have their full share of prejudice against the negro, and are likely enough either to vote for the amendment or to refrain from voting at all. Many of them have an idea that, if the negro is disfranchised, Maryland will become a Republican State. Whatever may happen in the remote future, there is no probability of such a result for many years to come. For eleven years now the current of elections throughout the country has been running towards the Republican party without any break, and with very few eddies. In the nature of things this cannot last much longer. When the reaction comes, as it must shortly, it will suffice for a while, at least, to hold the present members of the Democratic party to their old allegiance. With the negro disfranchised, the normal Democratic majority in Maryland will certainly not be less than thirty thousand, and may be more. Under such conditions the Republican party organization will go to pieces. All the waiters upon Providence will ally themselves with the Democracy. Maryland will be as thoroughly a one-party State as is Pennsylvania.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

After every great theatre fire—and there have been many in this country—there has been a vast amount of discussion as to what might or might not have happened if certain things had been different—if a certain gas jet had not been left unprotected, if the exits had been larger and more plentiful, if the audience had preserved its equanimity instead of becoming panic-stricken, and so forth. In every instance an attempt has been made to prove that the disaster was the result rather of accident than of human carelessness; and although there have been coroners' inquests, grand-jury presentments, legislative enactments, and much indignant oratory, there has been no single instance, so far as we remember, in which any person has been held responsible and punished as he deserved.

It is impossible, of course, to see any bright side in so awful a catastrophe as that at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago on December 30; but it is by no means impossible to profit by the one great lesson that it teaches. It is the same lesson that has been taught by many previous theatre fires, but wilfully disregarded—that inflammable mat-

ter will burn when fire is applied to it. This really is the one vital point to be considered in the matter. Without inflammable matter in a theatre there can be no fire. Without fire there can be none of the horrors of burning, suffocation, and mangling which inevitably follow. It is an excellent thing to be careful about fireproof walls, about strong, wide, and plentiful staircases, and the easiest possible means of exit and entrance; but all such considerations are trivial in comparison with the one essential of preventing the occurrence of fire altogether. Now, the fact that this prevention of the possibility of fire in a theatre is, in these days, perfectly simple, is the damning fact which proves beyond dispute the existence of criminal negligence somewhere in every case of fire in a place of public amusement. There would be no injustice in a law which should make a manager criminally responsible for the consequences of any such outbreak in his establishment, and until some such regulation is put into force, the country will be shocked from time to time by these so-called accidents.

What are the plain facts? There is no difficulty whatever in building a theatre of absolutely incombustible material. There is no reason why anything but iron, steel, brick, stone, or concrete should be used in the construction of a theatre, except for the stage, where wood, of course, must be employed; and wood can easily be made as impervious to flame as brick or cement itself. It is just as easy to make everything else in the theatre, the scenery, the ropes, the costumes, and whatever furnishings may be required for the seats or for decorative purposes, capable of resisting fire. In other words, it is only deliberate and wicked recklessness which permits the existence in any theatre of a single article that will burn at a flash.

Moreover, in these days of electricity and steam, there is absolutely no excuse, except the contemptible one of cost, for the presence of fire in any shape within the precincts of a theatre. All the furnaces for heating, all the dynamos for the provision of light and power, can be placed in their own fireproof structures entirely independent of and disconnected from the theatre proper. And all these facts are known and long have been known by every architect, by every builder, by every theatrical manager—and it might almost be added by every actor and actress—of any account in the country. At least twenty-five years ago experiments were made at Wallack's Theatre upon scenery painted in distemper and treated with tungstate of soda. A woodland scene was placed in the centre of the stage, and a gas flame, ten or fifteen feet in length, proceeding from the nozzle of an ordinary hose, was directed against it. The scenery gradually became red hot where the flame touched it, but only at that point. Presently the red hot part crumbled away and the flame passed through the hole to the other side without doing any further harm. The scenery did not catch fire at all, in the ordinary sense of the words, the damage being confined simply to the spot to which the fierce flame was applied. At the same time it was demonstrated that cloth, wood, and linen could be rendered equally slow-burning by a similar process. Another important point to be remembered in connection with these experiments is that the cost of the necessary chemicals, of which there are several varieties, is insignificant. There is not the shadow of a shade of an excuse for the men who neglect, or for the authorities who do not insist upon, this precaution.

These experiments were the outcome of the excitement which followed the terrible fire in the Brooklyn theatre in which hundreds lost their lives. They were fully reported in the public press, were discussed in theatrical and scientific papers, and in the Legislature, and no influential person connected with the stage could have been ignorant of them; and yet, after a lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, theatrical managers, with the consent of the public authorities, are putting all kinds of fuel into their new fireproof theatres as complacently as a man throws coals into his furnace, and then affecting amazement and horror when the stuff catches fire. One would have thought that sensible men would have learned before this that fireproof structures filled with combustibles are not fireproof at all. So far as the Chicago horror is concerned, it matters very little in what way the spark was applied. The one point from which public attention must not be diverted is the fact that it had combustible matter to feed on. Managers will put such matter into theatres so long as the law permits them to do so with impunity. They are not men of murderous intention, yet in their recklessness or ignorance they may be almost as dangerous as an insane person with homicidal proclivities. But all the responsibility does not rest upon them. The public can defend itself, if it chooses, through the legislatures. If it cannot be roused on such an occasion as this to demand the enactment and enforcement of penal laws compelling the proper chemical treatment of all stage trappings, it must take the consequences.

SYRACUSE.

SYRACUSE, November, 1903.

To the lover of antiquity and the student of the ancient world, Syracuse has a peculiar charm which it is hard to convey in words. The city played a far less conspicuous part in history than Rome or Athens, perhaps even than Sparta or Carthage. Its site is not so beautiful as some others of Sicily, not to speak of that of Corinth or of other cities in old Greece. Messina, with its azure channel widening from the strait to the noble expanse of the Ionian Sea; Taormina, looking down from its rocky shelf along many miles of romantic coast and up to the snowy cone of Etna; Palermo, with the superb sweep of its bay guarded at each end by lofty mountains, have each of them more perfect landscapes. Neither does Syracuse offer to the archæologist as abundant architectural remains as many a place of less importance. Pæstum, Ægina, Girgenti, Verona, Baalbec, Trèves, to take a few familiar instances, have finer relics from Greek or Roman times than any that have survived the shock of time at Syracuse. The special interest of this city lies less in its aspect or in its ruins than in the impression one receives of its former greatness, and in the association of its site with one great event which has been described by a supreme master of words. Syracuse was at one time the greatest city in the Greco-Italic world. She was more populous than Athens or Thebes or Sparta or Cyrene. She was the equal of Carthage in the three generations before that in which Carthage disputed with Rome the control of the Mediterranean.

On the eastern coast, and not far from the southeastern corner of Sicily, a low rocky island, less than a mile long, and about a quarter of a mile broad, lying across the mouth of a deep bay, makes an admirably sheltered haven some ten miles in circumference. The opening of this haven between the island and a promontory to the south is scarcely a mile wide. The defensibility of the islet and the excellence of the port made the spot an ideal one for a Greek colony. All round the bay, except at its north extremity, there is a strip of fertile plain, some four or five miles wide; and beyond this plain, to the west, there rise in a steep acclivity dry, flat-topped limestone hills, bearing those aromatic plants which made Hyblæan honey famous. The forms of these hills are not bold or striking, for the limestone strata lie nearly horizontal and are not very hard. But the views are everywhere lovely, for one has the smooth sheet of the harbor and the blue expanse of the Ionian Sea beyond; one has the glittering white of the buildings on the island set in the circumambient blue; one has the green of the cultivated plain with the gray hills behind; and over them, far away in the north, the snow-capped majesty of Etna. The landscape depends for its beauty more upon color than upon form; and as the colors are soft and quiet, the sentiment of the landscape is soothing, and steeped in a gentle calm. The fishing boats on the sea, the few coasting craft that lie at the quay of the little city, give a certain variety to the scene, but do not disturb the feeling of Old World repose.

Neither has the city itself anything striking in its external aspect. The skyline wants towers or spires. The castle at the southern extremity of the island is solid, and has some noble mediæval work in a ruined hall and a rich window, but it is not lofty enough to make a feature in the landscape. The other buildings are so closely pressed together and so much of the same height, that few of the palaces, which date from the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, rise sufficiently above their neighbors to give much variety to the mass of houses.

The streets present many picturesque bits

of architecture, here a window and there a door of fifteenth-century work; with now and then a handsome palace in that stately, ponderous style which suggests the Spanish influence that so long told upon Sicilian builders. There is, however, no really fine church, for the ruthless hand of the restorer has swept away nearly all that had come down from mediæval times, and the later Renaissance and modern work is dull and often tasteless. Where a long, narrow street opens on the sea, one has often a charming view; there is always a pleasure in these southern towns in the clear air and brilliant sunshine as one emerges upon the sea front and catches the sparkling wavelets. As is usually the case in sites of limited area which have been continuously inhabited for many centuries, the remains of classical antiquity are scanty. Two fragments of temples alone remain from Hellenic Syracuse. One survives in the columns and part of the floor and front of a temple apparently of the fifth century B. C., supposed to have been dedicated to Apollo—a fine piece of work, but much damaged, and so crowded in by houses that its proportions and general effect cannot be duly appreciated. The columns of another have been preserved, embedded in the walls of the Cathedral, a building of no great beauty, for though its earliest form must date from a remote time, it has been modernized in an unattractive late Renaissance style. One might expect that in the open ground outside the Island more considerable ruins would remain. There are, however, but few. Three miles away, across the Great Harbor, two columns only remain of the temple of Olympian Zeus which contained a famous statue clothed in the golden mantle which Dionysius stole. There is also, a mile outside the modern town, the Greek theatre, whose seats, cut in the limestone rock, are still perfect. There is a Roman amphitheatre, somewhat more dilapidated, because its materials have been carried away to be used in building. With the exception of a stray column or two and some fragments of Roman work, and of the walls to be presently noticed, these are practically all that is left of old Syracuse.

In what, then, does the special interest of the place consist? In the site itself—that is to say, in an examination of the ground covered by the ancient city in its greatest extent, and in the identification of the spots which played a conspicuous part in its history. It was not only a vast and populous city, but, during the period of its greatest power, from B. C. 500 to B. C. 200, was more frequently besieged by large armies and fleets than perhaps any other city, so that the methods of attack and defence practised by the ancients can nowhere be better studied in their relation to the natural features which determined their employment. Originally confined to the isle of Ortygia, the city spread northwards beyond the narrow and shallow strait which divided it, on the north, from the mainland. Here the ground rises gradually to a sort of tableland, which breaks down to the east in bold cliffs towards the sea, and on the west slopes gently upwards for about five miles. The eastern or seaward part of this tableland, called by the Greeks Achradina, was first covered with houses; and presently, when it had been enclosed by a wall, it became part of the city, the strait having been now bridged over, as it is to-day. By degrees the city spread further to the west, until the whole plateau was (under Dionysius the elder) encircled by a wall which ran along the top of the line of cliff that bounds the plateau on the north and on the southwest. In this, its greatest extent, Syracuse was eight or ten times the size of the old isle-city, and had room for a million of people, though probably the population never reached that number, and large spaces remained unbuilt on. In the later days of the Roman Empire, as the prosperity of Sicily declined, Syracuse shrank slowly back to its former limits. It is now again confined to the isle of Ortygia, though a few houses are scattered over the lower parts of Achradina, within a mile of the modern town. The rest of the tableland either is cut up into fields, or remains a bare stretch of open ground, browsed by goats, covered with loose stones, but showing hardly any traces of the houses which must have covered large parts of it. The wall, however, can be traced all round, and in some places, especially on the north side, is pretty well preserved, while at the extreme northwest end there are considerable remains of the huge fortress, with its long subterranean galleries cut out of the rock, which Dionysius constructed to guard a point where the cliff did not give sufficient protection.

From the summit of this fortress, which stands high, there is a splendid prospect over the whole plateau, over the country to the north as far as Etna and the mountains of Calabria, over the Harbor and the plain which lies between it and the western hills. All the spots that figure in the great Athenian siege are visible. Immediately beneath is the break in the line of cliff by which the Athenian army ascended in that night attack on the Syracusan position which proved their ruin. This break is due to the fact (a fact that does not seem to have been noticed by the topographers, so far as the present writer knows) that at this point a dyke of igneous rock breaks through the limestone strata which form the cliff. The dyke has itself worn down to the level of the rock on each side, but its intrusion has caused the interruption of the precipitous face, and left a comparatively easy path from the lower ground to the plateau above. To the east one discovers the site of the Athenian circular fort, and the course followed by the walls which the besieger and the besieged respectively built. To the south are the battlefields in the plain on which the hostile armies strove. Full in front is the Great Harbor in which the decisive naval conflict was fought, when the enormous fleets almost filled the wide space of the harbor. To the northwest, some six miles off, is the glen by which the defeated Athenians strove to escape, and where they were met and turned back by the Syracusans. Far away to the south-southwest is the line of road along which, after that repulse, the Athenians made their last effort to break through the toils which had been spread around them, and along which the relics of the shattered host were brought back as prisoners to be shut up in those terrible quarries where most of them perished —last scene in the awful drama which we read in the imperishable pages of Thucydides.

It is Thucydides above all that has given the site of Syracuse its enduring and enthralling interest. He makes us realize, as one so seldom can in spots where great events have happened, the volume and force of human passion that has surged over the ground which now lies lonely, calm, and peaceful under our eyes. The ancient world is so far removed from us, and the data we have for many of the most striking passages in its history are so scanty, that it is seldom that imagination can body forth in vivid clearness the reality of events. Here, though houses and temples are gone, the features of the ground speak to us; and when they are illumined by the brilliant light which the great writer has poured upon them, they move us like a poem or a piece of noble music. The hosts march again over these silent, stone-strewn fields; the pæan rises from the struggling mass of warriors; the triremes, sped forward by the straining rowers, meet and crash upon the gleaming waters of the Great Harbor, beneath which lie the bones of so many valiant men.

POISONERS AND SORCERERS.

PARIS, December 16, 1903.

By a singular coincidence, two works have appeared, nearly at the same time, on the subject of poisonings, which have long been one of the curious chapters of history. I have before me the 'Poisons et Sortilèges' of Drs. Cabanès and L. Nass. with the sub-title, "Les Médicis; les Bourbons; la Science au 20e siècle." This volume succeeds another, chiefly concerned with poisoning in more ancient times—'Les Césars; Envoûteurs et Sorciers; les Borgia.' Dr. A. Masson has written a volume on 'La Sorcellerie et la Science des Poisons au 17e Siècle.' Curiously enough, our popular dramatist, Sardou, is just preparing for the stage a new play called "La Sorcière," in which the famous Sarah Bernhardt will take the principal part. The work of M. Funck-Brentano on the trials of the famous poisoners of the reign of Louis XIV. ought not to be forgotten; it is a very important contribution to history, though the author is sometimes carried away beyond the limits of severe criticism.

For some little time the doctors have seemed anxious to take their place among the writers of history and to solve problems which touch at the same time the fate of nations and their own profession.

"We can," says M. Masson, "form an idea of the way in which history was written under the reign of our kings, by the manner in which the Empress of China relates in her own way to her subjects the official history of the late campaign. Even to this day the Sultan is ignorant of the tragic death of McKinley, and believes that the President of the United States died of a cerebral congestion 'while visiting the Buffalo exhibition.' In Turkey, the death of King Humbert was reported in the official papers: 'The King of Italy died suddenly while bowing to the crowd.' When the late Shah of Persia was assassinated, the Turkish papers simplified the news and published the following information: 'The Shah felt slightly indisposed in the course of the afternoon, and his body was sent to Teheran.'"

In Russia, where so many tragical events have taken place, there was at once established a sort of tacit complicity between all who had profited by them, and it was only by degrees that the whole truth filtered through the official legends.

The science of poisons was an importation from Italy. History has preserved the

name of some of the famous poisoners who learned it in the land of the Borgias. The most famous of these is René, the perfumer of Catherine de Médicis, who was by some (justly or unjustly) considered his accomplice. René Bianco arrived in France in the Queen's suite, at the time of the marriage of Catherine with Henri II. He opened a shop in the Pont St. Michel, and occupied himself not only with perfumes, but also with poisons. The visits which Catherine sometimes paid to Ruggieri furnished Alexandre Dumas with chapters in some of his amusing novels. Ruggieri was another Italian, who was versed in astrology and occupied himself also with poisons; he became for a time the oracle of the Court, and the grave De Thou says that, after the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, Catherine consulted Ruggieri in order to decide what she was to do with the Princes of Navarre and of Condé, who were in her hands. Ruggieri was merciful, and, having consulted the stars, announced that the state had nothing more to fear from the two princes.

It was often said that the mother of Henri IV., the famous Queen Jeanne d'Albret, was poisoned when she left Navarre to go to Paris to attend the marriage of her son. M. Cabanès does not accept this version. Jeanne d'Albret was very ill already when she left for Paris; she was probably tuberculous. I have a portrait of her at that time, in which she is very emaciated. During one of the fatiguing ceremonies on the occasion of her son's marriage she took cold and died of pleurisy. An autopsy was made after her death, but nothing was found to justify the rumor, which became current, that she had been poisoned by means of toxic perfumes. Henri IV. was always silent on the subject, and never brought a direct accusation against the enemies of his mother.

The chapters written by M. Cabanès on the use of poison in the sixteenth century are very interesting, and he is able to correct many historical errors. He gives many details regarding the poisons employed at the time. The famous surgeon Ambroise Paré writes with much caution on the subject: "If I had my will, no man would ever have written on the subject of poison, so that we should have to defend ourselves only against beasts, which is easier than to defend ourselves against the wickedness of traitors and poisoners." He says also: "The way to defend ourselves against poison is very difficult, for the wicked poisoners and perfumers, who secretly sell poisons, conduct their villany so adroitly that they deceive the most expert."

We possess many documents on the history of criminality in the seventeenth century. Trials were frequent in which sorcery was really a cover for poisoning, and not a few of the sorcerers tried were in reality mere poisoners. In 1679 the King created the "chambre ardente," which had at once to judge 337 people suspected of being poisoners, and many were condemned to suffer capital punishment. From that date we hear no more of sorcerers, and trials for sorcery became exceedingly rare. On the other hand, trials for poisoning became more common. The regicides, instead of employing the poniard, tried poison. From the reign of Louis XIII. there are, in the Musée de Condé at Chantilly, 354 autograph letters which throw great light on this subject, as well as the 244 letters already known and published in the Historical Studies of Marius Topin.

M. Masson's chapters on Richelieu and Louis XIII. are particularly interesting. The medical account of Richelieu up to the time of his death is contained in a series of dispatches from Louis XIII., always uneasy about the health of his minister. These letters, written from many places, show the King's anxiety. He writes from Blois, on the 6th of June, 1626:

"My Cousin: I perceive all the reasons which make you desire rest, a rest which I desire, with your health, even more than you, provided you can find it in the care and principal conduct of my affairs. . . I am well aware, sir, that you despise all for my service, and that many of the *grands* wish you ill on this occasion, but be assured that I will protect you against whoever it may be. Louis."

In November, 1632, it was thought that Richelieu was in great danger. The King received news of him almost hourly, and wrote him short notes like this from Beaugency, on the 17th of November (8 P. M.): "My Cousin: I am exceedingly pained by your illness." These laconic notes were received by Richelieu at Bordeaux, where he was suddenly seized by a crisis in his malady. M. Masson tries to prove that Louis XIII. was constantly preoccupied by the idea that poison might be administered to Richelieu, and that the King had the same fears for himself. These fears were unfounded so far as the great minister was concerned, for he died from natural causes in September, 1642. His health had always been precarious, and he died of pleuropneumonia. He was all his life subject to an infirmity which caused frequent loss of blood, and all his portraits show him with a very pale, emaciated face. He was not allowed to ride horseback, and he often made journeys in a barge on the Loire.

Marie de Médicis, the mother of Louis XIII., is the subject of another medical study by M. Masson. Without entering into details, I give only his final verdict: "It is very difficult, after the review we have made of all the symptoms, to retain any doubt as to the mode of death of Marie de Médicis, and to believe that she succumbed to a malady having its natural evolution." The King and his mother were estranged from each other:

"In virtue of the axiom, 'Is fecit cui prodest,' people suspected all those who feared a return to favor of the Queen mother and were not without apprehensions that, if she made peace with her son, she would desire to take vengeance on those of whom she thought she had a right to complain. Richelieu was naturally accused of this crime, but the high favor which he enjoyed, a favor proved by the correspondence between the King and his minister, does not allow us to charge his memory with such a calumny."

"Marie de Médicis, a cardiac subject, did not die of heart complaint; . . . she died a violent death, like three-quarters of the members of her family."

M. Masson's study ends with the reign of Louis XIII. Drs. Cabinès and L. Nass enter the reign of Louis XIV. They speak at length of the attempts made at different times to poison Mazarin, the superintendent Fouquet, Colbert, Louvois, De Lionne; of the mysterious death of Madame, whose funeral oration was delivered by Bossuet *(Madame se meurt! Madame est morte!)*; of the death of Marie-Louise of Spain; of the criminal projects of Madame de Montespan; of the famous poisoners, Voisin and Brinvilliers. The deaths of the Grand Dauphin, the son of Louis XIV., and of his sons, are events which have entered into all memories and have been recorded in immortal pages by Saint-Simon. When Louis XIV. died, he left for his successor a child, of delicate health, who alone stood between the crown of France and the Regent, Philippe of Orleans. Rumors of poisoning were so current in the 17th century that the Regent was suspected of aiming at the crown by all means; these rumors were unfounded, but the governor of young Louis XV., M. de Villeroi, guarded the young King with so much jealousy that he led people to suspect that the child was in constant danger. Lagrange-Chancel made himself the mouthpiece of the enemies of the Regent of Orleans when he wrote the now well-forgotten poem of the 'Philippiques.' When Louis XVIII. was on the throne he once said to the Duke d'Orléans (the future Louis Philippe), who called on him at the Tuileries: "Avez-vous lu les Philippiques?" Louis Philippe was very much moved by the question (Louis XVIII. having a particularly harsh manner), but said nothing in answer. The King remained silent for some time, and then said: "Well, cousin, you may read the 'Philippiques.' Louis XV. lived long; the Regent was *un honnête homme.*"

Correspondence.

PROFESSORS' SALARIES AT AMHERST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your statement, in a recent article on "Some College Salaries," that professors at Amherst receive less than $3,000, is incorrect. Since 1901 the regular salary of professors has been $3,000. A large addition to funds was then made for increasing the salaries of professors and associate professors. It has also been provided that those who have reached the age of seventy and have served the college twenty-five years, may retire on a pension amounting to half-salary. George Harris.

Amherst, January 2, 1904.

AN AMERICAN POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION ESTABLISHED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the result of a movement begun more than a year ago there was established at New Orleans, December 30, a society entitled The American Political Science Association, whose sphere of interest is the entire field of political science. Within this field its work will be similar to that now being done by the American Historical and the American Economic Associations for history and economics respectively, and its policy will be to maintain as close relations as possible with these two older bodies. Its membership will undoubtedly include many persons who are already members of the Historical and the Economic Associations, and it will hold its annual meetings at the same times and places.

The need for the establishment of this new society, which is to have for its object, as its constitution declares, "the encouragement of a scientific study of politics, pub-

lic law, administration, and diplomacy," is quite evident. By some few the opinion was advanced that this need might be met by the creation of a political-science section in the American Economic or in the American Historical, or in both; the sections thus created to form a joint section, to which should be assigned a certain part of the programmes of the annual meetings of those associations. A canvass of the views of those most interested disclosed, however, an overwhelming opinion that the need could not thus be satisfied. By them it was argued that, in the first place, such a political-science "section" would not attract the active support that a new national association would be likely to enlist; and, in the second place, that it would in but very small measure satisfy the needs of the political scientists. It was declared that what they desired was not merely an opportunity to read papers and to have them published in the reports of the annual proceedings of an existing society, but the establishment of some representative body that could take the scientific lead in all matters of a political interest, encouraging research, aiding if possible in the collection and publication of valuable material, and, in general, advancing the scientific study of politics in the United States.

It being thus demonstrated that a new association was needed, the only question that remained to be answered was as to whether there could be obtained a support sufficient to warrant its establishment. Inquiries pursued during the past year showed that such a support could be obtained, and therefore, as above said, the Association was created, a constitution adopted, and officers elected for the ensuing year. These officers are: President—F. J. Goodnow, professor of administrative law, Columbia University; First Vice-President—Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University; Second Vice-President—Paul S. Reinsch, professor of political science, University of Wisconsin; Third Vice-President—Simeon E. Baldwin of New Haven, Conn.; Secretary and Treasurer—W. W. Willoughby, professor of political science, Johns Hopkins University. Associated with these in the government of the Association were elected the following members of the Executive Council: Andrew D. White, former Ambassador to Germany; Hannis Taylor, former Ambassador to Spain; Jesse Macy, professor of political science, Iowa College; H. P. Judson, professor of political science, University of Chicago; L. S. Rowe, professor of political science, University of Pennsylvania; Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews;* Bernard Moses, professor of political science, University of California; J. A. Fairlie, professor of administrative law, University of Michigan; W. A. Schaper, professor of political science, University of Minnesota; Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress.

Within this Association, sections are to be established dealing respectively with the following topics: (1) Comparative Legislation, including the practical operation of statutes, uniform legislation, and the promotion of publication, especially of indices and digests of record material; (2) International Law, including diplomacy; (3) Constitutional Law, including lawmaking and political parties; (4) Administrative Law, including colonial, national, State, and local administration; (5) Historical Jurisprudence; (6) Political Theory.

The enumeration of the above topics serves not only more particularly to indicate the prospective field of the Association, but to emphasize the fact that its work will appeal very strongly both to those engaged in academic instruction and to public administrators, to lawyers of broader culture, and, in general, to all those interested in the scientific study of the great and increasingly important questions of practical and theoretical politics in this country. Through affiliation with the American Historical and the American Economic Associations, it is believed that a trinity of societies will be created that will be able to assume and maintain an undisputed leadership in these allied fields of thought.

The constitution of this new association declares that it "will not assume, as such, a partisan position upon any question of practical politics, nor commit its members to any position thereupon." Any person is eligible to membership upon the annual payment of three dollars, or to life membership, exempt from annual dues, upon the payment of fifty dollars.

In conclusion, it may be said that the establishment of this association is a definite recognition of the fact that the study of politics and public law is a discipline distinct from that of history and of economics. It is scarcely too much to expect that just as the establishment of the American Historical and of the American Economic Associations marked the beginning of a new epoch in the scientific study of history and economics respectively in this country, so the creation of this new Political Science Association will mark the beginning of a new period in the scientific study and teaching of matters political in the United States. X.

January 3, 1904.

LIONS FOR TWO PRESIDENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Consul-General Skinner, now on his return from the Abyssinian capital, "has been charged to deliver to the President two lions" as a present from King Menelik; and, as they could not well be shipped by express from Abyssinia, presumably the consul-general has them in his personal custody. It is to be hoped he enjoys the mission thus imposed upon him better than a certain earlier consular officer did a like trust.

In 1839, while Thomas N. Carr was consul at Tangier, a rumor came to him from Fez that the Emperor of Morocco intended making him the recipient of some barbaric present or other expressive of his regard for the Government of the United States. Consul Carr took immediate alarm, and sought the bashaw, who was the chief official at Tangier, to remonstrate. From the bashaw he got no satisfaction, and set about communicating with the Emperor; but, before he could do so, there came to his door a glittering official, attended by a file of soldiers, and bringing a full-grown lion and lioness—the finest ones, said Mr. Carr, that he had ever seen. The Moroccan official said he had come to give the consul the lions as a present. The consul said he could not take presents; the laws did not permit it. "But you are expected to forward these to your President," said the official. The consul said that the laws of Congress did not permit the President, either, to accept presents from a foreign Power. "Then you may send them to your Congress," replied the official. "But," remonstrated the distressed consul, "Congress will not accept presents; it has resolved to that effect." "Well," next inquired the Moroccan, "who is back of your Congress—who is the highest authority in your country?" "The people," responded the American. "Then send the lions to the American people," was the conclusive and triumphant answer of the official. Then the consul refused point blank to receive the lions for anybody or on any terms. "But," answered the Moroccan, "that is impossible. I have been sent to give you these lions, and give them to you I must and shall; it is the Emperor's orders, and in Morocco to disobey an order means to lose one's head; if you don't take the lions, I shall turn them loose in your street and put a guard across the head of it to keep them there."

Mr. Carr wrote to the State Department that the street in which he lived was a short *cul-de-sac*, in which were only half a dozen houses besides his own; that to turn lions loose in it would have made it uninhabitable, and, at the end of all his resources of resistance, he could see nothing to do but clear a room in his house and turn the lions into it. This he did, and his letter relating to the State Department the story of his adventure and his helplessness against the overpowering generosity of his Moroccan admirers is a most pathetic and moving paper. It is printed in full in House document No. 221, Twenty-sixth Congress, first session.

Communication sixty-four years ago was tedious to an extent which it is hard for those of our day to realize, and his letter, dated September 3, 1839, did not reach the State Department till November 5 of the same year. On November 12 a reply was forwarded, in which Mr. Carr was told that as it appeared he had done all that lay in his power to repel the invasion of the lions, he might send them to the United States by the first available ship, and the charges for transportation and for the subsistence of the animals while they remained members of his family would be allowed in the settlement of his accounts. At this point Document No. 221 drops the story. If the chapter—probably of equal or greater interest—relating the shipment of the lions, their arrival in this country, and their reception by the President, is in the public documents, I have not yet run across it. Giving the State Department's letter two months to reach Tangier, and making reasonable allowance for delay in securing a ship (only accidental sailing ships being available), the unfortunate consul must have had the lions in his household for the better part of six months.

The story of the progress of Consul-General Skinner's menagerie will, of course, be told more minutely, and if King Menelik's lions reach President Roosevelt he will have an easy outlet from the dilemma by way of the National Zoölogical Park in Washington, which, of course, did not exist in President Van Buren's time.

F. A. Crandall.

Washington, January 4, 1904.

Notes.

In March next, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. purpose bringing out the 'Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier, 1835-1900,' a two-volume autobiography, in which the journalistic portion outbulks considerably the financial. Many of the leading engagements of our civil war are described from personal observation and from special research in the Official War Records. There will be maps and portrait illustrations.

The Royal Society of Prussia has decided to publish a complete and monumental edition of the works of Wieland, under the editorial direction of Prof. Erich Schmidt of the Berlin University. This project is all the more a desideratum as none of the editions issued by the poet himself includes anything like all his writings; and the same is true of the later edition of Gruber in 1818-1828, and even of Duntzer's forty-volume edition in the seventies. The new edition will embrace everything known to have emanated from Wieland's pen.

Keats has been added to the 32mo "Oxford Miniature Poets" of the Oxford University Press (New York: H. Frowde). The Oxford India paper always taxes credulity by its compactness, and here we have 574 pages that might be doubled without straining the pocket. Opaqueness accompanies this thinness of paper, and the page is perfectly legible. Severn's portrait of Keats serves as frontispiece. There is an index and a table, but no other apparatus.

For the sake of illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, the Bobbs-Merrill Co. of Indianapolis have arranged with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for a new edition of Longfellow's 'Courtship of Miles Standish,' now nearing its half-century mark. Mr. Christy's designs are partly in color, partly in black and white. In neither series can we praise the skilled draughtsman, nor discover imagination out of the common. The get-up is attractive.

For obvious reasons of timeliness Messrs. Putnam have brought out a third edition of the late Mr. Whistler's 'Gentle Art of Making Enemies.' The book is elegantly printed, with broad margins, and yellow-backed, and with scarcely any eccentricity beyond the contents of the artist's several letters and the amusing index to captions.

After two years' suspension, 'The American Art Annual' (No. 226 West Fifty-eighth Street) reappears, including in its scope all the art events of the interspace. We need not dwell upon the usefulness of this handbook as a directory of artists, art societies, clubs, and schools, and as a record of exhibitions and important sales. Its scope is extended in the fourth issue by the inclusion of prices paid at auction for prints. Thus an enduring chronicle is left of the West, Marquand, and similar sales. The catholicity of the editor, Miss Florence N. Levy, is shown in a list of writers on art, mostly of the decried race of critics; but this list is manifestly incomplete. The misprints that disfigured the earlier issues have measurably disappeared. All in all, this meritorious work has been much improved, and is more than ever necessary to those who deal with the externals of our art.

It was in the sixties that Mr. Justin McCarthy settled in London for a journalistic and literary career, and his collection of 'Portraits of the Sixties' (Harper & Brothers) therefore represents his memories of the Englishmen most prominent at a time when his own powers of observation were at their freshest. The range includes actors, artists, society queens, and novelists, but most space is given to politicians. Mr. McCarthy does special service to the students of English politics by reviving the memory of parliamentarians who never quite attained to the first rank, but who prepared the ground for reforms commonly associated with more brilliant names, or whose work in other respects was educational and critical rather than popular. The appreciations herein given of Stansfeld, Baines, Thorold Rogers, and Roebuck, to say nothing of such parliamentary curiosities as Whalley and J. A. Blake, well deserve permanence. An interesting chapter on Mr. Goldwin Smith is an exception to the author's rule of excluding living subjects. The chief defect of the book is its insufficient illustration of the characteristics attributed to the various persons here described. Mr. McCarthy tells us, for instance, that in his early days in the House of Commons gallery he heard from his colleagues many an interesting and delightful anecdote of Dickens's skill as a reporter. Would it violate any confidence to let us hear them now? But perhaps Mr. McCarthy did not keep a diary, and his memory retains only the general impression. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's title was Brabourne, not Braybourne (page 133), and the portrait of the late sergeant-at-arms should not have been inscribed "Capt. Gosset, M. P."

The number of subjects covered by the title 'The Tenement House Problem' is so great as to make it impracticable even to enumerate them. Many writers have contributed papers, and the editors, R. W. De Forest and Lawrence Veiller, also furnish monographs. Information is given concerning the housing conditions and tenement laws of many European and American cities, but New York receives by far the most elaborate study. Population has here been allowed to become dense beyond all parallel, and the attempts made to counteract the centripetal force have been altogether inadequate. The history of these attempts is set forth at length, and the prevailing conditions are described and illustrated by photographs, some of which should not have been inserted in a book of this character. The present law regulating the construction of tenement houses in New York is a long step in the right direction; but what is needed is to prohibit the dwelling of more than a certain number of people on an acre of ground. The book is published in two handsome volumes by the Macmillan Co.

'A List of Books (with references to periodicals) on the Philippine Islands in the Library of Congress' has just issued from that institution. Mr. A. P. C. Griffin has compiled it, and Mr. P. Lee Phillips has added a chronological list of maps in the same repository, together with a geographical index to these. They date back to 1519-22, and 134 are entered before the nineteenth century is reached. At No. 378 we start in with 1898, and the last entry under 1903 is numbered 860.

M. Samuel Cornut, the French writer, whose novel 'L'Inquiet' was reviewed in these columns, may have faults of his own, but nobody would deny him the quality of sincerity. There is in his last book, 'Le Testament de ma Jeunesse' (Paris: Fischbacher), a ring that cannot help appealing to the reader, however little he may care for the purely metaphysical part of this autobiography, which is, in truth, the biography of a soul—a noble, generous, but very complicated and restless soul. For the first fifty pages alone, which contain a true and refreshing picture of a village in French Switzerland, 'Le Testament' would be worth reading, and it can be read by every one with pleasure and profit. There is also a chapter on Davel, the patriot of the Canton of Vaud, which is a beautiful (albeit a bit rhetorical) tribute to a local hero too little known, and which the lovers of the "pays Vaudois" must be sure to read.

Commander Peary's graphic account of his four years' Arctic exploration, 1898-1902, is the paper of greatest interest in the December *Geographical Journal*. It closes with a brief outline of his future plans, and with the favorable comments which they elicited from members of the Royal Geographical Society. Dr. J. W. Evans describes a journey into northern Bolivia, a region of extraordinary beauty, and, on account of its rich gold-fields, "coveted by the Incas of Peru." He was accompanied by Mr. R. S. Williams of the New York Botanical Gardens, whose collection of plants "is, I believe, unrivalled by any other from the eastern slopes of the Andes. The species collected exceed 2,000 in number, of which 800 are cryptogams, and at least 160 new to science." Of great present interest is an orographic description, with a map, of the Republic of Panama by Col. G. E. Church. Though only about the size of Indiana, the country has some 500 short rivers, of which the Chagres is the "historic waterway." Referring to its unexampled floods, causing a rise of forty feet in twelve hours, Col. Church says, "it will be extremely interesting for the engineering and financial world to watch the coming contest between the Chagres River and the U. S. Treasury." The population, 340,000 in 1898, represents "such a heterogeneous amalgamation of Spanish, negro, and Indian blood, stirred together by the buccaneers of colonial times, that *white* may, in Panama, be strictly classified as a color. Until I saw a Panama 'army' of 150 men at drill, I had no idea that the human form could take such shapes and colors."

Academic honors for women are increasing on the Continent. Only recently, at its centennial celebration, the Heidelberg University ventured upon the innovation of giving the degree of doctor of theology to that sex, the recipients being the well-known Syriac specialists, Mrs. Gibson and her twin sister. Still more recently the Academy of Sciences of Paris bestowed the prize Da Gamo Machado on the Countess Dr. Marie von Linden, assistant in the Zoölogical Institute of the University of Bonn, for special researches on the pigments of the butterfly. The first fund ever willed to the higher education of women in Germany has just been given to Heidelberg in the shape of 200,000 marks as *stipendia* for women

students. It is a bequest from Miss Eleanor Wallot.

In the secondary schools of France, the *lycées*, as also in the universities, the study of the German language and literature is making phenomenal strides. At the recent *examen d'agrégation* in Paris there were ninety-nine candidates for seven positions for which the German was a required branch. The written tests covered many difficult themes, such as Nietzsche's relation to Schopenhauer, and the Epic of the Middle Ages, along with translations of selections from Zola and other writers into German. A prominent critical journal of Munich declares that German instructors in similar grades might well hesitate to exact such work of their pupils.

A number of new discoveries have added to our knowledge of classical literature. In the British Museum, remnants of the "Medea" of Neophron have been brought to light. This work has a special significance for Greek literature because it was composed in a prize competition with the "Medea" of Euripides. This fact, originally surmised by Wilamowitz-Moellendorff of Berlin, is fully confirmed by the London fragment, which is soon to be published. Remnants of a hitherto unknown drama of Sophocles, entitled "Achaion Syllogos," have lately been found in a papyrus collection deposited in the Berlin Museum. Publication in the near future is promised. Considerable portions of the 'Protreptikos' of Aristotle, which had hitherto been entirely lost, have been found among the recent papyri discoveries made in Oxyrhynchus by Grenfell and Hunt, and deposited in Oxford. The text is to be published early this year. A whole collection of Egyptian peasants' letters, written in Greek and dating from the third Christian century, have been deposited in the National Library at Florence, and will soon be published. They are full of new data regarding the agricultural affairs of the Egypt of the period, and constitute a welcome continuation of the letters of the Roman plantation owner, Lucius Bellenus Gemellus, dating from about 100 A. D., published some time ago in England. In the recently issued third volume of the Oxyrhynchus papyri of Grenfell and Hunt occur, among other things, fragments of a Latin translation of a work by Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, who suffered martyrdom about 200 A. D. Professor Nestle of Maulbronn, in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 249, draws attention to the noteworthy feature of the facsimile of this fragment, namely, that line 7, reproducing the words of Matthew xvi. and xvii., is distinctly marked off by quotation marks, and declares that this is by far the first and oldest evidence in existence of the use of such marks in the literature of the world. Nestle's article contains a mass of interesting palæographical details.

As has already been announced, three of the five Nobel prizes have been awarded this year to Scandinavians, each of the three countries being represented. According to the first newspaper report, the literary prize, which is awarded by the Swedish Academy, was to be divided between the two most eminent Norwegian writers, Ibsen and Björnson, and now an explanation is given of the exclusion of the former. It seems that one of the terms by which the literary prize was established was that it should be bestowed only on idealists. This shut out the great dramatist, whose chief pride it is that he has freed himself from what he regards as the weakness of idealism, and whose later view of life is habitually gloomy and pessimistic. It appears further that Björnson, who has an abiding faith in the steady advancement of civilization and the inherent striving after better things in human nature, was one of Nobel's favorite authors. It is rumored that Björnson intends to devote a large portion of his prize, which amounts to over $40,000, to the Teachers' Pension Fund of Norway. It is possible, however, that the rumor is suggested by the fact that the poet presented his birthday jubilee gift of over $5,000 to this object. It seems to be certain that Dr. Finsen has divided a large portion of his prize between the Finsen Institute and the Sanatorium for Heart Disease in Copenhagen.

—Othon Guerlac contributes a lively account of the French Chamber of Deputies to the January *Century*, with pictures by André Castaigne. The Thackeray-Baxter letters continue, and continue to be well worth one's attention. In one letter of the present instalment we have Thackeray's first impression of the 'Nile Notes.' "Do you know it's uncommonly clever? Or is it because of that criticism in *Putnam* that my grateful eyes are opened to Curtis's merits? The book is capital, . . . too luscious to read much of it at a time; but I send the author my regards, and am glad to like what he has done so." Sylvester Baxter gives an extended description of Mrs. Isabella Stewart Gardner's palace of art on the Boston Fenway, amply illustrated from photographs by Thomas E. Marr. Those to whom stolen sweets are always sweeter will read with intense interest the narrative of Ekai Kawaguchi, a Japanese Buddhist, who succeeded in maintaining a residence in Lhasa for two years, most of the time in the house of a Tibetan official, and escaped unharmed when he found that detection was imminent; but, after all, about the most important disclosure from the forbidden land is the fact that the young Dalai Lama is engaged in a struggle to free the civil service of his country from the clutches of the spoilsmen. With the presence of official corruption indicated, it might have been assumed that the sanitation of the sacred city is terribly bad. Senator Lodge and Commissioner-General Sargent discuss the immigration problem, arguing for a closer restriction. Senator Lodge advocates vigorously the application of the educational test. The weak point in the arguments of both is the failure to show that the foreign-born element has been peculiarly at fault in the evils from which the country has suffered since the supposed deterioration in the quality of European incomers began.

—The supply of first-hand material for the literary and social history of nineteenth-century New England is apparently as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse of oil. The *Atlantic* opens the new year with the first of a series of reminiscent papers by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and promises during the year a series of extracts from the unpublished private journals of Emerson. Col. Higginson deals in the present issue with the Sunny Side of the Transcendental Period. Without attempting an answer, he raises the question why the literature of England during this period displayed so mournful and clouded an aspect, in contrast with the bright, hopeful tone of American letters. Considering his aggressive Americanism, as shown in the Longfellow biography, for instance, one wonders that he finds any difficulty in the problem at all. The failure of American conditions to-day to inspire a literature of the same lofty and serious moral tone as was produced in the time of Transcendentalism is a more important problem. Prof. Walter D. Scott of Northwestern University writes convincingly of the relation of the principles of psychology to effective advertising. Advertising is evidently in a fair way to take its place aong the ever-multiplying "sciences," and it will probably not be long until some purveyor of soap, bitters, or breakfast food, grown rich through its successful application, will come forward to endow chairs and schools of advertising in our colleges. The most intensely interesting article of the issue is Mr. Edwin Burritt Smith's account of the struggle in the Illinois Legislature against the Street-Railway ring. Unless the public administration can be kept free from the corrupt grasp of the public-service corporations, his conclusion is that public ownership is both inevitable and desirable.

—From Professor Lounsbury's second paper on the alleged corruption of the English tongue, in the January *Harper's*, even the much-abused "purist" can find a justification for his existence. The lesson to be derived from a knowledge of the way in which a language grows, he admits, does not release any man from the obligation to make his own usage conform to the best usage, so far as he can ascertain this, or to do all in his power to prevent the introduction of words, meanings, and locutions deemed objectionable on the score of inadequacy or impropriety. Of course this is just what the purist supposes that he is trying to do, and so the whole question simmers down to the qualifications of any particular censor. Professor Lounsbury has shown that specific forebodings of deterioration have not been fulfilled; that countless specific words, meanings, and expressions to which earnest objection has been made, have none the less found their way to unquestioned usage, and that deterioration in language is in reality only a reflex of some form of deterioration in the people who use the language. But, in showing all this, he has hardly shown that the widely spread tendency to resist innovation, even with all the mistakes which he so easily ridicules, has not been a positive factor for good in the development of English speech. We are not quite sure that a general willingness to be among the first by whom the new is tried would not produce a surfeit fully as dangerous as the anæmia to be feared from a general determination to be the last to lay the old aside. Professor Lounsbury's view of the newspaper as a factor in linguistic growth is highly optimistic. The newspaper writers, he holds, are a picked body of men, passionately championing causes in which they have a partisan faith, and, therefore, enjoying conditions most favorable to clearness, directness, and vigor of expression. Happy is Professor Lounsbury if he reads only newspapers written in the style and under the conditions described.

—Nature and art furnish the leading features in the January *Scribner's*. F. S. Dellenbaugh's description of a New Valley of Wonders recalls the narrative of Major Powell's Grand Cañon explorations, contributed to *Scribner's Monthly*, the predecessor of the *Century*, nearly thirty years ago. Mr. Dellenbaugh was a companion of Major Powell, and has but recently gone back to examine the "Little Zion" valley of southern Utah, a promised land which he was permitted only to view from afar in his earlier days. His description is, of course, copiously illustrated from his own photographs, and seriously tempts the reader to become an explorer and experience for himself the emotions to be aroused by setting one's foot upon ground which the foot of a white man has never touched before. M. H. Spielmann contributes a highly appreciative paper on Frank Brangwyn, in whom he finds a power, robustness, and versatility equalled only by the great masters in painting, whether of the present or the past. The article is accompanied by sixteen illustrations from Mr. Brangwyn's work. The Field of Art is given up to short memories of the recently deceased portrait painter, Alfred Quinton Collins. E. H. Blashfield, Frank Fowler, Kenneth Frazier, Will H. Low, and Robert Reid are the contributors, each showing a high regard for Mr. Collins as a man no less than for his work as an artist.

—The *American Journal of Psychology* has just appeared in a double number, edited by Messrs. Sanford and Titchener as a *Festschrift* in honor of its founder, the President of Clark University (Worcester, Mass.. L. N. Wilson). The *Festschrift*, a sizable volume of 430 pages, is dedicated "by colleagues and former pupils" to "Granville Stanley Hall, Founder of the first American laboratory for experimental psychology and of the first American journal for the publication of the results of psychological investigation; Pioneer in the systematic study of the mental development of children, and in the application of its results to educational practice; Ardent Inspirer in others of the zeal for new knowledge—in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his attainment of the doctorate in philosophy." It has as frontispiece a good heliotype portrait of President Hall, and closes with a full bibliography of his published writings. No effort has been made to restrict the contents to the psychology of childhood and adolescence, the subjects with which in recent years President Hall's name has been more especially connected: the twenty-five articles cover the whole field of psychological interest, from college football to the subconscious, and from musical æsthetics to retroactive amnesia. Europe is represented by Professor Waller, who sends from the physiological laboratory of the University of London a study of judgments of time made under his direction by Miss Edgell; by M. Beaunis, who writes on dreams; and by Professor Kuelpe, who discourses on experimental æsthetics. Professor Motora sends from Tokio an elaborate paper on the conductivity of the nervous system. Among the American contributors we note, besides the two editors, the names of Professor Cattell, who, with the usual heartlessness of the statistician, analyzes the gifts and attainments of his psychological colleagues; of Professor Jastrow, who writes the article on the status of the subconscious referred to above; and of Dr. Adolf Meyer, director of the Pathological Institute of Ward's Island, who furnishes a masterly description of the neurotic constitution. All the papers, so far as we are able to judge, possess real merit; and in saying this we pay a compliment to the editors no less than to the contributors. President Hall is to be congratulated upon the receipt of a signal and well-deserved honor.

—Students of Rabelais now have their quarterly, *Revue des Etudes Rabelaisiennes* (Paris: Honoré Champion), of which the first number (xx+92 pp.), not dated, was probably published in July, as the miscellanies report the sessions for June of the Société des Études Rabelaisiennes, which is responsible for the magazine. Besides the constitution and list of members (about 250 at that time), there are articles which give the magazine a good reason for itself. Certain points in the history of Rabelais need discussion; his language, too, and many of his allusions may still be investigated with profit; and a considerable life is assured the quarterly by these needs, as also by the inclusion of his period as a subject of study. In this number M. Charles Whibley writes of "Rabelais in England," and considers especially Thomas Nash, the pamphleteer of the latter part of the sixteenth century, as much indebted to him. Prof. Pietro Toldo of Turin contributes "The Smoke of the Roast, and Divination by Signs." In the old popular tale of the first part of the title the poor wanderer is allowed to warm his rice in the smoke of a leg of mutton turning on a spit over the brazier. The owner of the mutton, seeing that a benefit has been conferred, demands pay for his grace; but the judge to whom appeal is made orders that a coin shall be rung down before the creditor, so that he may be rewarded with the sound of the money. Tamul and Khmer analogues are quoted for what is perhaps the origin of the story. M. Abel Lefranc, President of the Society, who seems also to be the leading spirit in the new enterprise, presents "Rabelaisian Problems: A Pretended Fifth Book by Rabelais." This is the book dated 1549, and made known by Ludwig Rosenthal of Munich, in 1900. It has defenders; but M. Lefranc, in this first part of his article, writes against the Rabelaisian authorship, and his quotations show an author who opposes abuses and is serious, but seems to lack Rabelais's wit and vigor. Among the notes are remarks on the dates of Rabelais, also by Lefranc. The date of his birth is uncertain, and the year of his death not precise; but an epitaph by the poet Tahureau, from a volume of his poems published in 1554, implies that he was dead at that time, while some MS. documents in the Bibliothèque Nationale speak of him as living in December, 1552, so that the assumed 1553 for his death is not far from the truth. It is interesting to note that there was an old Société des Amis et Admirateurs de Rabelais that existed from 1886 to 1892, and had annual sessions at Tours. It then failed on account of the death of its chief founders. It left behind few memorials—only the accounts of the annual sessions and two small pamphlets by M. François Audiger, founder of the society.

—It is now nearly thirty years since Gregorovius published his 'Lucrezia Borgia,' but Mr. J. L. Garner's translation of this celebrated biography (Appleton) is not open to criticism on the ground that the original has become obsolete. The merits of the book are so great that they well deserve to be recognized after the lapse of a generation. Less elaborate than Gregorovius's works on Rome and Athens, it bears the stamp of the same profound scholarship and the same sureness of judgment. Lucrezia Borgia would probably have attracted little attention but for the fame of her father and brother. She certainly did nothing that should have brought upon her the unpleasant notoriety which is attached to her name. Gregorovius styles her "the most unfortunate woman in modern history"; by which he means that the offences charged against her are more shocking than those launched against any other innocent. The innuendoes of Guicciardini, made current by Victor Hugo and a host of minor writers, are such as to blacken any character and create a zero point of moral turpidity, if only they are true. Roscoe, however, believed in Lucrezia's innocence; and Gregorovius, following up the inquiry with a much fuller grasp of the documents, acquitted her of the fatal, the damning accusations. There is no reason why we should discuss this matter at any length, but it may be as well to point out that Alexander VI. stands convicted of chronic irregularities by unquestionable evidence. Pastor, for example, is led regretfully to admit the laxness of his habits. On the other hand, the stories most unfavorable to Lucrezia sprang from political hostility or from the prurient gossip of the Renaissance. At the best she is not edifying, though doubtless she possessed some of the family strength. She grew up in a society where epicureanism flourished and the Decalogue was neglected. Like the rest of the Romans, she had her failings and deserves reproach, but that is a very different thing from saying that she was "a moral monster." The translation, while of average quality, is somewhat loose in its rendering of names and in its transcription of dates.

—M. G. Weulersse, travelling fellow, or *boursier*, of the University of Paris, who has already written a work on China, new and old, reviewed in our columns, follows it with another on Japan, of about the same size and general method of treatment. The text of 'Le Japon d'aujourd'hui' (Paris: Armand Colin) is devoted to social studies especially; but, along with much solid information, obtained after careful examination, there is a good deal of piquancy. It is when we come to the last chapter, on France and Japan, that we appreciate especially the author's parallax of nationality. It is entirely true, as M. Weulersse argues, that a knowledge of French is for a Japanese of great practical utility. In addition to the use he can make of it when spoken in Europe and the Western world generally, he has, in the regions to the southwest, or in French peninsular Asia, a field of advantage—provided always that French tariffs do not rise too high. The author reaches the culmination of French vanity, or patriotism, when he says (p. 335), "To speak English for a Japanese is banal; to speak French is a distinction," but his common sense compels him to acknowledge that the reason for what may

be called the official adoption of the English language was that of its world-wide use. He points out, without fear of contradiction, what he believes to be the cardinal fault of the Japanese, viz., its obscurity and lack of exactness. He thinks, therefore, that, on account of the superior clarity and precision of French, his own language ought to be that of the basis of culture and business in Japan. Of German, of course, he says naïvely that it is far from having the same merits of lucidity and music to the ear. He describes the country, the great cities, the adaptations of modern science and methods, and is particularly strong and clear in treating of the economic development of the Japanese Empire. He writes much more fully, however, on the subject of education, and his judgments are sane and praiseworthy, showing, indeed, that true French cosmopolitanism which we all admire. He objects to the abominable Briticism "Jap," and prefers the grand, ancient, sonorous, and distinctive title "Mikado." In our republican days it is hard to see any special dignity in the term "emperor," which describes one of a motley company of black, brown, yellow, and white figure-heads of power, on petty islands as well as in vast domains. The author is severe on the despotism of the Japanese father and husband in domestic life, but writes luminously and with sympathy of the position of woman. As French literature, apart from artistic themes, is not especially rich in literary pictures of Japan which have true perspective, and in which the *geisha* is not the all-overshadowing picture, this book will be welcomed as fresh, suggestive, and timely.

BOURINOT'S LORD ELGIN.

Lord Elgin. By Sir John George Bourinot. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited. 1903. 8vo, pp. vi., 276. With portrait. (Volume one of "The Makers of Canada" Series, edited by Duncan Campbell Scott and Pelham Edgar, Ph.D.)

Theodore Walrond's 'Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin' is a well-known work, and we believe is reckoned by Englishmen among the best of the political portraits. Little notice of it seems to have been taken by the late Sir John Bourinot, author of the work before us, for he refers to it only once, then not very respectfully, and miswrites the author's name. Sir John's own work, however, relates almost exclusively to the history of Canadian politics, a subject with which, having been long the clerk of the House of Commons, he was thoroughly competent to deal. His style is rather pleasantly redolent of his official position.

The Canadian situation with which Lord Elgin was sent as governor to deal, was the sequel of a twofold political storm which had passed over the country. There had been two rebellions, if they should not rather be called revolutions, contemporary yet distinct: one in British Canada, caused by the exclusive domination of the ultra-British and Tory junto nicknamed the Family Compact; the other in French Canada, justly designated in the Durham Report as a conflict of races—the conquered race striving to break the political yoke of the conqueror, who had monopolized office and power. Sir Francis Bond Head, the Governor of British Canada, was a traveller and writer of travels, astonished, as well he might be, at his own appointment. He was an honest, hotheaded fellow, well-meaning, and with nothing insidious about him. To compare his conduct with that of Lord Milner would be doing him a great injustice; but, like Lord Milner, he threw himself into the arms of a party, and thereby brought on a crash. The British Government, then in Liberal hands, dealt wisely and magnanimously with the crisis. It did not let loose upon the provinces the fury of martial law in the hands of inflamed partisans, hang people by the score, banish, fine, and disfranchise. It limited its measures of repression to the actual need. It sent out Durham to investigate and report; and, being informed by him in a very admirable state paper, that want of self-government had been the source of the outbreak, it granted self-government. The fruits of its policy are now seen.

When Elgin came out, though the storm was over, the waves were still running pretty high. The victorious Tories were incensed at being balked of their full measure of triumph over their foe. An act having been passed to indemnify unoffending parties whose property had been destroyed in the repression, Toryism was seized with a paroxysm of rage, and showed its loyalty by burning the Parliament House at Montreal and stoning the Governor, who had conformed to the new order of things by giving constitutionally, though it appears reluctantly, his consent to the obnoxious act. Elgin behaved with a prudence and dignity which must have had their effect, and calm, though not Tory complacency, was soon restored. Toryism in England sympathized with Toryism in Canada. Mr. Gladstone, still half-Tory, and, as Sir John Bourinot says, not well informed on the subject, characterized the Rebellion Losses bill as a bill for rewarding rebels. Carlyle also, from his point of view, was indignant. But Peel spoke the word of wisdom.

The transition from the old Colonial System—the rule of the Colonial Office through the representative of the Crown—to the new system of Colonial self-government was critical. The change had not been clearly and fully recognized even by the Colonial Office itself, which, especially when in Conservative hands, was inclined to slide back into the old system. Nor had it been fully understood by all Lord Elgin's predecessors. Lord Metcalfe especially, his ideas having been formed in the government of dependencies such as Jamaica and India, clung to the belief that he must rule personally, that the Ministers were his nominees, responsible to him, not to the people, and that his assent to a bill was personal, not constitutional; whence serious trouble had arisen. Lord Elgin thoroughly understood and well performed his part, which was to regulate and temper the transition, making the old system glide smoothly and quietly into the new. He was not to blame if all this trouble and complication was gratuitous and might have been avoided from the outset, so far at least as British Canada was concerned, by leaving people, who were perfectly competent, to manage their own affairs. The Government being now parliamentary and the Prime Minister being its responsible head, the Governor-General lags superfluous on the political scene, though what he can no longer do openly he is sometimes tempted or prompted by the Colonial Office to do underhand; as was seen when, partly by his personal influence, Canada was drawn into the South African war.

Canada was suffering, as Lord Durham had seen, from commercial depression, the consequence largely of exclusion from her natural market. This reached a climax when, free trade having won the day in England, the colonies were deprived of their preference and still left subject to the Navigation Laws. A large body of commercial men then signed a manifesto calling for redress, and, if redress were not granted, for annexation to the United States. To put an end to this movement in the best way, Elgin went to Washington and negotiated the Treaty of Reciprocity of which Canada enjoyed the benefit down to 1866, when its advantages were lost to both countries through the behavior of the ruling class in England towards the United States during the war of secession. He was probably helped by the Congressional representatives of the Slave Power, who feared that the annexation of Canada might turn the political balance in favor of the North. But he owed his success mainly to his own diplomatic skill—a little assisted, it might be, by his rank. The result was the immediate subsidence of the annexationist movement in Canada—a proof of the absurdity of the cry, now raised by Canadian manufacturers who profit by the tariff wall, that reciprocity would be followed by annexation.

The Reciprocity Treaty, as the work of a British diplomatist, may fairly be regarded as a set-off against any defaults of the British Foreign Office in its dealings with Canadian interests. But the notion that British diplomacy has neglected the interests of Canada, which Sir John Bourinot appears, with Canadians in general, angrily to cherish, seems not well founded. British diplomacy has always done for Canadian interests the best that diplomacy could do. That more should be done was impossible. The notion that the British people could be induced to go to war with the United States on a question of Canadian boundaries is absurd; and, of course, without presenting the alternative of war, no disputed claims could be enforced. When the Government of the Transvaal prayed for arbitration on the claim of suzerainty, its prayer was rejected on the singular ground that to consent to arbitration would be giving away the whole case, as in that instance it most assuredly would. If the American Government had chosen to follow this precedent in the case of the Alaska boundary, Canada would have had no redress. She could not have appealed to arms herself, and no British Government which had proposed to go to war about a boundary of the Yukon could have existed for twenty-four hours.

Canada now, angry at the partial loss of her cause in the Alaska boundary case, is calling for the concession of power to make her own treaties. Her Prime Minister at least puts forth that claim. To demand the treaty-making power is to demand the power of peace and war; and to demand the power of peace and war is to demand independent nationality. Great Britain would refuse to commit herself to the enforcement of treaties over the making of which she had no control. Foreign Governments would refuse to negotiate with any but a sovereign Power. "Never," says a leading Canadian journal, "did Can-

ada bulk so largely in the eyes of the world." That may be, and it is a gratifying reflection. But bulk is not sovereignty, nor by itself, when peaceful negotiations fail, is it military force.

It seems likely that Elgin's influence exerted on behalf of Canada was greatly felt in the final abolition of the Navigation Laws, which pressed very injuriously on Canada, while by the triumph of free trade and the repeal of the Corn Laws she had lost protection for her grain. Adam Smith, treating political economy not as an abstract science but as a set of practical rules, allowed certain exceptions to his doctrine of free trade. Among them were the Navigation Laws, which he believed to be necessary to the seamanship and therefore to the defence of the nation. Free trade having gained the day, in the wake of the repeal of the Corn Laws came the repeal of the Navigation Laws. It was violently opposed by the shipping interest. Protectionism at Liverpool avenged itself by depriving of his seat in Parliament Cardwell, who had voted for repeal. But the result was that, even in this instance, free trade was justified of its children. Canadian commerce, relieved of the incubus, prospered anew. As Sir John Bourinot says, "the immediate results were a stimulus to the whole commerce of the Province, and an influx of shipping to the ports of the St. Lawrence." The British shipping trade, instead of being ruined as the protectionists predicted, became more prosperous than ever.

A necessary consequence of the general concession of self-government was the disestablishment of the State Church. To this also Elgin advised consent, perhaps with a sigh so far as he was personally concerned; for, though liberal, he was highly religious, and wished religion to be the basis of public education. Great tracts of land had been set apart as "clergy reserves." To secularize these became the grand aim of the Liberals. After a violent party struggle it was accomplished, and nothing was left to the Anglican Church in the way of public endowment save certain "rectories" made over to her by a rather questionable act of Sir George Colborne. The Provincial University at Toronto had been confined to the Church of England; its governing body and professors being required to subscribe her Thirty-nine Articles. This was now thrown open; whereupon Bishop Strachan, the bellicose head of the Anglican Church, and to a great extent of the political party of which Anglicanism was the creed, bounced out of the "Godless University" as he called it, and founded Trinity College, Toronto, as a place of pure Anglican education. Trinity College is now, under wiser auspices, entering into confederation with the Provincial University. The Anglican Church, however, albeit disestablished, has preserved something of the conscious dignity of the State Church, and a lurking impression, which occasionally betrays itself, that the other churches are dissenters. It has also preserved its political affinities and connection. Its Synod at Toronto the other day wound up with three cheers for Lord Roberts.

The name by which the Church of England was established in Canada was that of a Protestant church; and lawyers held that the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, being recognized by the State, was entitled to a share of the endowment. This is one item in the overwhelming body of historical evidence which proves that, whatever relics of Catholic ritual might lurk in the first prayer-book of Edward VI., the Church of England was historically not Catholic, but Protestant. The attempt to make out that the Church, while calling itself and believing itself to be Protestant, has been all the time unconsciously Catholic, can be sustained only by arguments which a court of law would dismiss with contempt if they were advanced in support of any ordinary title, and which are still less worthy of attention when tendered in support of a spiritual pedigree. The Pope, when he was solicited by the Ritualists for recognition, replied with crushing force that the Anglican Ordinal did not even pretend to confer the power of transubstantiation.

Elgin, though he had been successful in guiding the transition, was probably not sorry to retire with honor from the position, which no constitutional theories could make other than equivocal, of a governor who did not govern and might any day be compelled, by men in whom he did not confide, to assent to measures which he could not conscientiously approve. Men far inferior to him were better fitted for such a part. He was presently sent to China with a joint British and French expedition to coerce the hapless and helpless Chinese—a service which he evidently abhorred, and performed as mildly as he possibly could; and to India, where, touching at the time of the Sepoy mutiny and witnessing the frenzy of the conquerors' panic and vengeance, he moralized in a monitory strain on the relations between the conquering and the subject race. Indian government was his last sphere of action, and India was his grave.

Prefixed to the volume is a good portrait of a man in whose features wisdom and benevolence were impressed. The volume itself is tastefully got up, and does credit to the publishing enterprise of Canada.

THREE STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The Elizabethan Lyric: A Study. By John Erskine. (Columbia University Studies in English, II.) 8vo, pp. xviii + 344.

Platonism in English Poetry of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By John Smith Harrison. (Columbia University Studies in Comparative Literature.) 8vo, pp. xii + 235.

The English Heroic Play: A Critical Description of the Rhymed Tragedy of the Restoration. By Lewis Nathaniel Chase. (Columbia University Studies in Comparative Literature.) Columbia University Press (Macmillan). 8vo, pp. xiv + 250. 1903.

It is a natural result of the spread of English teaching in the last twenty-five years and especially of the more recent (still incomplete and tentative, but very remarkable) development of graduate research and study in the field of English and of general literature, that an increasing number and proportion of studies in literature, in interpretative criticism, and in literary history are emanating from the universities and are making their appeal to the public, general as well as academic. It is, of course, a question, and a question of two sides, how far the universities should permit themselves this appeal, even when the subjects treated, as in the three studies here considered, are conceivably of some general and popular interest. Address the public and you lower your standards, dilute your style, run the risk of the ad-captandum appeal—in short, "popularize" your matter. On the other hand, address the public and you perforce do away with pedantry and mere academicism, encourage literary style, and help to bring the universities nearer to the intelligent public.

It is another but a related question, too, whether the university monograph should seek popular book-form, with typography, paper, and binding of an artistic and expensive standard. Is not the practice of the German universities on the whole better? Granted that in all cases the doctor's thesis should be printed, are we not giving it a forced and factitious importance when we clothe it in all the costliness of form of a full-fledged book? On whom, in nine cases out of ten, does the burden of expense fall but on the one least able to bear it—the candidate himself? Such expenditures perhaps are justifiable only when the universities shall come to assume (as perhaps they should) the free printing of accepted monographs.

The departments of literature in Columbia University are to be congratulated on the high level of many of the recent studies issued under their care. Most of them have been excellent in plan; perhaps two or three of them have been less excellently corrected in detail; but all have had striking qualities of either literary and historical interest, or breadth of outlook and of generalization. The three studies here noticed are no exception. It would be difficult to suggest three subjects of greater interest or aptness for monograph treatment in the field of English. But the work and the results are not quite alike in all.

It is perhaps worth while to have an unfalteringly descriptive account of the Elizabethan Lyric. One wishes, however, that Mr. Erskine had seen fit to omit what is already in the literary histories and similar places (such as the most of chapters iii. and ix., for example), and had confined himself to literary criticism and to the discussion of new theses in the history of the subject of his study. For frequently he is not unskilful in criticism, and he makes several points of interest in literary history. His bibliography might be completer—he even ignores or is ignorant of Werner's 'Lyrik und Lyriker'; but in spite of this he enunciates a theory of lyric "unity" and of lyric "stimulus" that is suggestive of some of Werner's theories, as it is of Poe's, and that is sufficiently plausible in itself. It certainly serves the purpose of the author's formal analysis and criticism. Absolutely taken, however, we are not inclined to set much store by it. It postulates the conclusion that Spenser's 'Epithalamion' lacks lyric unity, and so is rather a series of lyrics than a single lyric poem. A similar ruling would probably follow for Pindar and the "prolonged lyric" generally. The sufficient answer is that, theory aside, hardly any poem makes a more unified emotional and artistic impression than Spenser's 'Epithalamion.' Nevertheless, on the whole, Mr. Erskine's work, in manner and method, is sympa-

thetic and acute. There is a good study of the structure and movement of the Elegy, in chapter iv. Would that more space had been spared for this sort of thing and less for perfunctory description. So the analysis of Sidney's Sonnets and the study of the relations of Sidney's sequence to that of Daniel, and of Daniel's to Shakspere's in chapter v., the discussion of Spenser's lyric work generally, and the bit on Marlowe at pages 199, 200, are all distinctly clever. The author is unaccountably unappreciative of William Browne, a poet whom Keats, with good poet's reason, admired. While chapter vii. presents some new corrections of old theories of the relations of Elizabethan music and Elizabethan lyric poetry (somewhat overstated, it is true), as a whole it seems to be based upon too slight an original study of the subject. We do not quite understand the author's conclusions (p. 140) as to the disuse of the lute in Elizabethan times. The testimony of contemporary references, such as those in the drama, will hardly bear him out. We have to query also statements on pages 107, 128 (the priority of Sidney's sonnets: Sidney died in 1586), 207 ff., and 309. The chief defect of the work is that it attempts too much. Chapters vii. (The Song Books and Elizabethan Music) and ix. (Metrical Forms) would require separate monographs.

Mr. Harrison has chosen for treatment a subject long since suggested by Professor Saintsbury. Elizabethan Platonism was an outgrowth of the Italian humanistic interpretation of Plato and of Plato's disciple Plotinus. Mr. Harrison has fully recognized and developed this idea, and a large part of his work deals with the relationship and parallels between Ficino and such poets as Spenser, Sidney, Milton, Drummond, and Henry More. The connection exhibited between Spenser's 'Four Hymns' and Italian Platonism as expounded by Ficino is remarkably close. We do not quarrel with the author's exposition of these matters in general—it is sufficient; but we must regret that in a work of this sort, in view of the difficulty of access to most of his foreign material, he has not found more space for the citation of parallels and illustrative passages at length. There are a few errors. At pages 13 and 25, "canto" and "book" are confused in the references to Spenser. In the reference on page 38 why not name the author? And the attempt (p. 129) to connect Shakspere's one hundred and fifth sonnet with the Platonic identification of the good, the beautiful, and the true seems to us extremely tenuous. Nevertheless, although the author does not appear to have followed his subject into all its ramifications and to have exhausted its possibilities, his is evidently a good piece of work, and a real contribution.

The same thing may be said, only in a less degree, of the essay on the English Heroic Play—an ideal monograph subject, dealing as it does with the history of a literary type, restricted, definite, finished, and significant. Mr. Chase's work has been honestly and intelligently done, but the results are presented somewhat obscurely. The book lacks style, good expository style, and there is drag and poverty of phrasing throughout. Much of the rather lengthy analysis of plays leads to no very clear results. The space taken might better have been given to a study of the relations of this largely exotic literary type to its congeners and to its partial sources in France and Spain; this was to have been expected in one of a series of Studies in Comparative Literature. Indeed, the relation of some of the elements of the Heroic Play to the late Elizabethan drama of the Beaumont-Fletcher group has never yet been sufficiently studied. These deductions made, however, the substance of Mr. Chase's monograph is excellent. The Columbia method in the study of literature, we repeat, although touched with minor defects and requiring greater correction and a somewhat stricter ideal of scholarship in detail, is already producing valuable fruit. This fact students of literature in other institutions make haste to recognize and applaud.

FOUR BOOKS ON INDIA.

In the perennial trickle of books about India appear occasionally works neither dashed off by travellers nor compiled by statisticians, but written carefully, with knowledge and with artistic sense. Of this sort is the pleasant volume of sketches called 'Cities of India,' by the ex-director of Indian Records, G. W. Forrest, C.I.E. (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The author calls his essays "labors of love," and they are descriptive, not at all labored, of the life and history of the best-known Hindu towns, from Bombay east to Calcutta and south to Madras, arranged with reference to a tourist's convenience. There are fifteen sketches in all, and together they make a literary handbook with which future travellers to India will do well to provide themselves, while for those who stay at home they give a delightful sense of travelling in that country. The pictures, with which the book is plentifully supplied, seem like old friends, familiar to all those who have been in the atelier of Bourne & Shepherd. But there is nothing hackneyed about the text, which weaves the past and the present together in warm and living colors.

India has recently published several books about herself, one of which is likely to attract the attention of Occidental scholars. Several years ago B. G. Tilak of Poona acquired a sudden reputation through a book in which he sought to prove that the Rig Veda dated from the fourth millennium B. C. Not content with this, Tilak since then has occupied the time he spent within an English dungeon as a "sedition-monger" in expanding his former thesis, and has now produced the perfect fruit of his later study under the title 'The Arctic Home in the Vedas' (Poona: Kesari Press). In this work Tilak cites the Rig Veda and the Avesta to show that the ancient Hindus and Persians were depositories of records extending back to the interglacial period, and that the "home of the Aryans" was originally about the North Pole. Our ingenious countryman, the author of 'Paradise Found,' will not be ill-pleased to find texts thus dating back to the time of Paradise itself; and the supercilious scholars who have looked disdainfully on the Vedas as too modern to be compared with the records of Babylon and Egypt, will hide their diminished heads—when this startling thesis is proved. In the meantime, lest the ethnologist think that man's polar origin here receives historical confirmation, it may perhaps still be believed that the "long darkness" referred to in the Rig Veda is not a night of several months, but the darkness of death. With this understood, much else that appears to support the new contention becomes explicable without having recourse to the Quaternary Era in its Pleistocene period to account for the Hyperboreans.

The writings of the late Prof. Max Müller all circle about India, though sometimes at a far distance. The last work from his pen is a posthumous publication inaptly entitled 'The Silesian Horseherd' (Longmans, Green & Co.). It appears that an American named Fritz Menzel amused himself with writing an anonymous letter to "Max," in which he took occasion to jeer at the professor's religious views and incidentally at the views of metaphysicians generally, signing himself Pferdebürla. The publication of this letter, and a reply to it, together with other theological correspondence, resulted in sufficient material to make a little book, the main title of which is due to the Pferdebürla (who describes himself, however, as a cowherd!); while the sub-title, "Questions of the Hour Answered by F. Max Müller," gives the key to the contents as understood by the late F. M. Müller. That the author believed himself capable of answering the questions of the hour by the application of his favorite teaching, which inculcates the identity of thought and language, can easily be believed by any one who knows the unperturbed serenity with which Müller continued to apply this unscientific equation to the problems of mental philosophy from the time he wrote his first lectures to the end of his career. The general thesis, that thought is impossible without words, is here applied to the doctrine of the Logos, and "in the beginning was the Word" (as the thought of God) is put forth as a sufficient answer to all horseherds (from Menzel to Darwin) who hold that mental capacity is a product of evolution. How to understand miracles in such a way as to be scientific and yet remain a Christian is also a question of the hour answered in this book, and there may be readers who will find comfort in giving their faith the refuge of the doctrine here set forth. We are not to believe that Christ fed the thousands with a few loaves and fishes—only "women and children" could believe that; but as Christians we are to believe the story, nevertheless, understanding it to mean that Christ gave spiritual food to thousands. Thus we cut loose from the women and children without cutting loose from our faith in the "inspiration" of the Bible. By defining faith and inspiration aright, we escape both the Scylla of doubt and the Charybdis of dogmatism.

This notice of books anent India would be incomplete did it not include a reference to the translation of the Hindustani "tale of life in Delhi forty years ago," called 'The Bride's Mirror.' The original text, together with notes and a vocabulary, was published a few years ago and reviewed in the *Nation*. The translation now following is idiomatic and careful. A few footnotes are added, containing information useful to the foreign reader ("pyjamas, *i. e.*, trousers," is not a fair example), as well as a running correction, in terms of actual pronunciation, of the words spelled with historical accuracy in the text. As Mr. Ward only follows the pedantic affectation of

many other writers in this particular, the comment we make on this practice is not aimed at him alone. It seems to be an absurdity to spell Panna Mal and then add, "pronounce Punna Mull"; to spell *faqir* and add "pronounce fukeer," etc., withal for every new instance and even twice for the same word! Why not write in the English text *begum*, as the English pronounce it, and not "begam," reserving closed *a* for the Hindustani text? Some writers even print "Pandit, pronounce pundit," though it would be as sensible to write "Pall Mall, pronounce Pell Mell." It is a trial of the reader's patience, if not of the writer's. Moreover, it is difficult to be consistent, and "Básu, pronounce barsoo," even raises a question of correctness; but Mr. Ward's *r* is apparently both part of a vowel and a consonant ("*zarda* pronounce *zurrda*"). The tale itself, though not interesting, is decent, being a moral novel intended to improve the minds of Hindu (pronounce Hindoo) maidens. It is about as exciting as are French novels of the same intent.

America in Literature. By George Edward Woodberry, Professor of Comparative Literature, Columbia University. Harper & Brothers. 1903. Pp. 253.

Professor Woodberry has brought together in this volume seven papers originally published in *Harper's Magazine* and in *Harper's Weekly*. One of them deals with the colonial period of our literary history; four with what the author calls "our nobler literature with its little western afterglow"; two present the author's estimate of our total literary achievement. Taken as a whole, these chapters sketch swiftly and unerringly, though with reference only to the greatest names, the literary development of America. But the book is not a history of literature in the ordinary sense. As the philosophers would say, the author's aim is normative rather than descriptive. He has undertaken—very appropriately for a professor of comparative literature—the task of appraising our poetic and prosaic wealth, of ranking us in the literary Mulhall. It need hardly be said that this is a perilous venture. Mr. Gosse attempted it for our poetry some years ago, and, by placing Longfellow somewhere "between Tegner and Runeberg," and dismissing Sidney Lanier's poems as the "elaborate and learned experiments of an exceedingly clever man," brought down anathema upon himself. But Mr. Gosse, being an alien, may have been prejudiced. Let us listen to one of our own kin, who may be expected to be very kind to our virtues, and to eschew that moroseness of critical temper which refuses to accept at their face value the watered stocks of enthusiasm. What is our literary rating on the books of such a critic?

From Mr. Woodberry we learn that, as compared with the English and the French, we are in literature distinctly second-rate. We have no Chaucer, no Milton, no Keats. Our authors are timid—they turn an apprehensive eye towards Europe; they lack inspiration; they lack passion; they lack power. Their spirits have not been stirred to the deeps beneath the lowest deeps by the great tragic mischiefs and the tears in mortal things. It is true we shall not wholly die in literature. We have literary virtues, though of the second rank, and our quality, such as it is, is singularly well sustained in our representative men. Our greatest names, Bryant, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Poe—these eight and no others are admitted to the hierarchy—fall in one block just below the greatest names in English literature, and outrank every English man of letters of the second class. Moreover, in one respect we equal our rivals and in another we surpass them: we are as painstaking in our literary art as they are, and the ethical tone of our literature is far purer than that of any other nation.

At present, however, we are in the doldrums. Our literary activity passed its prime before the civil war, and the great writers have left no successors. No one of the present day is buoyed up by the consciousness of national life as the members of the elder group were sustained by the life of their local centres. Nay, more—and this is Professor Woodberry's most notable thesis—no American writer has at any time voiced adequately the spirit of the American nation. We recall at this point a remark of Mr. William Mason in his 'Memories of a Musical Life.' Mr. Mason says of Beethoven that his sonatas were unidiomatic of the instrument for which they were written. A like incongruity exists, so Professor Woodberry seems to say, between the spirit and the voice of the spirit of this country. Our literature is unidiomatic of the national life and ideals. This is a serious charge, for literature is nothing if not expressive of the life behind it. What we should do about it Professor Woodberry does not say. "The field is open," he proclaims, "and calls loudly for new champions." But where are the dragon's teeth, and who is to sow them?

Professor Woodberry's judgments and characterizations of authors and periods are almost without exception both felicitous and just. If he is somewhat less than just at any point, it is in his treatment of Whitman.

Fanny Burney. By Austin Dobson. (English Men of Letters Series.) The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The "English Men of Letters" series has already compromised its name by the addition of Sir Leslie Stephen's Life of George Eliot. The new volume on Fanny Burney shows that Mr. John Morley intends to make no distinction of sex, though his title seemed to imply one. Fanny Burney should by rights have taken precedence of George Eliot, for it was she who gave the franchise of fiction to women, made it respectable for a woman to write a novel, and so paved the way for Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, and the whole host of women novelists of to-day.

The life of the author of 'Evelina' is curiously divided in halves, so that she has two literary reputations—the one as Fanny Burney, the other as Madame d'Arblay. But the real break with literature, the moment that proved her to have no true vocation as a writer, came, not when she married her French *émigré*, but seven years earlier, when, like one of those hungry Greeklings whom Lucian pities and Juvenal satirizes, she exchanged her liberty and the society of the wits of her time for the proud position of dresser to the Queen. There was, in fact, about as much appreciation of literature at the English court as one of those wretched hireling Greek philosophers may have encountered among his Roman patrons. Macaulay's bitter philippic on the "sweet Queen" whose royal condescension nearly killed Fanny Burney, is not echoed by Mr. Austin Dobson. He seems to think that Fanny was not so ill-advised when she decided to mix the Queen's snuff instead of writing novels. At any rate, we owe to that decision a vivid if unpleasing picture of the backstairs life of an Anglo-German court, and an interesting proof that one vulgar woman can make a boarding-house atmosphere within the precincts of St. James's as elsewhere. In the society of Frau Schwellenberg, Fanny Burney lost what little vitality she had. But it was under other influences that she changed her style.

'Evelina,' on which her fame will always rest, was wholly her own. In her century, polite conversation was no doubt stilted when it was not, as in Swift's satire, a mere bandying of vulgar proverbs which were the equivalent of modern slang. When Lord Orville is asked his opinion of some waxworks:

> "The mechanism," answered he, "is wonderfully ingenious; I am sorry it is turned to no better account; but its purport is so frivolous, so very remote from all aim at instruction or utility, that the sight of so fine a show only leaves a regret on the mind that so much work and so much ingenuity should not be better bestowed."

Nor is the sense of humor that of our age. Evelina is proud to be assured by her lover that, after their first meeting, "every succeeding time he saw me I appeared to something less and less disadvantage." All this was a faithful reflection of Fanny Burney's circle and her time. Unfortunately, Dr. Johnson took up the author of 'Evelina,' and, though Mr. Dobson seems to be right in denying Macaulay's statement that he actually had a hand in the composition of 'Cecilia,' it was there that the change began. 'Cecilia,' with its careful antithetic style and dragging periods, was the result of those long visits to Mrs. Thrale at Streatham. After her marriage, Fanny Burney lived long in France, content to be eclipsed as Madame d'Arblay. When she emerged to write her father's 'Memoirs,' her style was no longer to be excused as Johnsonese. This is how she describes her father's rheumatism:

> "He was assaulted during his precipitated return by the rudest fierceness of wintry elemental strife; through which, with bad accommodations and innumerable accidents, he became a prey to the merciless pangs of the acutest spasmodic rheumatism, which barely suffered him to reach his home, ere, long and piteously, it confined him, a tortured prisoner, to his bed."

Of the 'Memoirs' Macaulay said: "The genius of Shakspere and Bacon united would not save a work so written from general derision." One may note, in passing, that Macaulay, with the inconsistency of the rhetorical critic, remarks of Addison in another essay: "Had he clothed his thoughts in the half-French style of Horace Walpole, or in the half-Latin style of Dr. Johnson, or in the half-German jargon of the present day, his genius would have triumphed over all faults of manner." Mr. Austin Dobson adds little to the famous *Edinburgh* 'Essay' which was written in the early forties, though his knowledge of

eighteenth-century life enables him to give a detailed and interesting picture of the distinguished people with whom Fanny Burney passed the first half of her life. Her own age estimated the author of 'Evelina' too high at first and then too low. Her personality was not interesting, and Mr. Dobson can do nothing for it. Fanny Burney "overheard the judgment of posterity," and met her eclipse as impassively as she had suffered her effacement at court or her triumph with 'Evelina.' Mr. Dobson's opinion that her 'Diary' is her best work may be correct, but it was not shared by her contemporaries, and never will be the judgment of the general reader.

The Valet's Tragedy, and Other Studies. By Andrew Lang. With Illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

This series of short essays is not marked by any unity of purpose if we may judge from the list of subjects, but a motive it does possess in Mr. Lang's unfailing love of the mysterious. If Scottish history furnishes him with such themes as 'Pickle the Spy,' the Casket Letters, and the Gowrie Conspiracy, his hankering after the dark and doubtful soon exhausts the plots of any single country. The commonplace detective deals with the present; the true artist seeks to force the secrets of the past. With Mr. Lang it is simply a question of a book or an essay. A book is more satisfactory, but then there are so many mysteries. Here he has given us within the compass of one volume twelve essays, each of which centres round a problem of evidence. As we all know, these investigations can be made extremely arid; but ingenuity, learning, and literary skill will carry a man to the heart of his audience even when they fail to cut all the knots. For example, most physicians will remain unconvinced by Mr. Lang's remarks upon the Voices of Jeanne d'Arc, but there are few who will not read the essay to the end.

While we shall avoid reprinting the table of contents, a hint of its attractions may be quickly given. The Man in the Iron Mask, the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, Amy Robsart, the Voices of Jeanne d'Arc, and Shakespeare-Bacon—each of them a *cause célèbre*—are subjected in turn to Mr. Lang's cross-questioning, with results which are always clever and sometimes convincing. Among the subjects of less fame, the mystery of James de la Cloche, eldest son of Charles II., is the most prominent. As it is impossible for us to take up more than one of these studies in the obscure, we shall confine our brief notice to the Valet's Tragedy—*anglicè*, to the Man in the Iron Mask.

We pass by the well-known fact that the mask was made of black velvet, to consider a point which is at issue between Mr. Lang and M. Funck-Brentano. The Voltaire-Dumas version of the story is fantastic, and quite outside the pale of rational criticism at this time of day. So many other candidates besides the putative son of Anne of Austria have also dropped out of the race that the competition is now narrowed to Count Mattioli, a Mantuan politician, and Martin, the valet to Roux de Marsilly, who was tortured to death in Paris on June 22, 1669. M. Funck-Brentano supports Mattioli, and Mr. Lang the valet. Both men were imprisoned at Pinerolo and at Sainte-Marguerite. One of them died in the Bastile towards the close of 1703. Whether Mattioli or Martin was the survivor is an open question, but Mr. Lang shows conclusively that the legend arose out of the experiences of the French valet rather than of the Italian count.

We should be the last to magnify the importance of this episode. In itself it is of no historical moment, and it has become famous merely because it presents a puzzle. But, viewed under the above restriction, it is a puzzle which, having once interested Voltaire and Gibbon, still causes a certain amount of discussion. The salient facts seem to be as follows: Roux de Marsilly, a Huguenot, plotting in England against Louis XIV., was apprehended and cruelly put to death. His valet, whose real name was Martin, but whose prison name became Eustache Dauger, fell into the hands of the French ambassador at London, was smuggled across the Channel to Dunkirk, and thence transported with many precautions to the French fortress of Pinerolo in Piedmont. There he remained from 1669 to 1687, when he was removed to the Isles Sainte-Marguerite near Cannes. Mattioli's imprisonment at Pinerolo began in 1679, and he was transferred to Sainte-Marguerite in 1694. Mr. Lang thinks that he died there in the same year. M. Funck-Brentano considers that he was the prisoner who died in the Bastile and was *the* Mask. To cite the opposing evidence is beyond our purpose. Mr. Lang certainly makes out his case as regards the genesis of the legend. Whether or not Martin survived Mattioli is a minor question. The tragic part of the story is, that the valet may not have known the secret for which he was confined. After a hundred and fifty years of debate we reach this conclusion: "The long and mysterious captivity of Eustache Dauger . . . was the mere automatic result of the 'red tape' of the old French absolute monarchy. This wretch was caught in the toils of the system, and suffered to no purpose for no crime."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

An Examination of the Shelley Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library. By C. D. Locock. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d. net.

Augustin-Thierry, Gilbert. The Plot of the Placards at Rennes. (Conspirators and Police under Napoleon.) Translated by Arthur G. Chater. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Scribners.

Baldwin, May. A Popular Girl. (Novel.) The Mershon Co. $1.

Barbèra, Piero. Editori e Autori: Studi e Passatempi di un Libraio. Florence: G. Barbèra. 4 lire.

Bonehill, Capt. Ralph. With Boone on the Frontier. (Novel.) The Mershon Co. $1.

Brereton, Capt. F. S. One of the Fighting Scouts. (A South African tale.)—Under the Star-Spangled Banner. (A tale of the Spanish War.) The Mershon Co. $1 each.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, illustrated by George Cruikshank. London: Oxford University Press; New York: Henry Frowde.

Burghclere, Lady Winifred. George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham. 1628-1687. (A Study in the History of the Restoration.) E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

Chapman, Frank M. Color Key to North American Birds. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.

Charles Kingsley's Letters and Memories of His Life. Edited by his wife, with an introduction by Maurice Kingsley. 2 vols. J. F. Taylor & Co. $2.

Courtship of Miles Standish, with illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Crane, J. A., and Cavalcaselle, G. B. A History of Painting in Italy. Edited by Langton Douglas and S. Arthur Strong. Vols. i. and ii. Scribners. $6 a vol.

Daggett, Brig.-Gen. A. S. America in the China Relief Expedition. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co.

Dods, Marcus. Forerunners of Dante. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Fairbanks, Harold W. Stories of Rocks and Minerals for the Grammar Grades. Boston: Educational Pub. Co.

Fea, Alan. After Worcester Fight. (Companion volume to The Flight of the King). London and New York: John Lane.

Gazier, A. Mélanges de Littérature et d'Histoire. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.

Goebel, Julius. Das Deutschtum in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika. (Der Kampf um das Deutschtum). Munich: T. F. Lehmanns. 2.20 m.

Harrison, Jane Ellen. Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion. Cambridge; The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 15s. net.

Hill, Headon. The Duke Decides. (A detective story.) A. Wessels Co. $1.50.

Jenks, Tudor. The Defence of the Castle. (Novel.) The Mershon Co. $1.

King, Henry Melville. Religious Liberty. (An historical paper.) Providence, R. I.: Preston & Rounds Co.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington. Critical and Historical Essays. Edited by F. C. Montague. 3 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Marchant, Bessie. The Secret of the Everglades. (Novel.) The Mershon Co. $1.

Michel, Emile. Rembrandt. Translated by Florence Simmonds and edited by Frederick Wedmore. London: William Heinemann; New York: Scribners. $7.50 net.

Minerva. Jahrbuch der Gelehrten Welt. 1903-1904. Strassburg: Trübner; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

Moore, James G. Outline of the Science of Study. Hinds & Noble. $1 postpaid.

Mulholland, Rosa. The Girls of Banshee Castle. (Novel.) The Mershon Co. $1.

Norton, Charles Eliot. The Poet Gray as a Naturalist. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed.

Post, Louis F. Ethics of Democracy. Moody Publishing Co.

Stables, Gordon. Sweeping the Seas, a Tale of the "Alabama." The Mershon Co. $1.

Thomas's Pennsylvania and West New Jersey. Reprinted from the original edition of 1698, with introduction by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Bros. Co.

Wisdom, and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings. Edited by W. B. Stevenson. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia J. B. Lippincott Co. 60 cents net.

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THE NATION, 206-210 Broadway, N. Y.

FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

New-York Life Insurance Co.

JOHN A. McCALL, President.

346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JANUARY 1, 1904.

ASSETS.

(Company does not invest in or loan upon stocks of any kind.)

United States, State, City, County, and other Bonds, book value, December 31, 1903	$247,994,383
Bonds and Mortgages (455 first liens)	24,531,774
Deposits in Banks, at interest	22,126,134
Loans to Policy-holders on their Policies as security (reserve value, $40,000,000)	28,502,073
Real Estate (38 pieces, including 12 office buildings, valued at $16,000,000)	12,725,000
Loans on Bonds (market value, $6,522,660)	5,280,000
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, and premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities	6,167,727
Premium Notes on Policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, $3,000,000)	3,139,284
Interest and Rents accrued	2,185,672
Total Assets (per Certificate of N. Y. Ins. Dept.)	$352,652,047

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve, per Certificate of New York Ins. Dept. (see below), December 31, 1903		$300,090,347
All other Liabilities: Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment		5,456,654
Additional Reserve, which the Company voluntarily sets aside in excess of the State's requirements.	$6,859,193	
Reserve to provide dividends payable to policy-holders during 1904, and in subsequent years, per policy contracts—		
To holders of 20-Year Period Policies and longer	23,539,923	
To holders of 15-Year Period Policies	6,991,284	
To holders of 10-Year Period Policies	477,607	
To holders of 5 Year Period Policies	375,002	
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies.	830,915	
Reserve to provide for all other contingencies.	8,031,122	
Total Additional Reserves		47,105,046
Total Liabilities (per certificate of N. Y. Ins. Dept.)		$352,652,047

INCOME, 1903.

New Premiums	$16,235,782
Renewal Premiums	57,146,392
Interest, Rents, etc	14,887,357
Total Income	$88,269,531

DISBURSEMENTS, 1903.

Death Claims paid	$16,860,082	
Endowments paid	4,305,941	
Annuities, Dividends, Surrender Values and Trust Instalments	13,503,991	
Total paid policy-holders	$34,670,014	
Commissions, Brokerages, and all other payments to Agents	9,696,673	
Home Office and Branch Office Salaries and Physicians' Fees	5,359,984	
Taxes, Advertising, and all other expenses	3,156,788	
Total Disbursements		$52,883,459

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

	Number.	Amount.
Paid-for Insurances in Force, December 31, 1902	704,567	$1,553,628,026
New Paid-for Insurances, 1903	171,118	326,658,236
Old Insurances Revived, etc.	1,534	3,216,798
Totals	877,219	$1,883,503,060
Total Terminated in 1903	64,508	138,290,161
Paid-for Insurances in Force, December 31, 1903	812,711	$1,745,212,899
Gain in 1903	108,144	$191,584,873

CERTIFICATE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF STATE OF NEW YORK

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

ALBANY, January 2, 1904.

I, FRANCIS HENDRICKS, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, a Mutual Life Insurance Company, having no capital stock, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section eighty-four of the insurance law of the State of New York, I have caused the Policy obligations of the said Company, outstanding and paid for on the 31st day of December, 1903, to be valued on the following basis: Policies known as the Company's three per cent. Policies, and all Policies issued since December 31, 1900, being valued as per the American Experience Table of Mortality with three per cent. interest, and all other Policies being valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality with four per cent. interest; and I hereby certify the result to be as follows:

Net Reserve Value of Policies	$281,227,489 00	
" " " Additions	3,374,092 00	
" " " Annuities	15,760,186 00	
Total		$300,361,767 00
Less Net Reserve Value of Policies re-insured		271,420 00
Total Net Reserve Values		$300,090,347 00

I FURTHER CERTIFY, from the sworn Report of the Company on file in this Department, that the Admitted Assets are $352,652,047 57

Reserve Values of Policies as calculated by this Department		$300,090,347 00
General Liabilities		5,456,653 95
Additional Reserve, which the Company voluntarily sets aside in excess of the State's requirements	$6,859,193 00	
Reserve to provide dividends payable to policy-holders in 1904 and in subsequent years	32,214,730 84	
Reserve to provide for all other contingencies	8,031,122 78	
Total Additional Reserves		47,105,046 62
Total		$352,652,047 57

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

FRANCIS HENDRICKS, Superintendent of Insurance.

The Detailed Annual Statement of the Company, giving list of securities held, etc., will be supplied on application. Address,

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 346 and 348 Broadway, New York.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1904.

The Week.

We are now more than two months away from the Panama revolution—that brilliant stroke which was to give us an Isthmian canal while we waited. Yet how much "forrarder" are we for all our reckless haste? We have got a dubious treaty conveying a clouded title. Even that treaty is not yet out of committee, where it is being discussed and amended, and will not be for a week or so. After that the best prospect is of a debate and delays extending over months, while at the end, after ratification, the treaty will at once be taken to the courts and an injunction sued out to prevent the illegal payment of money from the Treasury. And all this in the name of speed! How much time have we saved compared with the method of going on patiently to negotiate with Colombia? Very little, we venture to say; and, while foolishly trying to save time, we have lost moral prestige. Impetuous young men usually find out, as the President is doing, that there is something to be said, after all, for slow but sure.

Another instance of the embarrassment which the President causes his friends by headlong action without due regard to the law, was disclosed in the Senate's long debate on Friday, over the nomination of Mr. Buchanan to be Minister to Panama. Several grave legal difficulties presented themselves. The office itself had not yet been created by Congress, but Mr. Roosevelt hastened to fill it. Furthermore, before being confirmed by the Senate, Mr. Buchanan posted off to the Isthmus and promptly presented his credentials as Minister. Where is the law for all this? Senator Lodge knew all about it, of course; but Senator Spooner, suffering the disadvantage, as compared with the junior Senator from Massachusetts, of being a lawyer, had serious doubts about the legality of the President's course—to the general astonishment, for this is an Administration which "does things," and laws were never meant to fetter a brave and strong Executive who sees what he wants and takes it. So affirms the Senate in its calm ex-post-facto confirmation of Mr. Buchanan.

Senator Lodge airily declares that Colombia had no excuse whatever for rejecting the Hay-Herran treaty, since it was her own proposal and had been accepted by this Government with only "slight modifications." Well, the documents are on file, and they show that Secretary Hay insisted upon very serious modifications of the Colombian offers. For example, the provision for mixed tribunals having jurisdiction in the canal strip was Mr. Hay's own proposition. Moreover, the annual rental first demanded by the Colombian Minister was $600,000. Our Secretary of State, in a note which was practically an ultimatum, cut this sum down to $250,000. As the treaty was to run for at least 100 years, this meant a difference of as much as $35,000,000. But, of course, to a Big American like Senator Lodge, who always thinks in hundred millions, this was only a "slight modification."

Senator Hoar, in his recent autobiography, refers to the saying that the difference between Lodge and himself is that the former has no conscience, while the senior Massachusetts Senator has one, but disobeys it. The latter part of the epigram Mr. Hoar attacks with some asperity; the part referring to his colleague he passes by, as if that were too much for even his powers of controversy. Most people, we fancy, have left off discussing Senator Lodge's morals. His logic, his tact, his political good sense, are the really debatable matters, so far as he is concerned. In his speech on January 5 he vehemently defended the President on grounds which the President himself has abandoned. Mr. Roosevelt confessed on Monday that his action in recognizing Panama was against all precedent. On Tuesday this bosom friend, Senator Lodge, maintained that the "beaten path" had not been departed from an inch. Such are the misfortunes of a Senator with his speech all in type and incapable of alteration on account of such a trifle as a President's message! Senator Bacon made a cruel thrust at Mr. Lodge. The latter was arguing with immense learning that Congress had nothing to do with the recognition of new republics. Thereupon the Georgia Senator asked him how he had advocated in 1895 the joint resolution of Congress recognizing the Cuban republic. It was an awful blow for a great Constitutional lawyer.

The rebuke of President Roosevelt by Yale professors, which was made public on Monday, is perhaps the most damaging blow that his Panama venture has brought him. He has been proud of the repute in which he has been held in academic circles. Yale herself gave him the degree of LL.D.; but now her most eminent professors, Republicans though most of them are, join in a petition filled with expressions which must cut him to the quick. They imply that he has been defiant of law and precedent; that he has trampled upon the rights of the weak; that he has brought the good name of the republic into peril. There is nothing partisan about this utterance from New Haven. It is simply the grieved voice of men of weight and learning, who feel that President Roosevelt has been false to them, and has forgotten the obligations of an educated man in his high office. This grave and reasoned protest of the leading men of Yale, and of influential citizens of New Haven, should rouse the President to the need of taking speedy steps to find an honorable adjustment of the controversy, and to save his public character from the wreck which persistence in his present course threatens.

It is a ghoulish trick to try to reap benefit from public misfortune, but this is just what the people of Massachusetts and California are trying to do. To relieve the intense suffering caused by the great coal famine of a year ago, Congress repealed the duty on anthracite and suspended that on bituminous coal for a year. This period will expire on January 15, 1904. Bills are now before Congress to continue the suspension indefinitely, or at least for another year. Some designing persons say quietly that a year might be enough, as that would possibly carry us to the date of a new general tariff measure. Messrs. McCall and Roberts of Massachusetts have both introduced bills, and California is also anxious for free coal. This attempt to reap an advantage for certain manufacturing industries of New England and California at the expense of the coal mine operators of Pennsylvania is dastardly. Messrs. McCall and Roberts may have mistakenly supposed that they could do Massachusetts a service by advocating free coal. But he serves his party (or his State) best who serves his country best; and is not Pennsylvania the United States when it comes to the tariff? Massachusetts and California ought to learn from Mr. Chamberlain that the different parts of an Empire should agree as to what industries each should pursue. Massachusetts used to be a busy iron manufacturing centre, but of late years the industry has been declining, owing to her not being able to draw on Canada and Cuba for her raw materials. But the point is, what does she get in return for agreeing to a duty on coal and iron ore? Lodge could tell.

"Prominent business men" of New York are warned that it is "up to them" to prevent a horrid disaster to the country. A member of the Senate Finance Committee tells them that they are

making a great mistake in supposing that they can safely vote for a "good" Democrat in the place of President Roosevelt. Does New York want tariff revision? Assuredly not. But that is what will happen if President Roosevelt is defeated. A Democratic President would certainly mean a Democratic House. But the Senate would still be Republican, the prominent business men reply. True; but it is reasonably certain that the present temper of a number of the Republican Senators is such that the country cannot depend upon an unbroken Senate to save it, as it did on a similar occasion when Mr. Cleveland was President for the first time. In a word, Wall Street is given to understand that if it again insists upon "committing harakiri with the country's business interests," some of the Republican Senators will take it for granted that the people want a change of tariff policy. It all comes back to this: Roosevelt or tariff reform. Many severe moralists would not hesitate a moment over which to choose. But your prominent business man is made of other stuff. Vested interests are all he thinks of, and can there be any such thing without protection?

The Hanna boom is beginning to alarm friends of President Roosevelt. Hitherto they have regarded the cheers for Hanna as so much "hot air"—to use Postmaster-General Payne's admirable phrase. So many States—including Ohio—were pledged to Mr. Roosevelt that his nomination was thought to be as inevitable as the procession of the seasons. But the sappers and miners of Mr. Hanna have never rested night or day; they have had plenty of tools and powder; and though they have succeeded in keeping well underground, an occasional muffled explosion has conveyed a warning that they are already under the outworks. The citadel against which they are moving is Pennsylvania, that home of anthracite operators and railway owners, that forcing-bed of protectionists. Senator Quay is learning that strong financial interests in New York and elsewhere, with which he maintains such a delightful intimacy, are making a dead set for Hanna. The tradition of Pennsylvania politics is not one of lofty idealism, of the sacrifice of corporations to the welfare of the people; and Senator Quay is not only bred in the tradition, but is strengthened in the faith by a personal susceptibility to financial arguments. Should he waver in his adherence to Roosevelt, the outlook for a renomination would grow black. Hanna boomers are cropping up here and there throughout even the West. Mr. Roosevelt's Gibraltar; and Mr. Hanna himself, by withholding the call for the National Convention, allows the movement to gain momentum.

Postmaster-General Payne, in his annual report, accords hearty praise to Mr. Bristow, which is more than Mr. Bristow could give Mr. Payne. It will be remembered that the Sherlock Holmes of the Department, in his memorandum on the frauds, pointedly omitted the name of Mr. Payne from the list of those who had aided his investigations. Mr. Payne, however, expresses the pious hope that, as the thieves have been discovered and the work of some divisions reorganized, all irregular and criminal practices will now disappear. While we join him in wishing that his Department may henceforth be a hotbed of virtue, we fear that something more than reorganization is needed to make and keep it such. The great desideratum, as Mr. Bristow expressed it, is "honest, intelligent, and vigorous administration," and in one or more of these points both Charles Emory Smith and Mr. Payne have failed. Mr. Payne himself has been so notably lacking in vigor that his greatest service to the Department would be his own resignation.

The town of Pineapple, Alabama, is now convinced that lynching does not pay. It did not hold this opinion until lately, but the way in which it changed its mind is set forth in the Southern press. It seems that Pig Melton, colored, and some friends, being engaged in a game of "craps," differed as to their proceedings, with the result that Pig died from a pistol shot. The murderer at once left for other regions after wounding a white man, but an accessory to the crime was arrested and confined in the Pineapple calaboose. This man, one Stewart, had so far forgotten himself as to threaten white persons with bodily injury. Some of the "most prominent citizens" of Pineapple decided thereupon to teach him and his people "their place." Storming the calaboose, they practised various indignities upon him, winding up by knocking him on the head and setting fire to the calaboose, so that there should be no need of a funeral. Unfortunately for Pineapple, the flames—"reinforced by God's disapprobation," the colored people say—spread from the calaboose to a feed store, next to a wagon repair shop, then to the bank, until in the course of their triumphant progress they laid a large part of the town in ashes. Then there was a sudden realization that lawlessness, after all, did not pay, and men who had merely "grunted with satisfaction" at the killing of a nigger "grew blind with fury" at the results of the mob's work. In consequence, five of the leading citizens have been on trial before three justices, charged with the murder of the negro prisoner, Stewart, and the town is filled with excited people from the surrounding country divided into two camps—those who favor the lynchers, and those who mourn the destruction of Pineapple's most important business streets.

The decision of the United States Steel Corporation last week to omit entirely this quarter's payment of dividends on the common stock, must have impressed the financial mind less forcibly than the company's statement of earnings. The passing of the dividend was an inevitable consequence of diminished earnings. To put the matter briefly: net receipts for the closing quarter of 1903 decreased $17,141,000 from the same quarter in 1902—a shrinkage of 53 per cent. For December alone, the record showed a decrease of $5,500,000, or 64 per cent. Payment even of a dividend of ½ per cent. on the common stock would have called for $2,700,000, which would have been nearly one-fourth of the year's entire surplus after routine depreciation charges. In fact, if interest and depreciation allowance, this past quarter, had borne due proportion to the similar expenditure reported for the twelvemonth, then no dividend was earned, even at the reduced rate of the preceding quarter. Under such circumstances, it would have been folly to pay it. It must frankly be admitted that this is not a reassuring showing; but it must also be kept in mind that conditions, during the past quarter, were unfavorable in a degree which may not again be experienced. Open discussion of reduction in the price of steel, actual secret reduction by competitors, and rumors, current from time to time, that trade agreements might be abrogated and general price-cutting ensue, all had their place in the trade's history for the quarter. It would have been surprising if orders for steel had not fallen to nominal figures under such circumstances. With this must also be considered the fact that labor cost was still at the high level of the trade's most prosperous months, and that the export orders, whatever they may turn out to be, had not yet made their influence felt.

The Steel Corporation is meeting the situation as it should be met. The company's real danger, a year or two ago, lay in rash acceptance of a belief that the mere fact of consolidation in the trade had done away with the violent fluctuations in consumers' demand which have always marked the history of the trade. Such a theory begins to do mischief when it is used as an argument for a too large paying-out of surplus in dividends and for increase of bonded debt. The company's action on its common-stock dividend, and its peremptory stopping of conversion of stock into mortgage bonds, are the best guarantee of a wiser policy in the future. Nor should the management's courage in laying the quarter's return of earnings before the shareholders be overlooked. The great importance of the example set in

this matter by the Steel Corporation to other industrial combinations again invites attention to this point. It is not as agreeable to publish poor earnings as to make such brilliant showing as that of a year ago. But we are firmly convinced that the company's situation is the stronger because of this publication. Let it, for instance, be imagined that, when the common dividend was passed, all official information as to earnings had been refused. Where would the Steel Corporation, or any of its securities, have stood then?

Mr. Chamberlain is not the kind of a man to let his chagrin be seen, but he must have realized Thursday that some days are dark and dreary. Two such events between sunrise and sunset as the rumored return of the Duke of Devonshire to the Liberal party and the Board of Trade statement for the year 1903, would have struck most men in his position as a case of piling Pelion upon Ossa. The position of the Duke since October 5 has been so anomalous that his reported agreement with Lord Rosebery should excite no surprise. To one of his methodical mind the rôle of a free lance is distasteful. Though he is ready to break with his party on a question of principle, he is not built to wander about in the cold. His resignation from the Ministry three months ago was a blow to the Balfour-Chamberlain policy, the effect of which, however, would have been greatly impaired if he had retired to sulk in his tent, or had decided to wage guerrilla warfare. But the Duke is like a party platform in the United States—he is disposed at times to "view with alarm" the proceedings of public men. He did so in the case of Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule. Evidently, if rumor correctly represents him, he thinks the present crisis as alarming as the previous one, and as calling for another *volte-face*. But the significant fact is, that the Duke never goes anywhere politically without a host of followers. Mr. Chamberlain can spare him, but not his retinue. The doubled Liberal majority in Thursday's bye-election indicates as much.

The Board of Trade figures leave Mr. Chamberlain in a ridiculous light. He has been proclaiming from the housetop that British trade is on the road to ruin, but the official figures show that the total foreign trade of the nation in 1903 was greater by $125,000,000. And, most amusing of all, of the $56,042,685 increase in exports, $36,772,100 is contributed by manufactures alone, although the owners of British mills and foundries were supposed to have lost their grip on the world's market. Possibly when the itemized figures appear they will show that this gain in the exports of manufactured goods was in the colonial trade. But what difference does it make where your market is? The profits from the colonial trade are, there is every reason to believe, as good on a given amount of business as from that, say, with the United States. It is also rather hard on Mr. Chamberlain that of the increase of about $74,000,000 in imports, less than $11,000,000 represents manufactured goods. In short, the figures tally with what may be considered a very sound condition of British industry.

With the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain fighting for the possession of the Liberal-Unionist party, that organization obviously plays the part of the corpse in a Homeric combat. The rights of the matter are all with the Duke, who, fearing that the Liberal-Unionists may be dragged into the fight for fiscal reform, demands that a party which has served its purpose should be decently buried. Mr. Chamberlain, on the contrary, is sure that the name and good will of Liberal Unionism are still worth something. So he plans to galvanize the opponents of Home Rule into some semblance of tariff reformers. To the Duke's reminder that the Liberal-Unionist party is hopelessly divided on the fiscal issue, he replies with a challenge to a test of strength. Mr. Chamberlain seldom makes vain boasts—for domestic consumption; and it is very likely that he feels comfortably sure of a protectionist majority. But he must see clearly that Liberal-Unionism converted into protectionism would no longer have even a name to live, and that the change could not be managed without arousing very costly animosities. When Mr. Chamberlain builds up a new party in the open, no one may gainsay his right; when he humiliates his old leaders to gain control of a moribund organization, he takes counsel of mere pugnacity. It would be a disastrous triumph to take the high hand with the free-trade Liberal-Unionists. Already many of the Conservatives, notably Mr. Goschen and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, have strained every point not to oppose the Government. But not even their warm feeling for Mr. Balfour would hold them to neutrality if Mr. Chamberlain makes fealty to himself the sole test of Unionist loyalty.

It need trouble no loyal Frenchman to learn, as the dispatches announce, that Joan of Arc was of Italian extraction, for the pedigrees of heroes and heroines probably are very seldom of racial purity. Dante himself, we are told, came of German stock, while Napoleon, for that matter, was only a Corsican. If the French were to renounce all foreigners who have won fame as Frenchmen, their pantheon would be decimated. The more serious attack upon Joan's fame is not the assertion of foreign ancestry, but the attempt to make her a saint of the Roman Catholic Church. To be sure, St. Louis fairly holds his own in an anti-clerical age, but this canonization is so old that it may be winked at. It would be otherwise if the Maid of Dorémy were to be canonized now. The anti-clericals might insist on omitting her name from the school histories, and some very bad paintings that depict her martyrdom might be removed from public buildings. At present Joan is merely beatified—a distinction, in French eyes, not unlike the possession of a minor decoration, say the *palmes académiques*. But her canonization seems imminent, and the gaining of a saint is hardly to be compared with the loss of a national heroine. Accordingly, the Pope should be advised before he advances Joan out of all popularity. Possibly the sagacious Pontiff counts upon chauvinism to offset the drawback of the Church's approval. It will always remain true that Joan harried the English mercilessly and that they slew her shamefully.

The report, apparently confirmed in international banking circles, that the Russian Government's application for a loan at Paris has been unsuccessful, is a striking incident in the diplomacy of the Eastern crisis. If, as the banking community believes, facilities have been withheld by the Paris bankers at the instance of the French Government, a situation would be shown to exist which would go far to explain the present attitude of France. It has been no secret that the French press and people have for some time been asking, a little querulously, what France is getting out of her relations with Russia, compared with what she gives. Thus far, the one tangible outcome of the Franco-Russian *entente* has been the placing of French investment capital freely at Russia's disposal, when occasion for one of that country's periodical borrowings arose. It is not to be supposed, even if the bankers' view of the French Government's attitude is accurate, that the discouragement of loans to Russia now is a sign of unfriendliness. It may, however, be part of a policy which is using every expedient to prevent hostilities in the Far East. But, on the other hand, it does not appear that a similar restraint, by financial methods, is being placed upon Japan. No announcement has been made regarding that country's purposes or opportunities, in the matter of borrowing from Europe; but advices from Lombard Street are in notable contrast with the Paris reports just noticed. London appears to take for granted the providing, in its own market, of the requisite credits for Japan. This happens in face of the fact that London is already overburdened with its own "undigested securities," while Paris is so abundantly supplied with capital that it is lending unusually large sums in London.

AN INTERNATIONAL LIBERAL PARTY.

It was a shrewd and just remark recently made by Prof. William James, to the effect that questions of justice between nations and peoples pass swiftly nowadays beyond the bounds of the countries immediately affected. The sense of outrage at sight of oppression quivers round the world. Defence of the oppressed—be they Jews or Finns, Macedonians or Filipinos, South Africans or South Americans—is a matter of international concern. Something like a consensus of humane and liberal minds has come to be established the earth over. It has no recognized organs, no committees, no machinery; but it everywhere leaps to reinforce conscience, to stay the stroke of brutality, to argue the cause of the weaker. In the presence of this world-wide body of enlightened opinion, it is well for those struggling for the right in any given land to lift up their eyes and see with what a cloud of witnesses they are encompassed, and how their hands are held up by the wise and good of all nations. We may afford to drop local names, such as Anti-Imperialists or Pro-Boers, for the sake of enrolling ourselves in this grand army of humanity.

The existence of what we may call an international Liberal party, impalpable but powerful, set for the enfranchisement and safeguarding of all mankind, is forced upon our notice whenever an act of injustice looms large upon the world's horizon. What instant sympathy the English minority had from the United States in their protests against the subjugation of the Dutch republics! And it has been repaid with interest. Messages from the best opinion of England were never wanting to those Americans who spoke up for justice to the helpless Filipino. Nor are they lacking to-day, when it is again a question of our mighty Government setting at naught the rights of a feeble nation. Very unpleasant reading for President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay have the most weighty British newspapers recently contained. An English publicist, who has given a thousand proofs of his friendly feeling for this country, writes us of the pain which the "amazing" course of Mr. Roosevelt towards Panama has caused him. It is the international jury bringing in its moral verdict.

There is more than a coincidence in the fact that this universal knitting together of humane instincts thus reveals itself. It is the Old Guard of Liberalism closing up the ranks. When militarism and the strong arm are everywhere asserting themselves, as against law and considerate good faith, it is but natural that they who are of one mind against this policy of force should feel their solidarity, and act, so far as they are able, upon their common principles. At any rate, the way in which one deep of humanity answers to another, across territorial lines and regardless of estranging seas, is among the most striking signs of the times.

While the champions of fair dealing and equal justice are thus united by invisible bonds in a kind of international freemasonry, the believers in the mailed fist and the big stick are singularly at odds. Instead of supporting, they revile each other. In order to compound for their own sins in that kind, they heartily damn the similar deeds of another. Thus, our own Jingoes were among the loudest in condemning English aggression in South Africa. It is a kind of tribute which hypocrisy feels compelled to pay to virtue; it cannot refrain from the wrong itself, but it will soundly rate others who are guilty of it. And, of course, the foreign Jingoes pay ours back in their own coin. They resent the criticism of a fellow in iniquity. At the moment when Mr. Chamberlain was most violently attacked in the American and German press, he proudly drew himself up and said: "As I read history, no British Minister has ever served his country faithfully and at the same time enjoyed popularity abroad." That is the true provincial, the truly barbaric, note. We shall doubtless hear it echoed by American newspapers and politicians apropos of Friday's dispatch from Colombia praising those Senators who stand firmly at Washington for the rights of the weak. "Yah! You are popular in Colombia. That proves that you must be bad Americans." There must be no more inquiry than Chamberlain would allow, whether there is a question of morality and of justice involved. Just a raucous whoop —"Popular abroad! Now what have you got to say for yourselves?"

Against such unthinking and savage cries international Liberalism stands and will stand. The oscillation of the past few years has seemed to make brute force and commercialism triumphant, but the swing will be the other way, all in good time. Till then lovers of freedom and justice can do little but protest and agitate and educate and—wait. But they have no occasion to feel mortified over their comparative isolation and impotence. As Taine wrote to his friend, it is not the few thinkers and moralists who perceive the truth and cling to the right for whom one ought to feel sorry, but rather for those who go with the multitude to do evil.

GOVERNOR ODELL AND THE CANAL.

Governor Odell's plan to raise money for canal enlargement is the most important part of his message. In reviewing the work of the State Government, he offers a number of suggestions, some of them excellent; but they relate mainly to routine matters. His recommendation, for example, that our prisons be remodelled and their sanitary condition improved, will be endorsed by every humanitarian and penologist. His advocacy of a law to prevent the future construction of grade crossings is equally sound. These subjects, however, are secondary, for he has bestowed more thought on the canal, and his scheme will provoke eager discussion.

His way out, we regret to say, strikes us as impracticable. The problem is to raise $101,000,000. The two common solutions would be either a tax or a bond issue. Certain economists regard bonds as wasteful and unwise, because the interest charges, which may exceed the principal, are, from one point of view, a dead loss; because, also, the postponement of payment may blind taxpayers to the recklessness of expenditures and swamp a State or city with debt. Yet, in spite of the advantages of paying as you go, the established policy in this country has been bonds for permanent improvements, so that future generations may share the burden for roads, parks, and buildings which they enjoy. Accordingly, it had been generally supposed that an eighteen-year bond was contemplated. Such was the idea in the minds of voters when they cast their ballots. Any plan which immediately increased the pressure of taxation might have been defeated. As to this fact there can be no dispute: Governor Odell, in his last message, talked of the amendment to the Constitution so as to provide a bond issue and avoid "excessive taxation." In his speeches to the farmers last autumn he explained the very light tax needed to carry the bonds.

It is, therefore, surprising to have him say to-day, "While the referendum provides for a yearly direct tax and the payment of the debt in eighteen years, I am sure that the general expectation is that some other method may be devised." He then proceeds to an elaborate statement, which, in brief, is this:

(1.) Pay the entire cost of the first five years' work without resorting to bonds, by the expedient of raising an additional $5,500,000 per annum by indirect taxation.

(2.) Divide the large payments during the last five years (assuming that ten years will be required for construction) into two classes: (a) $5,500,000 per annum as before, from the State revenues; (b) the remaining $50,000,000 raised by annual levies of $10,000,000 each on the counties. In return, give the counties for use in their sinking funds State bonds which shall bear cumulative interest, not payable annually, but on redemption.

(3.) In the decade following the completion of the canal, pay off the bonds given to the counties by the State revenues, raised as before by indirect taxation.

Result: Canal paid for in twenty

years; direct tax on counties refunded; large interest payments avoided; saving, estimated by Governor Odell, $41,790,000.

This saving is, of course, an item worth considering. Governor Odell urges it with the economic arguments already referred to. Nevertheless, there are obstacles which render the device unworkable. In the first place, it is too complicated to be understood by many members of the Legislature; and to the average voter it would be hopeless confusion. He could not grasp it, and would suspect it to be a bit of financial jugglery. In the second place, if he grasped it, he would condemn it; for it would mean, virtually, the raising of $10,000,000 annually for five years by county levies, and he would be no happier under this load than under a direct tax by the State. The counties might, as Governor Odell suggests, issue bonds instead of discharging the levies in cash; but here again is a return to deferred payments and interest—and a plunge into "perplexed and intricate mazes." Add to these objections the necessity of two Constitutional amendments—as the Governor himself admits—and the project has scarcely a leg to stand on.

But, granting that the Legislature would be complaisant, the voters approve, and the amendments pass, there is still the trifle of securing $5,500,000 by indirect taxation. On the success of this effort everything depends. Last year the Governor wrote:

> "The money for payment of principal and interest of the debt could be met by a dividend tax upon the capital stock of manufacturing corporations, which would produce about $2,400,000, and by modifications of existing revenue laws by slightly increasing the rates affecting others than corporations."

He now wants to raise annually about $2,500,000 more than would be required for mere interest charges and sinking fund. This crucial point he passes lightly over in the phrase, "assuming that new revenues will be provided," but he gives no hint as to the source of these new revenues. Where are they to come from? It is doubtful whether there is any source from which $5,500,000 can be raised by indirect taxation. If there be such a source, the Governor should name it. At present he occupies the singular position of advancing a plan for raising $113,750,000—including interest—without a word as to where the first $5,500,000, or, indeed, the whole sum, is to be found.

Should the Legislature accept his idea seriously, we should have an endless debate as to ways and means, delays necessitated by further amendment of the Constitution, and possible bedevilling of the whole undertaking. It seems certain that no one who is not at heart an enemy of the improvement and anxious to see it abandoned, will turn from the plain and simple method of a bond issue and a small direct tax to meet the interest. Any other course is full of danger to the canal.

THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE FORCES.

Whatever might be the eventual outcome of hostilities between Japan and Russia, the army and navy of the David of the Eastern nations would begin a campaign with very considerable prestige honestly earned in the war with China, and enhanced during the relief of the legations in Peking. Of all the allied troops which entered China in 1900, the Japanese won the highest praise from military observers for bravery and dash, combined with sobriety, good discipline, and efficiency of transport. The officers had their men well in hand, and cared for their simple needs with surprising forethought. And the intelligence of the enlisted men was second only to that of our American soldiers.

This is one of the most important of the advantages possessed by the Japanese. Stout fighters as the Russians demonstrated themselves to be in the Turkish campaigns of 1877 and 1878, capable as they are of withstanding hardships certain to overcome less sturdy troops, they could not enter into a struggle with Japan with the zest and enthusiasm which would inspire their rivals. For the latter the struggle would be almost one for freedom and independence, with everything depending upon the celerity and intelligence of the first movements for the war. Excellently trained and organized as the Japanese army is, it can at best but number 430,000, of which 250,000 were available for foreign service in 1900. That it is weak in cavalry is generally admitted. Writing in the *Journal of the United States Cavalry Association* of a visit to a Japanese cavalry regiment, Capt. C. D. Rhodes of our new General Staff last year declared that "the Japanese cavalry is, in efficiency, far behind the infantry and artillery, which, as we know, are of the first rank." This he attributed largely to the lack of proper mounts, Japan being wofully deficient in draught and cavalry horses of proper size. But it is characteristic of the admiration of American officers for the Japanese army that Capt. Rhodes recorded his belief that only a few years would elapse before the cavalry would be on a par with the other arms.

American observers of the Russian troops in China in 1900 formed a very low opinion of their military value. "The treatment of the men is of the poorest," says an English critic, who admits, however, that they are thereby soldiers inured to the severest hardships. Just how many the Japanese would have to face in Mantchuria, it is extremely difficult to estimate. Before the Boxer campaign there were 35,000 troops in eastern Siberia. The First and Second Siberian Army Corps, which could in time be called upon, number about 150,000 men and 286 guns. Additional reinforcements might bring the total Russian forces in the East to 200,000 men, widely dispersed over a very considerable extent of territory. Should Japan dominate at sea, as is confidently predicted by the best professional opinion, she would be able to land a force far outnumbering any army which Russia might assemble within the next four months. There can be little doubt that the size of the various Russian garrisons has been greatly exaggerated.

But the chief weakness of the Russians would be in their communications with their base of supplies—European Russia. Should Japan control the seas, they would have to fall back upon the Trans-Siberian railway—a frail, single-track line, badly built, and badly managed, and interrupted by Lake Baikal. Moreover, it is extremely vulnerable and would call for large protecting forces, as would the Mantchurian garrisons, for it must be remembered that Russia would have to fight in a practically hostile country, which would itself have to be overawed. Obviously, therefore, Russia would strain every nerve to control the sea, for the double purpose of drawing supplies by water and preventing the landing of Japanese troops in Mantchuria or Korea.

But, on the water, the advantage would seem to lie with the "Yankees of the East." The Russian navy is without experience in war, and is as destitute of efficient naval bases and repair yards of use in winter as the Japanese are well provided with them. Accustomed as the Russians are to cold-weather operations, they cannot in this respect surpass their possible enemies. Commander Francis M. Barber, U. S. N., who accompanied the Japanese torpedo boats to Port Arthur in the zero weather of the 1895 campaign, could not say enough in praise of the extraordinary hardiness and endurance of their men. The Japanese personnel as a whole has received the highest praise from European critics. "Their crews are inspired by the keenest spirit of zeal and patriotism." The judgment of their officers is "marked by courage, capacity, and admirable resourcefulness." The standard of discipline is that of the British navy, by many of whose officers the Japanese sailors have been instructed. Sir William White, the eminent English authority, has summed them up by saying that "they have shown themselves fully equal to the great responsibilities involved in using during war as well as peace a fleet replete with every modern improvement in machinery, guns, and equipment."

So far as the numerical comparison between the Russian and Japanese ships

in the East or en route is concerned, the Russians have the advantage, particularly in battleships. But their heaviest vessels are of widely varying types and speed, and far less homogeneous than the Japanese. Only three of their armored cruisers can be said to be up-to-date, though they possess at Port Arthur a very large and well-reputed flotilla of torpedo boats and destroyers. For the Russians the best move in the event of war is thought in many quarters to be a concentration of their fleet in the Gulf of Pechili. As long as it was intact and a large military force was at Port Arthur, the Japanese could enter Mantchuria only by way of Korea, a long and difficult route to the objective of any land campaign—the cutting of the Trans-Siberian railway. That these problems have been carefully studied by the Japanese General Staff is notorious. Nor can it have overlooked the importance of striking quickly after a declaration of war.

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION.

The second Year-book of the Carnegie Institution contains the complete record of its work to date, and it appears that what the administrators have left undone is quite as significant as what they have done. They have been in no haste to appropriate the whole income. In a little more than a year they have voted for research, publication, and office expenses $182,130—less than two-fifths of the income of the fund. Applications from investigators to the amount of $2,200,398 lie before them, grants recommended by the Advisory Committees run to $911,500. This total demand of $3,111,898—supposing even that many of the requests are frivolous—shows that the Carnegie Institution has not been carrying its coals to Newcastle. The small total of actual grants as compared with the applications proves that the fund is being distributed in the most conservative spirit, and upon mature deliberation.

We pointed out, on the publication of the first Year-book, that the fund was gradually being appropriated to the use of natural sciences to the exclusion of *litteræ humaniores*. Nothing in the present Year-book requires us to change that comment. Out of total appropriations of $182,605, $20,000 was allotted to ethnology, archæology, bibliography, etc. Astronomy, geology, and physics took the lion's share of the funds, with biology not far behind. Projects of especial interest now approaching realization are the establishment of a desert botanical laboratory at Tucson, Arizona, and the preparations for a geological survey of eastern China. Wholly in the spirit of Mr. Carnegie's donation is the assumption of the 'Index Medicus' by the Institution. This great bibliography was begun in 1872 by Dr. John S. Billings and Dr. Robert Fletcher, but was discontinued twenty years later for lack of financial support. It is a case where the appearance of Mr. Carnegie *ex machina* has justified the faith of the authors, while the Institution has been happy in finding a great and needy work ready to its hand. A commendable clause of the deed of foundation required the Carnegie Institution to coöperate with existing learned bodies, supplementing rather than rivalling their work. Pursuant to this ideal, the trustees have maintained twenty tables at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole, and have made grants of $1,000 each to twenty-five "research assistants" in as many colleges and universities. In these grants the scientific bias already noted is very apparent. Three beneficiaries are psychologists, one is an economist, one a historian; the other twenty were all scientists.

But the preponderance of science in the councils of the Institution is shown most clearly in the specific recommendations of the Advisory Committees. Physics desires $250,000 per annum—half the fund; geo-physics would be content with a yearly $150,000; astronomy has two projects calling annually for $80,000 and $150,000. Compare with these suggestions such faint-hearted requests as $45,000 annually for psychology—a scientific subject, properly speaking—and $17,500 for history. Archæology would turn out to have similar modest claims if the $120,000 asked for "exploration" were analyzed. The conclusion is inevitable: either such subjects of research as archæology, art history, philology, history, philosophy, economics, are already so comfortably provided for as to have no claim upon Mr. Carnegie's support, or else the Institution is not at present so organized as to give these historical studies a hearing. An examination of the miscellaneous applications not sanctioned by the Advisory Committee shows a similar preponderance of scientific interest.

It would clearly be unfair to prejudge the course of the Institution until it is in full operation. With the unappropriated three-fifths of the fund it would be possible to set the balance straight. What we wish to observe is a tendency, rather than a danger. It is evident that the great scientists stationed at Washington have too exclusively the ear of the trustees. The absent are always wrong, say the French; and the representatives of art and literature are generally absent from Washington. Indeed, the Carnegie Institution is in some risk of seeming to narrow its scope by an embargo. The trustees have resolved that no grant should be made for logic and metaphysics. It may be that no worthy project in these fields lay before them, but the time might come when logic or metaphysics might have quite as deserving a collective enterprise to offer as a desert laboratory or a geological survey.

What the historical sciences need is a spokesman, and for this reason the trustees are to be commended for printing in the Year-book Professor Seymour's report on excavation sites in Hellas, and Mr. Raphael Pumpelly's preliminary survey of the trans-Caspian region. Professor Seymour has recently travelled through continental Greece, Asia Minor, and the Ægean Islands. He finds at Corinth, Thebes, and Antioch opportunities for major excavations of the first importance; in the Spartan region small sums devoted to the study of ancient seaports and trading routes might cast new light upon the relations of Greece with the more ancient East. Here lie possibilities as definite and promising as, say, the investigation of aluminum alloys. Mr. Pumpelly's report suggests an historical mystery to solve—that of the ancient Mongol Empire, which had its seat in what is now Turkestan. Students of Asiatic civilization know vaguely that between Chinese civilization in the East and Arab and Persian culture in the West there are many connecting links. Did we know more definitely of Genghis Khan and Tamburlaine, many historical problems would approach solution. Mr. Pumpelly reports that tumuli are frequent in this region, and the sites of buried cities well known. Sven Hedin, in his recent exploration of the country, found inscriptions, and there is good hope that manuscripts are safely preserved under the desert sands. Is not the writing of this unwritten chapter of history as important as the investigation of double stars or cryptogams?

But comparisons are superfluous. The body of the sciences is made up of many members, all of which are honorable. What we wish to emphasize, as we congratulate the Carnegie Institution upon its auspicious beginnings, is that a generous grant to such projects as those outlined above will prove to all critical well-wishers that the new Institution is to be no mere auxiliary to science in the narrower sense, but rather the impartial promoter of all studies that tend to interpret nature to man and man to himself.

THE TWO JOANS.

All visitors to Paris recall Frémiet's spirited Joan of Arc, which closes so proudly the Rue des Pyramides. But only the more observant will have noticed that this famous equestrian statue has assumed an unfamiliar look; indeed, Parisians have only recently made the discovery. Joan's creator has very frankly owned up, and the metamorphosis of the monument now constitutes a very interesting case in art history, and raises unusual questions in the border-line of æsthetics and ethics. In a word, Frémiet had long chafed under the general criticism of his masterpiece. Re-

port has it that he haunted the little Place de Rivoli and eagerly listened to the chaffing of the crowd. Gradually the artist came to the conviction that the crowd was right, that the contrast between the slender, steel-cased girl and the clumsy war-horse was excessive. We are ready to believe that such self-criticism is not uncommon among the great artists. But Frémiet went further and began a second Joan. It was chance that favored the substitution of the amended work for the old. The digging of the subway in the Rue de Rivoli made it necessary to remove the old Joan to Frémiet's studio. The new Joan soon guarded the Rue des Pyramides. All this was done without a by-your-leave to the officialdom that has French art in charge, and a mystified Paris wavers between admiration of the *coup de main*, indignation over broken red tape, and regret for the old Joan, who, departing, gains partisans even among those who had scoffed.

It is a signal assertion of the inalienable right of the artist over his work. That was a paradox which the late Mr. Whistler delighted to defend, denying with Olympian assurance that the passing of a few guineas could ever alienate an artist's rights in his own creation. Evidently, M. Frémiet felt that the city of Paris merely held his statue in trust, subject to his discretion. Very likely such a rule might be conceded without causing a general removal of civic landmarks. Rather few sculptors, for example, are likely to reclaim their equestrian statues. The liberty would hardly be abused. But the question is less that of a more or less theoretical right than of the advisability of altering essentially a finished work of art. Does or does not the public gain a kind of vested interest in its old Joans which the artist is bound to respect?

Writers have generally given an emphatic negative, treating the public with cavalier indifference. Did not Mr. George Meredith leave out dearly loved digressions when he revised 'Richard Feverel' and the others? Has not Mr. Joseph Conrad rewritten favorite short stories into novels? Poe perhaps was the classic offender in this sort, selling the same materials to half a dozen papers, and leaving his editors in confusion as to which form represented the author's choice, which showed his impecuniosity. Tennyson, like most poets, suppressed his juvenile verse with unsparing hand, while our own Whitman cut so deeply into his 'Leaves of Grass' that the appendix of rejected readings serves the faithful as well as the poems themselves. It may be recalled, also, that what is admittedly the finest passage of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" was a retouch, though contrariwise Whittier may be most happily remembered by the admirable hymns that other hands have extracted from his long poems. Enough for literary revision. Copyright and public taste give it the fullest latitude. From Chaucer down, the poets have had to be read in parallel columns.

Yet it must be feared that this tolerance of emendation rests, not on general zeal for improvement, but on ignorance that any change has been made. Many of us, one may suspect, would read our "Hamlet" in the abridged first quarto without greatly missing the best passages in the play. Such indulgence the painter or sculptor will rarely have. A chapter may be inserted or withdrawn from a book; a cubit can hardly be added to the stature of a portrait without attracting somebody's attention. A casuist would argue from this that there are peculiar opportunities for duplicity in the literary art as compared with painting or sculpture. But the fact seems to be merely that the appeal to the eye is simpler than that to the intellect. The work of art readily becomes a kind of public possession. In a sense, it seeks the public, while a book must be sought. The penalty, then, of working for the greater public is loss of control of the artist's work. It ceases to belong to him; admiration or mere habit establishes the claim of the man in the street. Of course, there are painters whose work is in a constant state of revision and their patrons in corresponding postures of desperation or expectancy. But these are not the men who will ever paint the walls of our civic buildings, adorning them for all time. It is best that the artist should feel that his work is deeded to those who care for it, while the work of art is so distinct an entity that it has a kind of right to continued and unaltered existence. No artist need fear to stand on his complete work, even on the least satisfactory to himself. Time does the work of selection when the old Joans give grounds for repentance; a truly philosophical sculptor would much sooner forget than mend them. M. Frémiet's generous ruse seems to come of the oversensitiveness of a mind too much given to retrospect.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION AT NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, January 2, 1904.

Two years since, at the meeting of the American Historical Association, Charles Francis Adams made the suggestion that the Association might very properly give its attention, in some measure, to the discussion of questions of practical political interest; that it might, by introducing the scholarly and the historical spirit into such discussions, raise the intellectual level on which political campaigns are ordinarily conducted. Except for his own address on "An Undeveloped Function," this suggestion has apparently led to nothing. The Association has not entered into practical politics by formally discussing the political issues of the hour. Indirectly, however, the meeting of the Association just ended in this city has, perhaps, done something to achieve the object that Mr. Adams had in mind. Whether political or not, there are now before the people of the United States great practical questions, one of which certainly centres in Southern conditions, and of which the Southern point of view is different from that of the North and the West. The best hope for the satisfactory solution of questions that are in any measure sectional, the best hope for raising the discussion of them, when they are discussed, to a higher intellectual level, is the sympathetic appreciation by each section of the position of the other. It is not too much to say that the "race problem" will be much farther advanced towards a satisfactory solution when the people who do not live in the South really understand this "problem" as it presents itself to the Southern people, than it is now. To this end the meeting of the Historical Association here has contributed something. Whatever might be accomplished by such formal discussion as Mr. Adams suggested, probably much more can be accomplished to achieve the object he had in mind by developing this other "function" even farther than it has been developed—the function, namely, of bringing together, in the different sections of the country, the leading teachers of history from every section, who, we may remind ourselves, sometimes have very creditable notions on practical political questions; and, if they do not always like to embalm these notions in formal papers, are yet human enough to discuss them judicially and otherwise among themselves.

In the more ordinary meaning of the term, the meeting at New Orleans was an unusually good one. If the attendance, in point of numbers, was not so satisfactory as it sometimes has been, in point of quality it was above the average, and decidedly so in its representative character. From the Far East and the Far West the representation was certainly better than might have been expected. If the Middle West and the South did not exceed expectations, the former sent as many as usual and the latter naturally many more. The formal programme was a good one, though longer than usual—longer, indeed, or rather more crowded, than seemed altogether desirable. While the twenty-minute limit was quite generally observed, the number of papers was often sufficient either to extend the sessions or to exhaust the interest of the audience unduly. On the other hand, that twenty minutes is altogether too short a period for the satisfactory development of the subjects presented was frankly asserted by many who read papers within that limit, and tacitly admitted by others who, in order to observe the rule, were forced to omit a part, and sometimes the best part, of their contributions. Finally, the number of papers and the frequent sessions gave, in the opinion of many, a somewhat too formal character to the meeting. Informal discussion was, indeed, tried in two of the sessions; but discussion of this sort ordinarily proves unsatisfactory precisely because it is informal in name only. The common result of making provision for it is the mere addition of a number of shorter, but equally formal, papers to the programme. Really informal and spontaneous discussion is absent, and, it is true, is with difficulty evoked in connection with a formal paper. But this, precisely, is the

strongest objection to the long programmes and the numerous sessions.

The conditions for emphasizing and developing the social side of the meetings were very favorable at New Orleans. There were the fascinations of the city itself for every student of history, and the genuine Southern hospitality extended by its inhabitants to the Association, the altogether charming effect of which was to give to each member the impression that he individually had been made free of the city. In words of welcome and in acts of service, no less than in Southern skies, there was a warmth that in no place left any ice to be broken, whether it acted upon frontier independence, New England exclusiveness, or metropolitan polish. In this respect the visitors to New Orleans will not soon forget the Louisiana Historical Society, Tulane University, the Round Table Club, and other societies, and many citizens whose active kindness brought them into direct relations with the Association and its members. Peculiarly apt was the selection of the Cabildo, the old Spanish State-house fronting Jackson Square, for the initial meeting. With equal appropriateness the opening session of December 29 was devoted to the Louisiana Purchase, the final consummation of which took place in that building, and to the several phases of the history of Louisiana Territory. Professor Sloane's paper, on "World Aspects of the Louisiana Purchase," furnished the proper background. Briefly and clearly, Mr. W. W. Howe traced the history of the Civil and Common Law in the Territory, showing how each has been made to supplement the other until there is no longer any conflict between the two in essential principles. To prove that New Orleans was far from being disaffected towards the United States at the time of Burr's expedition was the aim of Dr. McCaleb's paper. Secretary Thwaites told, and with his usual success vivified, the story of the Lewis and Clark Journals, and pointed out the importance of the promised publication, probably within the year, of these records, wholly freed from the transforming influence of Biddle and the interpolations of Dr. Elliott Coues. By a happy coincidence, during the reading of Dr. Shepherd's paper on the Spanish Archives the commander and officers of the Spanish cruiser *Rio de la Plata* came in, and were introduced to the audience, which greeted them by rising. After the session they were the special guests at the luncheon served to the Association in the Justices' rooms of the Cabildo, where they were entertained under some linguistic difficulties, lightened greatly, and in some cases perhaps enlivened, by the English of the guests and the Spanish of the hosts.

During the afternoons, when there was no regular programme, many visitors explored the French quarter, which centres in the Cabildo and Jackson Square, formerly the Place d'Armes. Within easy reach are many places made famous by history or fiction, from the Cabildo itself and the old cathedral to the "Haunted House." The evening was given to the customary joint session with the Economic Association at Newcomb College. In the address of welcome, President Alderman of Tulane University spoke of the Old South and the New. The New South is characterized, he said, as the old was, by an intense loyalty to certain ideas. The Old South was ready to die, and did die, for State sovereignty. The New South is equally ready to die for a new principle—the principle of "race integrity." The South desires the welfare of the negro—desires it, perhaps, rather more than the North. It will put no obstacle in the way of his advancement, but two things it will not submit to—social equality and political control. Sectionalism is gone forever, unless it can be "galvanized into life again by the joint efforts of Senator Tillman and the Union League Club," and the "race problem" can best be solved by time and silence.

After a searching analysis by Professor Seligman of the social elements in economic law, the address of President Lea was read by Professor Haskins of Harvard. The address put into clear and convincing form the ideas that are at the basis of the best historical work now being done in this country and in Europe. Mr. Lea began by dissenting from the notion that it is the province of history to illustrate any system of ethical principles or to teach conventional moral doctrines. If history proves anything, it proves that there are no fixed ethical conceptions. The only standard is in the individual conscience, and that standard changes from generation to generation, from age to age. The duty of the historian, therefore, is to reconstruct the past in as close approximation to the reality as may be. To understand by investigation, to explain how an institution came to be what it was at any given time and how it was transformed in response to the needs of a new environment, to comprehend a great historical personage from his own point of view and that of his age, to show that he was the product of his age, and why, probably, he could not have been different—this is the whole duty, the highest possible privilege, indeed, of the historian. All that is vital in the historic conception, all that makes valuable the serious study of history, was clearly set forth by Mr. Lea, himself a recognized master.

Of the many excellent papers read in the subsequent sessions there is no room to speak in detail. From the conference on the teaching of history in the South, one learned that the difficulties there are such as in the main exist nearly everywhere—indifference, lack of money, lack of sources and of books. The papers of Wednesday evening and Thursday morning indicated the growing interest in the history of territorial expansion, and in a more critical study of the Constitution. On Thursday evening Professor Giddings read in part and in part summarized his paper on the relation of sociology, economics, and history. From the half-serious discussion that followed, it appeared that the sociologists think historians have been so busy perfecting a method for finding things that they do not know what to do with what they have found; and that historians think sociologists are merely giving new and attractive names to that once active but long-since defunct something called the Philosophy of History. On Thursday afternoon the annual business meeting of the Association was held at the New St. Charles Hotel. The principal action, aside from routine business, was the abolition of the church-history section, the organization of a Pacific Coast Branch Association, and the establishment of a new prize, out of the Herbert Baxter Adams Fund, to be known as the Herbert Baxter Adams prize. Goldwin Smith was elected president for 1904.

THE ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION AT NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, January, 1904.

It is safe to assume that for many years to come the sixteenth annual gathering of the American Economic Association held during the Christmas recess will remain vivid and distinct in the minds of those who attended it, as "the New Orleans meeting." An easy restrospect of the Association's scientific sessions of the past ten or twelve years summons back, mournful to relate, not this particular presidential address nor that profound discussion, but such material circumstances as the isolating snowstorm of the Indianapolis meeting, or a memorable smoker of the Ithaca assembly, or cherished midnight reunions in the Cosmos Club of Washington. But this is, after all, an old story, for the reading of papers, whatever their content, is but a "leave to print," and it is personal contact and mental attrition and professional stimulus that bring scientists together from the four quarters, often at no mean cost of time and effort; and it is as these ends are or are not attained that, reminiscently at least, the game seems worth the candle.

In plan and scope the New Orleans meeting was easily the most ambitious in the history of the Association. A joint meeting with the American Historical Association in the lower South; a special train from New York, affording tourist stops at Richmond, Atlanta, Montgomery, Mobile, Chattanooga, and Luray; a programme giving prominence to the discussion of Southern agricultural and industrial problems by recognized experts—were not only planned in detail, but realized with brilliant success. Many persons and influences contributed to this end; but more than to any other single factors are they due to the energy and administrative capacity of President Seligman, at one end, and the enthusiasm and devoted effort of the chairman of the local committee, Professor Aldrich, of Tulane University, at the other.

The meeting opened actively on December 29 with a series of admirable papers and discussions on Southern agricultural problems. Tobacco, sugar, rice, and cotton were in turn reviewed by such specialists as Mr. Lawson H. Shelfer, tobacco expert of the United States Department of Agriculture; Mr. William C. Stubbs, Director of the Louisiana Sugar Experiment Station; Mr. S. A. Knapp, President of the Rice Association of America, and President D. F. Houston, of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. Particular interest attached to Mr. Shelfer's statement that both the Cuban filler tobacco and the Sumatra wrapper could be produced in the United States by proper selection of soil and climatic conditions; and to Mr. Knapp's authoritative account of the development of rice culture in Louisiana and Texas since 1885, and its extraordinary economic possibilities for that region and for the country at large.

But withal it was the boll weevil that held the centre of the stage. No feature of the meeting was more instructive or impressive to the Northern members in attendance than President Houston's description of the

pest, and his conclusion, based upon the experience of Texas, that it is probably useless to attempt to exterminate the weevil or even to arrest its spread, and that the hope of a profitable crop must be sought in the use of improved methods of cultivation. A less resigned attitude was taken by Louisiana experts, who announced the intention of that State to wage a vigorous fight against the weevil by State resources, in co-operation with prospective Federal aid. The point was very well made that improved methods of culture, however possible with the white labor of Texas, were impracticable in any large way in Louisiana and throughout the cotton belt, and that if this constituted the only remedy, the situation was really hopeless, and a permanent decrease in the supply of cotton, with its attendant calamities, must be anticipated.

The afternoon session was devoted to a consideration of the industrial problems of the South, and suffered somewhat by comparison with the brisk, tonic quality of the morning's papers. Mr. D. A. Tompkins of Charlotte, N. C., and President Charles C. Thach of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, reviewed the cotton industry, and Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, Mr. C. E. Vawter, and Mr. Stuart Wood took a general survey of Southern economic problems.

It is not depreciating the two presidential addresses to say that President Alderman's speech of welcome looms up as the striking feature of the joint session with the American Historical Association, on Tuesday evening. In warmth and intensity of feeling, in vigor and beauty of phrase, and in precision and depth of thought, it was a remarkable deliverance. It enunciated the doctrines of racial integrity and white supremacy in the South, free of all sophistry and in uncompromising vigor; but with a context that raised the whole to the dignity of an intellectual manifesto and an historical document. It is much to be hoped that the address will find early and independent publication.

President Seligman's address on "Social Aspects of Economic Law," although profound and scholarly to a degree, struck a narrower note than his memorable paper on "The Economic Interpretation of History" at the Washington meeting, or than his first presidential address on "Economics and Social Progress" in Philadelphia. It is not easy even for the most fruitful mind to conceive a universal message in three successive years, and a real contribution of limited range is always to be preferred to a thin generalization. "The subordination of the individual to the social element in economic life" was President Seligman's text, and the domain of public finance his field of illustration. American students of finance have been bewildered by an apparent conflict between theoretical doctrine and practical application. Thus, the faculty theory of taxation seems to be in flat contradiction with the recent history of American finance. The opposition is, however, apparent rather than real, and is due to the fact that we have put the emphasis upon the individual rather than the social aspect of economic law. The corrective must come through a more careful study of taxation based on the existence of economic law, with particular reference to the shifting and capitalization of taxation. Withal, Professor Seligman's attitude was high optimism, in some contrast with the general trend of his earlier writing in this direction:

"Our American system is therefore moving in the right direction. We do not levy our so-called indirect taxes indiscriminately as of old; but, apart from the tariff, the importance of which is only secondarily fiscal, we limit the subject of Federal taxation to a very few articles of widespread consumption. We no longer, in our most advanced States, attempt in practice to levy a general property tax, but are content, as is almost true in New York to-day, with State taxes levied not on individuals, but on inheritance and corporations. Finally, while in local taxation we still hold to the theory of a general property tax, in practice we are fast coming to the well-nigh exclusive taxation of real estate."

Wednesday morning's session, on economic theory, was probably the most stimulating and scientifically useful of the meeting. The basis of the discussion, a carefully thought-out review of "The Relations between Rent and Interest," by Professor Fetter of Cornell, had been printed and sent some weeks before to the participants in the formal debate—Professors Carver of Harvard, Hollander of Johns Hopkins, Keasbey of Bryn Mawr, Taylor of Nebraska, Dr. McFarlane of Philadelphia, and Mr. Whitaker of Leland Stanford. The result was a series of compact, incisive criticisms that were distinctly worth while. Professor Fetter's contention, in continuation of his earlier studies and in line with the writings of a group of modern critics, was that the classical distinction between rent and interest was relative to the peculiar conditions of English economic life in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, that it finds no warrant in modern industrial organization, and that if the old terms are to be retained in economic terminology it must be in association with new concepts. The conspicuous fact revealed in the discussion of the paper was an astonishing reaction from the hypercriticism of recent theories of distribution back to at least the confines of the classical theory. Not since Professor Marshall broke a mighty lance in defence has there been a more signal "rehabilitation of Ricardo" than this discussion suggested. Incidentally, the debate afforded a successful test of the plan of devoting an entire session to the consideration of a single controversial paper on economic theory, printed and circulated in advance.

A meeting of the Council and delightful social engagements took up Wednesday afternoon. The evening's session was given to corporate and public finance, with papers on "The Management of the Surplus Reserve," by Professor Meade of Pennsylvania, discussed by Professors Grey of Northwestern and Hatfield of Chicago; on "The Theory of Loan Credit in Relation to Corporation Economics," by Dr. Norton of Yale, with a diverting discussion by Professors Cleveland of New York and Farnam of Yale; and on "The Relation of Federal and State Finance," by Professor Goodnow of Columbia, with discussion by Professors Daniels of Princeton and Plehn of California.

"The Trust Problem," with the principal paper by Prof. Henry C. Adams of Michigan, and formal debate by Professors Farnam and Emery of Yale, Meyer of Wisconsin, Rossignol of Denver, Robinson of Illinois, Dr. Bemis of Cleveland, and Mr. Theodore Marburg of Baltimore, offered an inviting programme for Thursday morning's session. Professor Adams's paper was in the main devoted to a disproof of the four lines of argument which figure prominently in current justification of the existence of exclusive industry. The propositions thus successively assailed were: first, Trusts are the result of natural law, and therefore a healthful industrial evolution; second, the economic law of competition persists, no matter what be the form of industrial organization; third, Trusts are productive, and should receive our approval as labor-saving devices; fourth, common-law principles already provide remedy for any conceivable abuse of the liberty of contract. Passing on to a so-called "solution" of the Trust problem, Professor Adams urged that any satisfactory programme of reform must not content itself with dealing with Trusts in a formal manner, but must touch the underlying causes of industrial consolidation, as involved in our systems of education, transportation, and labor organization.

The discussion of the paper disclosed characteristic diversity of opinion, inclining on the whole to a more conservative and less depressing estimate than that suggested by Professor Adams. But both paper and discussion evidenced how much economic theory has yet, in this one direction, to do. Until scientific analysis shall have determined with greater precision the general trend of modern industry, and shall have indicated, more convincingly than heretofore, an assignable limit to the size of the modern industrial unit, any radical legislative programme for Trust regulation seems proximate and insecure.

The meeting terminated brilliantly in a second joint session with the historians. The principal paper, by Professor Giddings of Columbia, on "The Relation of Sociology to History," was entertainingly discussed by Professors Small of Chicago, Cooley of Michigan, and Ward of the Smithsonian for the sociologists, and by Professors Emerton of Harvard, Burr of Cornell, and West of Michigan for the historians. In this battle royal the share of the economist was the traditional fate of the would-be peacemaker in a turbulent household. When reciprocal belaboring began to weary, historian and sociologist suspended hostilities long enough to join forces in common abuse of the economist. A little more real than puppet of straw, a degree more worthy than scholastic controversy, the residual of such debate seemed no larger, and a future generation will surely appraise it as idle and profitless.

Any account of this most successful of meetings which should omit reference to the gracious hospitalities showered upon the Association from arrival to departure, would be a bloodless chronicle. It is not possible to enumerate even a considerable part of those from whom genial courtesies were received. But none who were Mrs. T. G. Richardson's guests on Wednesday afternoon will ever forget the exquisite beauty of that tender picture of a by-gone social life. The Creole stories at the Round Table Club's "smoker," the excursion on the Mississippi, with stops at Chalmette and at a great sugar "central," the session in the Cabildo, the strolls, "conducted" and otherwise, in the Vieux Carré, the snug little dinner-parties in delightful Old World restaurants, and the reunions and discussions that lasted far into the night in out-of-the-

way corners—all these will linger long and fragrantly.

The business affairs of the Association were found in a very satisfactory condition. The Council voted an expansion of publication activity, and coöperation with the economic inquiries of the Carnegie Institution was authorized. Chicago was selected as the place of meeting in 1904, with the expectation of coming to Baltimore in 1905. Professor Taussig of Harvard succeeds to the presidency. J. H. H.

Correspondence.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Whatever details an investigation of the Iroquois Theatre disaster may bring out, the significant fact remains that it was due to the gross neglect of existing ordinances on the part of the police and building departments of the city. This neglect was known, tolerated, and tacitly approved by the Common Council, a body legally elected by the voters of the city. Sifted to the last analysis, it will be found that some six hundred innocent people, mostly women and children, lost their lives because the general public does not appreciate and understand the necessity of electing competent men to public office. The genesis of the popular notion that election to office endows a man with the appropriate mental and moral attributes of that office, is an enigma to students of psychology and political science. Qualifications palpably necessary for a position of trust and responsibility in private affairs are, for some inscrutable reason, waived by the general body of voters in electing a man to a position immeasurably more important in public affairs. Is this a survival of the old belief that the king can do no wrong, and possesses by virtue of his office miraculous and superhuman characteristics, or that the laying on of hands transmutes an ordinary mortal into something infinitely superior, or that the accolade makes the chivalrous knight? Whatever the origin of the notion may be, it is plain that it exists and flourishes in full vigor in democratic America, and will die very, very hard.

Indeed, it seems to be a law of human nature that every step in advance in political science must be taken literally through pools of human blood. When one sees in front of a recently built, officially inspected, and formally licensed theatre a truck wagon, hurriedly pressed into service, filled so high with corpses that the powerful horses could not start the ghastly load without the assistance of the police, it comes home, at least to those of us who have lost friends in the fire, that reform is needed. Within the last few months murder and assassination in broad daylight on public highways as a result of labor disputes, the picketing of funerals, and the stoning of ambulances and hearses, have excited, as it were, a ripple of mild astonishment in the public mind that such things could really be. To stir the complacent and optimistic American public it is not enough to point out examples of public plunder, weakness and laxity of administration, or moral turpitude in legislators; what the public has to have before it in order to stir it from its apathy towards municipal reform is the sight and smell of fresh, warm human blood. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of reform.

E. L. C. Morse.

THE NEGRO IN NEW ORLEANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial, "Mr. Schurz on the Negro Problem," which appeared in the *Nation* of December 31, makes it apparent to Americans at the South that the *Nation* shares the same vindictive spirit common to almost all Northern writers whenever the race problem is discussed. It is clearly within the right of the *Nation* to offer any criticism of the South's treatment of the negro which it sees fit. It is more within its right to offer advice tending to the solution of this problem, and Southerners interested in its solution would hail with delight a single sincere suggestion. But this the *Nation* does not attempt. It merely vilifies the South, after misrepresenting conditions by phrases such as "Every door of hope opening into the professions is slammed in the face of the black men because they are black," "Pro-slavery ideas are again asserting themselves," and citing isolated cases as Southern sentiment.

An unprejudiced investigation of conditions will show these statements, even if founded upon fact, to be grossly exaggerated. There is no door closed to the negro in the South except the door to social equality, of which you say the South is in "silly dread." Is it meant that social equality is impossible, or that it is not dreadful? The Deity closed the door to social equality, and it is not given to man to open it. If God had meant the negro to be the white man's equal, would he not have made him *white?*

The city of New Orleans, which does not pose as a model, can give ample proof that the negro is offered every opportunity for his betterment. Here the negro children are educated in schools supported by taxes which are paid almost entirely by white people. There are five or six colleges and universities supported by private contributions, and by the local and general governments, where negro men and women are taught the higher branches. Negro physicians receive their education here, and practise without interference. There are negro lawyers who daily practise their profession, one of whom stands out prominently and enjoys the respect of all Orleanians; and this is the Far South. If we do not invite him to our homes, that is a matter of personal taste (since we do not live in the Executive Mansion), and is nothing to any one else.

In conclusion, allow me to say that we are not monsters, thirsting for the blood of innocent negroes, but men who know from our fathers what Southern civilization is, and that it falls upon us to protect our race, our civilization, and our name, be the cost what it may.

Harry Prentiss Sneed.

New Orleans, January 4, 1904.

[We recall that it was from New Orleans we received, not long ago, a letter enclosing official testimony (or what was deemed such), expressly obtained from Nashville, in disproof of our perfectly well-founded statement that a skilful colored dentist in Nashville had many white patrons. This horrible fact acted on the Southern imagination like the simple luncheon at the "Executive Mansion." That a white man should consent, for his own relief from pain and for the care of his teeth, to prefer the best colored to the best white service because the latter was inferior, was too shocking for belief, and every effort was made to obtain the name of the practitioner—certainly not for his worldly comfort and peace of mind.

Mr. Sneed's is also the second letter within a week that we have received from a Southern source—friendly in both cases—which ends in visions of bloodshed. As our New Orleans reporter of the late meeting of the American Historical Association shows on another page, a welcoming university president could not keep his hospitable hands off of bloody graves. The only attacks on "race integrity" that we know of were made during the existence of slavery. The only demands or entreaties that we hear of are for justice and fair play. Why are these met, even in sane and enlightened circles, by threats of a fresh civil war and a fresh blood-letting on a grand scale? As well attempt to argue with the master of twenty legions. —Ed. Nation.]

EARLY MAPS OF LOUISIANA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The writer came recently to New Orleans in search of material for an historical subject which he is investigating. Among other valuable material, he finds at the Howard Memorial Library a notable collection of maps illustrating the cartography of Louisiana. This collection is the property of the Librarian, Mr. William Beer. The fact that nowhere outside of Washington is so complete a collection to be found, leads the writer to lay before the readers of the *Nation* a brief notice of its character.

The collection consists of some two hundred mounted maps, in loose sheets, and of about fifty atlases. The whole ranges in date from the end of the sixteenth century down to 1878. The majority, however, belong to the eighteenth century. Roughly speaking, the collection corresponds to the list of maps of Louisiana described by Justin Winsor in the fifth volume of his 'Narrative and Critical History of the United States,' although there are many examples not mentioned by Mr. Winsor.

Certainly, the student of the historical geography of Louisiana will find nowhere better conditions for examining a valuable collection of rare maps than at the Howard Memorial Library. He will have a room and a large table placed at his disposal, and he will find Mr. Beer courtesy and kindness itself in placing all in his hands without restriction. The winter months bring many visitors from the North to New Orleans, and it is the hope of the writer that some among them will not leave the city without having seen this little-known collection.

B.

New Orleans, January 3, 1904.

LIONS FOR *THREE* PRESIDENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Crandall, in his very amusing letter published in this week's issue of the *Nation*, overlooks a still earlier precedent from the same source. On January 6, 1834, President Jackson says, in a special message to Congress of that date:

"I communicate to Congress an extract of a letter recently received from R. J. Leib, Consul of the United States at Tangier, by which it appears that that officer has been induced to receive from the Emperor of Morocco a present of a lion and two horses, which he holds as belonging to the United States. There being no funds at the disposal of the Executive applicable to the objects stated by Mr. Leib, I submit the whole subject to the consideration of Congress for such direction as in their wisdom may seem proper."

In what manner the embarrassed Consul "held" his charges does not appear from the message, but Jackson adds, with characteristic directness, that instructions have been given to all ministers and consular officers that "they will not under any circumstances accept presents of any description from any foreign state," unless previously authorized by Congress.

Cannot some one tell us the subsequent history of these lions? C. H. Lee.

Racine, Wis., January 9, 1904.

TRANSLATIONS OF ISOCRATES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As I am the unfortunate "hack writer" denounced by Professor Cook in your issue of December 31, I feel that I owe to my publishers and the public the penitential exhibition of myself in the pillory of your epistolary column for the edification of friends and the exhilaration of those otherwise minded. My case is the harder that at the moment when the Devil prompted me to pen the wanton statement that Isocrates had never been translated into English, there was standing within ten feet of my elbow a bibliographical manual from which I could have transcribed nearly all the erudition with which Professor Cook dazzles your readers. But I very much wanted an *index* to Isocrates; I had never seen or wished to see a translation. I was eager to make my next point that he would be (is) intolerable stripped of his Greek garb, and I gave myself hopelessly and irremediably away.

Let me save my main contention from the ruins. Isocrates is of interest to the professional student of Greek style, to the specialist in Greek history, to the investigator of Aristotelian origins, to the Platonist who wishes to measure the altitude by which Plato towers above the flats of the commonplace moral sentiment of the fourth century B. C. But in himself he is a platitudinous rhetorician, and his writings, regarded as mere literature, are the abomination of desolation and would be intolerable in an English version. On this point I throw myself upon a jury of my peers and confidently anticipate acquittal; and I challenge peremptorily all venire-men who have not read Isocrates through three times within the past year.

As I am in a sobered and moralizing mood, permit me to raise a question of ethics, or rather of taste. One naturally points out blunders in a book which he reviews. If the book is hopelessly bad, one "slates" it. To the *Nation*, as an organ of the collective intelligence, one sends any new nugget of fact or rectification of errors that may interest its readers. But does one go out of his way not merely to rectify but to denounce slips in dissertations, articles, or books not under review? Are we, following the example set by Professor Francke a year or two ago, to send to the *Nation* our marginal notes on the doctor's dissertations produced under the supervision of our colleagues—when they venture to publish them? Shall I, to compare great things with small, proclaim that Professor Jebb could not have read Andocides, in view of certain misstatements which I have noted on the margin of his 'Attic Orators'? Errors, of course, ought to be corrected. But how?

Paul Shorey.

University of Chicago, January 5, 1904.

BEN JONSON ON USAGE IN LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In considering the question how far neologisms may be admitted into literary English without degrading the style, Ben Jonson's views are perhaps worth remembrance. He says:

"Custom is the most certain mistress of language, as the public stamp makes the current money. But we must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining, nor fetch words from the extreme and utmost ages, since the chief virtue of a style is perspicuity, and nothing so vicious in it as to need an interpreter. Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the authority of years, and out of their intermission do win themselves a kind of grace like newness. But the eldest of the present, and newest of the past language, is the best."

I am, sir, etc., Wm. Hand Browne.

Baltimore, January 8, 1904.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. will shortly publish 'The Reformation,' in the Cambridge Modern History; 'Transitional Eras in Thought,' by Prof. A. C. Armstrong of Wesleyan University; 'Life of Jeremy Taylor,' by Edmund Gosse, in the English Men of Letters series; 'Points at Issue,' by Prof. Henry A. Beers of Yale; and 'The Divine Vision, and Other Poems,' by "A. E."

A pretty reprint for the holidays was Thomas Moore's 'Odes of Anacreon,' with reproductions of designs by Girodet de Roussy (G. P. Putnam's Sons). These vignettes, if they lose something in sharpness, are graceful adjuncts to the letterpress. They have each a page to themselves, being mounted.

A welcome selection from Jowett's translation, 'The Four Socratic Dialogues of Plato,' with the Master's analyses and introductions, and with a short but pithy preface by his successor, Edward Caird, proceeds from the Oxford Clarendon Press (New York: Henry Frowde). The get-up is what we expect from this house, and the volume is a handy one of less than 300 pages.

The same publishers bring out once more William Rossetti's edition of Shelley's 'Adonais,' revised with the assistance of A. O. Prickard, M.A., of New College. As compared with the previous issue of 1890, more attention has been paid to the classical sources of the poem, while the parallel passages from authors ancient and modern have been multiplied. The apparatus, including memoirs of Shelley and Keats, is six times the bulk of the text.

A dozen years have compelled Mr. George G. Chisholm to exchange occasional patching for an extensive revision and rewriting of his admirable 'Handbook of Commercial Geography' (Longmans). The general character of this work received careful consideration and exposition at our hands on its original appearance, and it is now unnecessary to do more than advertise the fact that it has been brought up to date in a period of active change. Besides a new preface, there is a special introduction to this edition that well deserves to be pondered. Mr. Chisholm points out, as others have done before him, that the Panama Canal does not mean for this country a shorter way to the East, but only between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of our hemisphere. He refrains from discussing the burning question of preferential tariffs, but draws up a table of exports from the United Kingdom from 1843 to 1890, which is remarkable for constancy, in spite of fluctuations. Even in the case of the group France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Sweden, and Norway, the ratio is unchanged for the two extremes of the above period; nor is there anything alarming in the decline in the direction of the protectionist group, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and the United States. "Our commerce during the last ten or twelve years has, on the whole, still continued to increase." Mr. Chisholm has wisely retained the older tabular series, supplementing them. Among his acknowledgments of assistance, the chief is given to a lady, Miss J. B. Reynolds, B.A., holder of a diploma from the Oxford School of Geography.

A collection of sixty-odd plates after Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a brief biographical sketch by A. L. Baldry and a "List of Principal Works" of the artist, is issued under the printer's name as the first number of the "Newnes Art Library," of which Frederick Warne & Co. are the New York publishers. Such a publication, modest in aim and sufficiently so in price, might have its value if the plates were only well executed, but, unfortunately, they are not. So far are these reproductions from the grayness which is generally considered the besetting sin of half-tone work, that they are violently crude and disagreeable in their extreme black and white effect—almost everything beyond the high lights being so lost in impenetrable shadow that the design and meaning of the picture are often nearly indecipherable. We must also protest once more against the mingling of reproductions from old engravings with those from the original pictures, especially when, as here, this is done without warning and without credit to the engraver. Such action is, to use plain English, an imposition. Considering all this, the best we can say of the little book is that a good idea has been spoiled in the carrying out.

The Washington *Post's* folio 'History of the City of Washington, its Men and Institutions' is typical of many such works in the personal portion. Here, classed under sundry heads of Early Church History, Educational Advantages, Financial Inter-

ests, Railroads, The Press, Bench and Bar, Representative Men, etc., are biographical sketches with portraits and views of buildings, carried to such intimate details as that "Mr. and Mrs. ——— are active members of Calvary Baptist Church and Sunday-school, and have a family of three daughters," while "Mr. ——— is a devoted lover of music, and possesses a fine voice that might have brought him a handsome income upon the stage." This is the journalistic side. The historical, which has been carefully edited by Allan B. Slauson of the Library of Congress, is also abundantly illustrated with views and maps. In sum, there is a mass of chronicle and present-day information sufficient to render this work valuable for reference, but chiefly in public libraries. No literary claim can be made for it.

The volumes of the New International Encyclopædia (Dodd, Mead & Co.) are now appearing with such rapidity that any notice of them must be of the slightest; yet it is to be hoped that this speed—produced, apparently, by pressing competition—may not handicap accuracy and finish. That encyclopædias cannot be built in one year, or ten, has been learned painfully by European publishers, and American energy may well be wary in applying the methods of hustle to so delicate and difficult enterprises. And that this caveat is not uncalled for is evident from some phenomena in the four volumes recently issued (xi.-xiv., Larrey—Rice-bird), three of them together. Can it be by some gigantic, yet hardly conceivable, carelessness that the same map occurs three times, under New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island? Of course, it is very handy to have a map for immediate reference, but if such prodigality was the intention of the publishers, the expense would have been much better devoted to three, separate and larger-scaled. Further, misprints are still too numerous. They invade even the headlines —almost as bad as that supreme typographical unluckiness, a misprint on a title-page—and run up to at least twelve on one page, 974 of volume xiii. And the pity of it is that these things, so preventable in themselves, disfigure a book which is showing with every volume steady and laudable improvement. As an encyclopædia of American interests for American readers, it is undoubtedly the best and fullest in existence. The number of articles rising above the hack level is increasingly large. Both contributors and, more important still, editors, are exhibiting conscientiousness and care. No fear of competition or plea of business interests should be allowed to hinder the finish and patient revision which a work like this inevitably demands.

It must be confessed that the last volume of the Dent-Macmillan "Mediæval Towns" series, that on Seville, is a great disappointment ('The Story of Seville,' by Walter M. Gallichan, with three chapters on the artists of Seville, by C. Gasquoine Hartley, illustrated by Elizabeth Hartley). Matter enough there is in the Moorish, Spanish town overlooked by the Giralda and the great cathedral, the birthplace of Velasquez and Murillo, dim with memories of lines of splendor-loving Muslim princes, of Pedro the Cruel and Maria de Padilla, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Cervantes and Columbus. The Silver Street runs down the Guadalquivir from the Golden Tower and links it with the Indies; the roads of Spain stretch inland and link it to the life and thought of the whole peninsula, from Roman times to ours. And so the historian and describer of such a city has need of wide learning. There are no materials with which an agile and discreet compiler can work; the story of Spain has not yet been told. That has still to be drawn from sources hardly opened, Saracen and Spanish alike, and a Spanish scholar has recently lamented that the fictions and blunders of Conde have not even now ceased to exert their unhappy influence. Yet a student of Arabic as was Dozy, and a student of things purely Spanish as there are many, might write on Seville a book to dream over. Of that there is no touch here. Only the chapters on art have any value or even life; they will act as a somewhat extended Baedeker for the tourist. Perhaps he may be helped also by the chapters on Seville of to-day and information for the visitor, but that is a more open question. The illustrations are good, but not numerous; there are some curious misprints.

English translations of Persian poetry in any degree adequate are of the rarest, and therefore the 'Hundred Love-Songs of Kamal ad-Din of Isfahan,' rendered into prose by Dr. L. H. Gray of Princeton and thence into verse by Mrs. E. W. Mumford (London: Alfred Nutt; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) may be welcomed at sight. A second sight leads further, for the translation is most sympathetic and graceful, and handles easily Kamal's characteristic wealth of idea. Of course we have here, in these *ruba'iyat*, nothing like FitzGerald's magic art, nor does the original strike Omar's deep human note which bore paraphrase so well. Kamal was a singer of "the strange woman" and of the bitter tenderness of such passion, not of the eternities. His quatrains have here been handled freely—expanded and, apparently, condensed—and are arranged, in spite of their independence in the original, into a more or less connected whole.

The American Law Book Company issues, as a separate publication, 'Collision at Sea,' being the article under that heading, by Mr. Julian Bedford Shope of the New York bar, in its 'Cyclopædia of Law and Procedure.' Mr. Shope discusses every phase of his subject briefly, but clearly, from the standpoints of statute, custom and decision, strengthening his position by ample quotations of precedent. With the history, the romance, and the tragedy of collisions at sea he has no concern. The loss of the Collins Line *Baltic* or H. M. S. *Victoria* would be to him simply a case "and nothing more." An index of cases cited would have been helpful. Even the sailor would do well to study this excellent brochure, which defines his duties and responsibilities under every conceivable circumstance. As for the practising admiralty lawyer, it is quite indispensable.

The Year-Book of the Bibliographical Society of Chicago, 1902-'03, indicates a pause in this organization's growth and activity, due to a lack of membership and funds. It will undertake no other publication this year except the present pamphlet of proceedings, whose permanent value lies in the abstract of a paper on the libraries of Rome and their facilities for the student; some notes on the bibliography of the history of philosophy; others on the bibliography of mathematics; others still on Italian communal history. Further, Mr. William Beer calls attention to the existence and history of the New Orleans Academy of Sciences.

In its cover of green and gold, the third Annual of finance and economics is published (in French) by the Mikado's Minister of Finance in Tokio. The large pamphlet of 172 pages gives a conspectus of resources well worthy of the detailed and critical study of the financier. The elaborate tabulation enables one to take in at a glance the development of Japanese revenue from $16,000,000 in 1868 to $125,000,000 in 1903, and the expansion of foreign commerce from $10,000,000 in 1873 to $129,000,000 in 1902. Chapters and figures on Formosa will interest the student of colonization, for they seem to show encouraging progress from the financial point of view. Space does not permit a detailed notice, but we must call attention to the beautifully executed map of the empire, showing all the railways projected or completed, and the entire system of submarine telegraphs and marine postal routes and steamer lines, not only with Formosa, Korea, China, and Russian Asia, but also with Europe, Australia, and North America. In a word, the commercial relations of Japan with the world are now established with her own ships. Twenty tables, with lucid comment, treat of agriculture and commerce. Ten more deal with foreign trade. Other divisions, with detail of text and statistics, show Japan's banking system, and her railway and steam-navigation companies. The introductory matter of three pages gives the latest corrected figures as to the coast line, geographical limits, and population, which in 1900 was, in round numbers, 45,000,000. The old plan of taking yearly enumerations has been abandoned in favor of a decennial census, which, it is expected, will be wrought out with scientific exactness, fulness, and elaboration. On the basis of the steady annual increase of half a million, the Mikado's subjects, including Formosa and the Pescadores, cannot now number much below fifty millions.

—The four years 1588-1591 in Manila are very adequately covered by the documents reproduced in Volume VII. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.). Here we have the question of *encomiendas* and tributes from the natives pretty well threshed out, with the sharp-tongued Bishop Salazar chief advocate for the natives. Unfortunately, he hurts his own case with posterity, and disturbs somewhat our conviction that he speaks the truth as to the abuses perpetrated on the natives, by his recklesssness of speech, his partisan attitude toward all who did not bow to his prestige, his lawless use of threats of excommunication. We begin to suspect that the Spanish laymen in the islands were not so utterly bad, but that a contest for supremacy over the natives had something to do with the quarrel, especially when the Jesuits (who, like the Augustinians, were discriminated against by the Dominican bishop) virtually accuse him of permitting his priests to live too well off the natives and of burdening them with undue marriage and burial fees. The tribute controversy will be finished in Volume VIII. Besides these contemporary

disputes, Volume VII. contains Friar Juan de Plasencia's 'Customs of the Tagalogs," one of the few standard documents for reconstructing Preconquest Filipinodom. Scholars new to the subject, however, should be warned against relying implicitly upon it as an ethnological document of first rank. In selection of material and in minor details, this work improves as successive volumes appear. Why, however, should the English text contain, within the limits of one hundred pages or so, such varied renderings of "Philippine Islands" as "Filipinas Islands," "Philippinas Islands," "Philipinas Islands," "Phelipinas Islands," "Phelippinas Islands," etc. If it is desired to show the various Spanish spellings of the time, let them be put in brackets; but the phrase "Filipinas Islands" ("Filipinas" being a feminine plural adjective in Spanish) is a barbarism in English.

—Two more volumes of the current 'Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon' (New York: Lemcke & Buechner) carry this perennial work on from *Bismarck* to *Differenz*. The leading articles, respectively, are (in III.) Books and (in IV.) Germany *(Deutschland)*. The former is beautifully illustrated with facsimiles, as of Gutenberg's 42-line Latin Bible of 1455, and also in the field of bookplates. Germany is exhibited in a brave series of maps, physical, climatic, linguistic, confessional, historic; others, again, showing density of population, the garrisons of the armed camp called (Christian) Western Europe, the diffusion of Germans on the Continent, and of Jews in Germany; finally, the Imperial colonial possessions in Africa. There is a bird's-eye view of German literature in periods, along with the usual description of the country and the course of its history. The other maps in these volumes partly relate to Germany—as Brandenburg, Bremen, Charlottenburg, Chemnitz, Danzig, and partly have a world-wide interest, like the excellent one embracing the imminent theatre of war in the Far East—China, Japan, and Korea—together with another, on a larger scale, of Pechili and Shantung; a map of international maritime trade routes; one of Brazil and Bolivia, showing the disputed *imperium in imperio* of Acre, and Southern Brazil, a new Germany.

—American purchasers will find convenient the maps of Cuba, Jamaica, and Porto Rico, of Chicago, etc. American affairs in the text continue to show the need of a competent overhauling, to eliminate the biographic deadwood, and to effect a proportionate and intimate treatment. We will instance the space allotted to James Freeman Clarke, Cassius M. Clay (whose death occurred too late to be caught), and Cropsey the painter; the allotment of one-sixth of the space given to Boston and its map to the game of Boston; the neglect of other biographies of John Brown than Von Holst's sketch; the omission of the Brooklyn Bridge in the plans and views of these structures, though the projected North River Bridge is represented; the very inadequate sketch of ex-President Cleveland, and the dismissal of his second Administration as devoid of incident when it woke (over Venezuela) the fatal war-flame that swept us presently into imperialism. Five pages are given to Dante, and seven to Darwin and Darwinism. Byron gets two and a half to Browning's three-quarters. Whereas the 'Dictionary of National Biography' allows George Combe the phrenologist half a page more than Andrew, Meyer mentions him only as his brother's biographer. We must not forget to remark the increasing number of inserts (with Roman folios) illustrating practical topics like steam boilers, bread-making machinery, plate-working tools, springs and wells, plans of the world's bourses, etc.

—The 'Memoirs of an American Lady,' by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, appeared in London ninety-six years ago. Between 1808 and 1876 the book was reprinted six times, four of the six editions bearing the name of an American publisher. Within the past few months it has been edited once more by the author's godson, Gen. James Grant Wilson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), under whose care the text is presented in handsome form and supplemented by an excellent sketch of Mrs. Grant's life. As a literary *tour de force* the 'Memoirs of an American Lady' merits some notice from the present generation. The subject is Mrs. Philip Schuyler, a woman who possessed, along with cleverness and force of character, a great power of inspiring affection; but the remarkable thing is that the book should have been written when Mrs. Grant was fifty-three years of age, and forty years after she had left America. In other words, the biographer was only thirteen when she said farewell forever to this friend of her girlhood; yet the colors of the picture are fresh, and its historical interest is considerable. Mrs. Grant knew Albany as it was in the period between the close of the Seven Years' War and the outbreak of the Revolution, when the Mohawks were still a feature of the neighborhood, and when the spirit of political restlessness was beginning to disturb the colony. Her father, Capt. Duncan MacVicar of the Seventy-seventh Regiment, owned a tract of land in Vermont, which, of course, was lost during the Revolution, and with it vanished any hope that his daughter might have cherished of becoming an heiress. Mrs. Grant, however, was made a Tory not by personal misfortunes, but by nature. She loved Albany for "the morality, simple manners, and consistent opinions of the inhabitants," but the rise of American democracy filled her with dread and dislike. We refer here to the general reflections which are called forth by the train of events that began shortly after she returned to Scotland in 1768. To her, Franklin is merely a high priest of Plutus, "the legitimate father of the American 'age of calculation.'" Hamilton, she admits, is an exception—"yet, after all, an exception that only confirms the rule. What must be the state of that country where worth, talent, and the disinterested exercise of every faculty of a vigorous and exalted mind were in vain devoted to the public good?—where, indeed, they only marked out their possessor for a victim to the shrine of faction?" We mention this attitude of mind because it is so characteristic of the author, a thorough-paced Tory if ever there was one, and yet a Tory who could love the individual Whig, as she loved Jeffrey in later days. Her account of colonial life in New York was highly esteemed by Washington Irving and James Paulding. The present edition will doubtless rouse fresh interest in both Mrs. Schuyler and Mrs. Grant.

—Julian Ralph's 'The Making of a Journalist' (Harper's), is an entertaining book derived mainly from the writer's experience. His theory of the journalistic career is that all courses of study are useless and impracticable, except with a view to editorial work, and even then the would-be editor should begin as a reporter. But how do people obtain an opening for reporting? According to Mr. Ralph, a young man nowadays who wants a position on a newspaper, and has only his wits to help him to it, should walk the streets until he sees "something novel or peculiar," and then describe it and offer his account to the best newspaper in the place. This may be a good way, but that such advice is offered seriously shows what journalism in our day is. What Mr. Ralph has in mind is almost altogether "sensations" and "stories." Newsgathering he thinks no longer of importance as a help to youngsters desirous of getting hold of a "beat," because all really important news is now gathered by the press associations. The book is enough to make Greeley and Raymond stir in their graves. Their idea that a newspaper might be made by editing, and that everything else would follow in the train of good editorial work, has become, in Mr. Ralph's world, the height of absurdity.

—'Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia,' compiled by George P. Huntington (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an attractive volume of some two hundred pages, composed of scraps from Ruskin's works in which reference is made to Dante. Nearly all the selections are taken from books published between 1852 and 1886. Although Ruskin did not really know Dante until he was twenty-six, he became and remained a diligent and appreciative reader of the 'Commedia,' as we may see from the frequent allusions in his subsequent writings. Like most readers, he was apparently unfamiliar with Dante's minor works; of the great poem, the part he knew best was the "Inferno," and he was least acquainted with the "Paradiso." Professor Norton, in a brief "Introduction," discusses both the kinship and the profound differences between the ancient Florentine and the modern Englishman, showing how the one affected the other. Then we have some pages of Ruskin's general observations on Dante, after which come the comments on individual passages. These remarks, though generally interesting and stimulating, are seldom of particular value to the student of the 'Commedia': they throw more light on Ruskin than on Dante. Occasionally, however, we are led to consider a passage from a fresh standpoint, as when, on page 200, we are told of Dante's dislike of clouds. Repeatedly Ruskin contrasts Dante and Milton, always to the detriment of the latter; the 'Paradise Lost' is most searchingly criticised on page 17. Botticelli's illustrations to the 'Commedia' receive well-deserved praise. "Flaxman's outlines to Dante," on the other hand, "contain, I think, examples of almost every kind of falsehood and feebleness which it is possible for a trained artist, not base in thought, to commit or admit, both in design and execution."

—The Oxford Reader in Egyptology, Mr. F. Griffiths, has recently been examining, in the light of monuments and inscriptions, several of the paradoxes of Herodotus con-

cerning the eccentricities of Egyptian customs. Herodotus fares at Mr. Griffith's hands much as he has recently been faring under Mr. C. F. Adams's treatment of the problems of Salamis. It seems that the Father of History often yielded to a Hellenic temptation to describe as Egyptian any custom that was strange. He was more certain to make sure of the strangeness of the custom than to have proof connecting it with Egypt. Egyptian men, he says, stayed at home to weave, the women went abroad. Such evidence as there is goes quite against this paradoxical statement. Another unaccountable proceeding of the Egyptians of Herodotus was that men carried burdens on their heads, and women on their shoulders. Here, again, the monuments show men carrying burdens on their shoulders and women balancing the like on their heads, precisely according to the practice of the modern Egyptians. One curious point in favor of Herodotus, however, is the very ancient hieroglyphic sign meaning 'work,' 'to carry' or 'canal-cutting.' This unquestionably represents a man with a basket on his head. Herodotus strangely declares that there were only priests and no priestesses in Egypt. The contrary is abundantly vouched for by the monuments. The head official was always a man, and a special term, "singers," was applied to priestesses. These facts may account for Herodotus's statement. There seems, however, little to account for his paradox to the effect that daughters, not sons, were bound to maintain their parents in old age. What he says about writing, kneading, circumcision, and the objection to woollen grave-clothes seems fairly well borne out by the monuments.

—M. René Dussaud continues his researches in the epigraphy and mythology of middle Syria. Following his 'Voyage Archéologique au Safa,' noticed some little time ago, we have now another and even more thorough record of exploration and inscription hunting in Hauran. His 'Mission dans les Régiones désertiques de la Syrie moyenne,' in collaboration with Frédéric Macler for the itinerary, is extracted from "Nouvelles Archives des Missions Scientifiques," volume x. (Paris: Imprimerie Nationale). It contains a short statement of the route, with archæological notes, a study of the locality as to character of the soil, nature of the ancient populations and their cultivation—"simplement à dégager les caractéristiques"—a collection of 904 Safaite inscriptions, a complete Safaite glossary and onomasticon for all the published inscriptions—by Littmann, Dussaud in his two journeys, De Vogüé, and Wetzstein—180 Greek and Latin inscriptions, 20 Nabatean inscriptions and 33 Arabic, all carefully indexed. Many of these consist of a word or two, and most of proper names only, yet among them is the five-line Nabateo-Arabic inscription of en-Nemara, of A. D. 328, in the Nabatean character and strongly marked with Aramaisms, but at bottom good classical Arabic, and thus, so far, our earliest specimen of the language of the Qur'an. The next in date seems to be the trilingual of Zebed of A. D. 512. That others will be found can hardly be doubted, and among them the Marquis de Vogüé's derivation of the Cufic script from a degraded Nabatean is acquiring a tolerably firm basis. To leave such matters of letters, it is curious to note from this same inscription of en-Nemara how a certain Imr al-Qays—an ancestor, it may be, of the great Arab poet—held the desert then for Rome, and gained therefrom the style and crown of King of all the Arabs. Nowadays the same task lies with the Turkish Governor of Damascus, and it is cheering, if rather surprising, to learn from M. Dussaud that Nazim Pasha has solved for the time the Druse question, and that there is peace in the Mountain; a real peace and not simply a solitude. In a brochure of sixty-eight pages (Paris: Ernest Leroux) M. Dussaud has further put together eight 'Notes de Mythologie Syrienne,' dealing with the different symbols and images of the Syrian solar deity. One detail is of general interest: the type of the Good Shepherd in early Christian art is here again derived from that of Hermes Kriophoros, yet not directly, but through a young solar deity, similarly "kriophoros," of Oriental origin.

WALLACE ON LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE.

Man's Place in the Universe: A Study of the Results of Scientific Research in Relation to the Unity or Plurality of Worlds. By Alfred R. Wallace, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

This latest work of the Nestor of scientific authors is so far unique in spirit and purpose that the critical reader may fail to grasp its underlying idea without some study. In reading it through, the first impression would be that of a rather disconnected treatise on astronomy, in which the structure of the universe is set forth with some detail, but without any apparent relation to humanity. After this flight through the more distant regions of space, the reader is brought homeward, and proceeds to a survey of the planets. Then he lands on solid earth, and passes in review the main facts of meteorology, geology, and natural science generally. The conditions of organic life are next demonstrated. Not until the end is approached, and the reader has had time to arrange his ideas, do the logical order of presentation and the unity of the theme become apparent. Then the conclusions are moulded into a well ordered system well calculated to excite attention even on the part of those who cannot accept them in their entirety: The universe is a rounded whole; our solar system is situated in its centre. Of the eight planets revolving around our sun, the third occupies a peculiar position. Organic life requires the concurrence of a great multitude of conditions which exist on our particular planet, but cannot well be fulfilled in any other part of the universe than its centre, nor in the neighborhood of any star but our sun, nor on any planet revolving round that sun except the one on which we dwell. In order to be a seat of life, a planet must revolve in a nearly circular orbit at such a distance from the sun that it shall receive exactly the amount of light and heat that ours does. It must be surrounded by an atmosphere formed of a combination of nitrogen and oxygen in the proper proportion. The force of gravity on the surface of this planet must be the same as we find it, because, were it greatly different, it could not retain the proper amount of atmosphere at the proper pressure. Aqueous vapor must be present in sufficient quantities to produce the right amount of rain. But we need not go farther into details. They may be summed up by saying that the planet must correspond so closely to ours in almost every important particular that, accepting the conditions, the author may be quite right in his estimate of the improbability that they are all combined on any other body.

This doctrine is certainly an extreme case of reaction against the popular ideas which prevailed two or three generations ago, when men like Sir David Brewster and Thomas Dick pointed out to admiring readers the adaptability of other worlds to become the abode of human beings, and even calculated the possible number of inhabitants who might derive their sustenance from the ample acres of Mars and Jupiter. It must be confessed that the general trend of the discoveries of modern science has been in the direction of the reaction which Mr. Wallace carries to so extreme a point. It cannot be denied that the conditions of organic life on our globe seem to be of a very exceptional character; and that, so far as research has yet gone, these conditions are not likely to exist on any other planet of our system except, perhaps, Mars. We have no evidence of the existence elsewhere of solar systems like ours. Revolving double stars have been known ever since the time of the elder Herschel, and the spectroscope is now making known to astronomers the existence of great planets revolving around many of the stars; but the general rule in all these cases is that the orbits, so far as developed, show degrees of eccentricity quite incompatible with the regular round of conditions which prevail on the earth.

As a piece of analytical reasoning, in which the greatest variety of facts are, with artistic logic, arrayed in support of the conclusion, the book is well worthy of its distinguished author; and yet we doubt if many readers will accept his conclusions. The web of his argument is woven according to all the rules of art, but its texture is too finespun to bear the weight it is expected to carry. It is an attempt to prove a negative in a case where no such proof is possible. Wide though our knowledge of the universe has become, it is infinitesimal when compared with the range it will have to include before anything positive can be said on the subject of life in other worlds. There are probably more than a hundred million stars in the heavens. Of these we know that one—our sun—has an orderly system of planets revolving around it in nearly circular orbits. We know that among the hundred million there are several thousand double stars—suns revolving around each other—in orbits of which we, as yet, know little more than that their variety is infinite. Perhaps fifty or a hundred of these orbits are known. We also know of a few hundred stars which have dark planets revolving around them. There is not one star out of a thousand of which we know anything more than that it exists, and that it shines with a certain light, which, when analyzed, gives a particular kind of spectrum, sometimes like that of our sun, and sometimes not. There may be thousands, nay millions, of solar systems like ours the existence of which we have no means of determining. Looking at the question as one

of probabilities, the chances are very much against Mr. Wallace's theory.

Perhaps the weakest point of the whole argument is the extent to which it rests on the idea of our sun occupying a central position in the universe. It is quite true that, to all appearance, our position does not deviate from the centre to an extent that can be determined by any methods yet known. But in such a case the very word centre must be somewhat indefinite. It is not a point, only a region, and a region which is very wide and ill-defined. The idea is also open to the objection that, even if our sun is, in our age, in the centre, it could not have been so in past geological ages. It is moving through space at the rate of some ten miles a second—a motion so rapid and so little subject to change that it must have been following its present course for millions of years. It is as certain as anything in such a subject can be, that our system did not occupy the central position when life commenced on the earth, and will cease to occupy it in the future. Mr. Wallace's argument that, after all, the motion may be limited in extent is of the lamest kind. The fact is that the astronomer can reach no conclusion as to the precise condition of the universe at a time when, according to current geological theories, the surface of the earth began to assume its present form. The geologist demands hundreds of millions of years; but the universe of the astronomer, considered as a system, could not, seemingly, have existed in its present arrangement through so long a period. The author's conclusion, therefore, seems incompatible with the most certain deduction from observed facts which astronomy permits of our making.

Another consideration will not fail to occur to the thinking reader, which he will hesitate in bringing to bear only because the author of "Natural Selection" is perhaps as eminent an authority as any other on the subject. That the life which has developed on the earth in the course of ages must be such as the conditions prevailing on our planet made possible, follows as a matter of course, because otherwise it would never have existed at all. We may also admit that these particular forms of life could never have been evolved under any other conditions. But does it therefore follow that no life whatever could have been evolved except that which we have on earth? The fish we find in the ocean are suitable to their environment and could not live in any other. Does it follow that in an ocean of some other substance no animated creature would ever have come into existence? Such questions can be answered with certainty only by experiment, but the opportunity for trying the experiment is wanting. Such observations as we can make of the surface of the earth do give color to the view that life cannot be evolved except at certain temperatures. There is little living matter at the two poles. But, at the other extreme, we find that the warmer the climate the more abundant the life which it supports. Granting a due amount of moisture, no part of the world is so hot that plants, animals, and even men do not thrive. So far as we can judge, an earth yet hotter than ours would have been yet more fertile in life—perhaps almost up to the boiling point of water. Below this point there is a range of temperature wide enough to include countless planets among the many millions which may form other solar systems. Taken altogether, the author's argument seems as inconclusive as it is ingenious and comprehensive.

SIBERIA PICTURED BY AN EXILE.

Sixteen Years in Siberia. By Leo Deutsch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

In this delightfully written and admirably translated book the public is furnished with an account of exile life in prison by one of the most famous of the "politicals," who in his day bore the reputation of being unrivalled for his daring and his resourcefulness. As the Siberian experience was chiefly in the prison at Kara, and as the author, naturally, had a wide acquaintance with his fellow-politicals, both men and women, the reader will recognize various facts and persons already more or less known to them through Mr. Kennan's work on the Russian exile system. At the end of an interesting preface for the enlightenment of the public as to the general revolutionary question (written from the revolutionary point of view exclusively), the translator expresses the belief that the Russian original of the volume (evidently printed outside of Russia) will soon be placed on the prohibited list by the Russian Government. It is a pity to deprive the reader of the enjoyment imparted by this flavor of forbidden fruit, but in all probability it will never be interfered with by the censorship committee. This is not the only work by an exile on prison experience (in Siberia, Schlüsselburg, and Sakhalin) published of late years. Like the Russian books from which Mr. Kennan derived much of his information concerning prisons, the works referred to have been published in Russia, with the censor's permission, although some of them contained pictures of convicts chained to barrows, and statements quite as obnoxious (presumably) as those in the present volume. In this case, in particular, the comparisons made of German prison methods and officials with the same things in Russia—distinctly to the advantage of the latter—would probably appeal to the censor in various ways.

Mr. Deutsch tells us that in 1884 he went from Zurich to Freiburg with a consignment of revolutionary literature which was to be smuggled into Russia. At Freiburg the German police arrested him, without a warrant, for having in his possession literature which was openly and legally sold by German booksellers in their shops; he was illegally detained; the police seized a young woman who chanced to ascend the steps of the hotel, and dragged her to the station, insisting that she was his wife, although both parties protested, and with truth, that they had never set eyes on each other before. The description of German prison methods and officials, and of the manner in which his interpreter (appointed by the authorities), one of the university professors, plotted for his release or escape in the very presence of his jailers, is instructive and illuminating in the extreme. "Extradition stared me in the face; I could not banish the fear of it," said Mr. Deutsch; and he then proceeds to explain, in brief, the cause of his alarm. He, with others, had attempted to murder an informer—a renegade from the revolutionary cause—but the man had survived and given the authorities information about his would-be assassins. Later, Deutsch had been arrested, with others, for stirring up the peasants at Tchigirin to revolutionary activity, but had escaped from prison before trial, and lived abroad for years. Extradition on the first of these counts would throw him into the category of ordinary criminals; extradition on the second count would place him in the class of political criminals. The latter was what he feared. While the two Governments were arguing this point, he learned to know the German prison régime well, and mentions, among other instances of arbitrariness and severity, that the officials peeled and quartered oranges brought to him by his friends, lest tools for escape might be concealed therein; and that he was never allowed a light, although in the stone prison there was, practically, nothing to burn; while in the wooden prisons in Siberia and the wooden barracks on the road prisoners and guards smoked freely. In strong contrast to this was the manner in which the Russian gendarmes received him at the frontier, and vied with each other in doing the agreeable and making him feel at home. This was, on the whole, the attitude of the Russian prison officials and authorities.

In spite of the fact that the German Government had surrendered Mr. Deutsch only on the express condition that he should be tried as a common criminal, not as a political, the Russian Government cleverly and gradually shifted its ground; and as a political prisoner he was condemned, after long imprisonment, to exile at Kara. He narrates his experiences in the different prisons of European Russia in considerable detail, and the foreign reader is amazed at the laxity of discipline—as, indeed, he is later on with instances of the same sort in Siberia. There was great freedom of intercourse; prisoners were not forced to wear their fetters, nor to have the half of their heads shaved, for months at a time. Once, in Siberia, Mr. Deutsch's bag, containing, among other things, his fetters (which he was supposed to be wearing) was stolen from him, and, on his reporting the loss to the proper officer, the latter calmly hunted up another pair in order to conform to regulations to the extent of providing them, and pleasantly watched him packing them up instead of donning them. At one point Mr. Deutsch says that the politicals would have been glad to be placed on the footing of ordinary criminals, though it does not appear quite clearly from his tale why they should; the common convicts had to do all the dirty work for the politicals' prison, and the officials were not bound to be courteous to the former, as they were, traditionally, to the latter. Indeed, the manner in which the politicals were chronically in revolt against the regulations, and in which they dictated manners to officials high and low, is decidedly astonishing to any one familiar with prison methods in other lands, especially when he learns from Mr. Deutsch that many of these men were being exiled for murder and thefts on a large scale, equally with the common convicts. The superintendent of the Moscow prison was so kind and lax that they meditated giving him a testimonial, but the captain declined to let them diminish their scanty stock of money in

that way. The author naïvely states that afterwards they changed their minds about this man, because he decoyed them into a trap, and had their heads shaved and their fetters riveted on by force (after they had refused to submit), as the officer who was to assume charge of them on the journey demanded that the regulations on those points should be observed. They opposed the officials in regard to the number of persons to be placed in each of the three-horse teams in which they travelled across Siberia, to the river or road route from Tiumen, to pretty much everything.

Our author records much more liberty than is generally supposed to exist in Siberian exile parties; for instance, he says that they stayed a week in Tomsk, and during that time made acquaintance with all the exiles there, as these latter were allowed to visit the newcomers in the prison. He comments on the surprising fact that hardened robbers and murderers were so easy to rule, and gives instances of the desperate character of some convicts; he chronicles the amiable chats between the fugitive convicts met on the road and the officers in charge of their own gang; he records the beneficent effect of the long journey. "We felt born anew," he says; "our open-air life worked wonders following on our long imprisonment. Many who had left Moscow weak and ill became robust in health during the journey."

From time to time the author gives brief biographies of the members of his travelling party, or of prisoners whom they meet on the way. He is engagingly frank, and there is no reason to doubt that he really perceives nothing out of the way in well-born, well-educated women abandoning their husbands and children to do revolutionary work, robbing a Government vault of a million and a half of rubles for the "cause," or trying to assassinate officials. Most of the women were as fractious (on principle) as the men, and frequently provoked official rigor, to which they replied with the terrible hunger-strikes. On the other hand, as in the case of the Romny school-girls, he records not a few instances where the prisoners are entirely innocent of all evil deeds or even intentions; and others still where terrible results grew out of trivial misunderstandings. Of course these incidents might bear another interpretation if narrated by a person of different sympathies; but Mr. Deutsch's account impresses the reader as truthful, and inspires the same sort of regret as does ill-usage of the innocent inmates of an almshouse or asylum at home.

The account of life in the prison at Kara is brief in comparison with what precedes, but it is sufficient to furnish a vivid picture of the conditions prevailing there. One would like to have heard more about the forced labor in the open air; but Mr. Deutsch merely alludes to it in passing as a great alleviation. In the prison they had their library, their individual handicrafts for amusement, and a certain degree of comfort. The impossibility of securing solitude, even for a moment, seemed to most of the prisoners as maddening as the lack of company does to the convict in solitary confinement in our western jails.

While still an exile, though no longer in the prison, Mr. Deutsch was asked to aid the Government officials in taking the census, travelled with Government equipages, lodged in the official quarters, and so forth, in a way which must greatly astonish the reader, to whom such things have hitherto been unknown. Eventually, Mr. Deutsch went to live in Blagovestchensk, and he gives a vivid picture of the situation there which resulted in the massacre of many Chinese. As other accounts, equally veracious, apparently, represent that affair in a diametrically opposite light, the reader must select the version he prefers. That the author is not free from errors (or discrepancies) of statement is shown by the fact that he mentions Sergius Bobohoff (page 285) as having been expelled from the St. Petersburg veterinary college "towards the end of the sixties," and then (page 286) says: "Bobohoff was but a youth when I entered the prison"—in 1885! In one or two other cases he produces an erroneous impression, as when he speaks of Schlüsselburg prison and the Island of Sakhalin as places from which no prisoner ever returns. He has followed up the career of many members in conspiracies to which he alludes, and frequently mentions their names and their late or present occupation. Yet among the persons so mentioned are some who have been released from Schlüsselburg and Sakhalin (they did not make their escape, as Mr. Deutsch did from Siberia), and who have been or still are in the Government service, with all their lost rank and rights restored; and that not through having turned informers—as one might infer from some of his remarks—but in a perfectly straightforward, honorable manner.

From the outline above given the reader will see that the book is not only intensely interesting, but important for the impartial study of Siberia and of Russian affairs, and a valuable addition to a collection on those subjects.

Rousseau and Naturalism in Life and Thought. By William Henry Hudson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. Pp. 252. ("The World's Epoch Makers.")

This little work is well calculated to excite the reader's desire to know more of its subject by study at first hand. The lesser half of it is a sufficient biographical sketch; the remainder is devoted to a brief analytic examination of Rousseau's works, and a suggestion of his influence upon his contemporaries and posterity in thought and deed—"a vital force in history." This is a timely service as preparation for the bicentennial of Rousseau's birth, now only eight years distant; nor is it neutralized by Mr. Hudson's constant passing from banning to blessing. In the end, forsaking all apology for defects which the author of the 'Confessions' half expiated by becoming his own recording angel, Mr. Hudson gives an impression of an essentially amiable and humane character; democratic in sentiment; charitable to the poor and needy; "in the midst of insincerity, cynicism, flippancy, . . . frank of speech and always in earnest; and, according to his lights," proclaiming "idealism and religion to a world steeped in materialism and unbelief"; in short, "a man of a profoundly religious nature," to whom, accordingly, is dedicated a chapter on his religious writings.

The biographer of one whose name has become synonymous with paradox, is perhaps excusable for some contradictions on his own part. A proof-reader might have challenged the sentence on page 116: "Though [as an author] he possessed but little *versatility* of interest or power, Rousseau's writings are considerable in bulk and *various* in character" (italics ours); to wit, comedies and a fragment of a tragedy; "several operas and musical interludes," including the first example of libretto and music from the same brain; "a fair amount of occasional verse; some translations; a number of works on botany and music; and various miscellaneous treatises on diverse subjects; besides the few really important volumes with which his name and fame are now almost entirely associated." This is pretty well for a writer devoid of versatility, and will bear comparison with the high-born Goethe's many-sidedness (partly drawn out by Rousseau himself). Mr. Hudson purposely omits all separate consideration of Rousseau's musical and botanical passions, each of which, however, has been made the theme of an elaborate German monograph. In general, here, as in most lives of Rousseau, his musical inheritance is very unsatisfactorily related to his career.

There is no select bibliography, and references to authorities are confined to the footnotes. In these Mr. Hudson cites once and again Ritter's admirable 'La Famille et la Jeunesse de J.-J. Rousseau,' yet strangely pronounces the Genevan "a plebeian of the plebeians" (p. 223). It is true that no ancestor bearing his name made his way into the *haute bourgeoisie* and became a ruler in the little Swiss aristocracy, but the Rousseaus were thrifty breadwinners, left money to hospitals, the poor, to the College, and belonged of origin to the Huguenot class whose two expulsions from France, under Henry II. and Louis XIV., are justly regarded as having impoverished the country of its best blood. Ritter's summary is:

> "One thing at least is certain: Rousseau is a child of the middle classes in Genevan society, and belongs throughout his line of ascent to very good and old families. His four great-grandfathers were Genevan burgesses—a watchmaker, a master tanner, a merchant draper, a man of law. And if, on several sides, pursuit of his origin discovers peasant families, at other points in the genealogical table we meet among his ancestors, direct or collateral, members of the highest aristocracy in Geneva, who held the supreme magistracies of the city from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century."

Indeed, one who reads M. Ritter's documented chapters will be struck by the general resemblance of the Rousseau family proper to the average New England "tree" which thousands of ardent genealogists are incessantly endeavoring to construct and perfect.

Mr. Hudson cannot agree with those who, making all allowances for Jean-Jacques's shortcomings, find "there is still left much that we can both admire and love." "To me," he says (p. 115), "Rousseau, as a man, is a degenerate, who does not even possess the personal fascination which sometimes goes along with degeneracy." We have already cited expressions that considerably abate this charge, which recalls Lincoln's wish, to a detractor of Grant, that he had more such "drunken" generals. But the personal fascination appears to us unquestionable and to account for many

strokes of good fortune in the critical period of youth as well as later. Of this the two authentic portraits from life, particularly Ramsay's, give evidence; and it must have been his chief recommendation to Mme. de Warens. As Mr. Hudson, by the way, cites Rousseau's designation of this protector and paramour as "mamma"—a term particularly odious in view of their ages and the twofold relation—we will quote M. Ritter's explanation that it was used in an old sense having no regard whatever to maternity. "The mistress of a house used to be called *maman* by her intimates; and so Voltaire called his niece, Mme. Denis, who kept house for him at Ferney." It might better be translated, then, either Mistress or Lady.

The difficult task of analyzing works now hard to understand and to reconcile with one another has been laudably performed by Mr. Hudson; but he should have reported Rousseau's censure of his correspondents who used 'Émile' literally as a manual in the education of their children, instead of as an inspiration. (Mr. Hudson, in passing, might have laid stress on the need of a student's going to the Letters for a real acquaintance with Rousseau; but they are nowhere treated as a whole.) Mary Wollstonecraft's memorable reply to 'Émile' is overlooked. At page 185, Herbert Spencer's cardinal principle of moral education is said to have been anticipated by Rousseau; while at page 206 we read:

"But Mr. Spencer himself informs me that at the time his 'Education' was written he had not even heard of the existence of 'Émile,' that he has never read it since, and that he knows nothing whatever of any of Rousseau's theories about any matters, save what he has picked up in general reading about the Social Contract."

A few slips may be remarked. Motiers is persistently misprinted "Môtiers." At page 188, *in petto* once more stands for "in little." At page 110, the "after history and present resting-place" of Rousseau's bones are said to be "uncertain." They were, however, exhumed and identified in the Panthéon on December 18, 1897, and of course replaced. Examination of the skull confuted the legend of suicide by shooting.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome: A Guide to its Holy Places. By P. J. Chandlery, S.J. London: John Griffin; New York: The Messenger.

This is a book with a specific and strictly limited purpose. It is written for Catholic pilgrims in Rome, and apparently for no one else. The general reader might cavil at its sweeping exclusions, but the author fairly disarms criticism in advance by a frank and explicit statement of just what he has not attempted. Even Christian archæology is touched upon very lightly; for that the reader is referred to Marucchi and to Father Grisar. In many respects the volume gains by this singleness of purpose, and those who come to Rome *devotione Catholica*, to use the author's quotation from Petrarch, will find it a faithful guide, and unencumbered by matter which would seem to them trivial in comparison with their spiritual interests. As Father Chandlery, in his very candid introduction, says:

"'Pilgrims who visit the Eternal City in this Catholic *spirit of devotion* . . . will take but a secondary interest in the monuments of antiquity, the colossal works of architecture, the records of imperial greatness, the treasures of art, literature, archæology, stored in its galleries, libraries, and museums—they know that Rome has something far grander to show than these evidences of material prosperity and intellectual power."

After this, we know what not to expect. For a Jesuit, it must be said that the work is unscholarly. It is surprising to find such a statement as that regarding Pope Sylvester II. (d. 1003): "The tomb was opened in 1648, when the body was found well preserved, dressed in state robes, with the *tiara* on his head." One is tempted to believe that this was due purely to haste and carelessness; the author surely cannot be ignorant that the tiara first came into existence in the fourteenth century. Altogether, the book shows signs of hasty compilation. Father Chandlery's attitude toward legend in general, and toward shrines and relics in particular, is one of uncritical acceptance. True, he tells us that, where the authenticity of these treasures has been questioned by recent writers, he notes the fact; and once or twice there does appear a feeble "Qualified as inadmissible by Marucchi," but in a way which by no means suffices to establish a judicial attitude. The author's studies have evidently been more devotional than archæological. Style there is none, and extremely little sympathy with the native Roman preference in objects of devotion; else Sansovino's "Madonna del Parto," easily the prime favorite of the entire city, would not be dismissed in a casual sentence of four lines.

The one genuinely human trait of the book is the author's evident and huge relish for the grosser splendors of the baroque Jesuit churches. Gilding and carving, the convolutions of twisted columns over high altars, the heaping up of serpentine and porphyry and lapis-lazuli—all this delights him, and he lets you see that it does—that he regards it as a visible sign of the triumph of his order. It is, at any rate, a harmless pleasure. Of course, there are occasional references to the "usurpation" and the "vandalism" of the present kingdom, and extracts from the lamentations of Hare; but, in the main, the author is at peace with mankind. As a pilgrim's handbook, this publication is fairly comprehensive, and will often be found useful, though rarely interesting.

The Autobiography of William Simpson. Edited by George Eyre-Todd. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1903.

Odysseus himself was a stay-at-home, and his career almost monotonous and uneventful, when compared with the man and the life recorded in this book. During forty years (1854-1893) William Simpson, pioneer of "war artists," was an observer on the spot of most of the great wars and historic events in which England was interested. Beginning with the Crimea—where he earned the title of "Crimean Simpson"—travelling just after the Mutiny through nearly all India and studying its people, its architecture, and its antiquities for the purposes of illustration, he next accompanied Napier to Magdala, marched with the Germans into Paris, stayed there through the Commune, and later still took part in the Afghan war, and by mere chance escaped assassination with Cavagnari. Among his peaceful experiences were the Afghan boundary commission, the Vatican council of 1869, the tour of the Prince of Wales in India, the opening of the Suez Canal, and many royal marriages. All these, as well as Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ and Warren's at Jerusalem, he illustrated or described for the London *Illustrated News* or other papers. Keeping careful diaries wherever he went, he was enabled by their means during the last five years of his life (he died in 1899) to write this autobiography.

It is obvious that not much which is positively new can be expected from such a book, for the whole endeavor of the author was to get the results of his observations before the public as soon as possible after he had made them, and this he did through the medium of the daily or weekly press long ago. We shall therefore never know how much of what is now common property was first given to the world at large by him, either in his pictures or by his pen. And, further, the personal and individual, not the public, element is the conspicuous one throughout this book, which indeed was written for his daughter, so "that when she grows up she may learn something of her father's life." Nevertheless, there is a certain charm in the homely, straightforward style, which holds the reader; and so do the constantly shifting scene, the varied incidents, and the events historically great or familiarly attractive, all described so simply and without any of that "fine writing" in which the ordinary newspaper man takes such delight. Above all, there is throughout the note of truthfulness, for which, as one of his co-workers wrote, Simpson was unequalled among his fellows, and for an "almost passionate zeal for the examination and inquiry to get at the truth, and to set it forth by pen and pencil." He was a self-educated man, who by hard work and fair play rose to the top of the profession which he created, and by his modesty and veracity (which never interfered with his success as a special artist or correspondent) won himself friends in every walk of life, even in the highest. Thus, the present King, when Prince of Wales, received him upon terms of friendship, and, on the death of the Duke of Clarence, Simpson was the only newspaper man admitted to Sandringham, where he sketched the dead prince upon his bed, the family passing in and out of the room the while.

The book contains some two dozen full-page pictures, reproduced from original drawings by Simpson, which are now owned by the King, the British Museum, and others. Of these, the two most interesting are, first, that of the tomb of Omar Khayyám (from which, by the way, Simpson sent to Quaritch some seeds from rose-bushes there growing, and from these seeds plants were cultivated and set out on the grave of FitzGerald); the other, two states of the drawing of the Prince of Wales's elephant attacked by a tiger, the first showing Simpson's original sketch, and the second the same picture as redrawn in the office of the London *News* for reproduction in that paper.

The Apocryphal and Legendary Life of Christ. By the Rev. James De Quincy Donehoo, M.A. The Macmillan Co.

The sub-title gives a full description of this volume: "Being the whole body of the Apocryphal Gospels and other extra-Canon-

ical Literature which pretends to tell of the life and words of Jesus Christ, including much matter which has not before appeared in English. In continuous narrative form, with notes, Scriptural references, prolegomena, and indices." The author has attempted to deal with the heterogeneous and mainly puerile literature, usually termed apocryphal, as Tatian in the second century dealt with the four canonical Gospels. He is candid in his portrayal of the character of the material he uses, and attributes most of it to heretical sources. But he thinks it will prove interesting. Its most important lesson, however, is "that of the utter unlikeness of this literature to the canonical books of the New Testament," a fact recognized by all who have known anything of the Apocryphal Gospels. This is the first work of the kind in English, and has the advantage of including much matter recently recovered; but even this matter adds little to our knowledge.

The introduction has been made with care, and the bibliography is full and up to date. The compilation, in the body of the work, is almost entirely from the eighth volume of the 'Ante-Nicene Fathers' (American edition). The difficulty, however, of constructing a "continuous narrative" is obvious on every page. The separate accounts are so incongruous, the basis of fact so attenuated, to put it mildly, that a consistent and orderly story cannot be arranged. The footnotes, which show a good deal of research, help the reader to some extent; but when curiosity has been satisfied, one will ask whether the material deserved such patient efforts. The author deems the literature of some value, despite its origin and its intrinsic worthlessness, as showing the sources of many popular superstitions, and as contributing to an understanding of mediæval art. Probably this is the most that can be said in commendation of such a volume.

The New Epoch as Developed by the Manufacture of Power. By George S. Morison. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

The late George S. Morison achieved distinction as an engineer and bridge-builder, and in his profession occupied a very high rank. He did not write much outside the field of his immediate professional work, and this little posthumous essay is all the more welcome. As a few lines of introduction inform us, it was ready for the press in 1898, but was not then published. The manuscript is now printed as he left it.

The fundamental idea which runs through the volume is that the present age of the world marks the beginning of one of those great ethnical periods which embody a distinct advance and change in human civilization. As, in prehistoric speculations, ethnologists have accustomed us to think of successive stages marked by the discovery of the use of fire, by the introduction of the primitive forms of projectiles, by pottery, by the domestication of animals, by the manufacture of iron and the invention of written characters, so Mr. Morison thinks that what distinguishes our present world from the historical world as it existed down to the beginning of the nineteenth century is not steam, or railroads, or the telephone, or the telegraph, but something which underlies all our inventions, which he calls the possibility of manufacturing power. We believe he called it, in one of the original addresses or articles embodied in the book (a list of which is given in the preface), the *multiplication* of power. Either phrase expresses succinctly his idea.

To condense what he says: A new human capacity was needed to make an epoch as distinct as those in primitive society. This has been found. Man has learned to generate power, to produce, wherever needed, practically unlimited power. "Whatever the measure of a single machine, that machine can be used to make a greater one." The steam-engine, Mr. Morison admits, is still almost the sole representative of manufactured power—perhaps he had in mind stored electricity as the next great invention in this direction, but what he insists upon is, that the method is a secondary thing. "The great advance came with the ability to manufacture power at all."

Mr. Morison, in the remainder of the book, traces the effects which the new capacity has in its relation to business, capital, government, civil engineering, the university, and education in general. But here, unless we are mistaken, his argument depends quite as much on the effect of the inventions by means of which intelligence is transmitted as on those which represent the manufacture of mere power. The telephone and the telegraph, for instance, are changing the world. By means of the former, two industries, a thousand miles apart, which would formerly have competed with one another, can be combined under the eye of a single master; by means of the latter the intercourse between nations, which was formerly managed entirely by diplomatic representatives, can now be carried on directly between the heads of Governments, making our ambassadors and ministers often seem like instances of ornamental survival. Mr. Morison has a good deal to say about the effect of the annihilation of distance on the art of government. But is all this the same as what he means by the manufacture of power? Possibly the manufacture of power is only one of the many distinguishing marks which separate our age from all that have gone before; if so, Mr. Morison has pressed his theory too hard. But he has given a name to what was without one before; and this is no small feat. This volume will be found full of interest and suggestion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allenroc, M. R. The White Castle of Louisiana (Novel). Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co. $1.25.
Baker, Mary Shaw. Footprints on the Sands of Time. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Bérard, Victor. Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée. Vol. II. Paris: Armand Colin.
Bertaux, Emile. L'Art dans l'Italie Méridionale. Vol. I.—Iconographie Comparée des Rouleaux de l'Exultet. (Tableaux synoptiques.) Paris: Albert Fontemoing.
Bristol, Augusta Cooper. A Spray of Cosmos. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Delamere, G., Poirier, P., and Cunéo, B. The Lymphatics. Translated by Cecil H. Leaf. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co. $5 net.
Demosthenis Orationes. (Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis.) Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. Cloth, 4s. 6d.
Deschamps, Gaston. La Vie et les Livres. Sixth series. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.
Van de Warker, Ely. Woman's Unfitness for Higher Coeducation. The Grafton Press.
Field, Ben. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Glasgow, Ellen. The Deliverance. (A Virginia tale.) Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Gore, James Howard. Political Parties and Party Policies in Germany. (Questions of the Day.—No. CII.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents.
Hoetzsch, Otto. Die Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika. (Monographien zur Weltgeschichte.) Leipsic: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 4 m.
Johnson, Thomas Cary. The Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney. Richmond, Va.: The Presbyterian Committee of Publication. $2.50 net; postage 18 cents.
Larned, J. N. A History of the United States for Secondary Schools. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.40 net, postpaid.
Parsons on Contracts. 3 vols. Edited by John M. Gould. Ninth edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Skrine, Francis Henry. The Expansion of Russia—1815-1900. (Cambridge Historical Series.) Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 6s.
The Bay Psalm Book. (A facsimile reprint of the first edition). Introduction by Wilberforce Eames. Limited ed. Dodd, Mead & Co. Japan paper $10 net; deckle-edge laid paper $4 net.
Toler, Henry Pennington. Arise, Take Thy Journey. New Harlem Pub. Co.
Whittaker's Churchman's Almanac and Parochial List. 1904. 2 and 3 Bible House. 25 cents.
Winfield, Arthur M. The Rover Boys on Land and Sea. The Mershon Co. 60 cents.
Xanthaky, Sokrates A. The Greeks's Companion. (A general guide for Greeks in the United States and Canada.) New York: 2 and 4 Stone St.

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Bonds and Stocks (Market Value)	6,944,560.82
Real Estate	1,758,450.16
Collateral Loans	25,150.00
Loans to Policy-Holders	1,361,600.09
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	254,149.67
Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	74,353.85
Renewal Premiums in Transit and Deferred Premiums, less cost of collection	249,331.82
Total Admitted Assets	**$15,102,840.60**

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (Per Certificate of New York Insurance Department)	$12,754,653.00
Present Value of all Dividend-Endowment Accumulations (Deferred Dividends)	1,142,219.00
Other Liabilities	79,198.87
Net Surplus	1,126,769.73
Total	**$15,102,840.60**

INCOME IN 1903.

Premiums: New	$664,023.48	
Premiums: Renewals	2,097,194.55	
		$2,761,218.03
Interest, Rents		674,310.83
Total		$3,435,528.86

DISBURSEMENTS IN 1903.

Total Payments	$2,429,652.64
Including Death Claims, Matured Endowments and Annuities	$1,165,666.21
Dividends to Policy-holders	230,750.14
Surrender Values	151,932.13
Balance—Excess Income over Disbursements	1,005,876.22
Total	$3,435,528.86

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RESULTS OF THE YEAR 1903.

	PER CENT.
Increase in Income from Interest and Rents	7.09
" " Renewal Premium Income	10.59
" " Total Premium Income	8.51
" " Admitted Assets	4.65
" " Policy Reserves	7.32

	PER CENT.
Increase in Paid-For Insurance in Force	9.63
" " Deferred Dividend Fund	16.19
" " Payments to Policy-holders	15.74
Ratio of Interest received to mean Invested Assets	4.73

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1904.

The Week.

In selecting St. Louis for the convention of 1904, the Democratic National Committee has again acknowledged the steadily growing influence of the Middle West in our political affairs. But, after all, the place of meeting is of trifling importance this year as compared with the struggle for mastery of the conservative members of the party and the populistic elements. The intensity of this contest could in no way be affected by the selection of one city or another. But in delaying the convention until July 6, the National Committee took a wise step. It will have two weeks in which to note the results of the Republican convention at Chicago before selecting the party standard bearer. If the Democratic leaders are as shrewd in profiting by the Republican manœuvres as they were in declining to go to Chicago for the benefit of a rich and noisy candidate, they may gain a decided political advantage by choosing the later date. As was to have been expected, there was no really serious effort made to bring the convention to this city. Even the Tammany leaders were but half-hearted in their "demands" for it. And the Western Democrats showed quite as little desire to become the guests or the protégés of Tammany Hall as in former years. The Murphy crowd must play at penitence and reform a little longer before they are taken at their own estimate by the party at large.

Mr. Bryan has again planted himself sullenly athwart the path of Democratic progress. His speech at Lincoln on Monday night was a defiant challenge. The whole Kansas City platform, silver madness and all, is his ultimatum. It is a bold "hold-up" of his party which Mr. Bryan is attempting. The result must be to put an end to the efforts which the sane leaders of his party have been making to live and work with this man. They have been for some time treating him, as Izaak Walton urged fishermen to use a frog—"tenderly, as if they loved him." It had been said that Mr. Bryan was growing "reasonable"; that he was really willing to subordinate personal vanity to the success of the party; and that some working basis could be arrived at with him. He now makes no concealment of his purpose to ruin his party if he cannot rule it. Just what he hopes to accomplish by his threats must be kept clearly in mind. He has no hope of a nomination himself. Even he sees that to be impossible this year. But he does not wish to be elbowed off the stage, even politely. He will not be "placated" in any such way as to seem to surrender the last remnant of his power. His bid is evidently for a veto power. To obtain that, under the two-thirds rule of Democratic conventions, he has only to beat up the chaparral and get together, by hook or by crook, one-third of the delegates. He is willing to strike hands with the most unscrupulous in order to win that minority control. Apparently, to that end, he is even ready to yoke his fortunes with a candidate, W. R. Hearst, whose nomination, if it were conceivable, would be the signal for an explosion of lubricity. Behind all, of course, is the implicit threat of bolting in case Bryan and all his works are cast out by the convention.

"International eminent domain" was the great argument in the Senate on Friday. Senator Spooner, who had before committed himself to the highwayman's plea that we could have done what we did on the Isthmus, treaty or no treaty, said that he was still a little doubtful about the new doctrine. Apparently, it is the name that staggers him, not the thing. When the time comes to settle the question who has the credit of originating international eminent domain, Lieut. O'Connor of the U. S. Tenth Cavalry should not be overlooked. He has an article in the last number of the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, written before the Panama revolution, in which he cautiously and speculatively advances the doctrine. He admits that it would be a "dangerous" principle, even in theory, and says that the United States "could hardly be the sponsor" of it, since we have "always insisted on the *integrity* of South and Central American States." Lieut. O'Connor's prevision of the alarm and anger which such a step would provoke among the latter, is justified by the effects of the Panama aggression. The press of countries to the south of us has teemed with condemnatory and apprehensive expressions. Thus, the *Tribuna* of Durango, Mexico, speaks of Spanish-Americans as now having the sword of Damocles suspended over their heads, and adds that "whenever Uncle Sam finds it desirable, he will, by a movement which he will call humanity and civilization, cut the thread, and his chosen victim will disappear from among the nations."

Mr. Roosevelt never does anything by halves, but it is hard to believe the dispatches which declare he favors a service pension for civil-war veterans. In all the pension debauch, no President, we believe, has ever gone so far as that. To convert the reckless lavishness of our pension laws into a universal dole has been too evident an indecency for a President to countenance. Hence we must decline to believe that Mr. Roosevelt has cast dignity to the winds, and will give his moral support to a bill providing an alms of $12 a month to all veterans of ninety days' service who suffered no disability through their brief soldiering. The bill would grant the same pensions to widows of such soldiers, where the marriage took place before January 27, 1890. That the Grand Army of the Republic should endorse such a bill is a sign of its complete demoralization. A President could not take it up without notifying the people that he was willing to be something less than a President now, in order that he might be President again.

Gov. Cummins of Iowa believes with the Greek philosopher that "everything flows." His idea is to keep things moving, and he succeeded pretty well in his inaugural address on Thursday. But he wants to keep others moving, too. "Standing pat," he says, is losing the markets of the world to this country, and it is high time to raise the flag of reciprocity aloft. The Governor is not a man to take refuge in glittering generalities. He comes right down to particulars, and tells the farmers that what they need is reciprocity with Canada. This is bearding the lion in his den; but the Governor knows that if you look the lion straight in the eye you can master him every time. So he asks the farmers, point blank, if they would like to lose the market which would be created by our vast imports into Canada rather than meet Canada in competition in the things which they produce. Why, he says, in their sharp struggle with Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and other neighboring States they never would be able to discern the influence of Canadian competition in corn, oats, hay, butter, etc. But this heresy is nothing to his remarks about South America and Europe. Actually, we can make treaties with them that will give work to ten American workmen for every one displaced. This is shocking. Has the Governor forgotten all about the cattle upon a thousand hills that would be in mourning if reciprocity with South America were put in effect? That gentle philosopher who said that he loved to see the hind quarter of a lamb gambolling on a hillside would have to go to Argentina if Gov. Cummins had his way.

Simultaneous ratification of the Chi-

nese trade treaties with the United States and Japan was doubtless contemplated. It followed within a few days Russia's most explicit declaration that she would scrupulously honor in Mantchuria all treaties made by China. As if to take up the word before it had been forgotten, Mukden, Antung, and Tatung-tao are straightway made free ports. Indeed, Mr. Hay had expedited the declaration by the unusual method of exchanging treaties by cable notification. Such eagerness to hold the Russians promptly to their promises was quite justified by the apparent imminence of war. Once consuls of the civilized Powers are appointed to the treaty ports, the open door in Mantchuria becomes a fact, for the Russians will hardly use toward their peers the cavalier methods freely applied to China. We have already pointed out the advantages of the new treaty in abolishing the cumulative transport tax, called the likin, and in securing Chinese rights for American inventions. Short of a general break-up in the Far East, a foothold for trade will have been secured, and the danger of a Russian monopoly extending over half a continent measurably lessened. For the proclamation of the treaty at this critical time credit is due, not only to the patient diplomacy of Mr. Hay, but also to his alacrity in meeting the turns of an adroit foeman. Nowhere will Mr. Hay's skill in fence be more fully appreciated than in the Russian Foreign Office.

As to the open door—it makes all the difference in the world whose door is to be opened. We have just arranged it so that the Russian door in Mantchuria shall swing wide, but a day later the French Ambassador reminds us that our own in the Philippines is tight closed. When Congress ratified the act remitting the export duty on hemp to shippers to the United States, we predicted that this breach of the Treaty of Paris would not pass without protest. The rebate was clearly in contravention of the promise to give equal treatment to all nations—including our own—trading with the islands. Instead of living up to this contract, we have played a sharp game, as if our engagement did not apply to Philippine exports. Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Holland have made diplomatic representations to the State Department on this subject, and France has hinted through her Ambassador that she may be obliged to meet the American rebate by imposing a countervailing duty on American hemp products. Such a course would be fully justifiable. It would also serve as a reminder to Congress to inform itself before voting important laws. The hemp rebate in the Philippine bill was in the nature of a "joker." Nobody knows how it slipped in, though the motives for its presence are obvious; and it was made law almost without consideration. The proper course now is to repeal the preferential, put ourselves in an honest position towards our commercial rivals, and not till then dwell overmuch on the open door. When it is recalled that an export duty is unconstitutional, the words of Martin Littleton at Albany, on Thursday night, fall with the mighty impact of truth. "We have gone," he said, "from a constitutional to a commercial age." Let us at least play the commercial game fairly.

The international arbitration conference at Washington has very wisely concentrated its efforts upon the attainment of an Anglo-American treaty. Six years ago such a treaty was ignominiously cold-shouldered by the Senate, though urged by both Cleveland and McKinley. But times have changed since then, and the principle of arbitration has gained ground. The Hague Tribunal has been established; France and Italy, England and France, have entered into permanent agreements for peaceful adjudication of contested claims; Mr. Balfour has not the suspicious attitude of his illustrious uncle towards the new-fangled diplomacy of peace; and a Senate that is trying to square the Panama aggression with general moral principles is in a more amiable mood than was the body which voted President Cleveland's emergency "war credit." Possibly, the former arbitration treaty was over-elaborate. If so, a simpler document could be drawn, while, for Powers fairly committed to the principle, the Hague Tribunal furnishes promptly all the machinery of an international court. More than a century ago we contributed the Republican idea to France; to-day we need not be ashamed of borrowing in turn the idea of adjustment of international difficulties by orderly judicial processes, rather than by the evasions of diplomacy or the brutal arbitrament of war.

The statement of foreign trade for December, issued on Friday, is one of the most remarkable on record. Both the export trade and the month's excess of exports over imports surpass all precedent. But what is still more impressive is the suddenness with which this position has been created. In the nine months ending with September, excess of merchandise exports over imports fell $10,678,000 below that of the same period in 1902. But so swiftly has this situation changed that the twelvemonth's statement, now before us, shows an export surplus $97,825,000 above the preceding year. It may also be remarked that not only does the export trade for 1903 surpass all previous yearly figures, but the import trade also reaches an unprecedented total. This, taken altogether, is an extremely wholesome showing. The large excess in exports, especially these three past months, has been a timely and great aid in paying off the floating debt created abroad by our bankers and railway managements. It is an interesting though not unusual sign of the times that, in proportion as the country shows its ability to pay off such maturing debt by shipment of its products, Europe displays increased readiness to extend the loan to our corporations in a more permanent form. If the trade position continues this year on the lines of the December statement, some interesting financial results may follow. It should, however, be observed that of the $123,900,000 increase in last year's exports over 1902, $88,100,000 came from the single item of cotton, and as a consequence almost entirely of the higher price.

The cut to forty hours a week in Lancashire has been followed by the stopping of 85 per cent. of the cotton spindles of Normandy for one day a week; and it is reported that this will continue until the end of March. The European mills have been paying vastly larger amounts than usual to this country for cotton, but they have not been getting much larger supplies. It is no wonder, therefore, that they hesitate to run to their full capacity, considering the inability of some of their largest customers to pay higher prices. If it is hard work to raise quotations on cotton cloths right here in the United States, it is not going to be an easy matter to do so in China and other markets. While the old stock of the raw material held by our mills lasted, they were, of course, in some sort of position to meet the demands of their customers, but they are now beginning to run on cotton bought at the high figures of the season. At the same time, buyers of goods are running short, so that it may soon be seen which side has the greater resisting power. Meanwhile, the talk about new fields of cotton culture increases very fast. The latest rivals of our cotton planters are "large Transvaal interests," which now have their agent here studying American methods. Under the mere law of chances some of these new projects should amount to something.

Mr. Robert C. Ogden's annual dinner to the members of the Southern and General Education Boards is always a notable event, if only because of the interchange of views among the Southern and Northern men who attend. Generally, political questions are wholly avoided, but there was one utterance at the gathering this week by a Southern man—President Mitchell of Richmond College—which deserves more attention than it has thus far received. He declared emphatically that the Democracy

could do itself and the South no greater harm than by inserting an anti-negro plank in its coming national platform. We believe that President Mitchell represents in this matter the views of the broadest and most liberal men in the South. They feel very keenly the mischief done by agitators of the Vardaman, Tillman, and Gorman type, who stir up race prejudice and passion merely in order to obtain a temporary political advantage. By playing upon the fears of the "poor whites," they create an issue which, in Maryland, at least, is purely factitious, but which vastly strengthens their hold upon their States. Since "the evil that men do lives after them," the misunderstandings and hatreds aroused are likely to last long after the demogogues' bones have been interred. It is more encouraging to note, therefore, that more and more Southerners of prominence are realizing just what kind of game these men are playing, and how directly it strikes at Southern progress, happiness, and prosperity.

A new way to collect old debts was revealed last week in the evidence on the Stonecutters' trial. This organization, it will be recalled, was made up of employers who bid collusively for contracts, and of a union that shared in the profits gained by the employers. An incidental advantage of this alliance to the employer was that the walking delegate became his friend and faithful servitor. Thus, Mr. Cosgrove, with a troublesome account of $2,110 uncollected, simply put the bill into the hands of the Stonecutters' Union. The threat of a strike brought the dilatory debtor to time, and Mr. Cosgrove paid "voluntarily" $510 (25 per cent.) to the Union for its services. Naturally, the debt-collecting function of the Stonecutters' Association—which was not inaptly called "the horse market" by the knowing—was inoperative except against outsiders. It constituted a formidable argument in favor of joining the horse market. What view the courts will take of these transactions remains to be seen; sociologists will do well to note that the longed-for "alliance between labor and capital" does not invariably make for good morals or even for permanent industrial peace.

The Central Labor Union of Philadelphia has decided to urge the school teachers of that city to organize a union and become affiliated with it and the Federation of Labor. They will find encouragement in a recent dispatch announcing the formation of a "women's union-label league" in Massachusetts, headed by a Wellesley professor. This is organized to see that the union stamp is attached to all feminine gear, and what more natural than that we should insist upon tagging school teachers, as is proposed in Philadelphia? As soon as the instructors in that city are organized, there should be courses in every school on the great benefits of unionism. Pupils should be taught to "picket" any building whose teachers have not joined the union, and every "scab" mentor of youth should at least be snowballed. We have no doubt that the Republican machine of Philadelphia, which has been of such service to and has profited so much by the teachers' political machine, will welcome this plan of organization. But why stop with the teachers? Why not unionize the children while you are about it, and train them from the beginning in the way they should go? Having drunk in the doctrine of organized labor with their a b c's, there could never be any fear of their wishing to enjoy the right to work for themselves when and where they might please.

Russia, apparently, has been unwilling to take the responsibility of a war in the Far East, and, by a timely withdrawal of her extreme demands, has opened a hope of peace. To-day the negotiations stand very much where they did some months ago. Japan recognizes Russia's ascendancy in Mantchuria, Russia Japan's in Korea. At issue are only such minor matters as neutral zones along the Yalu and the opening of Korean ports—nothing worth fighting about. The obstacle of Japanese incredulity as to Russian promises remains, however, and it may turn out that the war spirit has got beyond control in Japan. Indeed, the pro-Russian press has freely charged that the Katsura Ministry was using the hackneyed but always effective argument of peril from abroad to keep itself in power. Libellous as the charge probably is, it indicates the belligerent temper of the people of Japan. If war is indeed averted, it will be largely due to the generous efforts of the Czar and of that great statesman now in undue obscuration, Sergius de Witte.

With the threat of the French Government to proclaim five bishops without the Pope's consent, the strife between Church and State passes into an acute stage. Waldeck-Rousseau, in the now famous Associations law, intended merely to check the religious orders; M. Combes strikes frankly at the treaty between France and the Vatican. Under Napoleon's Concordat, embodying an earlier right, the French Government reasserted the prerogative of nominating bishops to the Holy See. The nature of this nomination has been the occasion of much dispute. Is the Pope obliged to accept it? If so, his part in the transaction becomes merely nominal. Is the State bound to present nominations for a vacant diocese until a candidate acceptable to the Pope is found? If so, his Holiness exercises a formidable right of veto. In any case, the Pope may refuse consecration and leave the Bishops-elect without official sanction for their promotion. Practically, these ticklish questions have generally been avoided by a private conference, in which the State assured itself of the eligibility of its nominee. Under a bitterly anti-clerical government like that now ruling in France such an adjustment is difficult. M. Combes has chosen to force his candidates through, as a token of the jurisdiction of the State over the Church. He is ready to see the Papal Nuncio withdrawn from Paris, which would leave the Concordat without machinery for its enforcement. His action can hardly be taken as a mere dispute over nominations. It seems rather the first move in a more extensive campaign, the aim of which is the complete subordination of the Church to the State.

A series of articles in the *Berlingshe Tidende* of Copenhagen, discussing the proposed Scandinavian tariff union, show why such an arrangement could not be accepted by Denmark under any condition but that of practical free trade. Since 1863 only slight changes have been made in the Danish tariff, and all but one of these have been reductions. The principal industry of the country, agriculture, is wholly unprotected, and its unprecedented growth in recent years proves free trade to have been a tonic rather than a poison for this particular branch. Believing that what is good for one may be no less good for another, Danish agrarians are beginning to petition the Rigsdag for a tariff reform that would result in substantially reducing the tax upon all imports. They have learned the lesson which even our Western farmers are beginning to learn, that the unprotected interests contribute to the support of the favored. In 1888 the present high-tariff system was adopted by Sweden, and, nine years later, Norway followed suit. One of the results in both countries has been a rise in the price of most articles out of all proportion to the advance in wages. From 1897 to 1900, the Swedish exports to Norway fell from 21,000,000 kroner to 7,000,000, and the imports from 33,000,000 to 22,000,000, while the exports to Denmark rose from 43,000,000 kroner to 48,000,000, and the imports from Denmark from 49,000,000 to 63,000,000. A similar increase in the trade between Norway and Denmark appears. In view of these facts, it is not strange that Denmark is unwilling to enter the protection trap, all the more because the increase in the export of Danish agricultural products to England during the past nine years has ranged from a hundred per cent. on butter to four hundred per cent. on eggs. No protective country in Europe can show anything like the same growth in these industries.

"THE INTERESTS OF CIVILIZATION."

In sending portions of the Panama correspondence to Congress, the Administration has not seen fit to give in full the notes of the Colombian Minister of Foreign Affairs. As we read them in the *Diario Oficial*, they contain several apposite and crushing rejoinders which, it is easy to imagine, the President and Secretary Hay might not care to make public. It may be right to learn from an enemy, but it is a little humiliating to learn your international law from an antagonist. It will be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt instructed Minister Beaupré to inform the Colombian Government that "the interests of civilization" required him to do as he had done at Panama. As to that, replied Minister Rico, if the United States denies Colombia her rights, "civilization will suffer a disaster incomparably greater than would be the temporary obstruction of transit across the Isthmus, since the peace and the very existence of nations depend principally upon the observance of public treaties."

This is not simply a shrewd return thrust. It is the statement of a truth of the first importance. Treaties and the safeguards of international law are, between countries, what the civil and criminal law is between individuals. To agree to abide by them, instead of doing every man what seemeth good in his own eyes, is the very beginning of civilization. Private vengeance is the symbol of barbarism. Orderly justice by established tribunals, set for the interpretation and applying of written laws, is everywhere accepted as the leading sign that a given country is civilized. That was the burden of President Roosevelt's letter, last summer, against lynching. Its worst feature was not its brutality, but its defiance of law. Defenders of lynching asserted that "the interests of civilization" required the summary and horrifying execution of certain miscreants. "Not so," said the President, "black as their crime may be, their lawful trial, with every legal right guaranteed, must be insisted upon if we are not to relapse into savagery."

International lynch-law, however, the President seems cheerfully to approve. In the Panama lynching, he put himself squarely alongside the Cossack. Russia announces that she will sacredly respect all treaties referring to Mantchuria so long as they do not run counter to her own interest. That is exactly what Mr. Roosevelt really signifies by his talk about the interests of civilization being superior to a treaty. He means his own idea of what those interests require. Just now it is a canal—and not merely a canal, but one made sure of before the Republican Convention. What it will be next, no man knows. That is why his lawless course at Panama has filled thoughtful men with alarm. A President who refuses carefully to inquire what the law is, and then to follow it scrupulously, may at any moment set the world on fire. International law is the great bulwark of peace between the nations. It assures the weak that the strong will not take unfair advantage of them. But if it is to be set aside contemptuously by a ruler at the head of a mighty people, no land can feels itself safe from a President who, like Pompey, acts at once as the executive and the subverter of law.

It is useless for the supporters of the Administration to pretend that its action at Panama was strictly in accord with the treaty of 1846. This is not a matter of abstract speculation. It is not as if the treaty had never been interpreted. This very Administration interpreted it in 1902, and did so in a way diametrically opposite to its interpretation in 1903. The proof is accessible. It lies in Senate Document No. 10, Fifty-eighth Congress, Special Session, which contains a part of the dispatches and instructions relating to the disturbances on the Isthmus in 1902. In its very forefront we have the statement by Capt. Reisinger, our senior naval officer present, asking directions from the Navy Department, but adding: "I am fully aware of the fact that by treaty and convention we are not supposed to take charge *until the Colombian Government* has announced its *inability to guard the road*." That had been, in fact, the practice so invariably that Senator Foraker, in his blundering defence of the President the other day, actually took it for granted that the Colombians invited our marines ashore last November! Nothing of the kind occurred. The very Colombian troops which were on their way, for all we knew, to keep the transit open, we denied permission to land. Yet, only a year before, our Government had done the direct opposite. It assisted the Colombian Government to reassert control. It even rebuked Admiral Casey, by implication, for having gone too far and hurt the sensibilities of Colombia. No wonder that, with this record behind it, and so close behind it, the Administration should have boldly flung itself for justification, not upon the treaty, but upon "the interests of civilization."

That phrase has always been in the mouths of conquerors. Those of them who could not find, in statute or treaty, warrant for what they wanted to do, fell back upon an imagined public good. It is the mark of a lawless mind. Civilization as between nations moves forward just as it does among the inhabitants of any one of them. Vengeance is no longer glutted in private; the feud and the vendetta disappear; trial by ordeal gives way to trial by evidence; the law becomes the one refuge and arbiter. In a similar way has the sacredness of treaties and international law been built up. To throw scorn upon both now, as President Roosevelt has done by his treatment of Colombia, is, by so much, to plunge the nations back into the chaos and old night from which they have so painfully emerged. What the interests of civilization really require is that *his* lawless doctrines be repudiated.

NAVAL DISORGANIZATION.

A movement which will bear watching is on foot in Washington to induce Congress to create, by law, a General Staff for the navy. A circular has just been published through which the instigators seek to promote their ends, and which they have, we are told, placed in the hands of every Senator and every Representative. A copy of this *ex-parte* plea has reached us. It is made up of extracts from the message of President Roosevelt, from the annual report of the Secretary of the Navy, and from the annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation; of a flaming article by Rear-Admiral Luce; of a description of the plan and working of the Navy Department by Captain Mahan, taken from *Scribner's;* and of two memoranda, one by Admiral Dewey and the other by the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation.

The President's utterance contains the gist of the matter. "We need," he says, "the establishment by law of a body of trained officers who shall exercise a systematic control of the military affairs of the navy, and be authorized advisers of the Secretary concerning it." Parenthetically, we may remark, statement is not proof. What the President thinks is one thing; what the navy needs may be a very different matter. Secretary Moody states the problem in halting and academic fashion, although he appears to go as far as he dare on the side of disapproval. "It is not my purpose to recommend specifically at this time any of these proposals, but only to bring them forward for the earnest discussion and consideration which their importance deserves. Mere change is not reform, and none should be attempted until it appears clearly that conditions would be bettered thereby." The other advocates are enthusiastically in favor of a complete recasting of the organization of the Navy Department, and the practical subordination of the Secretary to a committee of officers over which he can exercise but scant control. The circular is a brief for those who urge a revolutionary shearing of the functions and powers of the constituted head of the navy. As ex-Secretary Long writes: "Under such circumstances the Secretary could hardly fail to lapse into a figurehead in the administration of the navy." No wonder that Mr. Moody extends but slight encouragement to the scheme.

We are tempted to inquire why no one

comes forth, in strong and intelligent opposition, to point out the benefits which will accrue to these promoters as individuals. It might be asked whether the creation of a new office—that of vice-admiral—now lacking in the navy, is not part and parcel of the plan, and, if so, to what person the advanced rank and greater pay are supposed to be already promised. Another query is, why, with twenty-seven rear-admirals on the active list, more admirals should be necessary, and what other new shore employments with rich emoluments are contemplated. The present system, however faulty, brought the navy through the last war with name unsmirched. The Secretary would be wise to exhaust the authority now residing in him before creating a hideous monster to destroy him. It may be asserted positively that Mr. Moody has now in the General Board, the office of Naval Intelligencer and the Naval War College as much of a General Staff as he needs, and if he wishes more he can have it by a stroke of his pen. In this respect, there is no parallel with the condition of the army before the Spanish war. To call for legislation on the score which Admiral Luce speciously advances, that "these various war boards, under what name soever they may be known, . . . are illegal," is mere quibbling. Already the General Board, which is practically a General Staff, has been given powers of great extent; it threatens to usurp others of still wider scope, and has grown so large in the number of those who are employed directly and indirectly in its labors, and so catholic in its activities, as to cause the apprehension that the navy was made for the General Board rather than the General Board for the navy.

A defender of the existing organization, while admitting frankly that it needs mending in some ways, would demand of these agitators definite proof of the necessity of this proposed revolution in the Secretary's responsibilities and authority. All that they give us is vaporous allegations. We are entirely ready to concede that the Navy Department requires a change in its methods, now choking the navy by an excess of red tape and by an all-absorbing centralization which a legalized General Staff would doubtless aggravate rather than lessen.

We cannot agree with Admiral Dewey that "a General Staff is indispensable to the efficient and economical administration of the navy in the routine service of peace." The way to economize is to reduce the avalanche of paper work in the navy, not to increase it; and a board of officers appointed by the Secretary can formulate plans for naval campaigns just as the General Board is now supposedly doing. That the majority of naval officers are in favor of the proposed attempt to enlarge the number and power of their colleagues who settle in (or upon) Washington, is doubtful, to say the least. To take a stand for the whole service in opposition to the expressed desire of the President and against the special purpose of the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, the dispenser of assignments to duty, holding in his hands the distribution of departmental favor or disfavor, is not to be expected of a poor naval officer, who would unquestionably pay very dearly for his temerity. Unless some means can be devised to obtain a truthful expression of service public opinion, this scheme will pretend to embody what the navy wishes, and it will thus find acceptance with influential persons on grounds which may be true or which may be false.

If Congress were to amend any proposed draft of a bill creating a General Staff by two simple provisions—first, restricting the choice for a chief of staff, with or without the rank of vice-admiral, to those rear-admirals having at least four years to serve on the active list before retiring for age; and, secondly, prohibiting any officer whatever from having duty in Washington for more than six years before attaining flag rank, we venture to predict not only that the enthusiasm of the advocates of this measure would promptly wane, but also that it would be at once replaced by as active an antagonism.

ROOSEVELT OR HANNA?

Senator Hanna ought to be presented by his admirers with a 'Complete Letter-Writer.' He remarked sorrowfully on Friday that he had sent out two thousand letters denying that he was a candidate for the Presidency, and that he thinks that ought to settle it. Yet politicians go on working like beavers for his nomination, the rank and file of the party clamor for him, and the Republican Campaign Committee is overwhelmed with offers of large subscriptions in case Mr. Hanna is the candidate. All for lack of a convincing English style! It would seem so easy for the Senator to protest his undying loyalty to Roosevelt in an unmistakable way. But we see here one of the advantages of the professional literary man in politics. Mr. Hanna cannot make people believe that he is not seeking the Presidency; but if President Roosevelt were to write a letter expressing his conviction that the success of his party required his withdrawal, we are sure that his skill as a ready writer would leave even the wayfaring man in no doubt whatever.

The Hanna boom has plainly affected the nerves of the White House. A hypochondriac old gentleman residing there could be no more fidgety and apprehensive than appears the actual rugged and good-natured occupant. The cries of distress which he is emitting seem to be very bad tactics. Now, if ever, is the time for displaying the famous Rough-Rider coolness under fire. A most consuming desire for renomination should be better masked; to betray such an acutely nervous dread lest the prize be snatched by another, comports ill with the tradition of a dashing and imperturbable Roosevelt. Can this flurried official be our erstwhile contemner of the weakling?

It is impossible to avoid seeing the comic aspects of the Republican situation. What means this angry talk about "treachery," with which all the Administration organs are filled? Is the President the Government, and does opposition to his renomination brand one a traitor? Certainly, there seems to be some kind of lese-majesty involved, to account for the angers in celestial minds at Washington. By contrast, the attitude of Senator Hanna is dignity personified. Nome of these personal ambitions for him. Patriotism, the good of the party, are his watchwords. It is not his fault if thousands of Republicans are saying that Roosevelt cannot be elected, but that he himself can be. Is not the party free to choose? Mr. Hanna would have it understood that he is not a self-seeking candidate, whatever others may be. He has tried to stop the movement in his favor. If, nevertheless, it goes on, that may be a reflection upon the President's availability, but the Senator's withers are unwrung.

Another amusing feature of the flurry is the obvious fear of many Roosevelt supporters lest they may be laying their money on the wrong horse. Yes, they are for that gallant hero, the people's idol, the greatest, wisest—but, gracious Heavens! suppose the other man should win? It is all very fine to shout treachery, but no article stands higher in the political confession of faith than the avowal that treason successful is no longer treason. This consideration is one which the events of 1896 should have borne in upon the *Tribune*. At that time it was the traitor. Did it not basely abandon Platt and the State machine, then bitterly anti-McKinley, and strike hands with Mr. Hanna? That was treachery until Hanna elected his man, whereupon it became political foresight and a basis for recognition. No one, therefore, should be more chary than the *Tribune* in hurling about charges of treason to Roosevelt.

In all seriousness, the movement to nominate Mr. Hanna, if possible, is now unconcealed. Every day's news reveals the sappers and miners at work. The Hanna men announced on Saturday that they were in control of the Indiana State Committee. In St. Louis, the *Star* flops from Roosevelt to Hanna. These effects defective come by cause. Politicians do not take their political lives in their hands without a hint from the higher

powers. The Hanna campaign for the nomination is fairly on, and it may easily prove formidable. Its strength to-day is in its very secrecy and subterranean manipulation. The method is astutely chosen. Were the Senator to come boldly out into the open and fling down his gauntlet, the President would promptly pick it up, issue a clarion appeal to his friends, and seek glory or the grave in war. But how can he fight a fellow in the cellarage who denies that he means to fight at all? The obscurity of the situation is doubtless one of the things which most fret the President. He uttered a loud amen when a visitor said the other day that it was to be wished that Senator Hanna would either "fish or cut bait." But the shrewd Ohio man will probably maintain for a time his ambiguous position. To abandon it would weaken him; to remain in it both bothers and handicaps Mr. Roosevelt.

Incidentally, the immaculate Mr. Perry Heath dropped an interesting hint on Sunday as to the nature of Hanna's strength and the validity of his candidacy. Ten railroad presidents, out of fifteen seeking obscurity at the Waldorf-Astoria, had promised Hanna their unqualified support. This was said with the air of "Poll me the railroad presidents of a country and I care not who casts its votes." It was a striking intimation that Hanna is the candidate of commercialism, impregnable among those who have most to gain from special favors, most to fear from the impartial enforcement of the laws. Nobody who has seriously considered the political situation imagines that Hanna can conquer in the name of capitalism, but the frank citation of the railroad presidents showed where his trust is lodged. Even more significant was Mr. Heath's description of Mr. Hanna's helplessness before friends who urge him to stop making Presidents and be President himself. Hanna, says Heath, cannot turn and brain these tempters with a baseball bat; he must speak them kindly. As to this matter, opinions will differ. In the past, unwilling candidates have managed to make their resolution known without resorting to a baseball bat. But if Senator Hanna is indeed determined not to run, he will never find a fairer mark for the baseball bat than the devoted but indiscreet head of Perry Heath has just afforded. That the secretary of the Republican National Committee is blatantly campaigning for Hanna—and unrebuked—is a fact too significant to be explained away by those who think Hanna is "out of it"; and very ominous to all who think Mr. Heath should be out of the secretaryship.

VOLUNTARY PUBLICITY.

The President of the Sugar Trust declined last week, with some asperity, to give the public information about his business. Now, it is sometimes the case with virtue as with greatness: some are born virtuous, some achieve virtue, and some have it thrust upon them. Yet, say what one will about the United States Steel Corporation, the publicity of its accounting is a high virtue. When this vast corporation was formed it was considered one of the most astonishing departures in the entire history of trade. It was believed to represent the Trust mania carried to its extreme limit. Nevertheless, no sooner was it in operation than it began to print very complete quarterly statements of its condition, placing itself in this respect on the same basis as the railroads. It was a remarkable precedent. The public had no reason to expect such frankness. The popular idea of an industrial combine was a blind pool—the Amalgamated Copper Company was a flagrant example; but regarding no Trust was much knowledge of an official character obtainable. To be sure, it was believed by some that the virtue displayed by the Steel Trust sprang from an ulterior motive. In order to make the common stock active, the early declaration of dividends was desirable; but it was necessary to justify this course—hence the publication of earnings.

The earnings may or may not cease to be given out. This, however, can be said: the policy of publicity having once been adopted by the Steel Trust, it can never be abandoned without gravely impairing the prestige of the concern. It may be that the virtue of this conporation in the matter of publicity has been merely accidental. None the less, it has created a standard to which other corporations will gradually have to conform. The Steel Trust may reverse its practice; it may be managed hereafter by men who will employ the old blind-pool methods of the Standard Oil enterprises. But it has shown what excellent results can be attained by a policy of voluntary publicity. The Steel Trust has had a position in the stock market which few Trusts have been able to acquire. Its stock has been widely distributed, whereas most of the industrial combines have found it practically impossible to get their common stocks out of the hands of the promoters and underwriters. People are not such fools as many suppose. They exercise some discretion in going into a blind pool. Glance a moment at the most notorious instances of this sort—the Standard Oil, the American Sugar Refineries, and the Amalgamated Copper Companies. The public did not get into the first until it had demonstrated its safety beyond all reasonable doubt, and the same can practically be said of the second. Besides, both the Standard Oil Company and the Sugar Trust were formed long before the recent Trust period. The speculative character of the Sugar Trust was not ignored in the late eighties and early nineties, but a concern that went on year after year paying big dividends on its common stock was pretty sure to find its securities regarded as a sound investment eventually. The public unquestionably went into the Amalgamated Copper deal in very large numbers and lost heavily; but this was because the project was engineered by men whose names were regarded as a guarantee of success.

It is practically true that the investing public have let the Trusts alone because of the lack of knowledge of their affairs. If this was the case in the heyday of the combines, it will be still more so in the future. And yet investors would have been glad to buy the Trust securities if they could have done so with their eyes open. Those of them who actually bought into the blind pools acted in accordance with a tendency which has long been noted. The great increase in the wealth of the nation has necessitated a broadening of the securities market. The Trust movement of 1897-1902 was a rash attempt to satisfy a felt need. The railroad reorganization movement which followed the panic of 1893 had so strengthened the position of a vast amount of securities as to drive them into strong-boxes, leaving the floating supply inadequate to absorb the rapidly increasing wealth occasioned by the repeated good harvests and the improved industrial situation. Demand was so far in excess of supply that the idea got abroad that almost anything would sell, and Trust promoters did not feel called upon to scrutinize their own methods too closely. But this was a mistake; the investing public, for the most part, continued to ask what sort of things they were buying.

Many causes have contributed to the industrial Trust movement, but one of the strongest has been the necessity of centralizing capital in a way to admit of large issues of securities against the manufacturing business of the nation. The crude attempts made in the last six or seven years in this direction do not of themselves vitiate the movement. The mistake was made of supposing that "water" would do as well as real value. The water is still being squeezed out; but the most paradoxical feature of the whole situation is that the Trust which broke every record known to mankind in the matter of industrial capitalization, was also a pioneer in the one point essential to the real diffusion of industrial securities. Industrial corporations can have no solid standing in the stock market without publicity of accounts. The demand for such securities is bound to increase very fast. The public must have them; and if the corporations do not voluntarily publish periodic statements of earnings and balance sheets, a movement to compel them to do so will be pretty sure to assert itself.

"FROM A SMALL GARRISON."

Out of a small garrison, Forbach, in Alsace-Lorraine, has come a book from the pen of a Prussian officer, Lieut. Bilse, which, by its gloomy pictures of decadent military life as seen in a frontier town, has stirred Germany from end to end. By those opposed to militarism, it has been hailed as a veritable 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' By most defenders of the Prussian army, it has been indignantly denounced as a gross libel. But it gave rise to one of the most brilliant Reichstag debates of recent years, in which Chancellor Bülow locked horns with Bebel, and the new Minister of War, Gen. von Einem, made his début in defence of the army. "When I had read that book," said the Minister, "I threw it aside with disgust, and declared it disgraceful that a Prussian officer should have written it." Later he announced: "A second Forbach is not possible in the Prussian army."

But that there was one Forbach and that it was truthfully described, Gen. von Einem has admitted more than once. Why else should every officer in the Forbach battalion save three have been immediately cashiered, transferred or otherwise punished? Why else should the Minister have publicly placed the blame upon the commanding officer for the conditions described? Why else should he hasten to explain that such rottenness exists nowhere else in the army? Yet, while thus confessing the truth of the picture painted by Lieut. Bilse, he sent that officer to a fortress prison for a year, dismissed him from the service for violating army regulations and disseminating slanders, and brought about the confiscation of the offending book. Such gratitude for truth-telling is, of course, characteristic of the despotic system at which Lieut. Bilse's criticisms were aimed. The very suppression of his volume enormously increased the demand for it, so that the publishing-house in Vienna which is now printing it cannot begin to supply the demand from all quarters of the globe.

Yet Lieut. Bilse is neither a Social Democrat nor one opposed to militarism *per se*. His is essentially the work of a man who loves his profession, and who would abate certain evils which he attributes to exceptional conditions and to the results of a thirty years' peace. Apart from his sad chronicle of the habitual drunkenness of his fellow-officers, of their lack of professional zeal, of their adultery and immorality as being due to the laxity of an inefficient commander, the book is essentially a tract written with so much earnestness and feeling as to engage the reader's sympathy. Lieut. Bilse's two most attractive characters are the best officers in the regiment, yet both of these are forced to resign, one because he was unjustly denied promotion, the other because of an indiscretion which involved no wrong-doing. It is into the mouths of these men that Lieut. Bilse has put his suggestions for army reform.

One of them, Capt. König, would have the War Office energetically oppose the luxurious methods of life which lead so many officers to destruction. He would have the officers consider themselves less a class by themselves, ranked by divine right above all civilians, and more the servants of the people, chosen to teach the young men of the nation for periods of one to two years. Capt. König would make the service so attractive that every soldier would leave it with regret, while more patriotic, more devoted to his sovereign than ever before, instead of, as so often nowadays, a ready recruit for the Social Democracy. Surely, Gen. von Einem cannot take exception to such sentiments as these.

In order to show more clearly how the ordinary soldier is made receptive of the doctrines of the Social Democrats, Lieut. Bilse rather awkwardly interjects into his narrative the story of a faithful non-commissioned officer of nine years' service, who, because of false accusations and official red tape, is degraded and imprisoned, and then turned out into the world without a cent, to make his way as best he can. This man prospers, and in due time appears on the platform as one of the ablest of the Social-Democratic leaders. A private who is denied coal for his barracks room by a bickering sergeant dies of pneumonia. Another is scarred and maimed for life by being pushed against a kicking horse by the same sergeant. Another deserts after being repeatedly struck and abused by the lieutenant whose servant he was. That these are altogether exceptional cases even Gen. von Einem could not allege. A week earlier there was tried and sentenced Sergeant Breidenbach for more than one thousand specified cruelties to subordinates. His immediate superior, Lieut. von Hellermann, is now serving a sentence of three months' confinement to his quarters. The War Minister roundly denounced such wrongdoing, but he condoned the "harmless box on the ear" which is the usual beginning of such excesses of authority.

All in all, the success of 'From a Small Garrison' must be attributed not so much to the book itself as to its having touched responsive chords among the people. Every German citizen is more or less familiar with some of the evils Bilse has portrayed. There may have been, and probably was, a little more immorality and drunkenness in Forbach than in Mainz or Heidelberg or larger garrisons, but the destructive and demoralizing tendencies exist in the larger towns, and will remain there because they are inherent in the military system. And this the German people are gradually coming to realize in greater and greater numbers, in large part owing to the propaganda of the Social Democracy. They are beginning to tire seriously of the drain upon the country's resources because of so great an army, and they are giving up their sons less willingly than heretofore to two years of unproductive labor. But there must needs appear more than one tract similar to Lieut. Bilse's before the truth strikes home.

NEW LIGHT ON THE CONSTITUTION

The Constitution of the United States is no longer regarded in the light of a fetish, by either politicians, statesmen, or students of history. Politicians and statesmen, it is charged, either do not regard it at all, or tell us that it must be "adapted" to changing conditions. Historians, on the other hand, are turning to the Constitution with new interest, though their point of view is widely different from that of the practical statesman. Of mere laudation there has been quite enough, and the modern student approaches the Constitution as a critic, destroying if he must, reconstructing where he can. One lesson is by now fairly well learned: the Constitution is no mere "creation," but is an adaptation of institutions that had long been familiar to its framers. As yet there has been little textual criticism, though there is clearly recognizable a tendency in that direction. For exact and valuable criticism of this sort students are indebted to no one more than to Prof. John Franklin Jameson, whose recent 'Studies in the History of the Federal Convention of 1787' has been reprinted from the report of the Historical Association for 1902. There are eleven studies, covering only seventy-eight pages in all. The first three deal with the letters from members of the Convention; the last three are bibliographical. Studies iv. to viii., inclusive, deal critically with the various "plans" out of which the Constitution was finally fashioned. It is these five studies which give high value to the series; their value, indeed, is out of all proportion to the modest claims made for them by their author, and it may be well to call special attention to them before they are finally interred in that grave of respectable dull things, the Association Reports.

The Virginia plan, presented to the Convention by Gov. Randolph, is taken up first. There remain to us four different texts of this plan. All of them are copies, and none of them, in the opinion of Professor Jameson, reproduces exactly the original. Slight variations would, of course, inevitably appear in copies, which, we may assume, were made rather hastily. But another, more serious source of variation is ordinarily overlooked. The texts which we have were made from copies that members of the Convention made in their own hand for their own use. They were not thinking about keeping their copies intact for future historians, and, consequently, "there would always be much chance that a member, following the progress of debate and conclusion with his paper before him, should interline it with some of the additions or amendments which were successively resolved upon, and that these should creep undistinguished into some fair copy which he might subsequently make" (p. 105). Prof. Jameson is able to show clearly enough, by reference to the Journal of the Commit-

tee of the Whole for June 4 and 5, that some important variations in resolutions six and nine of the Madison text were made in this way, and the original ninth resolution he has been able satisfactorily to reconstruct.

The fifth study is a new and successful attempt to reconstruct the plan presented by Charles Pinckney. The history of the document sent by Pinckney to John Quincy Adams in 1818, and published in the journals in 1819 as the "Pinckney plan," is well known. Its resemblance to the report of the Committee on Detail was so close as, à priori, to raise suspicion. It was almost immediately discredited by competent judges, and since 1840 it has several times been proved to be anything but the original Pinckney plan. Professor Jameson reviews in his clear and telling style the evidence against the authenticity of the document, and then proceeds to reconstruct in outline the plan which Pinckney actually presented. The conclusion is, that Pinckney's plan closely resembled the Virginia plan, though it gave more attention to the executive and judicial departments, and added some new features, like the provision for a council of revision, from the New York Constitution. Confirmatory evidence from three independent sources is presented to bear out these conclusions. First, anything advocated by Pinckney, early in the Convention, against the general opinion may be assumed to be part of his plan. Second, a letter from Read to Dickinson, May 21, describes a plan that can only have been Pinckney's. Third, the 'Observations,' published by Pinckney shortly after adjournment, whether ever actually delivered in the Convention or not (Professor Jameson thinks they were not), cannot differ widely from the plan which he presented. The evidence gathered from these three independent sources makes it quite clear that the plan which Pinckney sent to Adams in 1818 was not the original plan at all.

What, then, was it? Professor Jameson's reply to this question is as discreet as it is suggestive: "It is not possible to say that Pinckney answered Adams's request by setting down and copying the printed report of the Committee on Detail, paraphrasing to a small extent here and there, and interweaving as he went along some of the best remembered features of his own plan. But it is possible to declare that if he had done this the result would have been precisely like that which in fact he sent to Washington" (p. 124). This admirable distinction does not hide the fact that Pinckney, however he may have arrived at his results, was more interested in making it appear that the Committee of Detail got most of its thunder from him than he was in furnishing Adams with an exact copy of his original plan. The supposition that the report of the Committee on Detail was copied from Pinckney's plan, rather than vice versa, is conclusively disproved by Professor Jameson. We cannot go into the question here; those who still doubt (or still believe) are referred to the Studies direct.

When this reconstruction of Pinckney's plan was all but completed, the author came across a manuscript containing a copy of considerable portions of the plan itself. This manuscript was James Wilson's rough draft for the Committee on Detail, in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, published as number viii. of these Studies. That we have here portions of the long-lost Pinckney plan, Professor Jameson has no difficulty in showing; so far as it goes, it confirms in every respect his own previously worked-out conclusions. But it does more than that: it shows that, contrary to the general belief, Pinckney's plan was used by the Committee on Detail, and it is now possible to refer to precise clauses which were incorporated into the report of that committee. The conclusion of Professor Jameson is apt: "As a maker of the Constitution, Charles Pinckney evidently deserves to stand higher than he has stood of late years, and . . . he would have a better chance of doing so if, in his old age, he had not claimed so much."

Studies vi. and vii. deal critically with the New Jersey plan and the outline of Hamilton. Of the former there are four texts, but it is impossible to reconstruct the original with certainty. Professor Jameson has, nevertheless, brought to light two important manuscripts, preserved in the Paterson papers, which are shown to represent preliminary stages in the elaboration of the plan in question. The eight texts of Hamilton's outline are treated in the same careful manner, and, in spite of the fact that Hamilton's own copy has been preserved, there is no sufficient evidence "for declaring with confidence that any one of the variant texts represents exactly the original document which was brought before the Convention."

Certainly Professor Jameson has placed all students of American history under obligations for these excellent studies.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY.

LONDON, January 2, 1904.

It is long since the Royal Academy of Arts has had to face such severe and sustained criticism as during the last year or so. Its schools have been declared inefficient, its summer exhibition a farce, its choice of members an insult to art, its administration of the Chantrey Bequest a swindle. Some concessions, already, the Academy has felt compelled to grant. It has introduced certain innovations into its schools, it has changed the rules in regard to the submission of work both by Academicians and by outsiders for its annual show. But where concession would mean confession of hopeless inability, it has "sat tight," with the perseverance characteristic of its methods. No defence has been offered to the attacks upon the manner in which money, left by Chantrey for the purchase of works of art "of the highest merit," has been squandered on popular "pictures of the year" that happened to be by Academicians or their friends, until the Chantrey collection in the Tate Gallery has become a reproach to every intelligent artist and art-lover. Indeed, to leave no doubt as to their attitude, those Academicians who hold the Trusteeship because of their official rank made, if anything, a feebler selection than usual last spring, when the attack was just beginning in several influential papers; and I do not think that anybody has ever been given such practical proof that art has little to do with the election of Academicians as in the Winter Exhibition for 1904 that has just opened. Let me explain.

This exhibition is supposed to be, and as a rule is, one of Old Masters. But it is now a fairly well-established tradition that, when the occasion presents itself, space should be reserved for the work of Academicians who have died within the past twelvemonth, or, at least, since the organization of the show of the preceding winter. When this led to the exhibition of Millais or Leighton, there seemed some justification for such a reservation. There was a period in Millais's career when he came very near developing into a master in every sense of the word; Leighton, indifferent painter as he might be, or rather was, had large ideas of the dignity of art. His work, as his admirers never ceased to urge, seldom failed in scholarship. It was learned, which is something when beauty is so rare. But take the three men who, owing to the chance of death, this year receive the honor of special representation. They are H. T. Wells, T. Sidney Cooper, J. C. Horsley, whose names, I fancy, are unknown in America, or, for that matter, anywhere outside of Great Britain. Horsley did make quite a reputation for himself, and about ten or fifteen years ago, was very prominently before the British public. But it was not due to his painting, Royal Academician though he was; it was simply because of his energetic protest against the nude in art—a protest that went straight to the heart of the British Mrs. Grundy. I really had forgotten what manner of picture he manufactured until I came into the room where several have been hung. He was a painter of the anecdote, domestic or historic as the case might be—now a little story of "Mary, Queen of Scots, in Captivity," now of "Rent Day at Haddon Hall," or again of "The New Dress"; each and all in appropriate costume. It was not his fault, perhaps; it simply happened that anecdote was what was expected of the painter when he began to work.

Sidney Cooper, no doubt, was known better and more widely. He found his subjects in cattle and sheep, and he became in the end quite a conspicuous personage because of his vigor and industry in a patriarchal old age. In reports of the Academy, the critic loved to write and the public loved to read of the "veteran" Sidney Cooper, the "doyen" of the Academy, and so on. The few pictures included in the present show explain that he must have first made his mark by his patient and painstaking study of the Dutch painters of similar themes, of men like Verboekhoven.

Wells, it seems to me, must have had more in him at the start than either of the other two. I was surprised when I came upon a fairly large "Portrait Group" by him, dated 1861-62. The faces of the four people gathered about the dinner-table, upon which the cloth is still spread, the fruit and glasses not yet removed, have little character, it is true. But some of the detail —the white cloth, the white gown of the one woman, the oranges, the delicate tint of the glasses—is all excellently rendered, while there is something in the conception and arrangement of the whole group that makes me wonder if Wells did not come for a time under the influence of Fantin-Latour and some of the younger men then working in Paris. But if he did, he profited so little

that less than ten years later he was painting a huge portrait of Hatherley, the Lord Chancellor, in his official robes at an official function, that is as dull and wooden and perfunctory as the great British public could desire.

Now the work of these three men being, as it is, completely insignificant, it might be useless to mention it at all were it not for the impossibility of going into the room which it fills without remembering that during the last twelvemonth a painter who was really a master has also died in London, and that for him there is now no space on the Academy walls. That Wells, Cooper, and Horsley were Academicians, while Whistler never received official recognition, demonstrates better than almost anything I could write the absolute failure of the Royal Academy as an institution representing all that is greatest and finest in the art of men working in the country that supports it. It is said that the Academicians did intend to pay Whistler after death the tribute they had denied him during his lifetime. The rumor also is that they were refused in the quarters to which they applied for his work. It is as well. His absence is really his most eloquent justification.

Evidently, Academicians have felt that the three painters for whom they have been obliged to find a place among the masters do not figure altogether to their credit; and so they have given still more special prominence to one of their former presidents, Sir Thomas Lawrence. I am not sure if so many portraits by Lawrence have ever been gathered together before. Certainly, I have never seen so large and representative a collection. But I hardly think that Lawrence gains by this sort of "one-man" show. He was an extremely accomplished painter; of that there can be no question. He was the last of a great school; he inherited a fine tradition, which exercised some restraint upon him even at his worst, though he did a great deal to belittle it before handing it down, in turn, to his successors. He was an excellent draughtsman, if at times he did do extraordinary things in the way of bad drawing; and his technical command was masterly enough to win him the recognition of the French, who, for long, knew no other English painters than Lawrence and Constable. But with the fine tradition there had come also to Lawrence that tendency to the artificial, the affected, which was always characteristic of English portraits from the time Van Dyck was summoned to England to paint them. Van Dyck reduced his method to a formula. Even now, at the Academy, one of his portraits of Henrietta Maria, hanging between a simple Dutch matron by Rembrandt and the "Juan de Pareja" of Velasquez, reminds one how essentially conventional was his way of looking at the people he painted, compared to the fine realism of the Dutch and Spanish masters. Lely and Kneller, with their simpering shepherdesses and posing cavaliers, exaggerated the formula almost to an absurdity. Even Reynolds could not escape, but hovered perilously near the ridiculous when he made his sitters figure in allegories and myths, and gave to his little girls and boys the sweetness that has been such a snare for modern painters far less great than he. And it was this sort of sentiment or sweetness that Lawrence, living in a sentimental age and himself a sentimentalist, carried to excess. When only one of his pictures is seen, his very artificiality, his aggressive affectations, may seem amusing. But when, as now, it is found repeated in portrait after portrait, it becomes cloying and tedious to the last degree.

The test to which he is submitted at the Academy is by no means an unfair one. Many of his most famous and popular pictures are included: the "Miss Farren" that has been so often engraved; groups like "Countess Gower and Child," "Lady Acland and Children," to which the engraver Samuel Cousins gave such wide popularity; the attitudinizing "Master Lambton"; the large portraits of Pius VII. and Cardinal Consalvi, painted for the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor and now lent by the King; and as many more no less well known. In most of these he seems simply possessed by a demon of prettiness; not only in his children, where there might seem more excuse for upturned eyes, sham pathos, self-conscious posing—all the more artificial in the case of a series of the children of the Abercorn family because of their delightfully absurd "sun-ray" frames; but the same sweetness or sentiment runs riot in his women, in his men. His own portrait, though one of the best shown, is full of it; so is the "Benjamin Gott, Esq.," the "Hon. Berkeley Thomas Paget," even the Pope and Cardinal.

Lawrence, again, had a very fine sense neither of color nor of composition. He did not seem able to scrape his palette clean of the hot, sharp red that appears in one picture after another, now in a curtain, now in a chair, now in a bit of drapery, now in a space of sky or glimpse of landscape. Nor could he get the broad simplicity and quiet dignity that Van Dyck, for instance, gave to a background, though the materials are the same. How ugly the lines made by the curtain that opens behind the throne of Pius, and how confused the architecture seen beyond; how the accessories in the portrait of the Cardinal distract from the interest of the figure, already none too interesting in itself! And yet these are two of his most celebrated pictures. What a weakling Pius would seem by the side of Velasquez's Julius; how little Consalvi could hold his own with one of Holbein's simplest ecclesiastics, or of Reynolds's statesmen—for example, the portrait of Charles James Fox as a young man, in the same gallery. Really, the most satisfactory Lawrence is the "Miss Farren." It is curious that here, where there might have been some reason for the theatrical, nothing could be simpler. The tall, graceful woman in white, holding her cloak at the neck with one hand, while the other drops at her side as if from the delicate weight of the large feather fan it clasps, seems about to step across the canvas, and is delightfully placed against a broad, open landscape and wide space of blue sky. There is very subtle, very tender rendering of textures in the white satin of the cloak, the white clinging muslin of the gown, the gray feathers of the fan. The lines are free and flowing, the whole picture full of charm, the exception that will not disappoint those who have hitherto seen it only in the many prints. And yet, I believe it is one of Lawrence's earliest works, done before he had become so distressingly the fashion. Several drawings by him, two or three being notes for the pictures, are also shown. Altogether, there has not been, at all events in recent years, such an excellent opportunity to study the work of one of the few distinguished artists who have succeeded Reynolds as President of the Academy. As if to prevent the public from falling into the error of supposing that all were as distinguished, a number of pictures by Sir Francis Grant are hung with the Lawrences. They would seem more at home in the Summer Exhibition.

The rest of the collection is rather a medley. Apparently Academicians feel it incumbent upon them to provide the Morellian with his opportunity for attributions, and, accordingly, a room is filled, more or less, with early Flemish and Italian masters. There is nothing very notable, though one or two marvellous little studies of detail by Flemings, known and unknown, one or two decorative Madonnas by Florentines, and a beautiful "Young Man with Hand on Skull," attributed to Giorgione, will remain the fine or charming things they are, no matter by what other names they may be labelled before the exhibition closes. There is also a dignified series of Van Dycks, including the stately "Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart." The only Rembrandt and Velasquez are the two I have mentioned. A few Venetians are scattered here and there. Reynolds, Romney, and Raeburn have a place, though not a very prominent one, and there are at least two landscapes that interested me—or perhaps I should say three, and include Hobbema's "On the Road to Scheveningen," that has something of the large impressive composition of the National Gallery picture. Of the other two, one is a "View of Verona," by Canaletto, admirably put together; the Adige, between its white houses, leading up to the Castel San Pietro on its little hill, and, above, the Italian sky, spacious and serene. The other is a rocky, barren Spanish valley, with the Escorial set down in its midst, attributed to Rubens in the catalogue, though immediately afterwards a note explains that Rubens asserted the picture to be by Verhuist. There is certainly little in it to suggest Rubens, and as a landscape it is of no particular importance; but as a topographical record made at an early date in the history of the Escorial, it has its value. Despite the exceptions, the series of Old Masters, as a whole, has often been surpassed in previous years.

The fact is, Academicians have tried to do too much. In addition to the three painters to whom I have referred, they have also undertaken to honor two other of their recent fellow-members, the sculptors Onslow Ford and Harry Bates. Neither is shown to advantage, while both are overshadowed by the large collection of bronzes, chiefly Italian of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, arranged in the same room. These, lent by several collectors, add to the confusion of an exhibition in which unity has been as completely disregarded as on the walls of the summer show.

N. N.

THE CHEVALIER DE LIMOËLAN.

PARIS, December 30, 1903.

M. Lenotre is incessant in his researches in the mysterious domains of the French Revolution. He goes down into the lowest

parts of the crypts of history, shows us many curious characters who either are forgotten or have always escaped notice. The earnestness of his work and its melodramatic character have won him the favor of the public. It is pleasing to leave the great stage of history and to enter the dark *coulisse*. There is also a highly philosophical side in this author's reconstruction of despised or forgotten characters. Lenotre shows us, perhaps unconsciously, the complex character of human nature. The humble heroes, the criminal figures that he depicts, reveal this extraordinary complexity, which probably becomes more apparent in revolutionary times, when life ceases to have a calm and natural flow.

The last character he has drawn out of a deep shadow is a certain Breton gentleman, the Chevalier Limoëlan.

"The chevalier," he says, "was one of those noblemen who, from their twentieth year, thrown into the Breton *chouannerie*, led the adventurous life of partisans, knew sleepless nights, in winter without a roof, proscribed, hunted, outlawed, and who became brigands. He made war against the *Bleus*, attacked the diligences—a sport which was in high favor in the time of the Directory—and conspired, like everybody else."

After the pacification of the Vendée, he affected to admire Bonaparte, the First Consul, and to long for a quiet life. He lived with very pious relations, and became engaged to a young lady of Versailles, whom he intended to marry as soon as his name was erased from the terrible list of the *émigrés*. He wrote to the Minister of Police on the 3d of December, 1800:

"Though I have not been treated in such a way as to enable me to have confidence in the Government, since I have not yet been erased from the list of the proscribed, as was positively promised me, I am not so mad as not to recognize its strength and consequently conspire against it. I assure you, Citizen Minister, that my sole aspiration is for absolute tranquillity, and that I remain in Paris only because I am afraid I should not have peace in Brittany."

Limoëlan had, however, another object: he had come to Paris to make an attempt on the First Consul. The Royalists for a little while had some hope that Bonaparte would become a Monk. They had been obliged to abandon that hope, and had come to look upon him as their most dangerous enemy. The Chevalier found an accomplice in an old companion-in-arms in Brittany, named Saint-Réjant. They had at their service an elderly Chouan, named Carbon, who had been valet to Limoëlan. They thought at first of attacking Bonaparte in the neighborhood of Malmaison, but the Consul was always surrounded by a strong escort. They thought of blowing him up in his carriage in Paris, when he was on the way from the Tuileries to the theatre. Dynamite was not yet invented, and they had recourse to common gunpowder. They filled a cask with it, and placed it on a common cart. On the 22d of December Limoëlan, Carbon, and Saint-Réjant, dressed like common carters, with blue blouses, conducted the heavy cart from the Rue St. Martin to the Rue Neuve-Égalité (Rue d'Aboukir). Carbon there left his companions, and two men, who remain unknown, helped Limoëlan and Saint-Réjant as far as the Place du Carrousel.

The Carrousel was still, at that time, very irregular, and was half covered with houses, which disappeared only during the Second Empire. The First Consul was to go that evening to the Opera, to hear Haydn's oratorio, "Saul"; the performance was to begin at eight. Only Limoëlan and Saint-Réjant remained with the cart; they had two hours to wait. Limoëlan posted himself at the corner of the Carrousel in order to advise his companion of the Consul's arrival. Saint-Réjant, pipe in mouth, charged himself with setting fire at the proper moment to a tinder fuse; which was to burn some seconds before the explosion—long enough to give him time to run and seek shelter in the Rue de Malte.

"The moment approaches," says Lenotre. "Saint-Réjant turns the horse and places him so that the cart shall occupy half the street; he offers twelve sous to a little girl, thirteen or fourteen years old, to hold the horse's head a moment. The child accepts. They have to wait a few minutes more. Eight o'clock strikes; the cavalry escort comes out of the Court of the Tuileries. Saint-Réjant watches for the signal which Limoëlan is to give. . . . But Limoëlan does not move. Already the grenadiers of the Guard approach at a high trot, are lost in the Rue Sainte-Nicaise. Saint-Réjant, surprised, takes the fuse and applies his burning pipe."

What happened after the explosion? None of the witnesses in the trial which followed could exactly tell. The detonation was fearful; all the houses in the neighborhood fell. The carriage of the First Consul was already at a distance; it simply shook with the commotion of the air, as did all the horsemen, who felt themselves lifted from their saddles. The cart, the horse, the little girl had disappeared; the Apollo Café, to which the wounded and the dead were transported, presented a scene of carnage.

For a whole month Fouché's police made vain endeavors to find the instigators and the actors in the plot. Were they Jacobins? Were they Royalists? At last the police found traces of Saint-Réjant. He had been blown by the explosion under a door of the Louvre; he ran, almost unconscious, to the Pont Royal, made a bundle of his blouse, which he threw into the river, and went by a roundabout way to the room which he occupied in the Rue des Prouvaires. He was very ill, and was spitting blood. The next day he took refuge in the Rue d'Aguesseau, in the house of a Citoyenne Jourdan. There he received, by the hands of two nuns, five hundred francs on the part of M. de Limoëlan. Carbon found another refuge in a house where lived a Mlle. de Cicé, an elderly nun who was, so to speak, under the guidance of Father de Clorivière, an uncle of M. de Limoëlan, a Jesuit, whose ambition was, under the Republic, to reconstitute the Society of Jesus, and who remained in Paris during the worst days of the Terror. The house of Mlle. de Cicé was a sort of cloister; the monastic life did not please Carbon; he left the convent on the 18th of January, and was arrested in the evening of that day. A week afterwards, the police found Saint-Réjant, who was wandering without any asylum. The examination of Mlle. de Cicé, and of various women living with her, proved that Limoëlan was the principal instigator of the plot.

"Mlle. de Cicé was heroic. She undoubtedly knew the retreat of the young Chouan; she knew at least where was hidden Father de Clorivière, who was never discovered, and of whom she was the devout and faithful servant. Several louis had been found in her room, wrapped in a paper on which was written, 'Argent de ces Messieurs.' What Messieurs? The Royalists? The conspirators? She would say nothing; she tired the patience, the cleverness, the tenacity of Réal, of Limodin and Desmarets, the able acolytes of Fouché. . . . Fouché was reduced to letting it be known he had agents in all the camps, that he would spare the life of Limoëlan if he consented to see him. Limoëlan sent him an answer, by Bourmont, it is said, that he had no confidence in the minister."

Carbon and Saint-Réjant were condemned to capital punishment on the 1st of April. Meanwhile, Limoëlan was hiding in the abandoned crypt of the Church of Saint-Laurent: he remained there four months, when he succeeded in leaving Paris and regained Brittany. Curiously enough, his crime had transformed him; he had always been pious, he became a mystic. Lenotre will have it that remorse entered his soul at the very moment of the execution of his plot; he never gave the signal which he was to give to his accomplice.

On his arrival in Brittany he learned that his fiancée had made a vow to become a nun if he escaped the scaffold. She had just taken the veil. He booked as a common sailor on a merchant ship, and lived some time in New York under the name of Guitey, painting portraits which probably still exist. In 1806, we find him in Savannah, afterwards in Baltimore, where he entered the seminary of the Sulpicians of Sainte-Marie, to find a retreat. He wrote to his sister, Madame de Chappedelaine: "All my past views seem to be now very petty, and I have never so much regretted the time that I have lost." He added: "I will answer the wishes of my uncle, so often addressed to Heaven. I have been slow to express my gratitude for an almost miraculous preservation. . . . You know what I mean."

His letters were infrequent, and the English cruisers often stopped the ships coming from America. In the United States, people were quite ignorant of his identity and of the part which he had played. At the Seminary in Baltimore he was known under the name of Clorivière. Some people believed that he was a Bourbon prince, miraculously escaped from the prison of Bonaparte. He never spoke about the past, but wore the cross of Saint Louis, which, he said, had been sent to him in 1800 by the brother of Louis XVI. He was ordained a priest on the 1st of August, 1812, and Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore made him curate of Charleston. He was not well received there by the populace, which was imbued with revolutionary ideas. He was looked upon as a Royalist *émigré*, and his situation was so painful that he was tempted to return to France after the Restoration of the Bourbons. He had already taken passage for Havre when a pious person begged him to remain and to assume the direction of the Sisters of the Visitation at Georgetown. He accepted the offer; the Sisters looked upon Father de Clorivière as a saint and a martyr. He never saw France again, and died in October, 1826.

Correspondence.

THE PETRARCH MONUMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Next July, Italy celebrates the 600th anniversary of the birth of Petrarch, and

Arezzo, his native place, will dedicate a monument to him. It has been suggested that there are archæological societies, as well as individuals, in the United States that would be glad to avail themselves of the privilege of contributing something towards this monument to the pioneer of Humanism and of all modern scholarship.

Throughout Europe, contributions are being made, not by philologists only, but by lovers of literature, who honor in Petrarch one of the masters of modern poetry, and, after Dante, the spokesman in verse of modern love. If every living American who has ever written a sonnet will discharge his debt to Petrarch by subscribing to this fund for Petrarch's monument, our American quota will be worthy of America's reputation for generous giving.

Subscriptions may be sent to Prof. Richard Norton, Director of the American School, No. 5 Via Vicenza, Rome, Italy, or to either of the undersigned. In either case they will be acknowledged and forwarded to the committee in charge of the celebration.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER,
8 Berkeley St., Cambridge, Mass.;
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
29 Buckingham St., Cambridge, Mass.

THE KANT CENTENNIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the recent meeting of the American Philosophical Association held at Princeton, the question of a recognition of the hundredth anniversary of the death of the philosopher Kant was referred to the Executive Committee, with power to act. The time has seemed to the Committee too short for any formal recognition of the event by the Association as a body on the day in question, which is, moreover, an inconvenient time for a meeting; but the following memorandum has been approved, and it is desired to give to it the widest possible circulation among those interested. Will you kindly contribute to this by giving it a place in the *Nation*, to the end that the occasion may not pass without some commemoration, in our colleges and universities, of the work of the most epoch-making and influential philosopher of modern times? H. N. GARDINER.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., January 17, 1904.

KANT CENTENARY.

"The members of the American Philosophical Association, by its officers, desire to call the attention of all teachers of philosophy to the fact that next February 12 is the centenary of the death of Immanuel Kant. They respectfully suggest that such memorial notice should be taken of this fact as in each case seems practicable. It is hoped that a more formal celebration of the illustrious services of this great thinker may be arranged for at the next meeting of the Association.

"(Signed) GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD,
"President.
"H. NORMAN GARDINER,
"Secretary."

TITIAN AND THE PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Miss Keyes can prove that Titian possessed a copy of Catullus in which the "Pervigilium Veneris" was included, she will have carried the date of the first publication of that poem back by half a century or more. Until, however, such proof is forthcoming, I think we must adhere to the accepted version, according to which the "Pervigilium" was first published, from the only manuscript then known, by Petrus Pithoeus, in his edition of Petronius, Paris, 1577. Pithoeus had previously sent a copy of the manuscript to Justus Lipsius, and these two eminent scholars agreed in welcoming the discovery as a novelty, and one of the highest interest. It does not, therefore, seem possible that Titian can have had access to a printed copy; or to a manuscript one either, for in this case others must have had access to it also, and so precious a remnant of antiquity would not have been allowed to remain unpublished.

A comparison between the poem and the picture will show the impossibility of there being any direct relation between them, notwithstanding the general resemblance in their spirit justly pointed out by Miss Keyes. The "virgo Delia," whom Venus invites to her festival, is not a nymph, but the Delos-born Diana, as sufficiently evidenced by the appeal to her to refrain from hunting during the period: "Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus." But, although the undraped figure in the picture may possibly be Venus, or Peithoo, no one can believe either figure to represent Diana. There is no resemblance between either and the representations of Diana; nor is there, either in the personages themselves or in the accompanying sculpture, a vestige of the symbolism which in such a case could not have been wanting. It is, moreover, certain that a painter proposing to illustrate the "Pervigilium Veneris" would take care to make his landscape accord with the aspects of spring. The festival celebrated in the poem was held in spring, and the piece is almost as much a hymn of Spring as a hymn of Venus. "Ver novum, ver jam canorum, vere natus orbis est." There is nothing vernal in the picture: the leaves are fully formed, the rose is fully expanded, there is not a spray of blossom to indicate the season when "concordant amores, nubunt alites."

I cannot bring myself to leave the subject without citing the felicitous translation of the refrain of the "Pervigilium," "Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet," in the 'Angel in the House' of the late Coventry Patmore:

"Let those love now who never loved,
Let those who have loved love again."

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,
R. GARNETT.

HAMPSTEAD, ENGLAND, December 30, 1903.

[With this we will take leave of a theme as complex as it is interesting.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, announces "a series of annotated reprints of some of the best and rarest contemporary volumes of travel, descriptive of the aborigines and social and economic conditions in the Middle and Far West, during the period of early American settlement," under the general title of "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846." They will be edited, annotated, and analytically indexed as a whole by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Facsimiles of the original title-pages, maps, portraits, views, etc., will be further valuable features of this large enterprise. There will be 750 complete sets, with a separate sale of certain single volumes. The issue will begin in February, and will be at the rate of one volume a month—the thirty-first volume being the index.

Spring announcements by McClure, Phillips & Co. are 'Religions of Authority,' by Auguste Sabatier, translated by Louise Seymour Houghton; 'Human Work,' by Charlotte Perkins Gilman; 'The Shame of the Cities,' by Lincoln Steffens; 'Trusts of To-day,' by Gilbert Holland Montague; 'Making a Home,' by E. P. Powell; 'Russian Literature,' by Prince Kropotkin; 'William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival,' by Horatio Sheafe Krans, and 'Charles Dudley Warner,' by Mrs. James T. Fields.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. promise a new translation of Tolstoy's 'Sevastopol,' by Aylmer Maude, and 'Russia before the Bar of the American People,' edited by Isidore Singer.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in preparation 'Teutonic Legends in the Nibelungen Lied,' by Prof. Wesley C. Sawyer of the University of the Pacific, and 'Forward,' a book of travel by Miss Boegli, a Swiss globe-trotter.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, will publish immediately, under the direction of Ralph Fletcher Seymour, 'The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise,' in a limited rubricated edition with double page-borders and large initials.

In time of publication almost a campaign "Life" will be Jacob A. Riis's 'Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen,' to appear in the spring with the Outlook Company's imprint.

The Clarendon Press will issue immediately the Mimes of Herodas, with introduction, critical notes, commentary and collotype illustrations.

Dr. Höltsch, editor of the *Deutsche Monatsschrift*, has just completed and will publish in the near future an extensive work on the United States, with special reference to our political and economic development. As this is the first German work to consider systematically the activity of President Roosevelt, the author has arranged to transmit one of the first copies of the book to the President, through the German Ambassador in Washington, Count Speck von Sternberg.

The 'Letters and Memories' of Charles Kingsley, edited by his wife, in two volumes, are now added to the Library Edition of this author's novels and poems. The construction of this work cannot receive high praise, and it was all the more incumbent on the publishers (New York: J. F. Taylor & Co) to supply an index, though it would make more obvious, of course, the defects in the chronicle. There are portraits of Kingsley and his wife.

The Dent-Lippincott Temple Bible proceeds with 'Tobit and the Babylonian Apocryphal Writings,' edited by Professor Sayce, and 'Wisdom and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings,' edited by W. A. Stevenson. These dainty volumes have for ornament two frontispieces after Botticelli's "Tobit" and "Judith."

Three papers from the *Atlantic* and an

expanded address before the Harvard Memorial Society are brought together by Mr. William Garrott Brown in a volume entitled 'The Foe of Compromise and Other Essays' (Macmillan). The title essay bears rereading, and its trenchant analysis of political motive ought to prove helpful to the remnant who can still hear the voice of conscience despite the call of party. The "Defence of American Parties" is somewhat labored, and does little more than glide pleasantly over the surface of our political history, but it will carry an interest for those who like to have long periods or extended movements summed up for them in broad generalizations. The essay entitled "The Task of the American Historian," on the other hand, is a well-phrased plea for historical writing that shall be at once clear, simple, natural, honest, and interesting—a kind of writing of which the works of Parkman and Fiske are thus far the best examples. We could wish that Mr. Brown's style were not so unceasingly brilliant, and that the reader might occasionally be given a chance to take breath; but the book before us, like the same author's 'Lower South in American History,' must be given a prominent place in the field of recent American essay writing.

The Historical Manuscripts Commission of the American Historical Association has issued a selection of letters taken from the Salmon P. Chase papers, recently acquired by the Library of Congress. The two most notable features are the letters written to Chase from New Orleans in 1862-65 by George S. Denison, and the extracts from Chase's own Diary while in Lincoln's Cabinet. Denison was a New Englander who served as the agent of the Treasury in New Orleans during the occupation of the city by Gen. Butler. His duties led him to guard the port against illegal trade, and in the performance of them he found that Butler was himself involved in such ventures, permitting his brother to speculate successfully under cover of passes and permits. On this point the letters leave no room for doubt, and yet Denison admired the great energy and capacity for work that Butler showed, and regretted his removal, to give place to a more honest but less efficient executive. This very notable series of letters indicates the growth of Chase's political ambitions, to further which Denison lent himself. The same development, or rather deterioration, is shown in the general correspondence and the Diary. It is difficult to believe that the younger man, full of the contest for freedom and eager to bear his share of the needed sacrifices, is the writer of the sharp criticisms of his chief to be found in the Diary, and the schemer for his own advancement in so critical a period of the nation's history. The index is very inadequate, and a chronological arrangement of the material would have been an improvement.

'The Ship of State by those at the Helm' (Boston: Ginn & Co.) is one of the *Youth's Companion* series. It includes articles on the Presidency, by Theodore Roosevelt (written before he became President), the Life of a Senator, by H. C. Lodge, the Supreme Court, by Justice Brewer, and Good Manners and Diplomacy, by William R. Day. Adults will not find them very interesting, but they are intended for the young, for whom they afford an elementary account of the working of our institutions. The essays are, of course, rather optimistic in tone than the reverse. Mr. Lodge thinks that "the average of character and ability" in both Houses of Congress is "higher to-day then ever," and "has risen instead of declining during the hundred years of our history"; Mr. Day declares that it is "universally conceded" that our Consular Reports are "among the best, if not the best, anywhere published." Such value as the handbook has, lies in the details given of the actual operations of government.

F. Stroud's 'Judicial Dictionary,' of which a second edition has appeared in three volumes (Boston Book Co.), differs from ordinary law dictionaries in dealing with words and phrases as judicially interpreted. It also now gives statutory definitions. It seems to be intended to cover the same ground as "Words and Phrases" in one of our digests—there has always been such a title, if we remember right, in Abbott's New York Digest—but the volume is probably the only publication of the kind designed for the British Empire. That such a book is useful is a matter of course. There is an enormous amount of learning collected in these three volumes, relating to matters of everyday occurrence, which yet, except through some such compilation, is almost impossible to find. The commonest words and phrases have received in legal use interpretations which make resort to ordinary dictionaries, and often even law dictionaries, futile. Burglary, for instance, must be committed by night; but what is night? If there be *crepusculum* enough to discern a man's face withal, is there no burglary? We all think that we know what Damage means. But if the reader will turn to this title, he will find a great body of learning as to whether it includes damage to person or only to property. The titles are of unequal value, some of them going too much beyond the business of definition; but this is a defect very difficult to avoid.

Under the title 'Recent Literature on Interest' (Macmillan Co.) Profs. W. A. Scott and Siegmund Feilbogen present a translation of Böhm-Bawerk's latest criticism of the critics of his theory. The preface, by Professor Scott, gives a summary of the chief additions contained in the second edition of the 'Geschichte und Kritik der Capitalzins-Theorien,' the translation itself being of the appendix to that work. The state of the controversy about this most abstruse subject is very well set forth, both by the author and by the translator; but the number of misconceptions and misunderstandings still to be corrected is so large as to make the prospect of agreement seem remote.

One of the arguments of our protectionists used to be that the imposition of tariffs caused the production of valuable statistics; and the English publishers must certainly be grateful to Mr. Chamberlain for the stimulus given to their trade by his proposals. Among the publications thus called forth we may mention 'Elements of the Fiscal Problem,' by L. G. Chiozza Money (London: P. S. King & Son), and 'Free Trade, Protection, Dumping, Bounties, and Preferential Tariffs,' by Henry A. Agacy (Longmans, Green & Co.), both well-reasoned and earnest treatises, showing how deeply Englishmen are moved in this matter. The battle over free trade will be fought hard by both sides. A volume of lectures edited by Prof. W. J. Ashley, entitled 'British Industries' (Longmans), contains ammunition that will be used in the conflict, although the lectures were given before the present issue was fairly raised.

Prof. J. Shield Nicholson has prepared for the use of students a manual entitled 'Elements of Political Economy' (Macmillan), which is not to be regarded as merely an abstract of his larger work, although based upon it. Considering the severe condensation necessary, which precludes almost all concrete statement, the result must be pronounced successful. The treatment is simple, the style easy; and, as controversy is practically ignored, the book is readable. But where generalities only are dealt with, it is impossible to be accurate. Many nebulous propositions must serve as scientific principles, and a teacher who would use this as a text-book must know his subject. Thus, we read that "the essence of socialism is, positively, to promote the good of the whole society; and, negatively, to destroy the present system (individualism), which generates or permits the injurious privileges of classes and individuals." Such definitions can but confuse the student.

The sixth volume of the Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society, edited by its Secretary, Frank H. Severance, is a prosperous volume of nearly 700 pages, with portrait and other illustrations. There are six historical papers by Henry R. Howland; twelve narratives of early mission work on the Niagara frontier and Buffalo Creek; and a life of Horatio Jones, one of the partipants, as interpreter, in the Buffalo Creek talk with the Indians in 1793, whose portrait is reasonably identified in the curious drawing facing page 497. In this group the portrait of Timothy Pickering is excellent. There is still much matter of interest which we cannot specify.

The *Yale Alumni Weekly* for January 6 contains an interesting summary of Mr. Charles Goodyear's address at the Yale School of Fine Arts on December 1, on "The Asymmetry of French Cathedrals," which breaks fresh ground in the extension of his remarkable observations on horizontal and vertical curves and aberrations from the plumb-line in buildings of all ages from the Egyptian downwards, with unbroken continuity. As usual, Mr. Goodyear illustrated his discoveries with convincing photographic views, some of which are shown in the above journal.

The development of the arid West under the new reclamation law is the subject of a striking article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January by Mr. F. H. Newell, the engineer in charge of the service. The object of the law is "primarily to put the public domain into the hands of small landowners"; and although the area which can be irrigated is relatively small, yet if two or three per cent. of our arid lands are ultimately reclaimed and put under cultivation, it will mean a population in the western half of the United States almost as great as that in the eastern half. The money value of the works, which are being prosecuted by a corps of about 300 engineers, can be estimated from the statement that, "if I am correctly informed, the proceeds from the small irrigated area in Colorado are already greater than from the mines." One of the largest projects is the construction of a dam on Salt River,

Arizona, which will be "one of the greatest in the world, being 230 feet from foundation to top." On the land along the river "there are sometimes as many as seven crops a year raised." The article is accompanied by maps and illustrations. Dr. John W. Foster tells the story of the Alaska Boundary Tribunal, and there is a summary, with some remarkable photographs, of Mr. W. A. Bentley's "Studies among the Snow Crystals.

In polyglot Austria, universities along strictly national or linguistic lines are becoming the order of the day. In Prague the German and the Bohemian have existed side by side for two decades, the attendance at the former being now 1,259, and at the latter 3,200. The agitation of the Italian students in Tyrol in recent months sought to compel the Government to establish a second Italian university in Innsbruck. Now the Slavs of Monarchy have inaugurated a similar propaganda, and demand a second Czech foundation at Brünn or Olmütz. This project is strongly opposed by the Germans, who, however, would not object to the establishment of another Czech university in such a predominantly Czech district as that of Kremsier, but with the proviso that a second German school of the same grade be located in a German city. Dr. Oberleithner, the leader of the Germans in the Moravian Parliament, declares that the solution of the Magyar university problem must be, "A German institution in Brünn; a Czech institution in Kremsier."

The educational world of Germany is now being treated to a remarkable professional controversy, the participants being members of the philosophical faculty of the Catholic faculty of Münster. Prof. Erich Adickes recently published a book entitled 'Vier Schriften des Herrn Professor Kappes, auf ihre Herkunft untersucht,' in which he furnished ocular demonstration by parallel columns that four of his colleague Kappes's works on logic and philosophy are almost throughout taken word for word from the works of other German savants. It is a case of plagiarism on a grand scale. A reply from the accused is not expected, but the Government will be compelled to do something in the matter.

The French text-book of general history by A. Hervé (Paris: Bibliothèque d'Éducation, Rue de Cluny), lately mentioned in these columns for its aggressive anti-militarist spirit, is arousing intense hostility in certain quarters. The committee of inspectors of primary schools in the Department of the Seine has just refused to put it on the lists of the public schools of Paris. A Deputy from Doubs asked leave to interpellate the Minister of Public Instruction because it is being used in some of the public schools in his department.

A new scientific journal, entitled *Physicochemische Rundschau*, has been launched in Berlin with the new year. Its chief purpose is to furnish a complete international survey of what is being done in physical chemistry and kindred branches. It will be edited by Dr. Rudolphi of Darmstadt. It will not publish special research articles, but will report progress in the department everywhere. The reports will be in the German, English, and French languages.

Two new journals in the department of physiology are also making their début. One of them is the *Archivio di Fisiologia*, edited by Prof. Giulio Fano, director of the physiological laboratory in Florence. It will publish articles in Italian, German, French, and English, and will be a semi-monthly. The other new venture is the quarterly *Journal of Physiology*, to be issued by the University Press of Cambridge, with Prof. James Ward and W. H. R. Rivere as editors.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women offers a graduate fellowship of $500 for the year 1904-5. This Baltimore fellowship is available for work at either an American or a European university. In its award, preference will be given to applicants from Maryland and the South. Applications should reach the committee on award by March 20. Applicants may obtain blank forms for application from the President of the Association, Miss McLane, No. 1101 North Charles Street, or from any member of the following committee on award: Dr. Mary Sherwood, the Arundel; Miss Edith Hamilton, Bryn Mawr School; Miss Julia R. Rogers, No. 821 North Charles Street; Dr. Lilian Welsh, the Woman's College, Baltimore, and Miss S. R. Carter, St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md.

—Dr. Murray's New Year gift is the conclusion of the letter O in the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde), or in other words the first half of volume vii. It ranges from Outjet to Ozyat, and is much occupied with out- and over- compounds. *Out of* is treated, in more than a page, as a separate vocable, analogous to *into*. What will be to Americans the most surprising historical revelation of this section—and must it not also be to most Englishmen?—is the account, under Outlawry, of the extraordinary parliamentary survival known as the Bill "for the more effectual preventing Clandestine Outlawries in personal actions," regularly introduced since 1743 at the beginning of each session before the reading of the King's speech, in token of Parliament's right to assemble on its own account and fix its own order of business. Under Outparter, it is shown that this word was admitted to dictionaries by reason of a misprint for Outputter; and this lexicographical lapse is humorously demonstrated by quotations. The useful term Output, derived from mining and manufacturing industries, did not find its way into general dictionaries till after 1880. Outland is now only a poetic archaism, but may have a better fate before it in view of what has overtaken Outlander, thanks to the Boers. While Johnson recorded Outstand, "to stand out distinctly or prominently," in 1755, the first quotation for the corresponding participial Outstanding is not till 1830 (Herschel). George Washington furnishes the earliest example of Outpost. Outside of, for except, is an Americanism.

—So is Emerson's Oversoul, but it has been caught up abroad; and so, by a curious natural selection, are Overalls (but Dr. Murray is misled by Bancroft into making mere trousers of it; it is all but what would be called nowadays a "union garment," lacking the sleeves, and fifty years ago was worn by boys at play to protect their jackets as well as their trousers), Overcoat (dating here from 1848, when "surtout" was often used), Overshoe (1851), Overskirt (1883), and Overwear (1890), A picturesque South African adjective is Overberg, 'ultramontane.' Over, itself a comparative of the element contained in *ab-ove*, has been compared (overer, overest, as in German *oberer, oberst*, and overmore, overmost). Purists who avoid "*over* one's signature" may notice that it is recorded here without comment, the first date being 1857 (in *Notes and Queries*). The verb Own, which apparently went out of use before 1300, was revived by Owner (from 1340); it was itself a derivative from the adjective Own, originally a past participle of Owe. Dr. Murray interestingly shows how Owe, from meaning "to have," came to mean "to be in debt." For the use of Owing, in phrases like "not one penny owing them," we find no corresponding sense in the verb.

—Making laudable use of a unique possession, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton has edited a little volume of selections from Thomas Gray's notes on Linnæus's 'Systema Naturæ' edition of 1758 (the tenth), with facsimiles of some of his drawings ('The Poet Gray as a Naturalist.' Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed). The droning beetle, the moping owl, twittering swallow, and chanticleer of the opening stanzas of the 'Elegy,' the favorite cat drowned in a tub of goldfish, suggest the observer of animated nature; but annotations and interleavings of the 'Systema,' which descended to Mr. Norton through Ruskin, first reveal the poet's absorption in this pursuit from the time when, past middle life, the Muse began to forsake him. "Some of the notes are in English, but most of them are in Latin, with numerous citations in French or Italian." They are briefest for the botany, but in this study, too, Gray was at home. There are numerous drawings of the heads of birds, of mollusks and testacea, many more of insects; all, as here reproduced, showing a strong sense of line. Mr. Norton's judicious selections embrace Gray's list of all the birds found in Great Britain, interesting to compare with Bewick's (1821). Thus, Gray's *Falcones* number thirteen to Bewick's twenty, with but nine forms in common. Two of Gray's four owls (or possibly three, as the White Owl and Screech Owl are identical in Bewick) are found among the five of the 'British Birds.' Another list is the names of birds found in Scotland. A third is the terminology for the description of insects, concerning whose orders and genera Mr. Norton reprints Gray's hexameters. The concluding extract relates to *Patella pellucida*, and ends with a question, to be made still more knotty by the 'Origin of Species,' "An varietas?" The thin volume has been beautifully printed by Mr. Updike at the Merrymount Press, and the impression of the facsimiles on the laid paper of the text is a triumph of special treatment. The effect is of parchment.

—With the seventh volume, the 'Writings of James Monroe' (Putnams) come to an end. The last years of his Presidency, to which he contributed so little strength, and a retirement embittered by pressing money needs, call for a sympathy which could not be granted in the years of his active partisanship. He did not grow in mental stature, and he never occupied the place of a "seer," consulted by political leaders. He had enjoyed the highest honor the people could confer, and he exercised

the ordinary duties of his office with indifference to the struggle for succession that took place in his Cabinet. To that extent he was dignified, although he never seems to have filled the requirements of the Presidency, and leaves the impression of timidity, often descending to meannesses that are unexpectedly petty. He did not cease from nursing his dislikes and grievances, and he spent his retirement in restating his diplomatic defeats, in explaining his conduct towards Jackson, and in preparing an autobiography, which has never been published. The small number of his letters published in this volume, which covers the last ten years of his life, is full testimony to the little estimation in which he was held in national politics. The advent of the younger Adams, with a policy of national administration that was aggressive, and in many particulars opposed to that of Monroe, left the ex-President stranded on the shoals of his own mediocrity. The growth of faction gave him no place in the councils of any party.

—Monroe never seems entirely to have grasped the meaning of American democracy, though he won all his honors from the Jeffersonian following. He never appreciated his own marked defects, which made his attempts to shine in diplomacy, in military service, and in politics, approach dangerously near to complete failure. He could not judge men or events, and his strong prejudices and short-sightedness interfered with his development. To be always on the defensive is not a happy attitude for one who aspires to lead, and Monroe was more ready to explain his past conduct than to take up the problems that faced him. He had a certain amount of plodding industry, serviceable in such a body as the Continental Congress, or in a governor's chair, which was used as a step to higher office. Yet even this quality proved obstructive to a wider view when the higher office was attained. He lost himself in detail, forgot the main lines of action, and, even when his own interests were most concerned, became wearisome by repetition of unimportant matter. His unconscious vanity was one cause of this, but it is unusual to find so much self-confidence associated with extreme sensitiveness to criticism. The series of volumes of his writings give a full and not lovable picture of the man; and even his bitter and narrow judgments of men who crossed his ambitions should not blind us to a certain yielding quality that caused him to be influenced by a will stronger than his own—by such men as Jefferson and Adams. The editor and publishers are to be congratulated upon the series.

—Under the title 'Un Philanthrope d'autrefois' (Paris: Plon) M. Ferdinand-Dreyfus describes the good deeds of La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, a duke who was also a philosopher, a man of action, and a true friend of the race. The date of his birth (1747) recalls the fact that our own age has no monopoly of humanitarian sentiment, and that the eighteenth century was something more than a time of prose, cynicism, and loose living. Liancourt, coming shortly after Howard, was animated by an equal sympathy for the hardships of the common lot. We use an English analogy, because his benevolence did not exhaust itself in a flood of words, as so frequently happened among the disciples of Rousseau. The stanzas of the "Needy Knife-grinder" apply to a kind of claptrap which was talked on both sides of the Channel, but which flourished chiefly in France. The disposition of Liancourt, however, was wholly averse to flowers of language and acts of spectacular generosity. "Not what we give, but what we share" might have been his motto, for he threw his soul into all the various enterprises to which his name was attached. In many ways his career is more interesting than that of the typical philanthropist. The latter leads a life which as a rule is unmarked by picturesque or extraordinary events, but Liancourt was driven from France, lost his property, and endured the regrets of exile. He is not to be confounded with the *émigrés* of Coblenz. The fact that he sought refuge in England and then in the United States is a sufficient proof of his liberalism. He did not suffer the Revolution to drive him from France until a warrant for his arrest had been issued in the summer of 1792. He was no follower of the Comte d'Artois, but a liberal patriot who endured a great deal of obloquy from both parties, and could vindicate the purity of his motives only by the unvarying uprightness of his conduct. His personal disinterestedness is illustrated by his refusal to accept the fortune of Mrs. Dave. This lady met him at Bury Saint-Edmunds, where by the friendship of Arthur Young he had been led to settle for a time. Being without direct descendants, she left him considerable property, but, like Spinoza under similar circumstances, he returned it to the heirs. His political disinterestedness is illustrated by his opposition during the closing years of his life to the policy of Charles X. Liancourt was among the first to profit by the amnesties of the Consulate, and his great activity as a philanthropist dates from the period of his return to France. The catalogue of his achievements is a long one, and will be found in most dictionaries of biography. M. Ferdinand-Dreyfus deepens the impression of his goodness by adding many fresh details. Liancourt's zeal on behalf of vaccination, agriculture, good roads, good schools, savings banks, prison reform, Christian morality, and the assistance of the poor gave him a unique place in French society during the Empire and under the Restoration. The present biography, though somewhat heavy in style (according to French standards) is not unworthy of its noble subject.

—One of the most interesting scientific enterprises undertaken of late is that which culminates in the serial publication "Natur und Staat: Beiträge zur naturwissenschaftlichen Gesellschaftslehre" (Jena: Gustav Fischer). On the first of January, 1900, an announcement of a prize contest was published under the famous names of Professors Häckel, Conrad, and Fraas; a sum of 30,000 marks was to be set aside, to be divided among the best essayists on the following theme: "Was lernen wir aus den Prinzipien der Descendenz-theorie in Beziehung auf die innerpolitische Entwickelung und Gesetzgebung der Staaten?" Following this announcement came a series of suggestions as to the general field which it was proposed to have investigated. A trio of judges was named, consisting of Profs. Conrad, Schäfer, and Ziegler, upon whose findings the signatory professors were to pass in awarding the prizes. Manuscripts were due December 1, 1902. In March, 1903, the results were made known. It appears that the competitors for the prizes numbered sixty (of whom two were Americans), and that many noteworthy theses were submitted. The prize essays, together with others of distinctive merit, are now being published under the collective title given above. According to Professor Ziegler's introduction to the series, the projectors of the enterprise were well pleased with the results attained. Some of the essays were faulty, to be sure, or insignificant, or self-excluded by non-adherence to the published conditions; but what pleased the judges most was the variety of conceptions elicited by an appeal which seemed to touch men of all professions. One of the prize-winners, for example, is a director of an agricultural school, another a surgeon, a third a dramatist, and so on. This is what was desired. Professor Ziegler remarks that the theme is so wide-reaching and so intimately related to various fields of science that anything like a complete treatment is clearly out of the power of a single mind. Of peculiar significance, under these circumstances, was the substantial agreement of a strong majority upon certain fundamental phases of the subject. Again, the contest seemed to appeal, in large part, to older men who had long pondered the subject, and were thus led to reduce their scattered observations to order. Hence the prizes and the publication "in our day of agitators and chatterers once again broke the silence of the quiet thinker." The essays were, before they closed, to try "to throw light upon the tendencies of political movements in Germany." Supposably this was to be a practical application of principles which had been evolved in the preceding treatment; but it was, apparently, the least satisfactory part of the total product. Several authors felt an irrelevance, and made no attempt to connect their political remarks with the body of their work; others spun a Dædalian thread of connection. The work is to be printed in ten volumes, and is to be completed by next autumn. The last volume is to contain an index for the whole series.

LONG'S AMERICAN NAVY.

The New American Navy. By John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, 1897-1902. The Outlook Company. 1903.

The publication of an account of the Navy by a recent Secretary would, under any circumstances, be a notable event in literature, and Mr. Long's 'New American Navy' will profit by this very unusual relation between subject and author, as well as by the widespread interest which that service, its personnel, and recent achievements have aroused throughout the land. That his undertaking was conceived without apparent misgiving augurs a trustful nature. Nevertheless, this work must compel thoughtful persons to speculate upon the purpose and motives of a writer who occupied, at closely succeeding periods, the apparently irreconcilable positions of prominent officer of the International Peace Society and Secretary of the Navy during the war with Spain. In this case the writer and book seem inseparable. Anti-Imperialists,

knowing that he was President McKinley's trusted counsellor, still hold Mr. Long largely responsible for our failure to adjust Cuba's grievances with Spain in an amicable manner and for the wretched Philippine imbroglio, the embers of which our much-discussed medical general is at this moment so vigorously fanning into blaze, and they allege that, had Mr. Long but spoken the right word in season, war would have been averted and the world spared much unnecessary misery.

It is difficult for laymen to understand the peculiar disadvantages under which Mr. Long has labored. Of what the official records contain, no one, of course, can speak with greater authority than a Secretary of the Navy, for all the files of the Department are open to him, and he has only to choose what he shall omit; but as to the public opinion of the service, its aspirations, its grievances, its real *esprit*, he is as ignorant as if he lived in another planet, for he is surrounded by men of his own selection, who are too prudent to utter unwelcome truths. Whatever Mr. Long states as a fact may, therefore, be accepted with little reserve; but when he endeavors to voice the sentiment of the navy as a whole, he is quite as apt to be wrong as right. Nevertheless, Mr. Long has produced a most readable work, written in pleasing, simple, and popular style, which offers an agreeable view of the navy as seen through his own spectacles. It is marked by much generosity of tone towards his predecessors in office, somewhat tempered in the case of Mr. Whitney, the ablest secretary the navy has ever had. As a record of events, it possesses undoubted value, while the connecting thread of comment is generally kind, if not always trustworthy. The tone, which is familiar and chatty, takes the book out of the category of serious histories, and places it rather among the recollections and memoirs.

It is possible to supplement Mr. Long's first chapter by a bit of hitherto unwritten history. In the spring or early summer of 1881, when the navy was at its lowest ebb, Secretary Hunt, having invited Capt. Bancroft Gherardi, U. S. N., to accompany him on a trip up the Hudson River, seized upon the opportunity to unbosom himself to an old acquaintance and fellow-Louisianian on the condition of the service and the humiliation and embarrassment of his own position. "Things are in a horrible state," he said in substance; "the ships are falling to pieces with no prospect of new ones to replace them, while I am ignorant and powerless, although ready to act to the extent of my ability. Tell me, frankly, captain, what would you do in my place?" And the captain modestly replied: "I am not wise enough to tell you what to do, but if I were you I should form a board of our brightest and most thoughtful officers and direct them to consider and report upon our naval wants and to advise me as to the course I should pursue. If you employ the best brains in the navy on this task, you cannot go far astray." This suggestion brought about the first advisory board, with its train of far-reaching consequences. It may, indeed, be said that the late and lamented Rear-Admiral Gherardi planted the seed from which has sprung the mighty tree of the navy of to-day.

The first two chapters, on "The Birth" and "The Building" of the new navy, and the fifth, "Preparing for the War with Spain," chiefly historical in character, contain little which is not accessible elsewhere, except that personal note which makes their reading like listening to a good story-teller who knows his subject and is proud of his share in the occurrences he narrates. It is in his chapters on Organization and Administration that Mr. Long speaks with authority, for these subjects engaged his daily attention. His conclusion, as to the corps of professors of mathematics, that "Congress should provide that no further appointments be made to this corps, as all its work can be procured from civil life, and the anomaly of a pension or retirement for non-military service should be done away with," is no less sound than his pertinent suggestion that it is difficult to see why naval constructors and civil engineers should have military rank or designation. Some day everybody will laugh, as many do now, at the idea of uniformed and titled corps of naval officers who never go to sea, and of admirals who have not tasted salt water. The genesis of the Personnel Law, so called, which amalgamated the line and engineers, is well told. The law itself must shortly be supplemented by another, for while it has done much good it has left untouched weighty problems which, until solved, are bound to shake the navy from truck to keelson.

In a general way, Mr. Long has steered his literary craft with considerable skill, and if he has done more than justice to his non-combatant colleagues in the Navy Department, the error may be attributed to the heart rather than to the head. He thinks that their efforts and value are not sufficiently known to the world at large, and he performs a self-imposed duty in attempting to dispel so widespread an ignorance. Alas! his endeavors are futile; Capt. Clark of the *Oregon* will always be remembered by his countrymen, while Secretary Long and his bureau chiefs will speedily be forgotten. It may not be right, but so it has been and so it will continue to be, until human nature itself changes. The men who remained behind had "soft billets," comfortable duty, power, and, in certain instances, increased pay; while those who went to the front got hard work, a chance to be killed, and, broadly speaking, neither promotion nor thanks. It is not a light matter to adjust the grievances of men.

Mr. Long's course when Congress was clamoring for the erection of a Government armor plant is beyond praise: "It seemed to me unwise for the United States to embark in an industry which was properly the field of individual operation; and, furthermore, the cost of the material turned out under Government conditions was certain to be higher than that turned out by private manufacturers." He fought for time, and was rewarded by having the whole vexed question of the supply of armor for our naval vessels placed unreservedly in his hands. Few persons who know the conditions will agree with him in believing that the Bureaus of Construction and Repair, of Steam Engineering and of Equipment, in the Navy Department should be amalgamated; many will wonder why, thinking so, he did not effect this consolidation while he had the power; more again will inquire why, familiar as he should be with the real trouble of the navy—excessive, preposterous, emasculating centralization and incredible red tape—he neither acted while he could nor refers to it now that the reins have slipped from his hands.

Mr. Long's account of the negotiations preliminary to hostilities is an *ex-parte* defence of Mr. McKinley's nerveless policy at a critical moment in our country's affairs. Spain's proposition to leave the causes of the *Maine's* explosion to an international tribunal is airily dismissed by Mr. Long, in apparent contempt of our loss of prestige through unwillingness to bring our case to trial before the world. The general story of the naval campaign of 1898 follows conventional lines, with here and there a glimpse into the President's council chamber, or a discreet lifting of the veil which still screens Departmental motives. The public will turn instinctively to this book for the reason of Mr. Long's policy on certain points, and for the answers to the many questions which these points provoke. For example, was no one of the sixteen admirals and commodores senior to Captain Sampson available and competent to take the North Atlantic Fleet when Rear-Admiral Sicard fell ill? Why were such men as Rear-Admiral Bunce, who, prior to Sicard, had licked that fleet into splendid shape for Sampson's using, and Commodore Howell, who had been considered in 1897 at the same time with Dewey in connection with the Asiatic Fleet and had been given by Mr. Long the European Squadron because it "was a choice flag command of the navy, and included Spanish waters," and Commodore Watson, Farragut's brave and faithful flag lieutenant during the Civil War, overslaughed and the two latter made to serve under their juniors? Did the result justify the selection? Did the campaign bristle with difficulties which no one of these approved and typical officers could have overcome? Would any of them have committed a greater tactical error than that of bombarding San Juan, P. R.—a repulse, magnified by the Spaniards into a tremendous defeat? Or would worse luck have attended him than befell Sampson, who had as his immediate second in command an officer whom he did not trust, and whom, as a senior in actual rank, he naturally felt great hesitation in properly disciplining; in having foolish assistants to write bombastic dispatches announcing a great victory in terms which disgusted and (unintentionally) deceived the American people, and made Sampson falsely appear, when the truth became known, as covetously snatching the laurels from another's brow; in being embroiled *malgré lui* in a bitter controversy leading to nothing but vexation of spirit and a loss of that advancement which he had so ably won? Says Mr. Long: "For his selection the Department is alone responsible." It was indeed a tribute to Sampson's preëminent standing among his brother officers, but it brought him little save trials and tribulations. Mr. Long would have been kinder to him, personally, had he left him in command of the *Iowa*.

Nothing could be stronger in language or sounder in principle than Mr. Long's exposition of war on Spain by blockade of Cuba. In this connection it is pertinent to ask why the blockade was not originally extended to Sagua la Grande, through which seaport and its railway connections Havana enjoyed uninterrupted communication with the outside world until July 9? In refusing

permission to assault Havana, Mr. Long showed himself wiser than Admiral Sampson and his professional advisers. Without the army to hold the place, to bombard would have been folly itself. A general prohibition against similar useless demonstrations would have spared us, subsequently, the San Juan affair. This appears to have been an instance in which a happy issue attended the Department's determination to control the course of the campaign. The indisputable evidences of this control abound throughout Mr. Long's narrative, and they make a fearsome showing of what we may expect in our next war. The War Board in Washington was useful so long as it kept the Commander-in-chief supplied with information and held up his hands. Whenever the Board and the Secretary dispatched vessels or directed scouts without Sampson's knowledge, or imposed certain movements on him, or advised his sinking a vessel in the mouth of the harbor at Santiago, etc., they hurt rather than helped the public cause. Wars cannot be conducted from a cabinet; yet this is what was attempted by Mr. Long, for no other interpretation can be placed upon such expressions as "Before leaving St. Nicholas Channel to obtain permission to go to Santiago," Sampson did thus and so.

The *Merrimac* episode was a mistake in plan and a blunder in execution. It was a cruel and unjustifiable exercise of power on Sampson's part to take a good sailor out of the command of that vessel, and an inexcusable error to confide so delicate an enterprise as her sinking to untrained and incompetent hands. A sailor might have had his ship destroyed outside the appointed line, but he would never have overshot that line by half a mile, as Hobson did. But Hobson's bungling in no wise dulls the brilliancy of his splendid heroism; this is beyond praise. Since, however, the fundamental idea was itself erroneous, we should be grateful that Sampson selected a landsman who might be trusted to fail, and who did fail. Admiral Sampson's adherents and partisans, who form the vast majority of the naval service, and his friends, who are fewer in number only because his was a self-contained nature and not given to intimacies, will read Mr. Long's "The Battle of Santiago" with a sinking of the heart, for the author's position throughout is apologetic, and the chapter reads like a lawyer's brief in defence of a client. So vigorous a repulse of Sampson's imaginary detractors is surely unnecessary. No one can wrest from him the glory of planning and executing a triumphantly successful campaign, or the credit of an order of battle which stood the crucial test of Cervera's sortie. The very completeness of the latter's ensuing defeat, a completeness without parallel in history, is a tribute to the brains of the American leader.

"Outlying colonies, inadequately defended, are, in time of war, sources of serious weakness to the mother country. . . . The naval strategists saw at a glance that her [Spain's] undoing lay in her possessions in the East and West Indies." Thus does Mr. Long wisely open his description of Dewey's great fight at Manila. Is this axiom of the military art any less true to-day than in 1898? And is the world so enamoured of us that it will permit us to hold the Philippine group, for example, on easier terms than Spain? The services of the navy in "The Philippines, Samoa, and China" are interwoven with diplomatic episodes and expositions of American policy during the troublous years since '98, the whole forming an exceedingly interesting presentment which is more impartial than might have been expected as coming from an attorney of the Administration. Freed from the incubus of the great naval controversy, Mr. Long writes freely and justly of the navy. In his concluding chapter, "Some Personal Reminiscences," wherein a general atmosphere of good fellowship and mutual appreciation prevails, Mr. Long paints himself as well as those of whom he speaks, and we see how kindly he is, how readily he yields to the influences of personal contact, and how implicitly he trusts those immediately about him. There is a touch of Thackeray's shrewd humor in his tales of encounter with the army of women and of Senators, Representatives, and others, who bombarded him continually with requests for Departmental favors. We shall wait long for a more life-like sketch of Mr. Roosevelt than that contained in Mr. Long's few short lines. How the ex-Secretary must have chuckled as he penned them, consoling himself somewhat for the gentle strenuousness with which he was prised out of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet! Judging by the outcries of the Administration press, Mr. Long must feel that the account between himself and his former assistant is fairly well-balanced. None of his chapters is so well worth reading as this, not only for the personal interest it arouses, but also for the insight into the maze of misrepresentation, misunderstanding, and selfish demands through which a Cabinet officer has to pick his way.

The publishers have contributed their full share to the attractiveness of this book in excellent paper, large, clear type, wide margins, and numerous illustrations, chiefly photographic portraits.

RECENT NOVELS.

Zut, and Other Parisians. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Judgment. By Alice Brown. Harper & Brothers.

The Way of the Sea. By Norman Duncan. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Lesley Chilton. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. The Macmillan Co.

"The air was full of that mingled odor of wet wood pavements and horse-chestnut blossoms which is the outward, invisible sign of that most wonderful of inward and spiritual combinations—Paris and Spring!"

"Animal low of ceiling! Camel! Gourd! Ancient Senator! Gas-jet! Shut thy mouth or I jump within!"

For atmosphere and for vocabulary these two extracts serve as good examples of the very inward and intimately Parisian manner of Mr. Carryl's little book of stories. The reader is wholly in Paris for the moment, now on one side of the Seine, now on the other, hovering on the border of two great worlds in an appropriate Anglo-Franco alliance of tongues. From Zut the cat to La Trompette of the Butte Montmartre, to the rascally valet, to the student absinthe-victim, to the homesick Breton recruit beating his drum in the Champs-Élysées, everything is, as Mr. Carryl would put it, all that there is of the most Parisian. The way lies devious; it is not given to the reader to be always floating down the Seine or buying eggs in the groceries of respectability. Latin Quarter cafés and the salons of the demi-monde furnish their share of the picture, touched in with as much restraint and refinement as the nature of the subjects permits. The stories are comic, pathetic, melodramatic, tragic; some of them masterpieces, all of them alive with color and movement. To read them is to find one's self at the very pulse of the Parisian machine, with a constant sense that here is a writer who has penetrated several steps farther into his subject than American writers before him. He is quite beyond the stage of exploiting Paris. He is enveloped in it, and breathes out gracefully what he has absorbed naturally. He has very nearly reached the point of concealing his art. If it peeps out sometimes, it is the trifling penalty he pays when he lets himself be more French than the French, more Parisian than Paris.

'Judgment' is a short, beautifully printed, sufficiently absorbing novel, showing that the sword of judgment which belongs to the Hebrew God is a complete misfit to the hand of man. The hardness of John Markham made a great deal of trouble, which the inherited hardness of his daughter Elizabeth compelled him to see, and which the softness of his second wife helped to undo. The brevity of the story is happy, because a certain feverish, hectic quality of subject and form tends to pall on the reader, and would surely exasperate if prolonged. The creepy precautions invented to prevent Rosamond from learning the secret which every one knew she ought to be told, swell to a size ludicrously out of scale to the alleged evil they are meant to avert. This evil could have been early nipped, as early as on the second page, if Helen's judgment had equalled her saintliness. However, this is not the first story that has owed its existence to the absence of good sense, and has for that been none the less readable, nor the less lifelike. The annoyance consists in having the silliness pose as wisdom. The emotions and sentiments of all the parties concerned are spun very fine. We can fancy that they might rasp some stodgy souls with their preciousness; therefore to the stodgy we do not commend it. Even the mere plain man will be glad that no more pages afford space for more hot-house language—for more "broodingly," "compensating meditations," "ardencys," "ancientrys," "deferents"; for "challenges" and "forebodings," that too altruistically do their own duties and those of other words, interchanging like beds by night and chests of drawers by day. The obvious moral of the story is "Judge not"; an inferred moral for the average reader will be, as we fancy, this: If a secret is to be told, tell it at once without waiting for Kent to tell it on his arrival from Africa. His ship may be late. And another corollary will be this: That Kent, who tried to tell Rosamond the secret when first they were betrothed, should have insisted on her listening, even if by so doing he had deprived the world of this interesting story.

Mr. Norman Duncan's ten stories of the Newfoundland coast, reprinted from sundry periodicals, are the very quintessence and ecstasy of the sea in its coldest, harshest, cruellest aspect. If other sea stories are salt, crisp, sparkling, these are icy, bitter, clutching, vengeful, at least so far as the waters themselves are concerned. For the folk who figure in them, there could not be found simpler, sweeter, kinder; poets and dreamers often, unmurmuring always, brutal only when driven mad by the madness of the sea. The stories are wonderful transcriptions of fearsome experiences. It is hard to say whether the writer be more excellent at portraying man or ocean —man at his most primitive, ocean at its most austere. Certainly he has fitted figure and scene marvellously together, for the reading of the pages greatly stirs the blood. The blemish in the performance is the artificial language of the descriptions. Why—in the preface—"time o' night"? Why "plainted"? As for the incessant reiteration of spumy, flare, hiss, thud, and the like, whether it be called a use historical or hysterical will depend on whether the reader shall have been taught to read before or after the day of Stevenson and Bullen.

One of the minor characters in 'Lesley Chilton' says to an objecting daughter to whom she had submitted a letter for comment, "I didn't write it with a view to having it criticised. I read it to you to see if you thought it was all right." This saying is at once a gauge of the delicate humor pervading the story, and a motto for the critic as to the tone to be taken in reviewing this entirely pleasant little book. The greatest obstacle between hero and heroine is a difference of opinion on woman suffrage; the darkest shadow, the death of an aunt. The characters move in the lightness and light of natural good breeding and behavior through ways of peace, and there is no reason for not pronouncing the agreeable volume "all right."

Pleasant reading and full of insight into the magic land of children's thoughts and ways is 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' It may be owned that Rebecca the young irrepressible, wearing her best gingham on second-best occasions, and flinging her precious pink parasol into the well as voluntary atonement for wholly unrelated sin, is more diverting than she of the "done-up" hair, the graduation essay, and the fairy prince. The early Rebecca is an inspired piece of portraiture—imaginative portraiture we might say, except that most of us have known just such impossibilities. Some of her youthful poetry may well stand beside Marjorie Fleming's.

Really and truly a book is 'Hetty Wesley.' It stirs the mind and spirit; it shows that the world has improved since the middle of the eighteenth century, as we need from time to time to remember; it gives a grim yet fascinating picture of the Wesley family, grouped and in detail; it weaves into the fabric with exquisite literary skill a single strand of Indian mystery, made relevant by circumstance and satisfying by its very incongruity. Above all, it portrays the wondrous Hetty with a vividness that will not let it be said she is set before us, but among us, a beautiful, living, human presence, made for joy and doomed to the most tragic of all tragedies—the sordid path —whereon with folded wings she walks, atoning. As a history of the Wesleys it may be fanciful; as a biographic appreciation it may be warped; as a study of human nature it is of high worth, and would be so had Samuel Wesley, his sons and his daughters, never been born.

Two Centuries of Costume in America. By Alice Morse Earle. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The minor antiquities of Colonial life in America are Mrs. Earle's peculiar province. No one could be better equipped for describing the changing fashions of the two centuries that separate Sir Walter Raleigh in stays and a white satin doublet stuck all over with diamonds and pearls from the Marquis de Lafayette, who landed at Castle Garden in the blue broadcloth coat and nankeen trousers of 1824. In those two centuries men no less than women loved all the items of dress. The household accounts of Colonial dames from which Mrs. Earle draws much of her material are hardly more detailed than the Diary of Samuel Pepys. At the court of Charles II. it is natural enough to find the adoption of a new cut of cloak treated with the respect that affairs of state could not command. But George Washington himself, a century later, buys clothes through a London agent for his stepdaughter (aged six years), with an anxious attention to the fashions in silk and lawn and white kid gloves that we are unable to parallel in any modern step-father. The Colonial dames could not run over to Paris to buy clothes, and depended on the men of the family to bring back the latest London fashions. In 1674 Madam Symonds writes from New England to her son in London to send her a lawn whisk—a whisk being a sort of collar; he replies that whisks have gone out, and sends instead the latest style in ruffles.

"Such as goe not with naked necks, wear a black whisk over it. . . . Secondly, you sent for Damson-coloured Spanish leather for Woman's Shoes. But there is noe Spanish leather of that colour, and Turkey Leather is coloured on the grain side only, both of which are out of use for Women's Shoes. . . . As to the feathered fan 'tis grown almost as obsolete as Russets and more rare to be seen than a Yellow Hood."

All this, and more to the same effect, for the benefit of a Puritan lady who lived in an obscure little town in the Massachusetts of the seventeenth century. It was about this time that Pepys, who loved a new fashion as a child loves a new toy, noted at the play that ladies had begun to wear vizards that hid the whole face, "and so to the Exchange to buy a vizard for my wife."

Mrs. Earle often digresses from her chronological arrangement to describe the dress of special sects, such as the Quakers (for which she depends to a great extent on Mrs. Gummere's exhaustive work), or the dressing of women's hair, or the evolution of the pocket. Her aim has been throughout to throw light on the relations of the mother country and the colonies, on those "interesting reciprocities and mutabilities connecting the poor young Infant, New England, with its old Puritan mother and her affairs, which," said Carlyle, "ought to be disentangled, to be made conspicuous by the Infant herself now she has grown big." A discussion of perukes and periwigs, banyans and nightrails, and the like, even in Mrs. Earle's vivacious style, would hardly enchain the reader; what gives life to her book and brings us in touch with the wearers of all this outworn finery, the "changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins," is the abundance and charm of her illustrations. The portraits of Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, and Reynolds, beautiful as they are and well produced, are not the most interesting among Mrs. Earle's collection. Some of the most attractive groups in the book were painted by Copley, Stuart, West, the Peales, and Robert Feke, the Rhode Island artist, whose painting of the rich fabrics of two centuries ago have lost nothing of their richness and lustre.

Mrs. Earle's volumes are a useful book of reference for the student of the fiction, the drama, and the art of 1620-1820. Few people know that the eccentric wrap that drapes the figure of Nicholas Boylston in the fine portrait that hangs in Memorial Hall, at Harvard, is a banyan, one of those Oriental garments which the East India trade brought into fashion; it belongs to the time when you might count on meeting a score of orange-colored turbans at an evening party. Goldsmith's Olivia has her picture painted "in a green joseph," a garment that belongs to the Amazonian period of women's dress. The spencers that women still wear were originally a man's coat,

"invented by Lord Spencer at about the same time (1792) that Lord Sandwich invented a form of food which would be nourishing and could be eaten quickly and conveniently while he was at the gambling-table. An English rhyme ran:

> "The plan was good, as some will say,
> And fitted to console one,
> Because in this poor starving day
> Few can afford a whole one."

Lord Spencer made a bet with Sir E. Chetwynd that he could set a fashion which would be adopted as a ruling mode within six months. This should be a form of dress wholly meaningless and unnecessary. Spencer called for a pair of shears, cut off the entire tails of the long coat he was wearing, put on the unhemmed, unfinished garment, and went out for a stroll. . . . In two weeks all London was wearing the garment; in two months all England, men, women, and children, and in scarcely less time all America."

In the first decade of the nineteenth century, knee-breeches, usually of nankeen, were still *de rigueur* for evening wear; in 1814 the Duke of Wellington was turned from the door of Almack's by an official, who said; "Your Grace cannot be admitted in trousers." The last man in public life in Washington to wear small-clothes and a cocked hat was President Monroe; it was a time when a cocked hat could express a whole political code, and untidy hair was a guarantee of sound Republican opinions.

When one compares the late Georgian portraits in this book with the fashions of to-day, one realizes how unsafe it would be to predict that any mode, however ridiculous, may not be revived. Waistcoats ribbed with straw are said to be becoming, and men may again put it to the proof; women may drop athletics and appear with their heads adorned by a ship of war in full sail made of spun glass, as they did about the time of the American Revolution; or they may refuse to wear any but green shoes. So far, however, they have limited themselves to a revival of the less fantastic modes of Georgian days. The dress in which Mrs. Daniel Webster entertained La-

fayette in 1824 is a model of good taste, and would be perfectly correct to-day. The fur stole that came from Russia to Salem in 1800 is precisely the cut that this year comes from Paris. Mrs. Earle has produced a book that it will be hard to supersede in the matter of picturesqueness and completeness. Only one omission occurs to us—a chapter on perfumes.

The Nature of Man: Studies in Optimistic Philosophy. By Élie Metchnikoff, Professor at the Pasteur Institute. The English Translation edited by P. Chalmers Mitchell, M.A., D.Sc. Oxon., Secretary of the Zoölogical Society of London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903. Pp. xvii., 309.

In the twelve chapters of this book the author has given us a rather brilliant, if not always convincing, exposition of the "disharmonies in the human constitution," physical, intellectual, and moral, which are the chief source of the sorrows of mankind; a picture of human nature in its strength and in its weakness. He tells us of what avail have been the consolations of philosophy and the ministerings of religion in combating disease of body and of mind, and staying the palsy of pessimism that in all ages has seized the heart of man. The "crown of creation" is afflicted with disharmonies of physical organs and of physiological functions, of family and social instincts—even the instinct of self-preservation itself. The human species has come up from the lower animal world without being able thus far to perceive or to establish harmony between the love of life and the conditions of existence. Man, the descendant of the beast, is both good and evil, however, and his hope lies in the possibility of change in his constitution through the results of scientific investigation. The pursuit of happiness must be along the route blazed by exact science, not along the old paths of apprehensive religion or metaphysical philosophy. Man must be thoroughly known in order to be fully saved. He has a large intestine and a very highly developed brain, and consciousness of old age and death has increased with intellectuality. So now the greatest disharmony of the constitution of man consists in this, that "strong will to live is opposed to the infirmities of age and the shortness of life." In the scientific study of old age and death lies the hope of the future.

The problem is largely to reduce the evils arising from the existence of a large intestine, and thereby make the phenomena of old age "physiological rather than pathological." We must not be content to introduce useful microbes into the body; we must keep out the "wild" ones, and "civilize" the savage and barbarous ones that have already succeeded in gaining entrance. Dr. Metchnikoff believes that a science of the prolongation of human life can be built up—in most instances the natural duration of life in man "ought to be more than a hundred years, and only in rare cases ought it to be much less than that term." The acquisition by mankind of the "instinct of natural death" is one of the tasks of the centuries to come. That instinct, Metchnikoff thinks, is now "as rare as the secretion of milk by males." To reach the end of life without being degenerate, morbid, or imbecile, is the great thing; the fear of death will have vanished, and men will "greet the unknown with a cheer." Gerontology and thanatology are the keywords of the future science of man; kalogerontia and euthanasia their sublime gifts to the race. And science will rule the mind and heart of man. The faith by which men shall live will be "faith in the power of science," the only doctor, corporeal and spiritual. Immortality of the human person is a pious dream, long life and happiness are realities still to be achieved by mankind. The pessimism of religions and of philosophies is as nothing before the optimism of science. The sacred writings of the Hebrews tell us that God saw everything and it was good, but became bad; the bible of science, yet unwritten, will declare that all things that were evil have been made good.

This is undoubtedly a great book—in some quarters it has been rather unthinkingly hailed as the greatest since Darwin's famous message to the world—and should be read by all intelligent men and women; but it is a work that can easily be overpraised by reason of the attractiveness of the subject and the interesting way in which it is discussed.

It is very natural that this strong pronouncement of scientific optimism should have been written by a Slav, and its appearance augurs well for the future of science when the author's fellow-countrymen, the most optimistic people in the world, shall make their influence felt to the full in the great mingling of human races and human ideals to be witnessed in the centuries beyond our own. The Slavic core of Metchnikoff's philosophy is seen in his eulogy of sour milk, the already-won basis of a scientific dietary. Does the optimism of the Slav in general rest upon this also?

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. Illustrated with twenty-five drawings on wood, by George Cruikshank, from the collection of Edwin Truman. With Biographical Introduction and Indexes. Henry Frowde. 1903.

When George Cruikshank died in 1878, Mr. Truman was known to be a diligent student and an enviable collector of the great artist's work. It has been noted at various times that he had in preparation an elaborate dictionary of the productions of the Cruikshanks—of that artistic family of which George was the most powerful and also the most popular member, who kept his hand in from early youth to advanced old age, and at no time relaxed in the brilliant and effective practice of his charming art, working at caricature, at broadsides, and popular satirical pamphlets with two or three pictures each, but most of all at book illustration. In that he was unrivalled, and in this way he became almost as popular as he deserved to be, for the true book illustrator is not brought to light every day, nor did the system which had been pursued for a thousand years, before the introduction of photographic reproduction killed it in our own day, produce at any time a more perfect representative of that class of men than George Cruikshank.

All this being so, we had welcomed the statement which is made in this book, on the leaf next after the title-page, that "the drawings for the illustrations . . . were made by George Cruikshank more than forty years ago," and have been in Mr. Truman's possession "for upwards of thirty-three years." They have never been produced before, and, now that we see them, we understand some part of the reasons why they have been held back. They are not attractive. Cruikshank never did a less interesting piece of work. Forty years measured backwards from 1903 will give us 1863, and in 1863 Cruikshank was still in full power, engaged on drawings for wood-engraving and on etchings as well. Of course the work done on metal plates, the drawing made by his own hand on the plate and printed direct and unaltered, is of a different and of a more certainly artistic character. Speaking of the woodcuts alone, let it be said that these illustrations to the Pilgrim's Progress are not to be compared for a moment with the very early illustrations to William Hone's political pamphlets, nor with those which are scattered through the famous 'Universal Songster,' where, though much is by the elder brother, Robert, there are still a score signed G. C., and which must have been drawn and also engraved before 1825; nor with the simple little studies of romantic situation in the 'Italian Tales' (1827); nor with the illustrations made for "John Gilpin" and published in 1828; nor with the realistic and expressive work, in landscape and figure conjoined, of 'The Epping Hunt,' dated 1829. Or, to take the work of later years, consider the really funny and at the same time most expressive and artistic tailpieces of 'Talpa; or the Chronicles of a Clay Farm,' published in the middle of the century, or those in 'The Discovery concerning Ghosts,' of 1864, which show that at seventy, at least, the artist's hand had not weakened nor his creative energy suffered. And so the student turns to the late-coming results of that busy and most interesting career, to the drawings made by the old man of nearer eighty than seventy, the drawings for 'The Brownies,' published in 1870, and finally to the frontispiece etched in 1875 for Mrs. Blewitt's story, 'The Rose and the Lily,' published in 1877, "by George Cruikshank, aged eighty-three." There is a great pleasure in finding so much of the old charm still lingering around the familiar design; there is doubt whether it is well for the world to have the work of the hand that had so far lost its cunning. Equally, in the presence of these Pilgrim's Progress designs, there must be some regret that they have ever been allowed to see the light—actually now first engraved, most of them.

Apart from the illustrations, the book is an admirable edition of Bunyan's famous allegory, printed, as it appears, in close reproduction of the early editions named in the introduction, viz., the second edition of the first part, published in 1678, and the first edition of the second part, published in 1684. The spelling has been modernized, the reason assigned being that the orthography of the original editions was so irregular that "no good end was to be served in retaining an erroneous usage." Admitting the possibility of two opinions on this matter, and wishing, for our own part, that a photographic reproduction of the early pages could have been given also, we yet accept the statement that the text has been followed with religious thoroughness except as to this matter of spelling. The Biographical Introduction (biographi-

cal of Bunyan, not of Cruikshank) occupies thirty pages, and has been written by Canon Venables and "revised by Miss Mabel Peacock." The book forms a handsome volume, bound in gray linen, and is announced as being issued in an edition of one thousand copies.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, J. B. Fontaines des Génies. Algiers: Adolphe Jourdan.
Ashmead, A. S. Origin of Quaternary Man in the Western Hemisphere. St. Louis: The Freegard Press.
Beers, Henry A. Points at Issue. (Essays.) The Macmillan Co.
Booth, William H. Liquid Fuel and its Combustion. E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.
Bradley, A. G. Canada in the Twentieth Century. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
Chapell, Rev. F. C. The Great Awakening. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakspere. Edited by D. Nichol Smith. Glasgow: James MacLehose and Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.
Greer, Hilton R. Sun Gleams and Gossamers. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Hame, William Garvin. Love Knoweth Best. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Lane, J. Elliott. The Financial Side of Hotel Keeping. The Caterer Publishing Co.
Lane, Prof. George M. A Latin Grammar. Revised ed. American Book Co.
McIntosh, John Geddes. The Technology of Sugar. London: Scott, Greenwood & Co.; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $4.50 net.
O'Shea, M. V. Education as Adjustment. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Pierre, Jean. Satire and Sentiment. (Verse.) Cambridge, Mass.: E. W. Wheeler.
Sabatier, Auguste. Religions of Authority, and the Religions of the Spirit. Translated from the French by Louis Seymour Houghton. McClure, Phillips & Co. $3.50 net.
Saunders, Charles Francis. In a Poppy Garden. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Shakspere's Tempest, with introduction and notes by Mark Harvey Liddell. (The Elizabethan Shakspere.) Doubleday, Page & Co.
Smith, G. C. Moore. The Life of John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.
Tennyson's In Memoriam, with analysis and notes by Charles Mansford. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cents net.
The English Bible. (Tudor Translations.) Apocrypha. London: David Nutt.
The Poultry Book. Part VII. Doubleday, Page & Co. 60 cents net.
Viles, George Burridge. Comparison of Bodmer's Translation of Milton's Paradise Lost with the Original. Leipzig: Emil Glausch.
Welling, James Clarke. Addresses, Lectures, and Other Papers. Boston: Privately printed.
Wheeler, Charles Kirkland. The Autobiography of the I or Ergo. Published by the Author, 9 Park Square, Boston. $1 net.
Who's Who, 1904. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1904.

The Week.

After the Senate debate of Friday, and again and particularly of Monday, it would need a new algebraical sign to designate what remains of the Lodge-Roosevelt "infinitesimal recess." Certain appointments unconfirmed at the special session were, it will be recalled, renewed by the President in a supposititious recess between sessions. As a matter of fact, there was no recess, and the offices were constructively vacant. Senator Tillman brought up the case, chiefly with the intention of showing that Collector Crum of Charleston is holding office without warrant of law. It was a curious result of the discussion that Senators Spooner, Hale, and Platt of Connecticut all approved the resolution, and all riddled the notion that appointments may be made between twelve and twelve o'clock of the same day. Senator Hale went so far as to say that "no Senator on this side has, whatever may be his partisan feeling, indicated any expression of a recognition of this new proposition that there was a constructive recess when the two sessions merged." It should be said that the President has not expressly committed himself to the doctrine that a fragment of time too brief for physical measurement may be conjured out of the dark backward and abysm. But it is certain that Secretary Shaw has practically endorsed that whimsy; trusting, doubtless, to Senator Lodge's famous elucidation of the theory of infinitesimals. Too fine spun for Senators, it cannot be supposed that the Comptroller of the Treasury, who must deal with time as mortals know it, will pay recess salaries to officials appointed at no ascertainable moment. The case will remain one of the curious aberrations of an Administration over-anxious to "do things."

There were really some very lively ghosts flitting about in the Roosevelt-Lodge "recess." One of them was Gen. Wood. He held a commission as Major-General. But, under the Constitution, and unless there was an interval between twelve and twelve o'clock on December 7, no new commission could be legally issued to him, and he is only a Brigadier-General nominated to be Major-General. When appointments are made in a recess of the Senate, commissions are issued at once, and the incumbent holds office until confirmed or rejected. If the session expires without action on the nomination, it lapses, and the commission with it, and a new appointment has to be made. But on December 7 there was no recess, except in the President's mind, during which a new nomination of Gen. Wood and the others might be sent in. The Senate was in session continuously. Consequently, the nominations were not recess appointments; hence they did not lawfully carry commissions with them; hence Gen. Wood has no right at present to either the rank or the pay of a Major-General. Other perquisites are balanced on the Lodge-Roosevelt pinpoint of a constructive recess. There is the question of mileage for Congressmen. Representative Underwood ruthlessly proposes to strike out an item of $145,000 from the Deficiency Bill, on the ground that Congressmen could not travel to and from Maine and Texas and Oregon in the President's interval of time between 11 hours, 60 minutes, and 12 hours. But metaphysics is a blessed word. For all Mr. Underwood knows, may there not have been a metaphysical flight of Congressmen to their homes and back, in just no time at all? If Puck could put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes, a really able-bodied Congressman might have flown to Seattle and back while Mr. Roosevelt was nominating Gen. Wood. The President's imperceptible instant of time ought to be good enough for all Congressmen whose philosophy is not overborne by a wholly unnecessary desire to be economical and honest.

Senator Spooner made on Tuesday week the astounding suggestion that the President may not have known of the orders of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, tantamount to a declaration of war upon Colombia, two days before the revolution at Panama. If this is not merely the shift of a lawyer driven into a corner in debate, it is one of the most alarming revelations yet made about Mr. Roosevelt's Administration. Is its war spirit so rampant that every Assistant Secretary thinks himself entitled to begin hostilities without waiting to get the consent of the President? The mere hint by Senator Spooner that such may be the case is enough to redouble the demand for a "safe" President. According to the Senator, any underling might any day declare war over Mr. Roosevelt's head. How do we know that some clerk in the Navy Department is not, at this moment, sending a squadron to bombard Port Arthur? Mr. Spooner's remark is either a mere quibble, unworthy of him, or else a confession of chaos in the Government.

The Senate is urged by the versatile Bunau-Varilla to pass the Panama treaty without amendment, on the ground that it means anything or nothing, or whatever the United States wishes to make it mean. Panama is so much our good friend that she will trust us to read the treaty as we will. It is surprising that no exponent of Senatorial courtesy has risen and asked why, if the treaty means now one thing, now another, the time of an august body has been wasted in its consideration. Surely the Senators who have carefully weighed it clause by clause and tried to make of it an accurate state paper, are left in a very ridiculous position by M. Bunau-Varilla's glib suggestion. Why would it not have been better to ratify mutually the Golden Rule or Poor Richard's Almanack, leaving their application to Isthmian complications within the discretion of President Roosevelt and his successors? To discredit the entire negotiation, it needed only M. Bunau-Varilla's assurance that his foster-fatherland offers us a putty treaty—a palpable convenience for stuffing into any or all chinks, a great improvement upon treaties which cover only a stingily defined patch. In other words, M. Bunau-Varilla reminds us concerning his own treaty that all papers are worthless, or superfluous, betweeen friends. These are the airs of a man who loftily waves aside, or rather jauntily refuses to give, a note of hand for a loan.

But M. Bunau-Varilla has not even the consistency of his impertinence. With one breath he says that the treaty is so flexible that amendments are unnecessary; with the next he declares that if we begin to amend it, the treaty will suddenly become a serious contract, may be subject to counter-amendments by Panama, and, perhaps, imperilled by the delay. Which Philippe are we to regard as "Philip sober?"—the smiling envoy who says, "My Panamans are so amiable that they don't care what Uncle Sam does with the treaty," or the grave diplomat who protests, "My Panamans are so desirous of having that treaty explicit that they will be amending it forever if Uncle Sam is foolish enough to give them the chance"? Clearly, both Philips cannot be right. The Senate will do well to ignore them both, to take its own steady course, and meanwhile leave the Executive Department to tread as it may the twists and turns of the Panama vaudeville. The Senate really has no obligation to notice the fantastic Minister of Panama, nor yet to relieve the American bargainers with him from their embarrassing position before the footlights.

Democratic Senators who say they can make political capital out of the President's lawless course in Panama while at the same time voting to ratify the treaty, are wildly deluded. All of them who

support the treaty will rightly be held to be thereby condoning the abhorrent means by which it was obtained. And as their party in the Senate has the power to defeat the President, it will be unable to say a word against his Panama illegality if the treaty is ratified with the aid of Democratic votes. The retort will be too ready: "If it was so knavish a measure, why didn't you kill it?" The Democratic minority have a great opportunity to serve the country as well as their party by insisting that the Administration find an honorable way out of its wretched Panama mess. If they do otherwise, they will enter the campaign in the highly moral attitude of receivers of stolen goods denouncing the thief.

The President's law for his Panama policy was seriously impugned at the meeting of the State Bar Association last week. But this will not bother Mr. Roosevelt. He will shed this attack as easily as that of the Yale professors. Are they not Democrats—or else that most fearful of all wildfowl, "Democrats in disguise"? It is not a question of the law, but of the man who opens the book and reads it out. Any lawyer or professor of international law who differs with the President is, *ipso facto*, no good man and true, presumptively a Bryanite, and more than probably a weakling. This once established, it is, of course, unnecessary to discuss his arguments. On the other hand, any Senator or editor who sustains the President's course becomes thereby exalted to the rank of a great authority. Of such an advocate the President says, in the language of "mon père Distinguo" in the 'Provincial Letters': "It does not matter where he got his law; it is enough to know that the opinions of great men like that are always convincing of themselves."

Gen. Reyes's correspondence on behalf of Colombia was published on January 19. His explanation of the rejection of the Hay-Herran treaty was manly and straightforward. He reminded Mr. Hay that when the treaty was presented to the State of Colombia, the United States Minister at Bogotá insisted, in offensive terms, that the treaty should be ratified without change. Where the Senate expected to debate a treaty, they were served with an ultimatum. To reject it was an obvious counsel of self-respect. Imagine what our Senate would have done if, when the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was before it, it had learned that Lord Lansdowne was repeatedly telegraphing to the British Ambassador at Washington that the treaty must be ratified without change or delay. That is what Mr. Hay did to our Minister to Colombia, and Commissioner Reyes states only the truth when he says that the demand was derogatory to the national dignity. But we have had for some time Mr. Hay's reply to this complaint of discourteous treatment. It is, stripped of verbiage: Colombia is a minor Power, and has no right to take its dignity and self-respect too seriously. A "Dago" Senate has no use for generous sentiments befitting great Powers only. The interests of civilization required a canal, and, since Colombia is a picayune State, she should have obligingly consented to be blustered into doing the will of her betters. President Roosevelt evidently held the same opinion of the republic of Colombia when he borrowed from the French the awful word "anti-social" to characterize the obstructors of the canal project.

It is stated that Capt. Patrick Garrick, collector of customs at El Paso, has bought 3,000,000 acres of land in Mexico for cattle purposes. This is a good or bad piece of news, according as one happens to be a friend or foe of humanity. Senator Spooner said, the other day, that a sufficient reason for seizing the Isthmus was that American capital was invested there. But that is nothing to the hundreds of millions we have invested in Mexico in railroads, mines, ranches, plantations, and other ways. Certainly, there is no Latin-American country where we have so much at stake financially. The fact that President Diaz is getting on in years must, therefore, be a source of great uneasiness to those who do not take "large" views of things. When he is gone, Mexico may lapse into its former political chaos. Then, of course, there would be no reason why Mexican independence should be respected. It may be an open question whether trade should follow the flag; but there is no doubt at all that the flag should follow trade. The interests of humanity may not require us to take Mexico by eminent domain just at present; but when, after Diaz, we actually want that portion of the earth, the work of starting a revolution will be a mere detail.

While Mr. Williams was baiting the Republicans in the House, the Senate Committee on Navigation was listening to the protests of the cordage manufacturers against the "stand-patters" who propose to restrict the carrying trade of the Philippines to American bottoms. And about the time a good Republican was saying in the House that, while he favored the principle of reciprocity, he was against taking up the question of Canadian reciprocity, the National Board of Trade was unanimously passing a resolution in Washington calling for such a measure. But to make the matter more confusing still, the American Protective Tariff League was engaged on Thursday in denouncing reciprocity *in toto:* there can be no such thing between competitive nations without murdering the "doctrine of protection to all industry and all labor." If there is any truth in the assertion that a calm is the result of conflicting currents striving for the mastery, it can be accepted as a fact that the Republican party will, so far as tariff legislation is concerned, remain like a painted ship upon a painted ocean. To be sure, we hear of its being about to do great things in that line in 1905. But how can it? The tariff must not be disturbed before an election, and business must not be upset by such action after a Republican success. However, President Roosevelt is great at finding expedients. No doubt, when he gets round to it, he can discover a metaphysical interval of time in which it will be safe to revise the tariff.

There is nothing surprising in the assertion that the American Tin Plate Company's warehouses are crowded with tin plate. The fact that the exports of tin plate for the first eleven months of 1903 declined from 3,430,665 pounds to 455,726 pounds explains that. It is worth noting, too, that the November trade statement shows that in that month we imported from Great Britain over 10,500,000 pounds of the commodity (an increase over 1902 of about 1,374,000 pounds), while our total exports were only 73,510 pounds. Evidently the Welsh tin-plate industry is not on its last legs. Just at present, the Steel Trust is instituting rigid economies. It wants all the business it can get, but it wants it at the lowest expense to itself. The increasing prosperity of the Welsh tin-plate makers in the last few years has perhaps frightened the Trust somewhat and caused it to see the wisdom of a compromise. It will keep its tin plate out of the foreign market if the British manufacturers will buy their raw material of the Trust. The British manufacturers can ask nothing better than this, as the Trust is prepared to "dump" the raw material of the tin-plate industry on foreign countries, and as this country is not a serious competitor abroad in tin plate.

Opponents of President Roosevelt within his own party are growing more vociferous. The Chicago *Inter Ocean*, a strong Republican paper of the Middle West, admits that President Roosevelt is almost certain to lose New York next November, and quite possibly New Jersey and Connecticut; and the *Inter Ocean* therefore withdraws from "the irreconcilable conflict" between "the Roosevelt Republicans and the McKinley-Hanna Republicans"; in short, that newspaper does not urge the renomination of Roosevelt. The *Sun*, the recognized organ of the New York sentiment against Roosevelt, came out

on Thursday morning in an editorial ridiculing the idea that failure to support Roosevelt's pretensions is treason to the party, and contending that Hanna, Root, or Taft may properly be considered in connection with the nomination. The *Sun* apparently believes that, as Gibbon didn't understand the difference between himself and the Roman Empire, so Mr. Roosevelt fails to comprehend that he is not the whole Republican party; and it makes the significant announcement, "with the Senator's own authority," that Senator Hanna has never pledged himself to any one ("and especially not to Mr. Roosevelt") that the Senator "will not be a candidate for the Presidency if at any time he shall see fit." If the *Sun* editorial be directly inspired by Hanna, the Roosevelt adherents are wise in deciding that the moment has come to make an active campaign for delegates.

President Roosevelt seems to have given up his motto of *toujours de l'audace*, as respects his own renomination. He declines to accept Senator Foraker's invitation to make the welkin ring in Ohio fighting for Roosevelt delegates. The President, it is explained, cannot allow himself to be "drawn into a factional controversy" of that kind. Yes; but no such consideration swayed him last year, when he took up Senator Hanna's challenge in a sensational telegram, and openly appealed to the Ohio convention to endorse him. That was only a preliminary skirmish—that was merely Las Guásimas, and now the Rough Rider is facing San Juan Hill; does he falter? The contrast between his action last year and this is perhaps the best indication of the loss of prestige that has since befallen him. Then he was carrying everything before him; now he has to face open enemies and secret foes on every hand. Doubtless, he is well advised not to put his fortunes to the proof in a struggle with Mr. Hanna in Ohio. He would be pretty sure to get more hard knocks than glory. But in many other States the work of chilling Roosevelt enthusiasm and undermining the President's political support is going on actively, and one can understand the angry impatience with which his indignant friends are calling upon him to don his "fighting clothes."

That a Liberal candidate should, on January 20, have increased by nearly 300 the majority at Gateshead of that picturesque and powerful Radical, the late Sir William Allan, is certainly of bad omen for the Chamberlainites. Taken in connection with their conclusive defeat recently at Norwich, it merely emphasizes the lesson of the fifteen bye-elections held since Mr. Chamberlain began his campaign for what he calls tariff reform. They were held to fill seats to which in 1900 there had been returned 12 Unionists and 3 Liberals. They resulted in the choice of 9 Unionists, 5 Liberals, and 1 Independent Labor member. Thus the Government lost one out of every four of the seats in question. The replacement of one-fourth of all the Unionist M.P.'s by Liberals would at the next election reduce the total number of the former to 307, and bring the Liberal and Labor total up to 281. In that event, neither of the two British parties could carry on his Majesty's Government a moment longer than it suited the Irish Nationalists to let it. If the Liberal and Labor parties can reach some working understanding, it is not unlikely that they may secure an absolute majority of all the 670 members of the House—something which they have not had since the dissolution of the Parliament chosen in 1880. If a comparison between 1885 and the recent bye-elections be made on the basis of treating as Liberal votes all votes cast at either election for all Liberal or Labor candidates, there has been a Liberal gain of 273, or at the rate of 22 to a constituency. In 1885, 6 Liberal candidates were defeated by majorities of less than 22 each. A gain of 6 seats, as compared with the 1885 totals, would give a Liberal membership of 339, or a majority of 8 over all.

If comparison be made between the result of the bye-elections and those of the general election of 1892, the results indicate an even more hopeful prospect for the present Opposition. Of the seats recently filled, ten were contested in 1892. In these constituencies there was a net Liberal gain, counting the vote cast for the regular Liberal candidates only, of 5,611, or an average of 561 to a constituency. In 1892, 115 Unionists in Great Britain were returned by less than 561 majority each. At that election 273 Liberals were successful. If they gain as compared with that election 115 seats, they will muster 388 in the new Parliament, a clear majority of 106 over all. If the vote cast for Labor candidates be included in the Liberal totals, the gain as compared with 1892 in the ten constituencies in which such comparisons are possible is 11,421, at the rate of 1,142 to each constituency. Such a ratio of gain would give the Liberals about 150 seats more than they had in 1892, or a total membership of 420 or upwards, and a majority of at least 170 over all. No attempt at prophecy is intended. No one knows when the general election will be held. Whether public opinion in Great Britain will, months or years hence, endorse Mr. Chamberlain's programme, no one can now tell with certainty. But the result of the bye-elections since that programme was announced yields very persuasive evidence that at present the nation is not with Chamberlain.

Whitaker Wright's conviction and tragic death end a chapter of unusual interest in British finance. The notorious London and Globe Company was the logical conclusion of the inflated notions of corporation possibilities that filled the British mind a few years ago. When the speculative craze is on him, the average Englishman is capable of leaving his American cousin far behind in a career of recklessness. There are always adventurers ready to take advantage of his outbursts of insanity. Wright's project was not so absurd as some that were launched during the South Sea bubble, but he unquestionably possessed the spirit of that period. He launched his £2,000,000 London and Globe corporation, and made it go by filling the directorate with peers and other eminent personages, headed by the late Marquis of Dufferin. Wright himself acquired 67,650 shares; but when the wind-up came he had only 2,500, high premiums having been quoted in the meanwhile. It was the old story of false prospectuses and fraudulent balance sheets. The English Companies act is very strict as regards false statements; they are a penal offence. Wright had conducted himself with effrontery since criminal proceedings were begun against him, as if the magnitude of his fraudulent promoting robbed it of its heinousness.

The introduction of Chinese labor in the Transvaal seems assured, the law to that effect having passed its second reading in the Legislative Council on January 20. This measure has been bitterly antagonized in all parts of the British Empire, especially in Australia. In fact, if the controversy so excited is a fair illustration of what will happen under Imperial Federation, the fate of the latter will very likely hang in the balance from the start. In the debate in the Transvaal Legislative Council, Sir Percy Fitzgerald criticised the premiers of Australia and New Zealand for having cabled their conviction that Chinese labor should be prohibited in the Rand district. He said these opinions must be based upon profound ignorance of conditions in the Transvaal; that dictation from sister colonies would be disastrous, and that the example of Australia was not always one for emulation. What Sir Percy says is: "Confound your impudence! You can send us troops, but we do not need your advice." But if kindly advice is to be labelled "dictation" and resented, it is time for Mr. Chamberlain to take action. If Australia wants to lay down the law for South Africa in a matter in which its interest is largely academic, and South Africa takes to calling Australia names in consequence, what is likely to happen when a question arises which actually affects the material interests of the different parts of the Empire?

THE CASE OF BUNAU-VARILLA.

One clause of the resolution introduced by Senator Hoar on December 9 requested information of the President "whether the officials negotiating or ratifying the treaty on the part of Panama had any personal or private interest in or relation to the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama." This, of course, looked straight at Monsieur Philippe Bunau-Varilla. He, as Consul Ehrman elegantly put it in his telegram to Secretary Hay, was "the party" named to negotiate the treaty. This he did, moreover, between luncheon and dinner, in his triple capacity of French engineer, Panama Company stockholder, and opéra-bouffe Minister of Panama. It is clear, therefore, that Senator Hoar's inquiry squinted hard at an attitude marked by gross impropriety, to say the least.

But the scandal of M. Bunau-Varilla's connection with the Panama revolution grew much more flagrant as the facts came out. Senator Hoar did not know on December 9 what he learned from the New York *Tribune* of December 21. That pro-Roosevelt, pro-Panama newspaper printed on the date mentioned a letter from a special correspondent at Panama from which we take the following pertinent extract:

> "Doctor Amador's visit to Washington having proved fruitless, and there being no longer any necessity for secrecy, he went to New York and took apartments at the Waldorf-Astoria. There he fell in with M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, who had resided on the Isthmus as a canal engineer, and with whom he was acquainted. Varilla was then in the States in the interest of the New Panama Canal Company, and, their sentiments being more or less the same, Dr. Amador unfolded to Varilla the plans of the conspirators at Panama. From this point the project progressed rapidly. Dr. Amador returned to the Isthmus early in October, and at a meeting of the seven conspirators, who gathered in the office of the electric-lighting company in Panama, he related the result of his visit to the States. He had received no assurance from any official of support, but communicated to his fellows the fact that Varilla had assured him in the most positive terms that any stroke in favor of independence, having as its primary object the grant to the American Republic of a canal concession, would be supported by the United States Government. So elated was Dr. Amador over Varilla's assurances and so great was his confidence in the French engineer's ability to influence the Government at Washington, that he was unable to see any further difficulties in the way of executing the project."

This statement of fact, which has never been challenged, makes it legitimate to inquire who this man is who pretended to speak, and made the Panameños think he did speak, for the Government of the United States. Until very recently, he has been parading and haranguing the country. He was an honored guest of the Quill Club in this city, of which many clergymen are members. They should be interested in the character of the man they entertained. Boasting the closest relations with President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay, making his own personality as prominent and as offensive as possible, it is of the highest public interest, transcending any merely private likes or dislikes, to find out what this man's reputation has been. We propose, therefore, to translate a few passages from the documents annexed to the report of M. Vallé, formerly Minister of Justice in France, relative to M. Bunau-Varilla.

One of them is an extract from a paper signed by the *procureur-général*, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire. It reads:

> "M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, formerly divisional superintendent of the work of the Panama Company, and at the moment director general *ad interim*, got up a company composed of his brother, a financier in Paris, and two promoters, and, while keeping his name concealed, took the lead in securing an important allotment. For him, the price per cubic metre was greatly increased [and that upon a proved overestimate of work done], while a series of contracts, successively combined with skill, enabled that concern to reap extraordinary profits. . . . The Panama Company, besides written agreements, paid over to Bunau, without the corresponding vouchers, sums amounting to 9,500,000 francs."

Further on in the report of the Minister of Justice appears the testimony of M. Martin, formerly secretary-general of the Panama Company. He had resigned, and the reason was that he could not agree to a proposed contract. As to this he declared:

> "I must, indeed, add, to my great regret, this fact, which was, however, well known to many persons, that M. Bunau-Varilla had agreed to pay a rebate of 1.40 francs the cubic metre, on a total of 20,000,000 cubic metres, to Baron de Reinach. I got out, and I do not know if this scheme was carried out."

But the *procureur-général* adds: "Yes, the bargain was executed; the report of the expert shows it; it was even made more flagrant."

One tell-tale extract more, this time from the *Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique:*

> "Contract of Artigue, Sonderegger and Bunau-Varilla:
> "Amount excavated in the Paraiso section, 818,500 cubic metres.
> "Amount paid for, 1,724,536 cubic metres.
> "Percentage of overpayment, 110."

Minister Bunau-Varilla, has, through the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent declared these charges, based on official documents, to be all "calumnies." The newspapers giving them currency, whether in Paris or this country, he said he should not "answer," preferring to "leave them to the mercy of their own consciences" (but he has since called upon the *Evening Post* to retract). He added, with a swaggering touch which he must have learned from some smirched American politician, "Nothing can fill me with more pride than to see myself exposed to their impotent wrath." But we submit that an affair of such gravity cannot be disposed of thus lightly. It touches the dignity of this Government, as whose spokesman M. Bunau-Varilla has posed. It has a vital relation to an important public treaty which was so largely his personal work. Unless Minister Bunau-Varilla can at once and decisively clear away the charges that rest upon his good name, President Roosevelt should intimate to him that his usefulness is at an end in this country. And then there should be apologies all around for having taken a treaty, highly objectionable in itself, from hands that a French Minister of Justice had reported not to be clean.

NEGRO EDUCATION AND THE SOUTH.

The address of welcome to the Northern scholars recently assembled at New Orleans intimated that the discussion of the negro problem has become a disease. If the assertion had been made that the relations with nine millions of black people in the Southern country had produced disorders in the minds of many of the whites, it would have been nearer the truth. Such conditions exist as must provoke constant and keen discussion in regard to remedies and their application. This is a mark of healthy interest, not of disease.

The remedy proposed by Gov. Vardaman of Mississippi, in his inaugural address, for the checking of crime among the blacks will seem to some novel. It has been supposed that education tends to make men both better able to care for themselves and better fitted to be members of society. That has been our theory for more than two hundred and fifty years, and under it nearly twenty-one millions of foreigners have been assimilated in the last fifty years. But now we learn that the blacks are deteriorated by education. Gen. Armstrong, Booker Washington, and the trustees of Atlanta University have been working under a false idea. Their great enterprises and others which have absorbed hundreds of thousands of dollars and stirred the hearts of so many with hopes of great benefit to the blacks, were and are wasted efforts. There are more crimes to-day among the negroes than when they were slaves; therefore, all education is bad for them. This utterance would deserve less notice if the speaker were not the Governor of a State, and had not won his election by making appeals to prejudice and proclaiming contempt of law in dealing with negro criminals.

Gov. Vardaman is simply true to the traditions of the old slavery and to the hopes of the new. But suppose it to be a fact that in the State of Mississippi crime has increased. Are we not justified in asking for a closer connection between the pitiful education that the average colored boy gets in the country schools of the cotton States and crime than appears in this address? What is the precise deteriorating effect of a little reading and writing and arithmetic on the moral nature? If a boy is in school only ten weeks, and for the rest of the year roams in idleness, or,

helping his father on the hired land, hears him profanely denounce the extortions and robberies practised on him by his landlord and merchant-banker, is it the schooling or something else that leads the boy into crime? Three millions of colored children of the school age live in the Southern States. More than half of them are probably not in school any year, and the rest perhaps in school on the average for fifteen weeks. When one reads in a paper published in an enlightened Southern city, in one issue, that one colored boy of nine and another of twelve years were condemned to thirty days' work with the chain gang, and in another issue that four boys of twelve years were at one time sentenced to fifty days in jail, one may feel the pathos of the situation both for the guilty boys and for the State without being sure that school training had made thieves of these boys. Required schooling for all boys and girls thirty weeks in the year for seven years could be called real education. Nothing short of this amount will enable any one to say from the standpoint of the State that education for the blacks is, or is not, a failure. How many years must elapse before the triumph of fairness and candor and reason and enlightened self-interest as to the absolute necessity of so much training will come in these States! It would take annually from seventy-five to eighty millions of dollars to teach the colored children of the South as the children of Massachusetts are taught. At present six millions are spent upon them. It is something, it is much; but, under the present arrangement, often the brightest colored children in the towns are kept at work, and often those least likely to profit by schooling are the ones in regular attendance.

They are as a rule desirous of instruction, or at least they think they are, and the reports show that the colored children walk on the average longer distances than the whites to gain their privileges. But are even the present privileges, limited as they are, to be withheld? Is the negro, driven by competition out of many callings previously open to him, to be deprived of the little schooling he now enjoys? Is he to be condemned to the cottonfield and kept there under conditions so depressing that he cannot get ahead, and are his children to be denied the opportunity of improving their minds a little and winning a little better chance than he had for the unequal race of life? It is well known that the hostility of the poor whites in the neighborhood of the Calhoun settlement when it was first established, was almost unendurable. That same spirit prevails largely in the cotton belt. Of that spirit Gov. Vardaman is to-day the most prominent spokesman, and the danger of backward steps as a result of such utterances by such politicians deserves consideration. Nor must we forget, in estimating the danger, the excitable character of the Southerner—his hasty judgments, his quick resentment of supposed insult, and his intolerance of criticism. The sweeping influence of superficial, intriguing leaders under present conditions is much to be deplored. Nevertheless, it must not be believed that this movement for education can go backward.

The solid institutions of learning, colleges, universities, and normal schools, established in the South, both for blacks and whites, and the attention they are attracting for good work; the really enlightened and candid minds governing public opinion in certain localities; the constant and stimulating communication between these leaders in education; the influence and sympathy and pecuniary support of many noble Northern men, given with true courtesy and charity; the silent leavening of the scattered graduates of the great schools like Tuskegee (not 10 per cent. of whom can be found living in idleness *any part of the year*, Booker Washington assures us); the increasing ownership of land by negroes in some of these States—such influences as these can be expected to prove a great bulwark against the tide rising in the cotton belt for the abolition of education for the blacks. They will surely prevent that tide from destroying or greatly abridging the present opportunity given by the States for negro education. There may be occasional and temporary losses in certain regions, but there is large reason to hope, in spite of the destructive utterances of a few who voice the opposition of many, that the good already gained will in the main be held, and it is certain that if the advance already gained is maintained, it will be the means of greater progress. The position for the Northern friends of the blacks to take is: disregarding all hysteria in Southern expression, to continue to extend generous help to every sound educational enterprise in the South, and to cherish and express unfailing sympathy and warm admiration for those who, in the face of great difficulties, are heroically maintaining the necessity of good schooling for every child without distinction in all these commonwealths.

AN IMPERIALISTIC CHOSEN RACE.

It is a matter of inexhaustible dispute among ethnologists whether we have religious rites because of an antecedent religious feeling, or whether, contrariwise, we have religion because men found it necessary to explain rites which were irrationally established already. Recent events give color to the latter hypothesis. Nations trespass against nations without alleged warrant. Then come the apologists with abundant political and moral arguments for the deed; finally, theology takes a hand, and provides the acceptable sanction of religion. Thus Imperialism, from gross aggression, becomes a high political expediency or moral duty, and at last passes into an article of faith. The Roman augur who asserted that the omens were infallible because they agreed, after the event, with the fact of the repulse of Hannibal, would probably have been mocked at. Our times would have hailed him an accomplished priest of the god of things as they are.

Such a high priest is the cosmopolitan savânt, Mr. M. Houston-Stewart Chamberlain, whose work, 'The Bases of the Nineteenth Century,' is being exhaustively discussed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The book might appropriately be called a compend of Imperialist religion. This 'Summa' of a new St. Thomas is appropriately directed against heathen; and in order that the faithful may be edified and the unbeliever the sooner confounded, an anonymous donor—the Kaiser, it is hinted—has had the tractate put into more than two thousand German libraries. But the vogue of Mr. Chamberlain's book is less notable than its doctrine. He assumes as axiomatic the existence of a chosen people with an irrefragable warrant to go in and possess the lands of all other people—Hebraism this, in its straitest form, although Hebrews are Mr. Chamberlain's pet aversion. And the chosen people is determined by the simple process of observing those who have exercised a successful covetousness towards all that is their neighbors'. Since the fall of the Roman Empire the great invading nations have been the Slavs and Germans, in the wider sense, and the Celts. Why the Celts, is not apparent, except that they have shown a remarkable faculty for amalgamating with their conquerors. By simply taking the three élite racial stocks together, one gets the chosen people, the future wielders of universal empire—namely, the Celto-Slavo-Germans. Only upon reflection does the comprehensiveness of this Imperialistic trinity become apparent. The deity of Celto-Slavo-Germanism not only justifies the vast aggressions of Russia and England in the nineteenth century, but it also sanctions beforehand all that Germany may choose to appropriate during the twentieth.

It is an eminently practical religion, dividing with absolute precision the elect from the non-elect. All that is Celto-Slavo-German is predestined to rule; all that is not, to serve. So all the yellow races are examples of decadence; savage and Latin nations are, on the other hand, pitiful cases of arrested development. The only hope of both classes is to be absorbed by the Celto-Slavo-Germans. So much for the Imperialist religion in its broad outlines. It predicates the further advance of

England, America, and Russia, and it promises that Germany will join in the movement, while it declares the corresponding decline of the rejected races to be written in the stars.

Naturally, the soundest principle encounters awkward cases when it comes to be applied to confused phenomena. For example, Mr. Chamberlain's theology staggers when it is called upon to explain the city of New York. Why should Celts reign supreme, oppressing the native (Germanic) stock and the undeveloped immigrants with celestial impartiality? Here is a conflict of divine essences, and a theoretical flaw in the system. But, generally, Mr. Chamberlain skirts these obstacles with the skill of a born casuist. For example, David, the single great and good King of Israel—how did a monarch of his type spring from the base seed of Abraham? Simply enough. There were in Palestine certain blond interlopers—Hittites, perhaps—in any case, Celto-Slavo-Germans. Of these whatever was really effective in Israel was born.

Naturally, the French reviewer for the *Deux Mondes*, M. Ernest Seillière, is anxious to fix the ethnic position of his own nation. Are the French, who have assuredly a large Celtic and Germanic admixture, Celto-Slavo-Germans, or are they merely backward Latins, and doomed to speedy extinction? Here the oracle speaks with ambiguous voice. When the French peasants rose in 1789 they struck "with the proverbial fury of the German who has too long been patient"; but when in three months or so the representatives of these same peasants, at Versailles, drew up the famous "Declaration of the Rights of Man," it was "the work of the wordiest people of the universe in its wordiest period." Clearly, the French are eligible for either lot. If they successfully rule their arid colonies of Africa and the fever-stricken plains of Tonkin, they may easily become constructive Celto-Slavo-Germans. Should, however, a more voracious Bismarck arise, they may handily be subjugated as the worst of the Latin nations.

How absolutely repugnant to democracy and to Christianity this new religion is need not be remarked. Note merely that it is no more open to a people to acquire Celto-Slavo-Germanism than it is for the Ethiopian to change his skin. Because the British flag girdled the earth, and Russia came to the Pacific in the last century, and Germany is emulous of such achievement in this, the remainder of the human race is doomed to perpetual inferiority. Mr. Chamberlain's dogma could only have been conceived in an age that detests philosophy and has now turned its back on humor. Never in the past have such elaborate pains been taken to prove that whatever is is right. How much more wholesome, nay, how much more humane, than this ethnological claptrap is Machiavelli's conception of the world as one great cockpit, and his tranquil enumeration of the ways in which dominion may be won—"by one's own arms or another's, by luck, or by craft."

OCEANICA'S RESPONSE.

The news from New Zealand does not hang together very well. In one breath we are informed that a new fortnightly steamship service is to be established between Great Britain and the colony, and that this will benefit the trade of the United States. But almost at the same moment comes a long statement from our consul at Auckland regarding the new preferential tariff which New Zealand enacted last November, and which is aimed principally at American goods.

This New Zealand tariff is the first, and so far the only tangible, result of the Chamberlain agitation. From all the facts that can be gathered, there is nothing to show that the colony will gain anything from its hasty procedure. But it is always Premier Seddon's purpose to ride in the "band wagon." He is not built, for instance, like Hon. Alfred Deakin, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia. This statesman is as noble a Roman as Mr. Seddon. As far back as 1887 he advocated a protectionist tariff for Great Britain, and he believes in preferential duties today. But he is too old a hand to make rash promises. Mr. Chamberlain, he says, wants the British electors to make proposals to the colonies. But he plainly intends to know what those proposals are before committing himself. He has a good deal to say about "a most cordial and generous consideration" of the Chamberlain scheme, and he has splendid visions of the future of Australian wheat and butter; but he also says that, though the mother country has risen up, and the time is ripe for the development of national trade, "it will be no easy task to achieve that object." At heart, the Australian Premier is governed by a cheese-paring policy. But Mr. Seddon is the soul of generosity. He puts it all on the ground of duty. He told the New Zealand Parliament that it was their duty to make a distinction between their own kindred and alien nations; "by so doing they were affirming a great principle." Then came a burst of magnanimity such as has rarely been equalled. He asked for nothing from the mother country in return, he said; he had invariably refused to do so. In fact, he had always left it for the imperial authorities to give something, "if they saw fit."

He has lived up to his principles—after a fashion. He jammed a most astonishing tariff measure through Parliament without allowing time for consideration. The absurdity of the law was so evident that he was forced to admit "that the proposals might not be economically sound, but it was a political necessity." This is going our "friends of protection" better. Under the new law there is an extra duty of 100 per cent. on cement. On the bulk of the imports the "extra" is 50 per cent. of the regular rate; and on a large number of articles previously admitted free there is a charge of 20 per cent. The duty on British-grown tea has been remitted. The Premier mentioned the United States in particular as a country against which it was necessary to take definite action. He showed his regard for us by increasing the duty on boots and shoes 50 per cent., these forming our principal exports to New Zealand. He did the same with our next largest item, hardware; and bicycles, also a leading feature, find themselves in the same box. Among the heaviest imports from the United States have been iron and steel and printing paper. These were formerly on the free list, but must hereafter pay 20 per cent. Evidently, the Premier does not take kindly to the fact that while the colony's total imports since 1893 have increased 64 per cent., those from the United States alone show a gain of 248 per cent.

The Auckland merchants back Mr. Seddon up in his assertion that the tariff is not economically sound. They point out that the New Zealand farmers will have to pay about $10 a ton more for their fencing wire than formerly, for the benefit of the English manufacturers. For some years past, most of the rails used in the colony have come from the United States and Germany; but henceforth the orders will go to the United Kingdom, where the prices have been higher. The same may be said of other commodities. But a good many articles, (such as engines, motor cars, etc.) cannot be obtained in Great Britain, as the English firms have more domestic orders than they can take care of. In short, the passing of the tariff bill means the exclusion of certain American goods and the placing of orders in a market incapable of meeting the demand. But Mr. Seddon is wise in his generation: he has decreed that printing paper imported by newspapers shall be admitted free for three years. And he has taken care to omit from the schedules articles (imported largely from foreign countries) which are indispensable to the colony, such as American axes and other tools and agricultural implements and machinery, as regards which this country is better able to meet the New Zealand requirements than is Great Britain. Kerosene is also omitted.

But no great man can hope to escape calumniation. The leader of the Opposition had the hardihood to tell Mr. Seddon that his speech on the tariff contained a great deal of Jingoism and very little about the subject under discussion. One

reason for the tariff, he thought, was "the Premier's desire for an international advertisement." Some of the New Zealanders have begun to think that you can advance taxes too fast; the revenue per head has gone up from $16.31 in 1896 to $19.86. In seven years the public debt has increased from $215,054,778 to $260,357,850, and the per-capita debt from $292.65 to $320.03. It is well to keep the heavy indebtedness of Australia also in mind. If preferential trade ever comes to a vote of the people, the British taxpayers may be a little frightened at the idea of an alliance with communities which have gone on at such a rapid pace.

HERMANN VON HOLST.

The death of Hermann Eduard von Holst, in Freiburg, Germany, on January 20, brings grief to a circle of former students and associates, who knew the personality of the man; and it is an untimely loss to productive scholarship in American history. In 1881 he was already stricken with the disease of the stomach which limited his activity, and finally put an end to his life. He once said that he thought it was due to the privations of the household of his father, a poor Livonian parson. You would never learn from him that he was most of the time in severe physical pain; nevertheless, the greater part of his intellectual work was done in such a physical condition that many men would have gone to the hospital and comfortably given up the ghost. Disease and suffering often laid him by for long periods together, but if he could sit at his desk at all, he worked with a thoroughness and application which were in themselves a lesson to the student. On the day of his departure from New York for Strassburg he married an American lady, whose strength and serenity of mind and whose intellectual interest made her a power in her husband's life, unusual in a German family. A son and a daughter have grown up in this intellectual atmosphere. Von Holst had an enjoyment in repose which hardly comes out in his books. He had very strong likes and dislikes, and one of the objects of his animadversions was the German, and especially the South German, male habit of spending the evenings, week in and week out, in the Wirtshaus, leaving the family at home.

When one remembers that Von Holst occupied professorships in three different universities, and was twice called to another, it is interesting that he did not enter the academic life till seven years after his academic preparation ended. A student at Dorpat in his native province, where he was born, at Fellin, June 19, 1841, he took his doctor's degree at Heidelberg in 1865, and after a short experience as private tutor came to the United States in 1867. Poor, unknown, friendless, he nevertheless began his literary career by several years of work on the 'Deutsch-Amerikanisches Konversations-Lexikon.' Indirectly this was the beginning of his career as an historian and university professor. After the North German Confederation was formed in 1867, some excellent Bremen merchants looked about for somebody who could expound the workings of universal suffrage in America, and Von Sybel recommended the young Von Holst. He set to work, but found the subject outrunning the plan, and finally announced that he could write a constitutional history of the United States, but not the smaller task that had been laid upon him. He used to say that he always sent the Bremen merchants his volumes as they appeared, but he was sure they did not read them. The first volume of his History appeared in 1873, and by the freshness and vigor of its treatment at once gave him a prominent place among American historians.

In 1872 the way opened up for a continuation of his literary work, through a professorship in the new University of Strassburg, and here he began his academic life at a salary of a thousand thalers; he afterwards averred that his service there was perhaps the happiest period of his life. After two years he was transferred to Freiburg, where he remained for about eighteen years, steadily growing in reputation both as a lecturer and as a writer. He was in much request for public addresses, and became known throughout Germany as a man of power. For a time Von Holst was tutor to the Crown Prince of Baden, and he retained the personal friendship of the Grand Duke, who appointed him a member of the Herrenhaus or upper chamber of the Baden Parliament. Later he sat as member for the University of Freiburg. His legislative services were long and worthy, but he was rather an expert than a representative of the people. In 1890, when Bismarck was pushing matters hard in Germany, Von Holst took the field in a hopeless contest as an anti-Bismarckian for a seat in the Reichstag from his district. Yet he lived to hold a milder view of Bismarck's character. This legislative and practical experience was useful to him, but he never lost sight of the main purpose of his life, which was to complete his Constitutional History.

In his classroom Von Holst always appeared strong and confident. He had a great contempt for the German professor who cannot be heard, or if heard shows himself slipshod in speech. It was his habit to ponder over his writing, and to go into the classroom with his mind full of the subject, and with the succession of topics clearly in memory; and then to speak without note, with a determination and power unusual in German universities. Standing before his class, glowering at them over his desk, he spoke in full, rich, and rounded sentences, always striking hard, always striving to emphasize the great things, and coming back again and again to what he thought essential principles. Notes on his lectures are serviceable rather as revealing the results of his mental processes than as giving a connected body of detail. To him facts came into lectures as illustrations, as incidents significant of tendencies.

He had an unfailing interest in the men of history, treating them not only as leaders, but as types and revealers of human aspirations. In the statesmen of the French Revolution he recognized tremendous social forces, and the Reign of Terror he illustrated with the grim simile of Saturn devouring his own children. Although fluent and accurate in English conversation and possessed of a rousing English style, both in speech and in writing, he never felt so much at home in that language as in German, and for this diffidence he paid dear by refraining from scrutinizing the English translation of his History. It was his practice both in his lectures and in his books to introduce short and vivid quotations, a practice uncommon among German professors, and admirably suited to his incisive and emphatic method. By nature he was endowed with a spark of that mysterious quality called eloquence; behind the exact and formal side of his speech there lay a sense of the springs that move the human heart, and he was at his best when called upon to make a formal address on a theme of human interest.

In 1892 he was called to be head professor of history at the University of Chicago. The prospect was alluring; through his residence when a young man and through several long visits subsequently, he had become acquainted with the country, and understood the possibilities of influence through a great university. Twice called to Johns Hopkins, the second time he declined only for reasons of health. When the Chicago call came he was living happily in Freiburg. He was a man of influence there and throughout the university world, and the completion of his Constitutional History in 1891 left him freer than for twenty years. On the other hand, his great influence and his constituency were both in America, and the opportunities for new work on American history were better over seas; and even the university professor must think of his own future and that of his children.

The transfer was made, but the result was in many respects a disappointment. Accustomed to a university system uniform and well articulated, he was dismayed at the amount of foundation work which had to be done in America, and he complained that his graduate students had not had proper undergraduate training. The academic routine was distasteful to him, and he would know nothing of the records and reports and grades which are the pride of American university administration. A man resolute in facing difficulties, he could have found his way out of this one but for disease. He was physically unable to accept the position of influence in the community which was offered to him by his friends, and especially by the German-Americans; and his class work had to be confined within narrow limits, and was often interrupted by months of illness, while he was unable to carry out plans for literary work. The German university freedom he carried with him to Chicago University, and he sometimes expressed his mind on great public questions with unmistakable clearness and conviction; in the resulting controversies he could always give as hard a blow as he got.

At first Von Holst and his friends hoped that he would come out into a physical condition which would allow him to finish his career, but year after year he lost ground, his public activities ceased; his courses were more and more interrupted. In 1900 he could no longer act as a lecturer, and with regret withdrew from the University of Chicago, but till the day of his death he remained titular professor and loyal adherent of that institution. After he crossed the ocean eastward in 1900, he recognized that his days were numbered. He went to Italy, to Freiburg, and to Switzer-

land, trying to find at least comfort, until the heart which had so valiantly beaten served the brain no longer, and the undreaded end came.

Although distinguished as a teacher and a man of large public influence, Von Holst's life-work was the writing of history, and his future reputation must depend on the impression made by his historical production. By nature he had many of the qualifications of the historian, the first of which was his extraordinary sense of materials. Any one who frequently went in and out of his house, sat at his table, and entered his library can bear testimony to the steady, unwearying use of sources which enabled the historian to come to his own conclusions. The literature of American history has much developed in thirty years, and we do not now realize that Von Holst hewed a path through a forest, nor how many forgotten pamphlets and memoirs and political discussions have been brought to the attention of scholars through his footnotes. His own library was not large, though well selected; but it consisted principally of sources, and he supplemented his own materials by work in the British Museum and in the large collections in America. He was one of the first writers on American history to realize the wealth of fact and contemporary discussion to be found in the records of Congressional debates and in the newspapers; and his patient and persistent labor among those diffuse sources gave him his sureness of grasp on questions of political motive and tendency.

The second characteristic of Von Holst as a literary workman was his habit of meditation. As he came to a new chapter he filled his mind full of materials and then began to consider, often walking silently up and down his library. When the thought had come pat, he would sit down and write a sentence or two in his small, neat, and legible hand. That part of the work was done. He rewrote very little and made few corrections in proof. Every page of his books is the residuum of hard, patient thinking. Throughout his life he made little use of other people; he sometimes said that if he could have collected his material as Bancroft did, through searchers and assistants, he might have made a better history, but it would certainly have been a very different one. Another characteristic of Von Holst's work is his care to give his authorities. Aware of the pitfalls that lie in wait for the most conscientious writer, throughout his History he made liberal quotations in his footnotes; because, he said, people would not accept his conclusions without evidence before them.

Von Holst's style is both concentrated and digressive; he writes with strong, meaty expression, and to leave out a sentence or a word alters the meaning. On the other hand, he uses metaphor too freely, and not always consistently. His conception of constitutional history was that, having given a background of events, he must interrupt the course of the historical narrative to discuss the motives of public men and the principles involved in a controversy. These characteristics make the History close and sometimes hard reading, and it suffers in translation, not only because of the incompetence of the translator, but because of the lack of precise equivalents for many German political terms. For instance, Von Holst felt that injustice had been done to his point of view by the translation of "Souveranität der Gesetzgebung' into "sovereignty of law." The characteristic note of his style is conviction; he hammers at his anvil with staccato blows, which sometimes grow monotonous, but throughout all his writings there is a sense of a message to mankind.

He always had the true historical conception of the truth, the duty of seeking it, the necessity of separating it out of conventions and out of agreements to disregard it, the inevitableness of truth as the sole explanation of history. The truth that he cared most about, to the establishment of which he devoted most of his life, was that slavery was irreconcilable with free government, and therefore the cause of a political disease which could be cured only by the eradication of the poison. In the year 1904 it seems a platitude to say that slavery was the principal question before the American people for thirty years, from 1830 to 1860; that unless slavery could be put in the way of peaceful eradication, it would lead to civil war. The Abolitionists said so, a few writers after the civil war suggested it, but the great service of Von Holst to mankind was to put his training, his historical acumen, his great vitality, to the task of showing it by historical evidence. He loved the intellectual satisfaction of proving his point, and he had also a noble instinctive belief in personal freedom, which made his work seem to him a moral duty.

But his 'Constitutional and Political History of the United States' is not a complete history; it is really after the first volume only a history of the slavery contest. You would not infer from his book that the subjects about which people talked and disputed during thirty years were usually the tariff, the bank, the canals, the Treasury, the navy, squabbles with foreign Powers, Old Hickory, appointments to office, or the last horse race; or that, outside of politics, there was an intellectual and material growth of surprising swiftness. Probably the future historians of the decades from 1880 to 1900 will write of the new commercial and social organization, and will equally leave out most of the things which habitually interest Americans, or at least fill their newspapers. Granting its limitations, the History is a complete, well-rounded work; in method, in materials, and in spirit worthy of a great scholar. It is too long for the general reader, and, since Von Holst began, the field has been traversed by other trained writers; but it remains a sincere contribution to the history of America, a book with which every future student of the period must reckon.

Besides the six large volumes (seven in translation), aggregating 4,000 pages of close print, the result of the conscientious labor of over twenty years, Von Holst put forth two other groups of writings. In 1885 he published his 'Constitutional Law of the United States' as a part of the Marquardsen series of monographs on public law; it was translated in 1887. This admirable book, the fruition of a ripe scholarship, has had less circulation and influence than it deserves. Too brief to compete with the standard text-books on constitutional law, it is really a sketch of the principles of American Government; and he was one of the few writers to understand that State and local governments are a part of the American system. The 'Constitutional Law' follows Story's doctrine, but the book is throughout enlivened and enriched by shrewd and penetrating generalizations as to the unwritten practice which makes such a large part of our real government. Some fugitive writings in the same field appeared from time to time, notably the 'Was ist und wie enststeht Verfassungsrecht.'

An acute critic of questions of government, Von Holst's main interest was always historical. His 'French Revolution Tested by Mirabeau's Career,' published at Chicago in 1894, and based on a cyclus of university lectures, shows many of his characteristics as a writer, especially his interest in the personality of Mirabeau and Danton, who loom out of the mist of that time as Titans, yet as men. Throughout the History we have occasional portraits: a John Tyler, who has no redeeming quality except weakness; a Pierce and Buchanan, who ought not to be admitted to good society; a somewhat slighting view of Seward (a view successfully combated by one of his own pupils, Frederic Bancroft).

Two of these portraits Von Holst chose to delineate in separate frames—Calhoun and John Brown. The 'John Brown,' translated in 1889, is one of the last of Von Holst's systematic writings, and though in a certain sense a preliminary study for a part of the last volume of his History, it stands out as a cameo among his writings. His contention that Brown was not responsible for the Pottawatomie massacre has been disproved by later evidence. Nevertheless, the book seizes upon the real meaning and purpose of Brown's life and death, namely, the desperate proof to the South that there were abolitionists who so hated slavery that they would freely sacrifice their lives to undermine it. As Calhoun is dear to Von Holst, even in the midst of his illogic, so John Brown is dear even in the midst of his reckless violence. The contrast between Brown's methods and the peace and good order of the community, the comparison of Brown with outlaws and bandits, do not trouble Von Holst; for he sees in him the man who dies that others may live, the prophet and forerunner of the civil war.

The 'Calhoun,' first published in 1882, is in many ways Von Holst's masterpiece. It includes the whole doctrine of his History, for in Calhoun he rightly recognizes the typical advocate of slavery. The narrow, gloomy, and prophetic character attracted Von Holst; he made attempts, unfortunately then unsuccessful, to find the Calhoun correspondence, and to get behind the reserve of the man into his private character. In Calhoun he sees no enemy of the Union nor of his country, but a high-minded and patriotic man, overwhelmed by the impossible task of reconciling slavery with progress and with the liberty of the white man. Von Holst calls him the Cassandra of the slavery contest, always foretelling the truth, always unable to convince his friends. In his appreciation of Calhoun Von Holst went as far as his intense nature permitted towards the understanding of the other side, and the style is spirited and effective.

When Von Holst came over to this country in 1867 he hastened to declare his intention to become an American citizen. As a German professor, of course he resumed

his German citizenship; but when he came to Chicago it was with the purpose of identifying himself again with America. Illness drove him away, but when the writer saw him in the fall of 1902, he found him full of interest in what he looked upon as his own country. "Tell my friends in America," said he, "that I was never so good an American as now, that I never loved my country so much. I would go back there now, but I am no longer able to cross the sea. There is something stifling here. Never have I so appreciated America. Never have I so understood the noble aims of the American people."

We cannot close this notice without some mention of Dr. von Holst's relations to the *Nation*. They began during his residence in this city in the autumn of 1869, and passed from review-writing to correspondence on his return to Europe in the seventies. For the next decade he was too much engrossed, but in the early part of his connection with the University of Chicago there was a brief renewal of his service to a journal with which he was ever in sympathy. Among the reviews three of the most brilliant were in the domain of French history, with Gambetta, Thiers, and Napoleon (in Lanfrey's Life) for their themes.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

DETROIT, January, 1904.

The meeting at Ann Arbor and Detroit was notable for more than one reason. It was the first meeting of the Association at the greatest of the State universities; it was the first joint meeting held in the West; and it was the meeting at which the new constitution was adopted.

The geographical problem is growing in importance, not alone in this society, but in all national societies; and the experiences of the Modern Language Association possess general interest. There was a time, not long ago, when so large a proportion of our institutions of learning were in the East that those west of the Alleghany Mountains could justly be ignored. With the development of the Mississippi valley this changed, and it was found necessary to give some sort of recognition to the Middle-West or North-Central section. The present distribution of the members is, in brief, as follows: Exclusive of half-a-dozen Europeans, the Modern Language Association now has a regular membership of about 630. Of these there are 623 in the United States and seven in Canada. Of the former, 136 live in New England (Massachusetts 79, Connecticut 31, New Hampshire 9, Maine 8, Rhode Island 6, Vermont 3), and 232 in the Middle Atlantic States (New York 109, Pennsylvania 55, Maryland 33, Virginia 15, New Jersey 13, District of Columbia 3, West Virginia 2, Delaware 2). In these two sections, which form what is generally meant by the East, there are thus 368 members, or about 59 per cent. of the whole. The next largest group is that of the Central States, or the upper Mississippi valley, which has 180 members (Illinois 49, Ohio 35, Wisconsin 18, Missouri 16, Michigan 14, Indiana 14, Iowa 12, Kansas 8, Minnesota 5, Nebraska 4, Kentucky 4, North Dakota 1), that is, 29 per cent., or just one-half as large a representation as the East. The two remaining groups are small and their members scattered. The South has 49 (Tennessee 10, North Carolina 9, Georgia 6, Louisiana 6, Texas 5, South Carolina 5, Mississippi 4, Arkansas 3, Alabama 1), or 8 per cent.; the Far West has 26 (California 12, Washington 4, Colorado 4, Oregon 3, Montana 1, Utah 1, New Mexico 1), or 4 per cent.

The first recognition accorded the Middle West consisted in the choosing of a Western city as the place of meeting. But it was found that this resulted in the Eastern men's staying away. As Professor Thomas put it in his charming smoke-talk at Detroit, it is a thousand miles from Chicago to New York, and two thousand miles from New York to Chicago. The next step was the organization of Western societies. These soon found it advisable to merge with the national societies, at least in the matters of fees and publications. Thus arose the Central Division of the Modern Language Association, and the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast. The latter is now organized as the Western Branch of the American Philological Association, but its modern-language element predominates.

These smaller organizations made it possible for men to meet without going to the great expense of a long journey, but at the same time they defeated a part of the object of such meetings. The Western man does not care so much to see other Western men and visit institutions very much like his own. He has a natural desire to see "the big guns," most of whom are stationed along the seaboard, and to become acquainted with the leading institutions of the East and catch something of their local atmosphere. It was in response to some such feeling as this that occasional joint meetings of the national body and the Central Division were proposed. But when a joint meeting was held in the East, there was practically a return to the original state of things. Moreover, it was natural that the affiliated organization should retain some of the features of its independent origin which did not harmonize with its relation to the national society. It therefore occurred to various members of the Association that it was desirable to have a reorganization that would remove the objectionable or inconsistent features of the present *modus vivendi*, and more satisfactorily meet the various difficulties of the geographical problem. The draft of a new constitution was accordingly made and submitted to the officers of the national organization and those of the Central Division, and this was finally submitted to the Association assembled in joint session at Ann Arbor.

According to this constitution, which was received with general favor and adopted with unimportant amendments, there is one Modern Language Association, whose executive council may authorize as many as three Divisions, though there is no immediate prospect of more than one, namely, that already organized. The meetings of the Association, or parent organization, will be held at such place and time as the Executive Council may determine; but as often as once in four years there shall be a union meeting at some central point in the interior of the country. In that year no Division meeting can take place. That three out of four meetings of the Association will be held in the East, anywhere from Cambridge to Charlottesville, is taken for granted. In other words, by the new arrangement, the East has the prestige of retaining the national organization rather than having an Eastern Division, and has practical control of the election of the president in the three years that the meeting is held in the East. The Western men have more material advantages: they are assured a meeting (either of their Division or of the national body) in their own territory every year; they can, if they choose, attend the Eastern meetings with the consciousness of being regular members of the body, and not merely visitors from one Division to another Division; and they do not have to go out of their territory in order to vote on the officers that are elected at a union meeting and hold office until the next union meeting.

The officers of the Association are to be a president, three vice-presidents, a secretary, and a treasurer, who, together with nine other members, constitute the Executive Council. There is also an editorial committee, of which the secretary is the chairman. The president and the vice-presidents are to be elected annually at the meeting of the Association. All other officers will be elected at union meetings only. Vacancies occurring between two union meetings are to be filled by the Executive Council. The officers of a Division shall be a chairman (no longer a president) and a secretary.

In the light of what has just been said, the geographical distribution of those attending the meeting at Ann Arbor is of interest. New England sent 9 delegates (Massachusetts 5, Connecticut 3, Maine 1); the Middle Atlantic States 21 (New York 11, Pennsylvania 4, New Jersey 3, Delaware 1, West Virginia 1, Maryland 1); and Canada 2. There were thus 32 from the East as a whole. The North Central States sent 63 (Ohio 18, Illinois 17, Wisconsin 11, Iowa 6, Kansas 5, Michigan 3, not counting the Ann Arbor men, Indiana 2, Missouri 1). The South sent four (one each from Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia), and the Far West two (one each from California and Colorado). There were thus 101 that came to Ann Arbor. In other words, while about 60 per cent. of the members of the Association live in the East and but half as many in the Central States, at a union meeting held in the latter territory over 60 per cent. of those present came from that territory and but half as many from the East. From which it may be seen that in matters voted upon at a union meeting, the Western members, though half as numerous as the Eastern men, can easily outvote the Eastern men. The importance of this is obvious when it is considered that amendments to the constitution can be voted upon only at a union meeting, and all union meetings must be held in the West. Certainly, the Western men have no reason to find fault with the new order of things.

The way was prepared for the reorganization a year ago, when, at the sessions at Baltimore and Chicago, it was resolved to meet this year in joint session at Ann Arbor, and Professor Hempl was elected president of both organizations. When, some three months ago, it was announced that the meetings would be held only in part at Ann Arbor and in part in Detroit, there was some surprise and regret. The

arrangement was necessitated by the fact that, through an oversight, the Michigan State Teachers' Association had been invited to Ann Arbor for the same week that the University had invited the Modern Language Association. It was therefore arranged that the latter body begin its session on Monday and leave for Detroit Tuesday evening, just as the one thousand members of the State Association were arriving. It turned out that the arrangement was a happy one in various ways. It is more or less customary for the local members and their colleagues in the faculty to invite to their houses members from afar. This was done in Ann Arbor to an extent quite unparalleled. More than two-thirds of the incoming members were welcomed into the houses of the professors, and thus had an opportunity to get at least a glimpse of the charming social life that prevails at Ann Arbor. There is, however, a disadvantage connected with this private entertainment of guests. On the one hand, the younger and less known men come to the meeting with the expectation of falling in with the more prominent men, the promise of whose presence has been the chief inducement that attracted them to the meeting. But when they congregate at the hotel headquarters, they miss the very persons they most desired to meet. On the other hand, the visitor who is invited to the house of a friend soon finds that he is thereby debarred from meeting in a social way various members of the Association with whom he had anticipated further acquaintance or the revival of old memories. These disadvantages of kind hospitality were removed by the shift from Ann Arbor to Detroit, where all the members met at the Cadillac Hotel, in the beautiful dining hall, in the corridors, and in the classic banquet hall, in which the sessions were held.

The Association was greeted at the opening session at Ann Arbor by President Angell. The high sense of duty that prompted Mr. Angell, in spite of his recent great bereavement, to keep his engagement to welcome to Ann Arbor the two large organizations which were that week the guests of the University, elicited the admiration as well as the sympathy of all. In speaking of Edward Walter, Calvin Thomas, George A. Hench, and the other modern-language men who in times past reflected credit upon the University of Michigan, there was a touch of tender regret, but otherwise the brief address was a clear and ardent plea for the study of literature rather than of philology.

In connection with this position of President Angell, it is significant that, of the nineteen papers read at this meeting, fourteen dealt either with pure literature or with the history of literature, and two with rhetoric; while only three could be classed as philological. As usual, there were more papers on German themes than on others: German 7, English 4, French 4, comparative literature 3, the relations of prose to poetry 1. Most of the papers were more or less technical. By the wise management of the present editorial committee, the distinctly technical papers were not read, but were presented by title, and some others were read in abstract only. The ablest of the regular papers were: that of Professor Gruener on the influence of Hoffmann upon Poe, that of Professor Scott of Michigan on the most essential differentia of prose and poetry, that of Professor Carruth on the religion of Schiller, and that of Professor von Klenze on Goethe's successors in Italy in the nineteenth century. The paper of most general interest was the president's address. Professor Hempl took advantage of the opportunity to speak, in a way, for the Association to the outside world. He showed that the attitude assumed toward the mother tongue by the average teacher of English and by the average educated person is based upon antiquated and erroneous conceptions of the nature of language and of the function of the teacher of English. As a result, much of the time of the teacher is spent in trying to do what cannot be done, namely, to overcome the all-powerful forces that are constantly changing the language and producing varieties of English speech in the different parts of the English-speaking world. Speech is not primarily a matter of books and print, but of the tongue and the ear, one of the resultants of human activity and, consequently, determined by the life that men lead, and varying largely as the conditions of human life vary. In general, the paper was a plea for the rational treatment of what can and must be done in teaching English, and the abandonment of old-time trivial criticism and petty tinkering with the mother tongue.

The hospitality offered the Association has of late become perhaps almost too lavish, and that displayed by the Michigan people could not well be surpassed. Aside from the very general private entertainment of the visitors, the ladies of the faculty, in the name of the University Senate, gave a reception after the president's address on Monday evening and a luncheon on Tuesday noon, both in the attractive parlors of the women's gymnasium. Out of respect for the memory of Mrs. Angell, the reception was informal. On Tuesday evening the gentlemen were invited to the antique rooms that have been constructed out of the old Dutch church at Detroit, and now serve as the home of the University Club. Professor Michels of Jena, who was present as the guest of the Association, made a brief address. But the principal feature of the entertainment was the smoke-talk by Professor Calvin Thomas, out of whose humorous and often truly witty words there spoke a wisdom that soberer talk too often lacks.

For the first time in many years the Association was granted a railway rate of one and one-third fare. This concession was due chiefly to the efforts of the local committee, whose provisions, in general, for the comfort of the visitors were well planned and well carried out. Reports were presented from the various committees—for the Committee on International Correspondence by Professor Magill, and for the Committee on Bibliography by the secretary, in the absence of Professor Todd. President Hempl informed the Association that he had been requested to appoint a committee to meet with like committees from the American Philological Association and the National Educational Association for the purpose of devising a phonetic alphabet intended to serve as a uniform means of representing pronunciation in English dictionaries. The Association voted to sanction the action of the president and to express its hearty approval of the undertaking. Professor Emerson presented a brief report for the Committee on Spelling and a more extended communication from the American Dialect Society, which is now in prosperous condition. The present officers of the Dialect Society were reëlected. Professor Kittredge of Harvard succeeds Professor Hempl as president of the Modern Language Association. The next place of meeting will, in accordance with the new constitution, be determined upon by the Executive Council. Cordial invitations were received from Brown University and the University of Toronto. Professor Hohlfeld of Wisconsin was chosen chairman of the Central Division, which will next meet at the Chicago buildings of Northwestern University.

Correspondence.

WHITE TEACHERS OF NEGROES IN THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 10, 1903, you review and comment on a recent publication, 'Negro Education in the South,' by A. A. Gunby. I have not read the book in question, but feel that I cannot let its statements (a) "it has long since been inflexibly decreed by unwritten law that white teachers must not teach negro schools," and (b) the want of "suitable teachers and decent school houses to teach in," go unchallenged.

I was born and reared in Charleston, S. C., and remembered that from my earliest childhood the city public schools for negro children were taught by white teachers entirely, and to my certain knowledge the buildings and equipment are the equal of the public schools for white children. But to be certain that the same conditions exist to-day,—I have been away for eight years—I wrote to the City Superintendent for information, and he writes me that at present there are two city graded schools for negro children, one the Shaw School, with 1,015 pupils and 17 white teachers; the other, the Simonton School, with 1,207 pupils and 20 white teachers. These teachers are graduates of the representative colleges of the State, and are required to stand the same examinations to teach that those in white schools do; and again, promotions are made from one school to the other, *i. e.*, from the negro to the white, or the reverse.

I grant, however, that in the rural districts and in the smaller towns the negro schools are taught almost invariably by negro teachers; but these negro teachers are also required to pass successfully the State examinations for teachers' certificates.

I only make this correction because just such unsubstantiated assertions cause a great deal of the friction between the races and so much of the unfavorable criticism of the South by sections where the negroes are few in number.—Yours truly,

E. B. Fishburne.

Blackstone, Va., January 18, 1904.

[Our correspondent will not object to our reminding our younger readers that his experience has been *post bellum*, and that it was a statutory and lynch-law offence to teach slaves to read before the war. We welcome all evidence of a

humaner and more worldly-wise spirit at the South with reference to the negro in any relation, however sporadic it may be and unsupported by general public opinion. Mr. Gunby's statement (a) should be understood to read, "unwritten *social* law"; for, so far as our observation extends, there is a marked difference in the social status of white teachers at the South according as their pupils are white or black. We have even known this discrimination to affect two white instructors (women) arriving in company in a Southern town, and assigned respectively to a white and a colored school for trained nurses. "The one was taken and the other left" by polite society.—Ed. Nation.]

PROFESSORS' SALARIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your timely article, "Some College Salaries," in No. 2009 of the *Nation*, would have struck at the root of a crying shame still deeper had you been fully acquainted with the splendid misery of the average professor's life. In honor of the American professor it can, indeed, be said that there are few who are not willing "to renounce money prizes for the larger returns of their calling if only they *have* enough to live in decency and comfort." That many, if not the majority, of them do *not* have this, can easily be verified by addressing a circular letter to their wives. From these unknown martyrs of self-denial and economy it may be learned what it means at the present time to live up to their positions, to dress and educate their children decently even in a small college town, and to fight with the various tradesmen who consider the "unworldly" professor their easy prey.

Nor does the professor's wife see why the college president should be exempt from the willingness of her husband to renounce money prizes for the larger returns of his calling. Is the president a better scholar? Does he buy more books? Does he "entertain" more and better? In a certain Western college it has happened that the president, who gets $12,000 a year, asked his underpaid professors to pay for the crackers and tea with which they were afterwards "refreshed" at his reception.

May these lines meet the eyes of those who are in a position to better conditions which are a disgrace to the profession as well as to the country. Veritas.

January 15, 1904.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will shortly publish 'The Neighbor: A Study of Race Prejudices,' by Prof. N. S. Shaler; 'Methods of Industrial Peace,' by Nicholas P. Gilman; and a History of New Hampshire, by Frank B. Sanborn.

Prof. George E. Woodberry will furnish the 'Swinburne' in the Contemporary Men of Letters series of McClure, Phillips & Co.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce 'The Fugitive,' a picture of Russian Jewish life, by Ezra S. Brudno.

A new edition of Prof. W. J. Ashley's 'Tariff Problem,' with five additional chapters calculated to keep the Chamberlain pot boiling, is in the press of P. S. King & Son, London.

The parent 'Who's Who' for 1904 (London: Black; New York: Macmillan) surpasses by some thirty pages its lusty American offspring, as well it may, since it is not confined to British or even English-speaking notabilities. The increase in bulk is greater than appears at first glance, since now the tables in front of the biographies have been wholly eliminated and will form the nucleus of a separate 'Who's Who Year-Book,' thus making two blades of grass grow where one grew before. We need not dwell on a work which has become indispensable for reference.

The fifth volume of the English Bible in the beautiful series of Tudor Translations published in London by David Nutt is occupied with the Apocrypha, and prepares the way for the New Testament. What with the Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus, and Baruch, the poetry, typographically displayed as such, cuts a notable figure.

Shakspere is now added to the "Oxford Miniature Poets," and is compressed into three volumes fairly to be called delectable but that the print is for young eyes only, to wit, the Tragedies; the Comedies; the Histories, Poems, and Sonnets. This is what the Oxford India paper can do for hand and pocket. Each play, we remark, has its own pagination, and each volume concludes with a glossary, but has no other apparatus. The three portraits are the Chandos, the Droeshout, and the Stratford bust.

An analysis of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' with captions, arguments, and paraphrases, by the late Charles Mansford, published about sixteen years ago for private circulation, is now offered to the public in a small, unpretentious handy volume (London: Sonnenschein; New York; Dutton). The "songs" marked off and numbered in this process are indexed by their first lines. Teachers and classes in literature will probably find their account here.

Canon Hensley Henson, of Westminster, has become prominent lately for his efforts to promote a better feeling between Church and Dissent. In pursuing this aim he has delivered, at his own church of St. Margaret's, a course of lectures now published under the title of 'Studies in English Religion in the Seventeenth Century' (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). They discuss the Pre-Laudian Church of England, Sabbatarianism, the Presbyterian Experiment, Erastianism, Casuistry, and Toleration. They pay greater attention than is usual with Anglican writers to the Nonconformist literature of the period covered, but as contributions to ecclesiastical history they are somewhat elementary. Canon Henson's own freedom from Church-and-State conventions may be judged from his declaration that the Act of Uniformity "belongs historically to the statutes of the Caroline Penal Code, of which it is now the solitary survivor; and so long as it remains on the statute-book the National Church is, in certain important directions, unable to advance or develop."

The 'Alphabet of Rhetoric,' by Rossiter Johnson (D. Appleton & Co.), is a convenient handbook and glossary combined. It gives an account of every figure of rhetoric from *anastrophe* to *synchoresis*, numerous little articles on words, and a chapter on elocution. It is intended as a familiar compendium for all who care to speak and write correctly. It also contains a short essay on conversation, in which the author describes well-known types of talkers who make themselves nuisances. The book abounds in good sense, and, though there is here and there some hair-splitting, there is no more, perhaps, than invariably goes with an ear for the niceties of language. We are not ourselves willing to reprobate the use of "bogus" in all cases, nor to put it in the same class with "kick" used in the sense of 'protest.' We agree that "up-to-date" is trite. The author is evidently one of those who think that there is a tendency to decadence in language, as there is in pronunciation and grammar, which needs to be fought against.

'The Metre of Macbeth,' by David Laurance Chambers (Princeton University Press), "attempts to show *when* certain metrical phenomena appeared in Shakspere's work, *why* they appeared (as far as that can be determined), and what stage they had reached in 'Macbeth.'" This promise of the preface seems well carried out in the treatise. It takes up one after the other each of those factors in Shakspere's metrical art which have been used as tests of the relative order of composition of the several plays. Many writers on the metrical tests as applied to this problem weaken the effect of their deductions by an unjustifiable assumption of minute certainty in application, and of finality for their own conclusions. Mr. Chambers remarks that "the operation of all the verse-tests is restricted by certain rules based on common sense." He states frankly that he has been disappointed in his expectation that he should find the *enjambement* test conclusive as chronological evidence. He considers the "weak-ending test" by all odds the most important piece of metrical testimony as to the date of 'Macbeth.' He does not, with most critics, posit a continuous bettering of the poet's metrical genius to the end, but holds that in the versification of his last plays "long familiarity leads him at times to abuse his liberty, and to write measured prose for verse," and that perhaps "the return to Stratford cast upon Shakspere the weight of too much liberty." Rather pretty are the fanciful catchwords Mr. Chambers uses for Shakspere's four periods. "I., The Vanity of Rime. II., The Balance of Power. III., The Discordant Weight of Thought. IV., The License of Weak Endings." The little book is to be recommended as written with judgment and restraint. It seems to help clear up the problems with which it deals. It lacks an index.

In the preface to his 'Pattern Design' (London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) Mr. Lewis F. Day states that he has prepared this handbook to replace his former work, 'The Anatomy of Patterns,' which had gone through four editions. The times have changed, he says, "and with them the standpoint of students and teachers of design; and though my point of view has not altered, my outlook has widened with experience." The illustrations are either wholly new or are remade with care, the larger page allowing of better cuts, even of clearer and more effective diagrams. And if it were a question only of a good series of diaper patterns, sowings or *semé* patterns, scroll pat-

terns, waves and frets and spots, foliation and floriation, then the book might be recommended without a second thought, so excellent is the selection of ornament and so clever its presentation. Even the so-called "diagrams" are often of use in furnishing ready-made material. Thus, on page 190, the filling of a narrow upright panel with Renaissance scrollwork and arabesque, exactly as on the front of so many pilasters of the fifteenth century, is so treated that the student can see the development in the mind of the designer from the obvious to the more elaborate treatment. In fact, these "diagrams" serve the same purpose as is served by the excellent photographic picture of a composition in "six-inch tile design to be fixed brickwise" —that is to say, with breaking of joints. As to Mr. Day's avowed purpose to explain how designing is done, the man who will read this book through and note down its assertions and demonstrations with the idea that he is "learning design" will be far astray.

Sadakichi Hartmann has published through L. C. Page & Co., Boston, a little volume on Japanese Art, which is well worthy of careful reading by every one concerned in the study of fine art anywhere, or in the special collecting and comparison of Oriental treasures. It contains 280 pages, and about thirty full-page plates, some in colors, not always well made or quite faultless in reproduction, but extremely well chosen, and hardly ever failing to explain the text, thus serving the true purpose of illustrations. As for the text itself, it is the work of a very careful student, of one who does not make statements rashly or without immediate significance. The first half of the book is devoted to paintings alone, and this study is divided into four chapters, respectively entitled "Early Religious Paintings," "The Feudal Period," "The Renaissance," and "The Realistic Movement." There is one chapter devoted to architecture and sculpture, and one to the ornamental arts, while chapters five and eight deal with the interdependence of Oriental and Western civilization as seen under different lights. That Japanese art pervades all classes of the community, that its monuments are of approximately equal importance, whether small, cheap, slight and perishable, or permanent works of bronze or of architecture on a large scale, is the essential thing which the author never loses sight of for a moment. What he says of European art in comparison with Japanese is not always to be commended—for example, such a phrase as "ladies of fascinating leanness and awkwardness *à la* Chavannes," or the statement that he is "convinced that the pre-Raphaelites have borrowed their method of perspective . . . from the Japanese." To push this comparison still further, and to say that the paintings of Burne-Jones strangely resemble certain Japanese compositions which the author mentions, is to make a fantastical comparison. As for Japanese art, however, we have it well explained to us, and its artistic glory very intelligently set forth in this delightful little volume.

The 'Transfer Tax Law' of New York State is the subject of a conveniently arranged volume of some three hundred pages by Samuel T. Carter, jr. (The Banks Law Publishing Co.). The subject is one of growing importance, as the taxation of inheritances and transfers made in contemplation of death has now become part of the settled policy of many States; it has only been by unusual vigilance that we have thus far escaped a progressive transfer tax. With the law as administered we believe the public has been well enough satisfied, except as to one point. It is held, not only by State courts, but by the United States Supreme Court, that the law applies to United States bonds, which are, however, specially exempted by law from all taxation. The reasoning by which this conclusion is supported is that the tax is laid, not on the bonds, but on the right to inherit the bonds. Some lawyers—and many laymen—still profess to be unable to see the distinction.

Our minister to Cuba gives the most practical information to be found in the much-enlarged Consular Reports for January. It consists in notes upon the commerce, leading industries, and business firms of nine of the cities of the island, with a special list of one hundred and fifty-eight dealers in groceries and produce. The general outlook, on the whole, is hopeful. "There is a magnificent business to be developed between the United States and Cuba." Numerous reports treat of the foreign and colonial trade of Great Britain and the industrial conditions of Germany. Among the signs of returning prosperity in the empire is "the noticeable decrease of unemployed men on the streets and at the employment bureaus in Berlin." The book industry, however, is suffering from overproduction. "The vast majority of the 25,000 new books catalogued during 1902 proved to be a drug on the market." Through the ruinous competition, in the cities of the department store, and in the small towns of the bookbinder, the retail bookstore is passing out of existence.

The propaganda in the German University centres of the "Akademischer Schutzverein," which is a defensive alliance of the book producers and writers against the financial injustice of the new bookdealers' "union" recently organized by the "Sortimenter," or retail bookdealers, is growing. A branch of the society has recently been organized in Berlin. The main speaker in favor of the movement was Professor Paulsen, while the opposition was led by Dietz, Engelmann, and Schmoller. Marked opposition has appeared only in Jena, Strassburg, and Heidelberg, but in these universities two associate societies have been established. The bookdealers themselves have so far been making only a weak defence.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, number eleven, contains a topographical description of the Samoan Islands, by Dr. Reinecke, together with some account of their flora. His main conclusion from the study of the vegetation is that it is of relatively recent growth; that it has no connection with the flora of South America or Australia, but is of Indo-Malay origin. Dr. Saad gives some interesting facts in regard to twenty-three Jewish colonies in Syria and Palestine. The most flourishing is near Jaffa, and each of its seventy families has a house with a vegetable and flower garden, a horse and wagon, as well as a cow and fowls. The principal industry is grape culture and the manufacture of various wines, to which is now being added the growing of olives and almonds. In the closing chapters of "Two Years among the Chukchis," a burial feast and other ceremonies connected with the disposal of their dead are described, and some facts are given relating to the commerce of the coast tribes with Alaska.

The Prussian Government has just published the statistics of the students who in the past fifteen years have, during their university career, changed from one faculty to another—a process known as "Umsatteln." The number is unexpectedly large, averaging for each semester 8.35 per cent. of the whole student body. As a rule, the change in the choice of professions is made in the second or third semester, although it occurs as late as the sixth, seventh, and eighth. The largest gains from this source are credited to the medical faculty, the new recruits coming chiefly from the philosophical and the law departments, and the percentage of increase being 11.46. Rather strangely the Catholic theological is next in attracting students from other faculties, its percentage of gain being 9.34. The smallest number from this source is secured by the Protestant theological faculty, only 4.12 per cent. of its students coming from other departments, the bulk from the faculty of philosophy, and about one-fourth from that of law.

The refusal of the Austrian Government to establish a distinctively Italian university has been met by the organization of "free Italian university lectures," recently begun in Innsbruck. They were opened by Professor Gubernatis of Rome, who delivered a course on Petrarch. Rioting between the German and the Italian students gave the authorities a pretext for temporarily putting a stop to these lectures, which, however, are to be taken up at a more auspicious season. The Salzburg University lecture course, inaugurated during the past fall and directed against a specifically "Catholic" science, are to be continued in 1904, with additional lectures on the natural sciences.

By the purchase of the *Fliegende Blätter*, the famous Munich comic weekly, and its transfer to Berlin by the newspaper publisher August Scherl, the newspaper war that has been carried on for a dozen years between this modern millionaire and the old and equally rich house of Rudolf Mosse, has entered upon a new stage. Scherl, who was at one time in the employ of the Mosse concern, has in the last few years acquired no fewer than seven of the most popular periodicals in Germany, and now issues them all from Berlin, aiming particularly at undermining the advertising business of the Mosse house, and has already compelled the latter to discontinue its once famous 'Berliner Adressbuch' by outrivalling it.

—Mr. Howard Kemble Stokes issues in separate form an essay on 'Chartered Banking in Rhode Island, 1791-1900,' prepared for 'Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations at the End of the Century' (Mason Company). As a colony, Rhode Island had acquired an evil reputation in public finance, and the reputation clung to it, with some reason, after it had become a State. Mr. Stokes takes up the story with the chartering of the Providence Bank, and tells in brief the experiences of banking in the State under the different eco-

nomic influences that controlled its operations. Commerce was the most potent force before the embargo, and agriculture (always apparently ready to borrow and somewhat lax in its ideas of repayment) served as a good second, demanding the creation of "capital" for its particular use. After the embargo and the War of 1812, manufacturing industries took the place of commerce, and, as Mr. Stokes says, levied tribute on the rest of the country to a degree that made the banks of Rhode Island particularly strong. The free bank yields to the bank under State supervision, and the peculiar "bank process" is abolished. Since that transition period the growth of manufactures and the rise of corporations have introduced new methods into banking and the use of credit. In some respects the experience of the Rhode Island banks has been peculiar, and the exceptional situations or influences are well described by Mr. Stokes, who shows great familiarity with his subject and a good knowledge of banking principles.

—It is characteristic of the zealous astronomer that he avails himself of every opportunity to advance his knowledge of things celestial, even under circumstances where no effort of the kind would be expected. Two or three years ago Prof. W. H. Pickering headed an astronomical expedition to Jamaica, and, while there, employed his photographic telescope in taking a number of photographs of the moon, though this was not his main object. These are now published by Doubleday, Page & Co. in a fine quarto volume, with text describing the principal features of lunar scenery. We might lay the book aside with the simple remark that the general reader can here find several complete sets of views of the lunar surface which have the advantage over hand drawings of the accuracy in detail secured by photography. But a statement printed on the wrapper of the book, for which we cannot suppose the author to be responsible, that these are "the most complete and valuable series of moon photographs ever secured," so far transcends the limits both of fact and of credibility that it would seem hardly necessary to warn the reader against accepting it. The pictures vary widely in quality, an unavoidable result of the necessity of taking them in very different states of the atmosphere; but the best are below those taken at the Lick Observatory, not to mention the Paris and other observatories. The drawback under which they labored is partially compensated by there being half a dozen pictures of each portion of the moon, taken under various conditions of illumination by the sun. Round or square pictures, had they been possible, would have been much more satisfactory than the long strips, each more than twice as high as wide, into which the lunar surface is divided. The index maps with alphabetical list of lunar features are well arranged, but we are sorry to see the names of living people put on the moon, seemingly on the author's own responsibility. There is in the text much discussion to which the conservative astronomer would object as being in the nature of unverified speculation—that pertaining to the supposed existence of snow and ice on the moon, for example.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb hope to publish before the end of the present year the results of their six years' investigation into the development of English local government between 1700 and 1835. Meanwhile they have issued, for the sake of its immediate practical value, that section which deals with 'The History of Liquor Licensing in England' (Longmans, Green & Co.). This little volume raises high anticipations of the importance of the completed work. The authors have not contented themselves with transcribing the changes in the statute-book, but, by the aid of all kinds of contemporary sources—especially the British Museum collection of provincial newspapers which it was recently proposed to disperse—have described the various local institutions, in structure and function, as vital social tissue. The account here given of the relation of these institutions to the liquor traffic is undoubtedly fuller and more exact than any previously published. Mr. and Mrs. Webb call particular attention to a remarkable episode which seems to have been overlooked by all students of the subject, and which has not been cited by any Parliamentary inquiry from 1817 to 1900—a reform movement beginning with a drastic restriction of licenses in 1786, and including, without compensation to publicans, many measures which are generally discussed to-day as modern and somewhat Utopian devices. Before they made this discovery, the authors had already noted, from their researches into the history of crime, a "lull" in disorderly conduct, rioting, etc., during the period when these acts were in force, and they infer that the advance of the English workingman during the first two decades of the nineteenth century was largely due to the limitation of the opportunities for drinking. They analyze, with much acuteness, the conditions which caused the abandonment of this restrictive policy in spite of the testimony of the country justices of the peace to its "distinct success." The detailed history ends with the Beer Act of 1830, but a chapter is appended recording in outline the attempts at "legislative repentance" since that date. In conclusion, the writers note—without attempting at present to draw any inferences from the fact—that whereas in the middle of the nineteenth century the tendency was to make the regulation of the liquor traffic part of the national administration, as are the Factories and Workshop Acts, the tendency of the last quarter of a century has been to restore it to the sphere of local government.

—'After Worcester Fight,' by Mr. Allan Fea (Lane), is a companion volume to the same author's 'Flight of the King.' In it are brought together the chief contemporary narratives which describe the escape of Charles II. from the field where Cromwell won his final victory. We shall employ a more familiar expression when we say that Mr. Fea has reprinted the Boscobel Tracts, with the sole exception of the 'Prisoner of Chester's Letter.' This collection embraces five items—the narrative which Charles II. dictated to Pepys in 1680, Thomas Blount's 'Boscobel,' 'Mr. Whitgreave's Narrative,' 'Captain Ellesdon's Letter to Lord Chancellor Clarendon,' and the 'Claustrum Regale Reseratum, or the King's Concealment at Trent.' Boscobel, it will be remembered, is the name of the place where Charles hid in the oak, and this whole body of literature goes back to the pamphlet which was published under Blount's name within a few months from the Restoration. The singular fact is that Blount, a Roman Catholic lawyer of the Inner Temple, denied the authorship both in conversation with Lord Oxford and in a letter to his own son. By whatever author, 'Boscobel' ranks among the famous tracts of English history, describing as it does one of the most romantic adventures of the adventurous Stuarts. The loyalty of the Roman Catholic gentry after Worcester is quite comparable with that of the Highlanders after Culloden, although there was no reward of £30,000 on King Charles's head. Like 'The Flight of the King,' this volume is profusely illustrated, and Mr. Fea has added many notes of antiquarian interest.

—One of Charles II.'s companions at Worcester and in the first days of the fight was George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, a sketch of whose life by Lady Burghclere is published at the same moment with Mr. Fea's reprint of 'Boscobel' (Dutton). The Merry Monarch and the mercurial Duke had many tastes in common, and both were gifted with a cleverness which might easily have been turned to better uses. Of the two the King possessed the greater stability, and proved the more successful in the conduct of his own affairs; but this statement would apply with equal force to any Englishman of the Duke's generation. The name of George Villiers stands for all that is brilliant, reckless, unstable, and unfortunate. Dryden's character of Zimri, and Pope's description of the squalid deathbed, have left an impression which can never be effaced, and which is historically sound. Lady Burghclere, at least, does little to modify it when she says: "It would seem that at his birth the presiding genius sought to show how futile are all the gifts of intellect and person, if that great quality which Englishmen worship as 'character' be lacking." We shall not pause, however, to moralize upon the lessons of Buckingham's life, or to illustrate the richness of the talents which he scattered to the winds. Lady Burghclere's biography has the merit of drawing its materials from original sources, and is unmarred by the attempt to rehabilitate. "The one selfless aspiration to which through a thousand changes he remained true, was universal Liberty of Conscience." This is not an extravagant claim on behalf of one's subject, especially when it is so well grounded as in the case of Buckingham. Baxter seems willing to go equally far when he observes that though "George Villiers was of no religion, but notoriously and professedly lustful, yet he was of greater wits and parts and sounder principles as to the interest of humanity and common good than most lords in the court." Buckingham's political career, or that part of it which belongs to the larger issues of English history, begins at the Restoration and ends in 1679. Lady Burghclere has written a very good account of his relations with Arlington and the King, but when she reaches the period of the Popish Plot her grasp of events seems somewhat less firm. While recognizing that, after his disgrace, Buckingham exerted "far greater influence in his new character as leader of the Opposition than he had ever achieved as Prime Minister," she does not develop this striking part of his career with sufficient minuteness. Her account of the *Rehearsal* is also marked by some signs of

haste. These slight strictures made, we must state that Lady Burghclere has shown skill in her treatment of an intricate and singular personality.

—An interesting paper on changes in the sea-level, particularly on the shores of Greece, is published in a recent number of the *Revue Universelle des Mines* by Ph. Negris, one of the first Greek geologists of our day, and formerly Greek Minister of Finance. He had shown in a previous work that, at the close of the glacial period, the sea about Greece stood about 600 feet higher in relation to the land than at present, and that its recession was by leaps and bounds. In the present article he shows what had been believed for some time, that during the last 2,000 years the sea has again gained upon the land, having risen about six feet. On the basis of observations made at the time of the recent excavations and dredging for the canal between Leucas and Acarnania, he concludes that when the earlier canal was dug by the Corinthians, 2,500 years ago, the surface of the sea was about nine feet lower than at present. At the depth of fifteen or eighteen feet he found indications of the lowest level of the surface of the Mediterranean at that place, and infers that the rising of the sea level began between 4,000 and 5,000 years ago. The difference in level, together with the wearing away of the rocks, is made by him to explain certain discrepancies between observed facts of today and statements of the geographer Strabo. For example, Negris believes the Strait of Salamis to have been essentially narrower at the time of the naval battle, 480 B. C., than now, and explains the difficulty in the identification of certain islands mentioned by Herodotus and Strabo by the gradual disappearance of these islands. Negris sets the separation of Ægina from the mainland at about 4,500 years ago, and believes that the Bay of Thera was formed and the Lake Tritonitis disappeared at the time of the same "tectonic phenomenon" when the recession of the sea ceased. He believes the ancient Greek traditions of great floods to have been based on the facts of that time, and even thinks that Plato's story in the "Timæus" about great droughts in which the River Nile saved the human race, may have an historical foundation. These later views remind us of the English philologist Paley, who died not many years ago, and who explained certain Pindaric passages by assuming the persistence of a tradition of a glacial period in Peloponnesus and of icebergs at the mouth of the Black Sea; but Paley's views were supported by no expert evidence, and doubtless Negris would regard the traditions as less certain than his geological inferences.

RECENT POETRY.

The faculty that is most clearly seen in Josephine Daskam's (Mrs. Bacon's) volume of 'Poems' (Scribners) is the extremely clever manipulation of poetic diction. At times, as in this stanza from "The Sons of Sleep," we have an effect of great felicity, which, without the cadence, has almost the verbal accent of a classic similitude:

"Like dropping of the sweet and gradual rain,
Full-flooding all the parchèd doors of growth,
The multitudinous lips of all the flowers,
The whispering insistence of dry leaves,
All cool and rill-like flowing falls our sleep."

At other times, more frequent, the use of poetic diction stiffens into mannerism. Words are used as counters, and fail to impress us with a sense of their living rightness. This is especially true of the more ambitious pieces where it goes along with many lapses into humid sentiment. One thing Mrs. Bacon does well, namely, to intimate by melody and image—much as Mr. James Whitcomb Riley used to do it—the glamour that envelops this dusty world in the eyes of a child. We like "The Sleepy Song" best of all her verses:

"As soon as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.

"The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

"And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

"And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

"And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

"And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep."

Mr. Riley, in his latest volume, 'His Pa's Romance' (Bobbs-Merrill Co.), exhibits the persistence of his old style, but something of the old unction has departed. It lingers, however, in a single stanza of "Twilight Stories," with its gracious Wordsworthian reminiscence:

"The Grandma Twilight Stories!—Still,
A childish listener, I hear
The katydid and whippoorwill,
In deepening atmosphere
Of velvet dusk, blent with the low
Soft music of the voice that sings
And tells me tales of long ago
And old enchanted things."

His sentimental poems have not altogether lost their appeal to the popular taste, but they too often fail to ring true, and they are vulgarized by pictures of bachelors of various ages dreaming of their Dulcineas, while seated in the conventional Morris chair of commerce. The humorous poems, too, fail in gusto, though once, in the account of a hungry little boy with

"His ever-ravenous, marauding eye
Fore-eating everything from soup to pie,"

there is a flash of the old laughter. The best things in the volume are the elegiac poems, wherein sincere and tender sentiments are expressed in Mr. Riley's musical, allusive verse, with a becoming sincerity nowhere better than in these stanzas from "The Paths of Peace," a memorial poem on the death of Maurice Thompson:

"Perchance—with subtler senses than our own
And love exceeding ours—he listens thus
To ever nearer, clearer pipings blown
From out the lost lands of Theocritus;

"Or haply he is beckoned from us here
By knight or yeoman of the bosky wood,
Or, chained in roses, haled a prisoner
Before the blithe immortal, Robin Hood.

"Or, mayhap, Chaucer signals, and with him
And his rare fellows he goes pilgriming;
Or Walton signs him, o'er the morning brim
Of misty waters midst the dales of Spring."

William Reed Huntington's 'Sonnets and a Dream' (Whittaker), after a lapse of five years, has just been reprinted with "additional poems." Dr. Huntington's verse is a by-product from the intellectual work of a scholarly and talented man. The characteristic poetic temperament, with its perturbations, is not largely discernible in his writing, but the mental clarity, the restrained fervor of a perfectly integrated personality, expressed in suave and dignified Eglish verse, make his sonnets upon modern religious moods and upon the issues of affairs excellent specimens of their kind. Among the additional poems there are a few with the finer flavor of poesy. The most memorable piece in the book is one of these, entitled "Midnight on Mansfield Mountain." It is more academic than Dr. Huntington's poems usually are: indeed, it might have been styled as appropriately, "Lines Written after Reading Matthew Arnold"; yet it has the impressiveness of a mood common among educated persons of sensibility, perfectly realized on an American mountain-side, and firmly and sweetly expressed. We give it here without its first stanza of worn classical allusions; for Dr. Huntington shares the curiosly widespread inability of contemporary poets to understand how much the part may be greater than the whole:

"The breeze had died at set of sun,
Deep calm clad all things, flower and star.
Through the dim mists across Champlain
The sleeping mountains loomed afar.
Oh! why not to the soul of man
At such an hour come calm and peace?
Why breathes there not a voice to bid
The restlessness within him cease?

"I know not; only this I know:
A gloom around the heart is curled
Wherever, more than is our wont,
We feel the mystery of the world.
The smouldering of the sunset sky,
The break of waters on the beach,
The murmur of the woods at noon,—
An untold sadness lurks in each.

"We feel because we cannot feel;
We know our helplessness to know;
We ask, but answer cometh not,
Is Nature friend to us, or foe?
O Mother, fair as thou art sad,
O Mother, sad as thou art fair,
Lift the dark curtain's corner once
And show us what thou hidest there!

There was a time when the bland declination of the publisher protected the reviewer of poetry, in some measure, against the assaults of worse than mediocrity. But now that we have a publisher filled with an earnest desire to publish—for a suitable sum in hand—anybody's poetry, however bad, the reviewer's case is indeed parlous. Most of the meagre volumes which have recently been put forth with Mr. Badger's imprint (*nomen est omen*) it is kinder to leave nameless. In view of the glowing "Foreword" wherewith she is introduced, we may select the Muse of Dr. William J. Fischer to acquaint us with the quality of this interesting company. "The poems of William J. Fischer," says Mr. Charles J. O'Malley, "reveal that a new man is about to arrive in the field of American letters." "His voice is a young, glad voice, yet full of power and originality." "Here are songs of nature and songs of home. There are love songs and heart songs and cradle songs, and songs of gladness, and songs of pain." No injustice is done this glad voice in choosing for quotation these lines "To Collette," which we rather take to be one of the heart songs:

"Red are the roses she wears in her cheek,
Red are the soft lips, that gladly enclose
White pearly teeth—the pure portals of prayer—
Through which her white soul's expression sweet flows.

"Bright is the angel-look in her dear face,
Happy is the sunshine gay in her eyes mild—
O, there is nothing in all the wide world
Like the pure innocent heart of a child!"

There are many commendable sentiments expressed in Dr. Fischer's book, but this offering, with its engaging insinuation that Collette prayed through her teeth, is a perfectly fair specimen of his poetic attain-

ment. If any unappreciated poet has $250 which he can comfortably spare for the pleasure of appearing in this company, of seeing his moods precipitated in print, and of distributing fifty copies of his achievement among his friends and cousins, no one has any right to protest.

To pass from the consideration of books of verse to the perusal of blank verse dramas, Mr. Harold Elsdale Goad's "The Blind Prophet" (Rivingtons) is a lyrical drama of the Shelleyan sort. To a partial reader, it will seem a misty composition with a background of intense inanity. It has not a little of the prismatic quality of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," whereby the light of the poet's thinking is broken into profuse imagery as if by a dome of many-colored glass. Yet its imperfectly articulated and casual action, its high-flown lyrics and long declamations, are informed by an effective central motive. This is nothing less than the attempt to show how a religion of charity and idealism may prevail at the end over both skepticism and bigotry. In many detached lines such as

"God in all life draws nearer to himself,"

Mr. Goad is very happy in phrasing certain perennial religious conceptions with a turn that is punctually of the hour. It is perhaps on such philosophic, rather than æsthetic, grounds that "The Blind Prophet" is most interesting. Yet we hesitate to apply rigorous æsthetic tests to so thoughtful and fervid a performance, for there is justice in the adjuration of Mr. Goad's prophet to a band of flower-gathering children:

"Scatter your dreams like flowers upon Life's way,
Woe to the man that treads them under foot."

Mr. Goad's lyrical interludes and choruses have an excellent rhythm, but their pinion is too often weighted with unpoetic phrase. His best poetic gift is for narrative blank verse, as may be seen in this brief extract, which, with all its Tennysonian color and cadence, is from a passage that moves the imagination.

"For as we marched in twilight o'er the hills,
With song exultant and great hope at heart,
Sudden we faced the sunrise o'er a ridge,
And there before us on the opposing slope
Stood the wild nations ready, and between
Gloomed a bleak, lonely valley brimmed with mist.
Best had we waited, steadfast on the slope,
Ay, for the foe were many, we were few;
But so the Queen had stirred she could not stay,
And sudden, with one cry from all the host,
As though the sluices of our souls had burst,
We plunged into the twilight of that vale."

The collective title of Miss Harriet Monroe's book of plays, 'The Passing Show' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), fails to suggest quite the serious nature of the experiments which it contains. Since the success of her sonorous Columbian Ode ten years ago, Miss Monroe has displayed a poetic reticence which is amply justified in these five modern plays in verse. All the plays are tragic, or, at least, sombrely involved with the problems of free character caught in that intricate web of social and biologic necessity which is the modern equivalent of the simpler Fate of the Greeks. To say this is to say that the vista of the world which opens through Miss Monroe's plays is very similar to that which is seen in Sudermann and his school. Yet the mood of the Germans is not imitated, but realized, and the effect of the dialogue, broken into blank of an excellent cadence and savor, is very different from theirs. Of the interest and suggestiveness of 'The Passing Show' there is no question. The critical problem is to determine whether verse is the most suitable medium of expression for this particular kind of dramatic composition. If there is no legitimate effect in the plays as they stand which might not have been accomplished as readily and successfully in prose, then the medium is æsthetically unfit. The most ambitious attempt in the volume is the initial play, "The Thunderstorm." For purposes of stage presentation before a contemporary audience its story could doubtless be exhibited as effectively in prose, but, for the closeted reader, verse is indispensable to the fullest effect. There is a fine dramatic *élan* in Miss Monroe's writing which consorts well with her very respectable dramaturgic faculty.

A third intelligent essay in the field of dramatic poetry is Mr. Cale Young Rice's "Charles di Tocca" (McClure). Mr. Rice's theme and setting are quite remote enough to meet the old canons of the tragic. The protagonist is a petty tyrant of the Renaissance, and the scene is laid at his castle. Back of the castle are moonlit groves where the earlier action passes amid the ruins of old temples; and the crucial scene takes place in a hall which looks out upon the sea lying bloody in the sunset. Mr. Rice's versification is too often awkward, but this fault is in part redeemed by his phrase, which, despite some Elizabethan tincture, is more fresh and living than is often found in closet drama. Mr. Rice has also taken more advantage than is usual with modern writers of plays in verse, of the rich opportunities of strict dramatic structure. The action of the piece is admirably compact and coherent, and it contains some tragic situations and reversals which will afford pleasure, both to the student of the carpentry of playwriting and to the untechnical reader.

The most astonishing performance in the way of dramatic poetry that has lately been seen is Prof. N. S. Shaler's 'Elizabeth of England' (Houghton), a "dramatic romance" in five volumes, a play to a volume. In these five plays, "The Coronation," "The Rival Queens," "Armada Days," "The Death of Essex," and "The Passing of the Queen," Mr. Shaler has attempted to compass all the spacious times of great Elizabeth. It does not seem necessary to take very seriously Mr. Shaler's modest and ingenious preface, wherein he sets forth that these plays were written to vindicate scientific pursuits against the charge that they tend to sap the poetic imagination. He chooses as his text Darwin's confession that in middle life he ceased to care for imaginative poetry; but this has only slight evidential value, for a similar confession could doubtless be extorted from any nine out of ten men of middle age. In any case Mr. Shaler was a self-confessed versifier in youth, and from the perusal of his scientific and philosophic writings we take him to have been beneath the geologic crust a subterranean poet all his days. This assumption is fully borne out by the quality of the present work. A touch of this quality may be felt in the speech of Elizabeth to Raleigh after the destruction of the Armada, and in his reply:

Eliz.
Welcome, my prophet, you who see afar,
And judge the destinations of our ways;
Whose sword is also sceptre, pointing men
To empires to be won in days to come.
You see in action more than action means
To most hard fighters. Tell me what you saw
In the great arc that overarched the storm,
What rainbow gold to lead us worlds away.

'Tis much to have a knight who poet is,
And yet a poet with good sense of gain.

Raleigh.
My Queen, I looked as all did,—first to you,
And past you to this realm. When swords are out
Men watch their points; but when the fight is o'er
Then come the vistas.
. . . . . .
Think of that realm which waits us past the sea,—
Another England stretched from Pole to Pole.
'Tis yours to take; it is not yours to leave."

The five ample plays are written throughout in this large, unlabored vein, and there is scarcely a dull or a nerveless line to be found. Nevertheless, through the first two volumes the reader is dogged by the sense of dulness. The surface is taking, but the creative impulse has not been sufficient to vitalize the organism. From "Armada Days" onward, however, there is a constant increase of pleasure of an essentially poetic kind. No one of the plays is in any strict sense dramatic, though the "Death of Essex" comes nearest to being a tragedy of character. Mr. Shaler has, rather unhistorically, conceived Essex as a reckless idealist, one who

". . . never took the measure of his time
Or gauged the seas whereon his craft might swim,
But chanced their deeps and shallows with a helm
Set straight to far-off goal."

But the play fails of full tragic impressiveness in that it does not contain the proper *scènes à faire*. The more disastrous actions in which the tragic fault in Essex's character issues are recounted in vigorous narrative, not dramatically exhibited. On the other hand, the structural principle of the dramatic romance as a whole is poetic and effective. It is the conception of Elizabeth as the incarnation of the English national ideal, undergoing, after the dissipation of the Armada, a subtle sea-change into the fountain and origin of English Imperialism. In elaborating this theme, Mr. Shaler has chosen to credit the Queen with more womanly affection than has appeared in the dry light of history. But his plays gain in pathos by this, and it may well be that here again poetry is a truer and more philosophical thing than history. The final picture of the melancholy weeks which preceded the passing of the Queen, full of the same sombre mood towards "the deep" which informed the author's 'Study of Life and Death,' is excellently well done; and the introduction of "A Player," who supports her along her shadowy path with the stay of mellow Shaksperean wisdom, is fine literary art. The best things in the five volumes are some of the long narrative speeches, in which great events are recounted with the vividness of a writer well furnished with memories of men and heroic deeds, and quite poetized by an underrunning spiritual sense of life, articulate in phrase and rhythm. Indeed, we should be glad to see Professor Shaler try his hand at the neglected trade of narrative poetry. That the dramatic form is not necessary to the poetic chronicler admirably appears in Carducci's experiment—a mere fragment, alas—"Il Parlamento."

ANGLO-IRISH FICTION AND CELTIC POETRY.

Irish Life in Irish Fiction: By Horatio Sheafe Krans. New York: Macmillan. (The Columbia University Press.) 1903.

Poets and Dreamers: Studies and Translations from the Irish. By Lady Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Now that Mr. Yeats has set us all talking

about Irish literature and weighing the chances of the Celtic movement, we may remind ourselves what the phrase "Irish literature" conveys, or has till lately conveyed, to the Anglo-Saxon reader. Nothing could show more decisively the need of Mr. Yeats to clear the ground for the Celtic Renaissance than the fact that nine people out of ten, if you should ask them about Irish poetry, would think you meant Tom Moore; as for Irish prose, 'Charles O'Malley' and 'Rackrent Castle' are, of course, the classical literary expression of Irish life. Strange that a people should so misunderstand itself, should be so misunderstood, that the trivial Anacreontic verses of a sentimental cockney like Tom Moore have never really failed to pass muster as Irish. Nothing, we repeat, so convinces us that the Gaelic League has a genuine mission, and no easy triumphs before it, as this acceptance of Moore for the poet-laureate of the passionate and brooding Celt. But when you have convinced both Celt and Anglo-Saxon that

"Believe me if all those endearing young charms"

does not express the lyrical emotion of a race of impassioned visionaries, you are still confronted with Lever and Miss Edgeworth and the author of 'Handy Andy.' We are told that Miss Edgeworth's novels inspired Scott to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland; that her pictures of Irish life so impressed Turgeneff that he hastened to throw as vivid a searchlight on the life of the Russian peasant. Irish fiction does indeed begin with Miss Edgeworth, but you will find no revelation of the spirit of Ireland in those works which made her the lion of a London season. The popularity of Miss Edgeworth, like the popularity of Lever, was due to the fact that she presented with some vivacity and great precision the type of Irishman that regularly appeals to the British public. The openhanded, reckless heroes of Miss Edgeworth, the duelling, drunken squireens of Lever's extravaganzas, are no more Celtic than the roystering English squire of English fiction is Celtic. In all the Irish novels of the Lever type you are in the society of the Anglo-Irishman. The softness and amenity of the Irish air, the soft Irish weather, have worked a real change in the Anglo-Saxon settler; they have taken away his power of resistance, but they never could transform him into a Celt.

"To keep game-cocks, to hunt the fox,
To drink in punch the Solway,
With debts galore, but fun far more—
O, that's the man for Galway."

This is Anglicized Ireland playing the buffoon to amuse an English audience; you must turn to a very different literature if you want to hear Ireland talking to herself.

Mr. Krans deals with the Irish novelists of the first half of the nineteenth century. In those days the life of Ireland, tempered always by English influences, centred in Dublin. The nobility and gentry were, as they are now, for the most part, Protestant, the peasantry, Catholic, clinging to their religion with the ardor that always results from the persecution of a faith. The lawless and overbearing landlord of English extraction, the avaricious factor, the rack-rented peasant, these were the surface of Irish life; the hilarity and pathos of the Lever school of fiction are derived only from the surface. But in the meantime certain novelists of the peasantry were appealing to the same audience, though with very different success. They were all Catholic and all Celtic. There is nothing devil-may-care about the heroes of Carleton's or Banim's novels. There at least you meet the real peasant, who must learn to read and write by stealth or not at all; whose life was a series of evasions of the law, with eviction and emigration for the climax. Yet the dragoon of Lever still holds his ground among the dashing heroes of last century's fiction; the hedge-schoolmaster requires a commentary. The wandering schoolmaster, who, because he was a Catholic, and a Catholic could not educate or be educated, must hide with his pupils under a hedge, played a prominent part in the novels of peasant life that were written from the inside, as Carleton's were written. This fiction never had any real life, and cannot be revived except for the purposes of the student of early Victorian novels; but for the creative genius among Irish novelists, one must look to Carleton rather than to Lever or Edgeworth.

In his essay of 335 pages, Mr. Krans makes an exhaustive survey of Irish fiction up to the middle of the last century. The volume is one of the Studies in Comparative Literature issued under the auspices of Columbia University. There is a good bibliography, and the review of the novels is well done. It is not the fault of Mr. Krans that no one who cares for Ireland to-day can take any interest in Lever and his school.

Even such men as Carleton and Banim, who are as much out of touch with this generation as Lever, had no aim that was peculiarly Irish. An English education, English ideals, for them meant the only chance of success. But about the time—that is, about sixty years ago—when these novels of Irish life were being written for the English, the poet Raftery was writing Irish ballads for the peasants of Galway. It is a question whether Lever so much as heard of him; in any case he could not have read the ballads. For with the poets and dreamers who give the title to Lady Gregory's book, we arrive at last at the Irishman from whom the Englishman can extract neither humor nor pathos, whom he simply does not envisage, the passionate and visionary Celt.

When Lady Charlotte Guest collected and translated the Welsh legends, the prose romances of Wales, she threw a flood of light on Celtic literature, which before that had been hidden from all but students in Geoffrey of Monmouth's twelfth-century chronicle. It would be hard to estimate the influence of that translation, which revealed the Celtic saga to the world, as Lönnrot revealed the Finnish saga by his collection of the 'Kalewala'; the 'Mabinogion' is to Wales what the 'Song of Roland' is to France. Lady Gregory is in some ways more fortunate than Lady Charlotte Guest. The collection that she has made in this volume is not antiquarian; the Cuchullin Saga, one of the two great Celtic epics of Ireland, has long been familiar to English readers, though so far it has been mysteriously neglected by poets and artists. One of the best translations is by Lady Gregory herself, in an earlier volume. But the present studies are a manifesto, a contribution to a movement that has caught the imagination and fired the pride of the whole Irish nation. When Matthew Arnold wrote his essay on Celtic literature, his aim was to justify the Celtic imagination by proving that there is a streak of the Celt in every Anglo-Saxon poet of genius; that the natural magic and mystery of some of the finest passages in English poetry are due to a strain of the Celt in the poet. But Arnold looked only to the past. He thought that an antiquarian revival would reinstate the Celt in the history of comparative literature, and that to found a chair of Celtic at Oxford would go far towards settling the Irish question. He would have been out of sympathy with the aims of Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats, for he was too thorough an Anglo-Saxon to believe with Mr. Yeats and his friends that the Celt must isolate himself, must make of Ireland a sort of Sparta, must, if he is to be a true Celtic poet, draw his inspiration from the Celtic fountain alone. That is, of course, the ideal of a separatist, such as your true Irishman must always be; the Gaelic movement is a summons to patriotism—that patriotism which, as Mr. Godkin once said, depends so much on the stimulus that the country's history can supply to the imagination of its people. For all the purposes of poetry this isolation has been maintained by the wandering peasant poet who composes in Irish for an Irish peasant audience. What Lady Gregory does in this volume is to give the English reader a chance to estimate the poetic activity of the nineteenth-century Celt.

Raftery died about sixty years ago, but his songs are still sung in Mayo and Galway, Lady Gregory tells us, and exist in copies that were treasured by the country people. Lady Gregory found his famous poem in which he cursed a bush that failed to shelter him from the rain, "in a manuscript book, carefully written in the beautiful Irish character, and the great treasure of a stone-cutter's cottage." Raftery was a blind bard, whose songs were supposed to have a mysterious power to bring the fairies close, so that the mention of one's name in them was not by any means desirable. The passages that are quoted are, in fact, nearly all curses and satires. Like a true wandering rhapsode, he sometimes left a scathing verse on a place where he was not well treated, as, "Oranmore without merriment. A little town in scarce fields—a broken little town, with its back to the water, and with women that have no understanding." Every one will remember Shakspere's rhymes on "Beggarly Broom and drunken Bidford," which have stuck to those little Warwickshire villages as Raftery's satire sticks to Oranmore. But Raftery wrote historical poems too, and, in the days when Irish history was forbidden in the schools, his poems were the textbooks of the hedge schoolmasters. "The music of the world entirely, and Orpheus playing along with it, I'd sooner than all that the Sassenach to be cut down," sang Raftery. The Celtic movement needs a Tyrtæus, especially if it is going to encourage a Spartan isolation; there is a curious lack of the spirit-stirring note in these poets who would like the Sassenach to be rooted out. It is a great mistake to be a pathetic patriot. Raftery, at any rate, could strike as well as any Celt the note of lamentation. His elegy on his friend Daly is the best example. "The swans on the water are nine times blacker than a

blackberry since the man died from us that had pleasantness on the top of his fingers. . . . No flower in any garden, and the leaves of the trees have leave to cry, and they falling on the ground. There is no green flower on the tops of the tufts, since there did a boarded coffin go on Daly." "Raftery couldn't see a stim, and that is why he had such great knowledge," the people say; "and he had a voice that was like the wind." An old woman told Lady Gregory that she had heard Raftery's song "Cilleaden" sung in a tramcar in America. The peasants of Galway still entertain the local poet at their weddings and dances, but the decay of the Irish language has progressed far, and with it the inspiration and the profession of the Irish rhapsode are dying out. Douglas Hyde has published a volume of Connaught lovesongs; Lady Gregory gives in addition some translations of ballads that she collected on the Arran Islands off the Galway coast, "at the edge of the world." They are, curiously enough, devoted to the slight incidents of everyday life, as though the islanders shrank from the burden of legends and dreams that have gathered about every rock in those beautiful and desolate waters. Their eyes are fixed on America, and one that Lady Gregory quotes dwells on the troubles of a Galway woman in a Boston factory. "Do you remember, neighbors, the day I left the white strand? I did not find any one to give me advice, or to tell me not to go. But with the help of God, as I have my health, and the help of the King of Grace, whichever State I will go to I will never turn back again." So begins the sorrowful song of Bridget O'Malley. Lady Gregory supports the statement of George Moore that the people do not care for love songs; that marriage for love is almost unknown. "Marriage is a matter of common-sense arrangement between the heads of families." Only the laments seem to come from the heart, and the deepest note struck is the love of country.

The tradition of classical allusions came into Ireland some centuries ago; it is to be hoped that the influence of the Gaelic league will work against the monotonous references to Juno and Venus that make even Raftery's praise of a country girl sound artificial. Of all the love songs that Lady Gregory quotes there is only one that rings true, and makes one regret that one cannot read the original. It is called "The Grief of a Girl's Heart," and is sung in the south as well as on the Arran Islands.

"It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. . . . It was on Sunday that I gave my love to you; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever. . . . You have taken the East from me; you have taken the West from me; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me; and my fear is great that you have taken God from me."

Simætha in Theocritus does not express the intensity of passion more perfectly; this is one of the rare flashes of genuine lyric in Lady Gregory's volume.

The future of the Gaelic revival in the history of the literature of this century depends on the answer to the question that occurs to any one who reads these translations: Will the Irish-speaking Celts ever produce poets who will transform these exquisite phrases, these half-articulate yearnings, into lyrics that will make it necessary for the Anglo-Saxon to learn Irish as he must now learn Greek in order not to miss some of the finest poetry in the world? The exquisite form of Mr. Yeats's Anglo-Irish poetry he did not derive from the Celtic fountain to which he would confine the Celtic poets of the future. It remains to be seen whether some poet will arise who will make the ballads of Ireland to such a strain that it will matter little who makes her laws. But it must not be a strain of lamentation; at present the truest expression of the Celtic genius is the "Sorrowful Lament for Ireland," preserved in an old MS. of uncertain date. The translation is Lady Gregory's:

"I do not know of anything under the sky
That is friendly or favorable to the Gael,
But only the sea that our need brings us to,
Or the wind that blows to the harbor
The ship that is bearing us away from Ireland;
And there is reason that these are reconciled with us,
For we increase the sea with our tears,
And the wandering wind with our sighs."

As evidence of the work that is being done by the Dublin Literary Theatre, Lady Gregory translates the first Irish play ever given in a Dublin theatre, "The Twisting of the Rope," which has been acted since 1898 in many places in Ireland; and "The Marriage," also by Dr. Hyde, which was acted last year in Galway, at the Feis, the Irish equivalent of the Welsh Eisteddfod. They are written for the people, and have been acted by the people, in Irish. They never will appeal to an Anglo-Saxon audience. To choose for your hero a blind beggar poet, who comes back from the grave to play a very substantial part; to talk of "the land of fairy" as though it were the next village; to treat men like ghosts and ghosts like men—all this is to put a strain on the Anglo-Saxon imagination such as it has never been able to bear. Shakspere knew this when he confronted the English, easily-bored Hotspur, and that true Celt, Glendower:

"*Hots.* I had rather be a kitten and cry *mew*,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
. . . sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies.
. . . . . .
I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom."

The Voice of the Scholar: With Other Addresses on the Problems of Higher Education. By David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. 1903.

L'Éducation de la Démocratie: Leçons professées à l'École des Hautes-Études Sociales. Par MM. Ernest Lavisse, Alfred Croiset, Ch. Seignobos, P. Malapert, G. Lanson, et J. Hadamard. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1903.

If the two very interesting volumes of addresses before us have any one prominent element in common, it is their saturation with the belief that

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth."

Alfred Croiset, who offers a vigorous plea for the retention of the ancient classics in any scheme of popular education, is scarcely less insistent than Jacques Hadamard, the special advocate of the physical sciences, that the democracy of modern France demands for its well-being ideals and methods in education very different from those of the past. The French educators here represented are rather more definite as to what those ideals and methods should be than is President Jordan, who is, of course, well known as the most unreserved champion of the elective idea today before the public. When the student's freedom of choice is the question under discussion, he will even admit that Latin grammar may be an effective instrument of education, for a boy who takes it of his own free will, works at it in earnest, and has a good teacher; and for President Jordan to admit anything whatever favorable to any part of the old-fashioned college curriculum is a rare and important occurrence.

The thesis of M. Lavisse, who is assigned the place of honor in the course of French addresses before us, is that the education of the past was unrelated to actual life, and hence was a necessary failure. This he essays to prove by a frank relation of his own experience. One must doubt the force of such confessions of failure in education, when the life of the man who makes them is demonstrably no failure at all, but a distinguished success. M. Lavisse is an honored member of the French Academy, and possibly the achievements which placed him there are more nearly related to his early education than he thinks. It sounds ill for a well-developed man to complain that his mother's milk has left a bad taste in his mouth. President Jordan, too, in the present volume, as always, frequently assails the college education of the past as wholly unrelated to life. The country, he thinks, has been made by its educated men, but he curtly excludes its college graduates from the number, "for until within the last twenty-five years college men were not themselves abreast of our own progress." College men educated under the older régime certainly could not have amounted to much, and therefore they did not—is apparently the logical basis for this assertion. A devotee of scientific method should look more closely at the facts. The immense influence of such forces as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Brown in the making of the United States is easily enough traced by any one who cares to investigate. We may quote here Senator Hoar's observation in his Autobiography that the Harvard graduate of his early days attained high position much sooner than he does now. The college of the older time had its earnest students and its idlers; we have yet to find the modern college, or university, in which free election and the presentation of studies "related to life" have eliminated the latter class. There is little if any evidence that this class has been relatively lessened. We may thank the leaders of the modern educational movement that the benefits of college training are open to a far wider range of interests than ever before, and that the good student has an incomparably better material equipment for his work than was offered in the past; the happy discovery of some mode of certain assurance that the masses of our college students shall take adequate advantage of these new blessings, is yet to be made. If we were searching for proof that the key does not lie in free election and scientific studies, we should not neglect President Jordan's severe criticism of much that passes for scientific research

in the Doctors' dissertations of the present day.

The strongest feature of his addresses, we think, is to be sought where undue bias against former methods or certain classes of studies cannot enter. We are especially pleased with his vigorous denunciation of the excesses and dishonesties of current college athletics. Better to close the gates of the Athletic Field for ten years, and fumigate, he thinks, than submit to the evils of the professional spirit and methods. His most positive suggestion for reform is to exact hard and successful work from those who would be on the teams. The "ringer" would soon fall by the wayside under that test. Indeed, if President Jordan were to come up to the full measure of his suggestions in managing the institution entrusted to his care, there would be one college in the land where the presence of the idler would not be tolerated either in athletics or in any other department. One can find no fault with him in the matter of strenuosity. The idea of college life as a withdrawal from the turmoil of the outer world, in order to a quiet contemplation of the things of the mind, is about as foreign to his way of thinking as anything could possibly be. It is somewhat unpleasant to deal with the address which gives his volume its title, "The Voice of the Scholar." The strength of its argument for scholastic freedom of speech is weakened in the end by reservations and qualifications which practically undo all the good words that precede them. One might sum it up by saying that the scholar who holds a position in the teaching force of a university must be free, but only to declare scientific truth, free from any admixture of error, partisanship, or other harmful ingredients. But who is to decide? Of course, the door is wide open here for the baleful influence of the actual or prospective donor, the partisan constituency, and various other foes to real freedom. Better the words of M. Croiset in his address on the Needs of the Democracy: "Il est contraire à l'essence de la science de fermer la bouche même à l'erreur." But the recent episode in the South shows that we are making progress, even if the presidents of two great universities have felt constrained, within recent years, to speak in halting tones on the subject. When we recollect how forcibly and frequently President Jordan has freed his mind concerning recent political follies, we can only be thankful that he has not imposed upon himself the restraints which his address suggests.

To recur to the addresses of our French educators, we imagine that most American readers will find in them a greater confidence in the power of "education" as a cure-all for the ills of democracy than is current among us, as a result of our own experience. We have found that all classes of our educational institutions, from the little red school-house to a Harvard or a Yale, may turn out citizens who are utterly careless of their duties and privileges as members of our democracy. We have seen uneducated men by the thousands arrayed on the side of financial sanity against an utterly fallacious and dangerous financial movement led by Bryan, a college graduate, and supported by prominent graduates of perhaps every college in the country. True, the rule is the other way; but our French cousins will fare better than we if they do not find the exceptions so numerous and weighty as to inspire serious doubts of their thesis.

The Nemesis of Froude: A Rejoinder to James Anthony Froude's 'My Relations with Carlyle.' By Alexander Carlyle and Sir James Crichton-Browne. New York: John Lane. 1903.

This volume has perhaps attracted less public attention than any other of the Carlyle-Froude series, but it has merits and an interest of its own which should not be overlooked. It is a compact restatement of the case against Froude, as well as an entertaining rejoinder to the very disagreeable pamphlet called 'My Relations with Carlyle,' which Froude's representatives recently published. Of course the weak point in Froude's armor was inaccuracy. He had a constitutional tendency to be inexact and false. He seems to have had the most implicit confidence in his own recollection of facts, but, as it is put here, his memory was really an organ, not of retention and reproduction, but of transformation. We are not surprised to learn that curious illustrations of this are afforded by his posthumous account of his relations with Carlyle.

For instance, it was his object in that pamphlet to fix indelibly in the mind of the public the impression that he, as a disciple of Carlyle, must have been the last person to desire to misrepresent him. For this purpose he gives us an engaging picture of a youthful Froude in deacon's orders, looking to the Church as his profession, and suddenly detached from the pleasant, easy path by the warning voice of Carlyle. So much as a doubt of the truth of the creed in which he had been brought up had hitherto never crossed his mind.

"It was at this time that Carlyle's books came in my way. They produced on me what evangelicals call 'a conviction of sin.' . . . They taught me that the religion in which I had been reared was but one of many dresses in which spiritual truth had arrayed itself, and that the creed was not literally true, so far as it was a narrative of facts."

Do you think (the implication is) that I could malign him? Unfortunately, according to the authors of the present volume, this is a case of "transformation." It was in 1841 that Carlyle's books were first brought to Froude's notice by John Sterling, and it was not until 1844 that he took deacon's orders; so that he either took deacon's orders three years after his faith had been undermined by Carlyle (to say nothing of his having preached a funeral sermon in St. Mary's Church, Torquay, three years later still, in 1847), or else he is wholly wrong as to the startling effect of Carlyle's books on him in 1841. The fact appears to be that no such sudden conversion through Carlyle's books ever took place. The development of Froude's incredulity was gradual. But to make his relations with Carlyle what they needed to be for the immediate purpose, a sudden conversion was required. Memory, with the aid of imagination, became at once equal to the task.

An appendix contains a searching analysis of Sir James Stephen's vindication of Froude. But this vindication must be regarded rather as the defence of a friend than an impartial opinion. No doubt, for any one who trusted Froude and placed reliance on his statements of facts, a very good case might be made out; his present critics have therefore laid most stress on his utter untrustworthiness, and to our mind, in this respect, they have broken him down completely. It is indeed his Nemesis which has overtaken him. Looking back on the whole controversy, it leaves a painful impression, which will probably deepen with time. Who comes out of it well?

How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest, and Other Essays in Western History. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1903. Pp. xx., 378.

The precept, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," was never so honored in authors' observance as now. With the growth of Carnegie and other libraries present and prospective the demand for books has so grown that it welcomes bibliothecal supplies without hesitation—above all, when a taking title flares in the forehead, as in the case of the Essays before us. "How George Rogers Clark won the Northwest"—so much and no more is printed both on the back and side of a volume more than four-fifths of which has no reference at all to Clark or his exploit But the Clark essay, though not the longest in the book, may well be proud of a facsimile now first published of Clark's summons of Vincennes to "surrender at discretion"—Grant's laconic model, which he varied only by translating an ambiguous and euphemistic French idiom into the unmistakable "unconditional." This summons was the Archimedean fulcrum for moving our trans-Alleghany world out of foreign control. No matter how black the blot on those nine facsimile lines, they are written, as Tom Moore would say, with a pencil of light which illumes a whole volume. They must survive as long as the facsimiles of our national Declaration.

Mr. Thwaites's pearls, though strung at random, make up a bead-roll of beginnings (1) of French missions and settlement on the Great Lakes, (2) of French expulsion from trans-Alleghania, (3) of lead mining, (4) of the Wisconsin agricultural stage, and (5) of the carving of five States out of the Northwest. No less than eleven maps illustrate as many projects for such carvings, which each had stout supporters before mutual delimitations were determined. These maps, crude as blackboard chalkings, are not least instructive. How many readers have not yet to learn that Chicago stands in a State that was to be named Assenisipia? How many know that Washington's intrenchments where he was forced to surrender in 1754 are still in fair preservation, and that current histories of them need corrections which they will now get from Mr. Thwaites's compass and line? Where but in these essays is such an exposure of the black part which the Black Hawk war played in our century of dishonor? Where else is there such a gathering of important data as well as dates regarding our early lead mining? Loving and almost filial are the details respecting Draper and his detecting as with wand of witch-hazel the manuscripts which proved the cornerstone of the State Historical Society, have given it a distinctive superiority to all Westerns of its class, and are now housed

in the most costly building in the United States known as an Historical Library.

A History of Arabic Literature. By Clément Huart, Secretary-Interpreter for Oriental Languages to the French Government, and Professor at the École des Langues Orientales in Paris. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903. Pp. viii., 478.

L'Islamismo—Letteratura Araba. Del Dott. Prof. Italo Pizzi della R. Università di Torino. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli. 1903. Pp. viii., 496, and xii., 388.

We have already noticed in the French original M. Huart's sketch, which now appears as one of Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World." In its English garb it calls for mention, but it cannot be said to compare favorably with the other volumes in that series. It has neither the brilliancy of Dr. Murray's 'Greek Literature,' the unique learning and research of Dr. Giles's 'Chinese Literature' or Mr. Aston's 'Japanese Literature,' nor even the piquancy and originality of Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's 'Spanish Literature.' As is true of so many recent compilations on Arabic subjects, the shadow of Brockelmann's great biblio-biographical farrago is heavy on it, and a wealth of half-digested detail mars the clarity of the presentation. M. Huart might well have borne in mind with Hesiod that the half is often greater than the whole. His book would have been more attractive and readable for the class to which it appeals, if he had sunk in oblivion the greater number of the authors whose names and works he here painfully recites. The student knows where to seek such information—is it not all written in the pages of Brockelmann, Wüstenfeld, and Ibn Khallikan?—and in this wilderness of names the unlearned reader will vainly long for some rememberable and decisive generality. Of the translation, it is enough to say that no reader except the absolutely ignorant of French will ever prefer it to the original. Although it does not display flat errors, the turning of its phrases is loose, and it blunts and dulls that flash and sparkle with which good French can hardly fail to lighten any subject.

The little handbooks by Professor Pizzi are of a very different type. Belonging to the well-known 'Manueli Hoepli,' they, too, are cast in popular form, but their method is entirely other. Names and non-significant details are rigorously suppressed; everything given represents an idea, and a common idea—not simply an isolated fact, valueless except for its own sake. Further, the spirit of the Muslim institutions and of the Arabic literature is illuminated by a long and excellently selected and translated series of illustrative extracts. Too great praise cannot be bestowed on this side of Professor Pizzi's work; by the idea and its execution he has put life into a form of handbook too often stiff and sapless. Also, he has chosen these extracts—so different from the Elegant Extracts of our youth—from easily accessible chrestomathies and texts, and thus made his books of immediate usefulness to the beginner in Arabic.

Of his 'L'Islamismo' the scope is well given thus: "Noi intendiamo di studiar la vita musulmana, descrivendola brevemente, e le manifestazioni sue nelle lettere, nelle arti, nelle scienze, nelle opere della cultura, nel costume, negli usi anche nelle superstizioni e negli errori volgari, si che, per noi, anche un motto, anche un fatto dappoco, anche un tratto qualunque del costume o dell' indole hanno valore assai maggiore che non le guerre e le battaglie, che non gli atti della politica" (p. 27). This has left him free to deal with literature in the narrower sense in his second book, and the two volumes together in their nine hundred compact little pages furnish a singularly complete introduction to the Muslim civilization as a whole.

The Study of Ecclesiastical History. By William Edward Collins, B.D. (Handbooks for the Clergy, edited by A. W. Robinson.) Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

The significance of this little volume of 150 pages is not at all to be measured by its size. Although specially addressed to working clergymen of the Church of England, it cannot fail to be of value to all students of church history. We venture to use this phrase in spite of the author's insistence on the term "ecclesiastical history" as expressing a something larger than what men are accustomed to call church history. Just what this something is, we are not told; but we are led dangerously near the fantastic notion, by no means uncommon in clerical writers, that "The Church" means everything since Adam in which any resemblance to historical Christianity can be found. We do not think that Mr. Collins really shares this fancy, but rather that he is trying to avoid another error which he rightly believes to have had far more unfortunate results. He insists, from beginning to end of his book, that the Church cannot be studied as a series of phenomena isolated from the main currents of human experience. It is, we think, in this sense that he speaks of a "preparation" of the world for Christ, not in any one line of descent, but in the gradual and regular development of social forces, precisely as one might speak of a preparation for the Discovery of America or for the French Revolution. Yet our author nowhere leaves us in doubt that the importance of the "Incarnation," which he, as an English clergyman accepts, transcends infinitely that of any other crisis in human affairs.

From this intimate and essential relation of church history to all other history it should follow that its method can differ in no respect from that of all historical study, and it is the chief merit of this volume that it lays down this principle without hesitation and without limits. Whatever is good method in any other field of history is equally good in that of church history. Records and documents must be examined with an equally strenuous criticism; every assumption as to chances of human fault and error which the historian of politics would make about his material, must be made by the Church historian about his. Mr. Collins defends with considerable cleverness the claim of history to be a science, and goes on to show how the two sides of every scientific process, the analytical and the synthetical, are to be carried out. He pays his compliments to the historian with a purpose, and to the other, equally dangerous, who presents only a jumble of "facts," without such arrangement or comment as will make them intelligible. His estimate of the argument from silence is judicious, but he curiously neglects to speak of the silence which is merely the taking for granted of things universally known to the author's world.

As to the process of study, Mr. Collins distinctly urges his readers to begin with an investigation in some relatively narrow field rather than with wide reading over the whole ground, but he reminds us in a note that he is speaking to clergymen, of whom a general knowledge of church history may be predicated. Let us hope he is right as to Englishmen; no such assumption could be made for American clergymen. It is refreshing to find an English churchman frankly placing Gibbon at the head of all English historians, and repeatedly commending him to his clerical readers, though at the same time warning them against his obvious tendencies. In the same vein is the disregard, even dislike, of "apologetic" writings, which our author rightly separates from truly historical works, giving them, however, their due place in a final estimate of values. We are glad, again, to find a man who is not afraid to commend old books while not neglecting new ones. It is rather a fine touch when Mr. Collins demands of new books that they shall have something of a prophetic character, bringing a real revelation of truth which shall make them the teachers of to-morrow. He means to contrast these with merely "up-to-date" books, which satisfy some momentary phase of the public thought without laying any foundations for a sounder judgment.

The most valuable chapter is the seventh, in which the author takes up certain special aspects of the study of church history, and gives directions as to how they are to be faced. These are generally eminently sound, as, *e. g.*, when he applies to the study of the Canon Law the rule that "principles precede practices, and practices precede theory." We could only wish a little more certain sound in his rules for interpreting the records of the marvellous. On the one hand he seems a little over hard in relation to legends, for he would reject, not only the legend itself, but also all that goes with it, as invalidated by it. On the other hand, he is not quite equal to the strain of rejecting precisely the same kind of narrative when it falls naturally into the sober record of such a chronicler as Beda. He is ready to say that the marvels so recorded "may have had an objective reality." "They are as much a part of the life of the peoples concerned as their actions are, or their beliefs." Here Mr. Collins passes that line which so few clerical scholars have ever been able to observe. The marvel does not have an objective reality; it is not the marvel which is a part of the life of the peoples, but the belief in the marvel, and the study of the marvellous is a study, not of history, but of psychology. When Mr. Collins goes on to say "that signs (σημεῖα) do occur nowadays is a matter of experience," only that most of us have not the eyes to read them, he is wandering still further into the range of psychology, and pathological psychology at that.

The notices of books are in the main useful, but too meagre to call for criticism. One or two slips should be corrected; as, p. 30, *Monumenta Historiæ Germaniæ* for *M. G. Historica;* p. 31, *Bullarum* for *Bullarium,* and Münich, which is neither English nor German.

America in the China Relief Expedition. By A. S. Daggett. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co.

It was well worth while to tell the story of the American soldier in China in 1900, and of the largest expedition ever dispatched by the United States to the Asian continent. The volume is neatly printed, with excellent maps, an index of names, and an appendix containing the more important official documents relating to the subject. The table of contents is very full; the illustrations make up in quantity what they lack in quality; the style is clear and straightforward, and the spirit expressed is eminently judicial. Although the author was a participant and eye-witness, as captain of infantry, and is now a Brigadier-General, retired, he does not mention names of the living in criticism, and rarely does he speak in direct praise. He does not hesitate, however, to point out the defects of our military system, especially such as can be easily remedied. For example, he wonders why such a large number of officers are so extolled in official dispatches and recommended to Congress for brevet, for he takes it for granted that a soldier should always be both brave and faithful. To recommend pretty much everybody in a fight for special honors on account of simple faithfulness to duty, defeats the very object supposed to be gained. He intimates that more cheap and cheaper reputations have been made in the last four years than ever before, and that in all wars with inferior and barbarous races this is likely to be so.

The work does not treat of what went on inside the Legation fortifications, but deals wholly with the movements of the American troops from the time of their receiving orders (when in the Philippines) until, their work being done, they left China. He shows that some of the patent machine guns were found worthless when put to prolonged use, and had to be abandoned or thrown into the river. He praises the spirit and conduct of the Japanese soldiers, but neither he nor any one else has yet enlightened us upon the question why the Japanese, with their superior force and equipment and thorough preparation, were not allowed to press on, immediately after the fall of Tientsin, to Peking, to the immediate rescue of the Legations.

Being a veteran, Gen. Daggett naturally passes just criticism upon those young and "fresh" officers who do not understand the physical possibilities or the temper and spirit of the men on foot. Though he does not say so in so many words, he reveals pretty clearly why there are so many desertions from the United States army. His criticisms of the desire of inexperienced officers to get into action and under fire, and possibly to make cheap reputations quickly, have their illuminating commentary in the fact that, in not a few of the engagements, there was evidently more desire for a fight than knowledge of the ground or the circumstances, though the author never tells us, of course, just who has blundered. "The former [experienced officer], exercising self-restraint, looks to the interest of his Government; the latter [inexperienced officer], impulsive, excited, looks for personal glory; the former, his reputation for personal courage being secure, bends all his energies to the best means of gaining victory; the latter, having no reputation for personal courage, exerts all his energies to gain one." The thrilling episode of the scaling of the high walls by our troops without ladders, and the planting of the stars and stripes by the first of the rescuers on the walls of Peking, is modestly and vividly told (p. 147). Gen. Daggett considers some of the criticisms made on our soldiers by foreigners, and speaks with the authority of a man of experience. Indeed, one is constantly impressed, in reading this really valuable contribution to history, by the coolness and moderation of the judgments expressed, as well as by the accuracy of the facts stated.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anders, H. R. D. Shakspere's Books. (Schriften der Deutschen Shakspere-Gesellschaft, Band I.) Berlin: Georg Reimer. Paper 7m.; cloth 8m.
Armstrong, A. C. Transitional Eras in Thought. The Macmillan Co. $2.
Avebury, Lord. Essays and Addresses. The Macmillan Co. 7s. 6d. net.
Bateson, Mary. Mediæval England. (Story of the Nations Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.
Bennett, Rev. W. H. Joshua and the Conquest of Palestine. (Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Campe's Robinson der Jüngere, abridged and edited by C. H. Ibershoff. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Chase, Wilfrid Earl. Poems. Printed by the Author, 302 State St., Madison, Wis. 50 cents postpaid.
Chateaubriand's Les Aventures du Dernier Abencerage. Edited by Victor E. François. (Contes Choisis.) William R. Jenkins. 25 cents.
Chirol, Valentine. The Middle Eastern Question, or Some Political Problems of Indian Defence. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.
Chisholm, George G., and Leete, C. H. Longmans' School Geography. New ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Clark, T. M. En Voyage. (Conversations in French and English.) New York: William R. Jenkins.
Day, Clive. The Policy and Administration of the Dutch in Java. The Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Demosthenes on the Crown. Edited by William Watson Goodwin. The Macmillan Co. $1.10.
Dumas's Les Trois Mousquetaires, with introduction by C. Fontaine. American Book Co.
Facsimile Reprints—Milton's Comus; Brereton's Discouerie of North Part of Virginia; and Harlot's Report of Virginia, each with introduction by Luther S. Livingston. Limited ed. Japan paper, $7.50 net each; deckle-edge laid paper, $2.50 net. Also, Journal of House of Representatives, Province of New York; and Nicholas Bayard's Journal, with introductory notes by Adelaide R. Hasse; the former $4 net, the latter $10 net for Japan paper and $4 net for deckle-edge laid paper. Dodd, Mead & Co.
François, Victor E. Beginner's French. American Book Co.
Gardenhire, Samuel M. Lux Crucis. (Novel.) Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Goethe's Das Märchen, edited by Charles A. Eggert. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Halsey, Frederick A., and Dale, Samuel S. The Metric Fallacy, and The Metric Failure in the Textile Industry. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.
Huntington, Tuley Francis. Elements of English Composition. The Macmillan Co. 60 cents.
José Echegary's El Gran Galeoto. (Drama.) Edited by Aurelio M. Espinosa. Boston: C. A. Koehler & Co. 75 cents.
Larra's Partir á Tempo, with notes by Edwin B. Nichols. American Book Co.
Litchfield, Grace Denio. Vita: A Drama. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Luckey, G. W. A. The Professional Training of Secondary Teachers in the United States. New York.
Macaulay's Essay on Milton. Edited by Edward Leeds Gulick. (Gateway Series.) American Book Co.
Molière's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, with introduction and notes by P. A. Roi and William B. Guiteau. American Book Co.
Paul, Herbert. A History of Modern England. Five Vols. Vols. I. and II. The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net each.
Painter, F. V. N. Poets of the South. American Book Co.
Rider, John Hall. Electric Traction. (The Specialists' Series.) London: Whittaker & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.
Ritchie, The Rev. Arthur. Sermons from St. Ignatius Pulpit. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. $1 net.
Sayce, A. H. Joseph and the Land of Egypt. (Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Scheffel's Der Trompeter von Säkkingen, with introduction by Valentin Buehner. American Book Co.
Shakspeare's Comedies, Shakspeare's Tragedies, and Shakspeare's Histories, Poems, and Sonnets. Edited by W. J. Craig. (Oxford miniature edition.) 3 vols. London: Oxford University Press; New York: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1.10 each.
Swenson, Bernard Victor. Testing of Electro-Magnetic Machinery and Other Apparatus. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co. $3.
Swithinbank, Harold, and Newman, George. Bacteriology of Milk. E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.
Tarr, Ralph S. New Physical Geography. The Macmillan Co. $1.
The Birthe of Hercules (drama), published from the manuscript in the British Museum, with an introduction by Malcolm William Wallace. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.
The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. II., The Reformation. The Macmillan Co. $4 net.
The Divine Vision, and Other Poems. By A. E. The Macmillan Co.
The Hundred Best Pictures. Arranged and edited by C. Hubert Letts. American ed. Charles Letts & Co.
Tobit, and the Babylonian Apocryphal Writings. Edited by A. H. Sayce. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 60 cents net.
Tompkins, William Henry. Robert of Kincaid. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Turgénieff's Novels and Stories. V., On the Eve. VI., Fathers and Children. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net each.
Van Dyne, Frederick. Citizenship of the United States. Rochester, N. Y.: The Lawyers' Co-operative Publishing Co.
Weysse, Arthur Wisswald. A Synoptic Text-Book of Zoölogy. The Macmillan Co. $4.
Woodward, G. R. Poemata. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20 net.
Wright, John. The Home Mechanic. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

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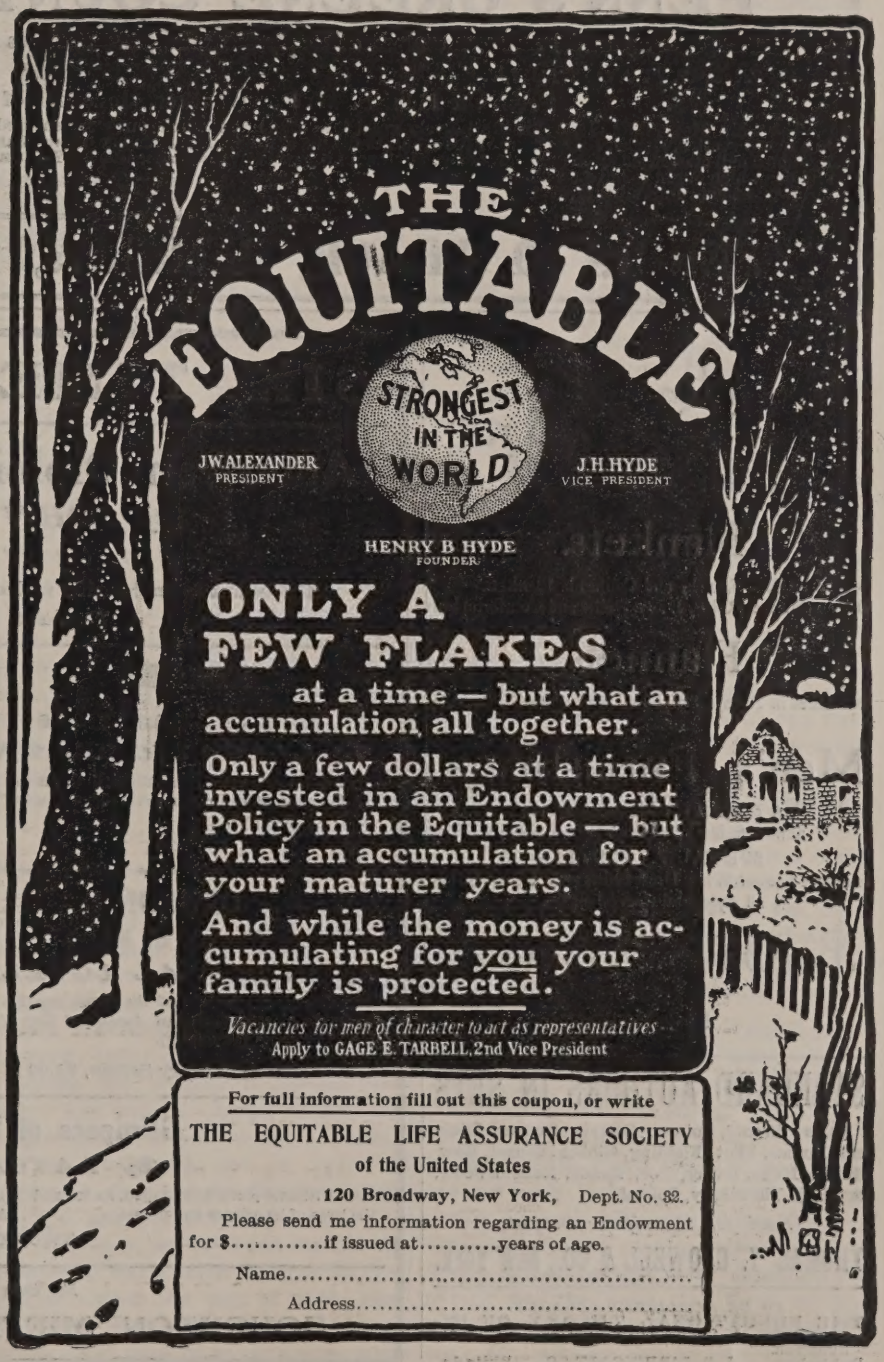
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1904.

The Week.

Mr. Sulloway's proposed Service Pension bill is practically a plan to reward all survivors of the civil war. It matters nothing whether a soldier served on the Indian frontier or in a fort in Boston harbor—so long as he wore the blue for three months he shall draw $8 a month on reaching the age of sixty-two, precisely as will his brother who helped to beat back Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He may have belonged to the cowardly regiments which refused to serve in the battle of Bull Run because their enlistment expired the night before—it makes no difference. To plunge his hands into the Treasury every one is invited—"rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief"; nor is the "old soldier's" widow forgotten. She, too, shall have $12 a month where she draws but $8 now, provided her marriage certificate is dated prior to January 1, 1870. But why this discrimination? If there are to be no differences among soldiers, let us have no finical distinctions between widows. The worst of all this is not so much the menace to the Treasury as the fact that it is a leap into the dark, at what price no one knows or can know. It undermines the public morality; it makes of patriotism a commodity to be bartered; it makes the people look upon the Treasury as an institution to be milked, and upon the Government as a money-making institution for their benefit.

The President has let it be known that he favors the Service Pension bill. That it is little short of loot, there are few to deny. The Grand Army has craftily got up the scheme; descends upon the President with it at the psychological moment when even a few veterans' votes—the "cheap numerosity of a stage army"—would come in handy; and the President throws economy and consistency to the dogs and arrays himself with the raiders on the Treasury. This is doubly a betrayal, coming as it does on top of his preachments, in his annual message, about impending deficits in the national finances, and the need of careful scrutiny of every expenditure. Economy and a $60,000,000 largess! With the whole country forced to retrench, the President bids the pension-grabbers help themselves. This is to fail in one of the first duties of his office. Another is that of withstanding the assaults of politicians upon the public service; but in the stress of his campaign for renomination, he is reported to be letting the spoilsmen have their way in too many places. Indeed, in his present nervous and credulous condition, it is not strange that he is the easy prey of designing men.

We think the Republican Senators were quite right on Friday in standing for the President's discretion in publishing diplomatic correspondence. The phrase, "if not incompatible with the public interest," has nearly always been inserted in resolutions calling upon the Executive for information, and should be retained. Diplomacy cannot be conducted by town-meeting. And, of course, it is not to be imagined that Mr. Roosevelt would hold back anything vital; he has, in fact, been ready to give out more than Secretary Hay thought expedient. Still, it is well to have a formal demand made by the Senate. It may lead to a more careful searching of the files. Only the other day, for example, Mr. Hay sent Senator Gorman an important note of his own which he had overlooked. Most important of all is it for the Senate and the country to be informed of the negotiations which the President has been carrying on during the past few weeks in his efforts to make reparation to Colombia. It is an open secret, as Senator Bacon said on Friday, that various plans have been put forward. Mr. Roosevelt is thought to have favored them successively, but his political advisers have warned him that he must do nothing which could be tortured into an "admission." That, however, is to stick in the bark. It is for the Administration to find a satisfactory and honorable way out of the Panama muddle. That should be a condition precedent to ratification of the treaty. The Democrats in the Senate could do no better than adopt the motto of the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, "Reparation before ratification."

Senator Foraker's proposed amendment of the Anti-Trust law of 1890 can hardly be said to be in the way of speedy discussion and enactment, even if favored personally by the majority of Congressmen. No party about to enter upon a Presidential campaign would voluntarily incur the charge that it was weakening the safeguards against monopoly; and such a charge, rightly or wrongly, would without doubt be made. That the Anti-Trust law is open to amendment, few people familiar with its origin and history have doubted. Such uneasiness as has been excited in the financial community at large by the litigation under the Act of 1890, has been caused less by the actual cases before the court than by uncertainty as to how much further the law's prohibitions could be carried. This has been particularly true since the sweeping opinion of the United States Circuit Court in the Northern Securities case last April. The value of the law as it stands, in checking the abuses of company amalgamation and stock watering, which had already gone to the most dangerous extreme, is now conceded by all clear thinkers; but the same people acknowledge that the scope of the prohibitory provisions ought to be more plainly defined. The plan embodied in Senator Foraker's amendment—that the penalties of the law be restricted to cases adjudged by the court to be "unreasonable" restraint of trade—has been suggested as a possible solution by Attorney-General Knox himself, who has just given notice that the Senator has not the support of the Administration.

The Senate attempted on Wednesday week to be generous to our nondescript fellow-citizens of Porto Rico and the Philippines, and then thought better of it. A bill conferring the right of naturalization upon the islanders was actually passed, but suspended by Senator Spooner's motion to reconsider. It was pointed out that, as things now stand, aliens are in a better position than our colonial dependents. Foreigners of all sorts, not expressly excepted by treaty, may become American citizens; the inhabitants of our new possessions have no such right. How can we expect loyalty when we deny them the title *civis Americanus?* It is awkward, naturally, to take in too many of the brown and yellow people now ours to govern, but it is an awkwardness that should frankly be grappled with. It lies in the nature of the case. By the recent decision of the Supreme Court our "nationals" have full rights of entry and residence in the United States. We cannot physically exclude them. Why, then, should we not freely grant them political rights? It is a case for generosity, and if the cost of it seem excessive, the remedy is simple. You can always put an end to a benefaction by getting rid of the beneficiary.

Mr. John S. Williams's "stand-pat" speech of January 21 was much more noteworthy than the press dispatches at the time indicated. It stamps the Democratic leader of the House as a debater of remarkably tough fibre, as one who has both his facts and his wits under perfect control. He placed his Republican antagonists in the attitude commonly known as that of a "stuck pig"; having put the knife into them up to the hilt, he proceeded to turn the handle. His purpose was to make his op-

ponents tell him why, if they were "standing pat" on everything, they did not "stand pat" on coal; that is, why they did not give the country another year of the rebate on the duty on coal? Was it because they were afraid to hurt the feelings of the coal magnates, lest they might stop their campaign contributions? Was it because the latter intimated that "they would not rustle at the election unless you showed a nestling disposition before the election?" In a pitiless manner, Mr. Williams read the testimony of one coal dealer after another that the duty on foreign coal was paid, before the repeal last year, by the American purchasers, and, of course, added to the price—they knew it from experience. And in the same irrefutable manner he showed that, on repeal, the price dropped almost commensurately with the duty and a lowering in freight rates that occurred about the same time. It was one of the neatest demonstrations on record that the consumer pays the tax. The "stand-patters" are certainly not standing pat for the industries of New England. But Mr. Williams loves to remind them of a year ago, when "you flinched like cowards, and did what you did not want to do."

Hope springs eternal in the artistic breast, or nobody would be discussing the chances of removing the absurd duty on works of art. In that matter a stand-pat Congress is impervious to conviction. Yet it is an advantage to have Congressman Lovering's bill, though it merely adorn a page of the *Congressional Record* and never escape from committee. It is a compromise measure: all objects of art fifty years old or more are to be put on the free list; more recent works of art are to be taxed under the present schedule. The retention of the duty in the latter case is a concession to dealers who fear a depreciation in the value of paintings upon which duty has already been paid. Artists are almost without exception for putting all works of art on the free list. So we have the curious spectacle of a bill which none of the interested parties oppose, but all commend, suppressed in deference to the general principle of no surrender to tariff reformers. Virtually, Congress tells the artists, "You ought to wish to be protected, and, anyway, you shall be protected." So long as there sits in Washington a Congress firmly convinced that all imports are an evil, and ignorant of the positive benefits of the importation of fine works of art, there will be no change. We agree thoroughly with the eminent painter who despairs of this reform until the tariff is revised as a whole. But we welcome, meanwhile, all agitation that puts the present system so manifestly in the wrong.

The new watchdog of the Treasury is barking unusually loud. He is making as much noise as if he thought the Treasury was actually being burglarized. Possibly, he has the Service Pension jimmy in mind; in any case, the estimates which Chairman Hemenway of the Appropriations Committee presented to the House on January 26 must have been a shock to his party associates. Why, it was not long ago that the Secretary of the Treasury told the country that we should have a deficit of only $23,000,000 at the close of the next fiscal year; but here is Mr. Hemenway rising up and asserting that, if we don't look out, there will be a deficit of $42,000,000. And the worst of it is, he is not indulging in glittering generalities; he puts the items all down, foots them up, and makes you see it all with your own eyes. It would have been bad enough for the Republican party to go into a Presidential campaign with the charge against it of planning for a deficit in 1905 of $23,000,000; but when, on mature deliberation, the party decides to make it almost twice that sum, it begins to look like a case of suicidal mania. To aggravate the situation, Mr. Hemenway shows that the surplus reserve of $224,000,000 is largely hypothetical. If all the money appropriated so far were paid, there would be only $93,000,000 left, the smallest amount since Mr. McKinley's first election. Evidently, if Speaker Cannon was anxious to get the right man for the right place, he made no mistake in selecting Mr. Hemenway to watch over the Treasury. His estimates are a hard saying; but one comforting assurance can be drawn from them—they leave no room for the service-pension looting.

Common sense characterizes Secretary Shaw's interpretation of the $100 clause applying to travellers from Europe. Hitherto, the customs examination has been in the nature of a petty inquisition. Theoretically, at least, trinkets intended for presents were solemnly assessed and taxed, and the allowance of $100 was confined to objects for the passenger's personal use. Of course, there was evasion of the law, but the worst feature of it was the triviality of the entire proceeding. But now "bad Americans" who take money out of the country may fearlessly bring in one hundred dollars' worth of souvenirs of their trip. The restriction is absurd in itself, for the imposition of this small personal tax on travellers exceeding the limit brings no returns commensurate to the cost of collection. But Secretary Shaw should receive the thanks of bad and good Americans alike for making a ridiculous law as little burdensome as possible.

It is hard for Democrats to take advice of any sort from Mr. Bryan. Yet he unquestionably serves his party well when he bids it appeal primarily to the plain people. He is right, too, in urging the old issue of tariff reduction, for nearly all vaguely anti-capitalistic policies—and the air is full of them—reduce themselves in practice to striking at the unfair advantages enjoyed by the protected interests. Had the iron and steel duties been repealed ten years ago, we should have had either no Steel Trust or one capitalized on a rational basis. People are beginning to realize these things, and, besides, the pinch of hard times is a striking reminder that even tariffs are not sure bulwarks of prosperity. The time is opportune to press the issue. Mr. J. S. Williams has already done good service, in Congress, by seizing every occasion to expose the iniquities of the Dingley tariff. In so far, Mr. Bryan speaks as the friend of his party, but when he revives his dear heresy of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, he does an even more valuable service. He shows that he must be cast aside before the party can be restored to health. For he holds this twice discredited *idée fixe* as of equal importance with the central doctrines of Democratic policy. The task for genuine Democrats is no longer to work with him, but to get rid of him once for all.

Naturally, the Yale query concerning the Panama negotiations has called forth a counter petition. We have no desire to weigh the petitions competitively—to determine, for example, the ponderable difference between so many professors of international law and so many professors of art; but we feel constrained to say that it is unlucky that the two petitions are not more definitely antithetic. They do not even cover the same point at issue. The first petition, it will be remembered, made no charge of any sort; it merely raised a doubt as to the propriety of the steps leading to the recognition of the Republic of Panama, and asked for an inquiry. The second petition does not consider any matters antecedent to that recognition, which it merely asserts to be "justifiable." But these preliminaries are the nub of the business. The recognition of Panama was an improper exercise of legal discretion. The real moral issues are: (1) How far was the President's foreknowledge of the coming revolt a legitimate weapon to use against a friendly Power; (2) What right had Bunau-Varilla to represent the President as morally a participator in his plottings; and (3) Does either international law or ordinary morals justify the "fifty-mile order," which prevented Colombia from exercising her right to defend a threatened sovereignty? Not all the professors who ever walked in Chapel Street could make the simple asseveration "justifiable" cover questions of this gravity.

The mild, obliging Panameños will

probably insert in their Constitution a clause to this purport: "Should public peace or Constitutional order be disturbed in any part of the Republic of Panama, the Government of the United States may intervene to restore peace or order." This self-denying ordinance—for disturbing "the Constitutional order" has been one of the favorate recreations of the Isthmus—evinces humility very becoming in so young a nation. Obviously, rather few prerogatives of nationality inhere in a state which delegates a contingent police power to a neighbor some thousand miles away. But these truly republican allies of ours are not without guile. Their admission of our permanent right of intervention is conditioned upon our guaranteeing the independence and sovereignty of "this republic." Our Isthmian wards do not mean that their own treaty shall be read against them, as was that of 1846 against the Colombians. Evidently, the Panameños are shy of a treaty which "runs with the land," and intend that we shall be under contract, not to their acreage, but to themselves. A sardonic feature of the whole negotiation is that the thrifty Isthmians bargain at much better advantage than we, their lords and masters. They get $10,000,000 merely to prove that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay have played the diplomatic game by the rules; they are likely to secure the most explicit guarantees of their sovereignty, while we assume the embarrassing duties of a protectorate which is in all but name and title a proprietorship.

The unlisting of the securities of the Steel Foundries Company almost simultaneously with the conviction of Whitaker Wright was purely a coincidence, but the occurrence is all the more impressing on that account. The avenging spirit of the whole English-speaking race has been roused against the dishonest promoter. The New York Stock Exchange states that the securities of the American Steel Foundries Company were dropped from the list because of misrepresentations by the company to the Exchange at the time of listing. The company now explains that the cash and cash assets were overstated by $500,000—that is, the balance sheet was padded by that amount. "Window-dressing" was a common occurrence with the Steel Foundries crowd. A part of the same coterie was behind the Shipbuilding Company. Their own evidence at the recent hearings showed that the latter company had falsely stated to the Exchange its earnings, both before and after consolidation; that it had represented its working capital as $1,892,317, whereas it owned nothing at all; and that $1,500,000 of cash had been entered on its books, but that this had been borrowed. The reason why the Exchange has taken no action against the Shipbuilding Company may be that no one is now buying its securities. The Exchange is to be commended for its drastic action against the Steel Foundries Company; but why is it that so many horses have to be stolen before the proper custodians close the barn doors? And why it is that a concern like Steel Foundries is thrown from the list, while an absolutely blind pool like Amalgamated Copper is allowed to retain its footing there?

The British Government's decision to accept three suggestions of the Esher Army Commission, and to put them into practice without waiting for the formal consent of Parliament, bears the aspect of a genuine desire for reform. The changes are directly in line with some of our own recent reforms. For instance, the commander-in-chief, as purely titular and ineffective a chief as our former "commanding general," is to give way to an inspector-general, whose sole function is to be to report upon facts "without expressing opinions on policies." We wish that a similar admirable definition of duty might be impressed upon our talkative generals, General Staff, and obstreperous navy boards. The new British army council is, of course, to be a "general staff" modelled after the German institution, although on totally different lines. Its individual members are to be responsible for different branches, such as ordnance, supply, finance, etc., and stress is laid upon the appointment of military men to this council who shall not have been 'hitherto closely connected with existing methods." Furthermore, the report urges decentralization of the authority which has gradually been accumulated at the Horse Guards, and the complete divorce of the administrative and executive functions in the War Office. It urges that the Secretary of State for War be made as responsible to Parliament as is the First Lord of the Admiralty. Finally, the Commission demands "a complete breach with the past." This is radical enough, and if the Government will carry through all the reforms in earnest and appoint able men to the national-defence committee, as great an advance will have been made in the British service as in our own since 1899.

Parliament met on Tuesday just after the Government loss of another seat, in a bye-election, thanks to Chamberlain. The general conviction that an early dissolution would mean a Conservative defeat, will aid Mr. Balfour in sparring for more time. Many of his following will vote him confidence simply because they know that, if there is an appeal to the country, they will never come back to the Commons. Still, the Premier's prestige has been terribly shattered, and there is no telling what may happen in the reigning confusion of parties. The best judges hold that a dissolution cannot be deferred, at longest, beyond midsummer. Meanwhile, it is every day becoming clearer that the Irish members are likely to hold the balance of power. As it is, they have Mr. Balfour's Government in the hollow of their hand. If he does not pay them their price—we mean it in a good sense; what they want now is a Catholic University for Ireland—out he goes. After a general election, they count upon being even more securely in command. Yet, as T. W. Russell has lately said, it does not follow that the Irish will refuse to deal with Chamberlain. They would insist upon Home Rule as the only cement of the pact; but why, asks Mr. Russell bitterly, "should not Mr. Chamberlain change his mind upon this as he has done upon almost every other question?" He adds his belief that the bargain will be struck. "Before the twentieth century has run its first decade, the Union may be destroyed by the Unionist party. And who is there among the Unionists who will not say that they have been served right?"

If Lieut. Bilse's book, 'From a Small Garrison,' is a pure libel upon the German army, as some would have us believe, the Berlin cable service must be in the hands of his personal friends and adherents. Last week's news, for instance, sounds like a summary of the offending volume. On Tuesday came an account of the killing of a Saxon lieutenant by a brother officer whose family honor had been betrayed—the same reason which recently led another lieutenant in Pirna to fight nine others of his regiment in succession—and not at Forbach! In Dresden on the same day the officer who fought a duel with the well-known novelist, George von Ompteda, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He had eloped with the novelist's wife. On Thursday we had the dismissal of a major who, to express his dissatisfaction with the new uniform changes, had ordered green military gloves for himself and a helmet with an electric light on it. A serious loss for the army was the voluntary retirement of Gen. Kolmar von der Goltz, well known to the military world as Von der Goltz Pasha, to whose abilities was due the remarkable showing, in the war with Greece, of the Turkish troops he had reorganized and drilled. An accomplished writer of military history and text-books, and accustomed to speak freely about the reforms he thought necessary, he handed in his application for retirement as soon as he heard of the Emperor's recent remark that he did not wish his officers "to play with pen and ink." Naturally, the French newspapers see in all this the downfall of the German army.

FOR A SILVER TRUST.

A document of formidable size has just issued from the Government Printing-Office, entitled, 'Stability of International Exchange.' Its contents are more than surprising. An introductory chapter was given to the public last October, as a report on the introduction of the "gold-exchange standard" into China and other silver-using countries. It was signed by Hugh H. Hanna, Charles A. Conant, and Jeremiah W. Jenks, commissioners. The new document has a preface by the latter, and contains also the text of the communications which passed between these visiting commissioners and certain foreigners last year. There were also three commissioners from Mexico in the visiting party. In fact, the whole scheme started in Mexico. It was set on foot in Washington by Mr. Enrique C. Creel, a banker of that country, who also held a leading position in the so-called conferences abroad.

The communications of the visiting commissioners to foreign governments were of two kinds: first, for doctoring the monetary system of China; second, for inducing the nations of Europe and America to purchase 96,000,000 ounces of silver yearly, and to consent to the formation of a silver Trust for handling the world's output of that metal. The former project has perhaps received all needful attention in previous articles in this paper. The latter is quite a new revelation, the allusions to it, in the preliminary report of last October, having been so extremely vague that nobody could have imagined what the real facts were. The truth is, that this report supplies William J. Bryan with the material for a fresh campaign in behalf of silver, and commits President Roosevelt to "doing something" for that metal. That is a fair inference from his official request that Congress appropriate $100,000 to carry on the project. We are loath to suppose that he signed this paper without being aware of its contents.

In communicating with foreign governments, the two commissions acted sometimes separately, sometimes jointly, and sometimes by endorsing each other's separate action. Among the papers printed is a document "handed in June 10, 1903," by the Mexican Commission to the British Commissioners, containing suggestions for yearly purchases of silver bullion by the several governments. The allotment to Great Britain is 30,000,000 ounces, mostly for her East Indian possessions; France, 7,000,000 ounces; the United States, 6,000,000 ounces for subsidiary coinage, and 10,000,000 ounces for the Philippines; China, 18,000,000 ounces, and so on, the total being 96,000,000 ounces per year. It was suggested also in this paper that the purchases should be made by the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and such other banks as might be agreed upon, at the rate of 8,000,000 ounces per month at a commission of one per cent., and that the agreement be made for six years. This astonishing proposal is virtually supported by the United States Commissioners in an argument of six pages. They suggest that the sales should be made by a consolidation of four existing combines. "On account of the combination among the smelters and other large sellers at the present time," runs the argument of the United States Commissioners, "four great firms are able to control a large percentage of this 110,000,000 ounces [the amount coming to the London market yearly], and there is every reason to believe that, within a year, practically *this entire amount can be handled, if it seems desirable, by one seller.*" It is evidently the opinion of the signers of the paper that such a combination would be desirable. "There is every reason to believe," however, that it would be in conflict with the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

The British representatives made no reply whatever to the voluminous arguments addressed to them, but on the 18th of June they "handed in" a short paper declaring their belief in the virtues of the gold standard (not the "gold-exchange standard") for silver-using countries, including China, "as soon as practicable." They thought the coinage ratio of such countries should be about 32 to 1, "if there are no further serious changes in the price of silver bullion." The suggestion for joint action in the purchase of silver bullion was rejected, and a few words were added in favor of regularity of purchase by each government for actual coinage purposes, subject to its monetary policy and convenience. To this paper the United States and the Mexican Commissioners attached their names also. The last name in the Mexican list is that of "Edward Brush, Technical Counsellor." Mr. Brush is, we believe, Secretary of the Kansas City Consolidated Smelting and Refining Company, and is doubtless well qualified to manage an international Silver Trust if one should be formed.

The Commission on Stability had even less success in Paris. The committee appointed by the French Minister of Finance to receive the communications made no answer. They did, however, make a report to their own chief. It begins by saying that the meeting at no time bore the character of a *véritable conférence*, and that it was distinctly understood that no report *(procès verbal)* should be drawn up. They then proceed to demolish the positions taken by the American and Mexican Commissioners, on economic grounds, and especially the one in reference to regular purchases of silver by the governments. "In order to maintain the commercial quotations of silver," they say, "the producing countries invite the consuming countries to give regularity to the demand, while they declare themselves unable to give regularity to the supply"—a proposition "the unusual character of which," they add, "it is useless to dwell on." As Messrs. Hanna, Conant, and Jenks tell us that their mission has been "successful even beyond their anticipations," the readers of this report will be more than ever puzzled to know what their real object was, and to ask President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay: "What went ye out for to see?"

TRUST PANACEAS.

President Schurman has just given his endorsement to the plan for curing the evils of Trusts by "publicity." This means, of course, the disclosure of the specific assets against which Trust securities are issued, and the publication of independently audited accounts. In figurative language, it is sometimes described as "turning the searchlight of public opinion upon corporate darkness." The convenient vagueness of this imagery recommends "publicity" to many who delight in a mouth-filling expletive which seems to be self-explanatory, and which commits them to nothing dangerous.

When, however, the few definite schemes of publicity—such as the proposed Companies Act for New York State—are analyzed, their very excellences preclude us from entertaining aught but very modest anticipations of their usefulness. To show how much stock has been issued for cash, how much for property—with a description of the property—and how much for promoter's services, performed or contracted for, is well. So also is the lodgment with the shareholders of a duly audited balance-sheet annually. This is good as far as it goes, and it goes about as far as is good for legitimate corporate interests. But one must be either very simple or very optimistic to believe that this mild rite will exorcise all the demons of Trusts. The ordinary speculator cares little for prescribed prospectuses or audited accounts. Even the bona-fide investor is often more mystified than enlightened by them. He finds it far easier to satisfy himself of the honesty and capacity of a fellow-man than to pronounce upon an accountant's estimate.

The maintenance of effective competition in the field which the Trust seeks to dominate is pronounced by Prof. J. B. Clark to be all but tantamount to a solution of the Trust question. "The key to the solution of the grave problems . . . lies in the fact that the independent producer is the natural protector of all the other threatened interests," is the way he puts the matter. According to him, it is the independent producer whose competition against the Trust assures the consumer of reason-

able prices, the farmer of normal returns for his raw produce, and the laborer of his competitive wage. The independent producer thus becomes the watchdog of the industrial flock.

As is the case with other canines, however, it is not until we examine in some detail the cost of his keep that we begin to have misgivings about his utility. In the first place, we are told that we may not lower or abolish any protective duty, however high, when the Trust's rival depends for his industrial existence upon the duty in question. In such a case, seriously to lower the tariff would not destroy the Trust until it had first destroyed the independent competitor. The watchdog would seem, on this showing, to have become not a guardian, but a fetish, no longer the protector of the lamblike innocence of the consumer, but what the Germans would call a thing or end in itself.

To one who is not convinced of the utility or honesty of protection, it would seem that where both the Trust and its rivals are dependent upon the tariff, they are both alike incumbrances and parasites fattening without right upon the consumer. But, altogether apart from the ethics of protection, the idea of keeping alive "our guardian" by submitting to the burden of protective taxes would seem a singularly expensive method to pursue, when the foreign producer, if only allowed freer access to our markets, is quite willing to undertake the rôle of "guardian" gratis.

But the exactions of the Dingley tariff are not the only item of expense involved. It would appear that in order to keep the independent producer in condition to offer active competition, the community must by law suppress "unfair" competition. The State, it seems, is to undertake to detect and punish local cuts in price which the Trust makes to extirpate its rivals. If grocer A undersells grocer B, we are to rejoice. But let Trust A undersell rival B, and injunctions are in order. The State shall also, it appears, prevent the making of factor's agreements by which retailers, in order to secure certain discounts, agree to handle the Trust's product only. Not to add unduly to the State's burdens, it will be further required merely to prevent railway discrimination. Give the independent producer the conditions aforesaid, and we are told that we may reasonably expect the tooth of monopoly "to be grinded that it bite not too much."

There is, however, some ground to fear that such an anæmic and bottle-fed competitor of the Trust would hardly prove an unfailing reliance. If the Trust's rival does not keep his head above water for the sake of his own profits, he will never do so out of gratitude to his sponsors. In fact, the whole discussion of remedies for Trusts is apt to create the unfounded belief that for all industrial ills there is an absolute cure. It conceals the fact that great financial success, even by a Trust, can be won not only by hidden and abhorrent means, but by transcendent ability and unflagging industry. It is apt, moreover, to engender the delusion that law can "transmute leaden instincts into golden conduct," and that eventually society will evolve a way by which the individual may avoid pocketing unavoidable losses, and will devise a substitute for the old-fashioned virtue of looking out for number one.

MR. ROOT AS SECRETARY OF WAR.

Mr. Elihu Root's retirement on February 1 from the office of Secretary of War marks the end of perhaps the most notable administration of army affairs in the history of the Department in a time of peace. During a large part of his incumbency the retiring Secretary has also had to supervise foreign campaigns —those in the Philippines since August 1, 1899, when he took office, and the Pekin relief expedition of 1900. Important as these have been, they are not significant enough to warrant a comparison of Mr. Root as a war Secretary with Secretary Stanton. But, looked at purely from the administrative point of view, the four and one-half years of Mr. Root's service must ever shine in the annals of the War Department. During this time a new army has been created, with a modern organization and with a new spirit. Vital reforms which the most optimistic officers hardly deemed possible within a lifetime, have been placed upon the statute-books with astonishing ease and despite strong opposition.

It would, of course, be a mistake to credit Mr. Root himself with originating the reforms which have been effected during his administration. Were this to be attempted, he would be the first to protest. One of his last official acts was to publish a valuable work by the late Gen. Emory Upton, one of the most accomplished officers the army has ever known, entitled 'The Military Policy of the United States.' In this treatise, which bears date of 1881, Gen. Upton urged the adoption of a three-battalion regimental system, of the principle of an interchangeable line and staff instead of a permanent staff, and the doing away with the inevitable friction between the Commanding General and Secretary of War. These changes have all been made under Mr. Root. In addition, the General Staff, which Gen. Upton urged, has been created and an act passed for the better discipline and organization of the militia, practically along the lines recommended by Upton. But these and similar reforms were urged upon Mr. Root's predecessors; Mr. Lamont alone appears to have been impressed with their desirability. For the rest, it seemed a sufficient reply to officers eager for the modernization of the service, that the same organization had saved the republic in 1861-1865, and would do so again were the necessity to arise.

Mr. Root brought to his task an open and well-trained mind. The failure of his immediate predecessor and the war with Spain had laid bare the weaknesses of our antiquated system. At once Mr. Root bent himself to the task of creating an efficient machine. For the first time in half a century, officers with ideas became popular at the War Department. He surrounded himself with able officers of the type of Brig.-Gen. W. H. Carter—men who realized that there were better armies and better military methods. With them and through them Mr. Root's work was done; but while he profited by their suggestions, he was ever the leader and the dominant personality. Moreover, he bound these men to him by ties of unusual personal attachment, and their enthusiasm and good service under him were rewarded by advancement. Finally, trained lawyer that he was, Mr. Root was able to write masterly reports, and to appear before Congressional committees with convincing reasons for the changes, which quite overcame the prejudices of ignorant Congressmen and the obsolete and superficial arguments of men like Gen. Miles. Thus it came about that the service was recreated within four years; that, in addition to the already mentioned reforms, examinations for promotion were made effective, a complete system of military education was organized, with the barracks school at the base and the War College at the apex, and much done to coördinate regulars, volunteers, and National Guardsmen. All in all, these changes are fairly revolutionary.

Were a summary of Mr. Root's administration of the War Department to stop here, there would be nothing but commendation for it. But we believe that the future historian will have a less favorable word to say upon other aspects of Mr. Root's career. He will find that the Secretary's great influence was not thrown strongly against the water-cure tortures until the President spoke out in a vigorous order. It will be shown that Mr. Root consented to the stuffing, in 1901, of the army, and particularly the staff departments, with hundreds of political favorites and untrained officers when the enlargement of the service gave the politicians their chance. Mr. Root's defence of Gen. Wood and his assumption of responsibility for the latter's despotic acts in Cuba must always be written down on the debit side of the ledger. Sharing the President's desire to see efficient and vigorous young men in high places, Mr. Root has, in the pursuit of this aim, seriously impaired the morale of the army, which is to-day aghast at the rapid advancement of Wood and Mills and the proposed plac-

ing of Dr. J. C. Ainsworth at the head of the amalgamated Adjutants'-General and Record and Pension bureaus.

President Roosevelt, we know, has made the welkin ring with his praise of Mr. Root as a Cabinet adviser, and he has been largely guided by the latter's opinion in matters relating to the Philippines, Cuba, etc.. In this we think he has often erred. An out-and-out Imperialist, Mr. Root has stood for national aggression, for the doctrine of the chosen, superior race at all times, and has used his great talents to further and solidify the expansion policy, *con amore*. So far as we may judge from Mr. Taft's public utterances and his record in office, a more high-minded adviser is now at Mr. Roosevelt's elbow, as well as an extremely able one, and the change should in this respect be markedly for good. But Mr. Taft takes office much disliked by the officers of the army, who have bitterly, and without good reason, opposed his pacific policy in the Philippines. That he will overcome this prejudice we have no doubt. Meanwhile, he will find that, aside from our colonial questions, there are still military problems and reforms awaiting his attention. Mr. Root did not, of course, clean the slate entirely. We still have far too many staff departments and officers, with the result that the whole service is topheavy. Despite positive assurances, politics has not yet been wholly banished. Officers who did not serve with the Rough Riders and have not been in the entourage of the Secretary need to be assured that they may still hope for some of the rewards of the army. And the General Staff will always require careful supervision lest, swollen by a sense of its own importance, it consider itself invested with the duties of the Secretary and with the legislative functions of Congress.

TAFT ON THE PHILIPPINES.

Governor Taft's valedictory report on the Philippine Government should be read in the light of his four years of devoted service to the cause of pacification. He found the army doggedly making a wilderness, and he has managed to restore what may fairly be called peace. In this work a generous and tactful personality, a delightful gayety in the performance of grave tasks, counted for much; even more important was the firmly held conviction that he was to govern, not to please factions at home or American influences in the islands, but solely to benefit the Filipinos. Governor Taft's own view of his difficult office was very fully expressed in a notable address, never adequately reported, delivered before the Union Reading College of Manila, on December 17, 1903.

Whether Gov. Taft, who vigorously defends the annexation of the Philippines, correctly weighs the motives of the McKinley Administration; whether "the historian will find no episode of our country's history in which the nation has played a higher or nobler part," it is enough for the present to admit that his own motives were as high and noble as his task was arduous. In his conviction that the Philippines were for the Filipinos, he met with constant and bitter opposition from the army and resident Americans, while Congress gave him only inadequate support. The significant and discouraging thing that appears in the present report and in Governor Taft's address is, that the real difficulty has been not the barbarism of the Filipinos, but the myopia of law-makers, the Bourbonism of the army of occupation, and the narrow commercialism of the adventurers. To-day what does the Commission chiefly demand of Congress? The postponement of the iniquitous act making the "coastwise" trade between Manila and San Francisco an American monopoly; the reduction of the tariff on the chief Philippine staples to 25 per cent. of the existing rates. Nobody questions that these measures would be for the good of the islands. A Congress honestly and intelligently working towards that end would pass both measures by unanimous consent. But, as it is, the Filipinos are likely to be forgotten, while the suave Congressional representatives of tariff-fed industries proceed to protect their immediate interests at the expense of ten million distant souls who happen to be at the mercy of Congress.

To a less robust optimism than Mr. Taft's the indifference of Congress and the overt hostility of the Americans in the Philippines would be a strong reason for transferring the custody of the Philippines to some one who understands the natures and the needs of the people. He has evidently felt, on the contrary, merely the exultation of a just strife—a spirit which it is hoped the new Governor-General has inherited. For nothing appears more clearly in the remarkable address which we have already cited, than the fact that Governor Taft has had no bitterer enemies than the army and the commercial exploiters. The causes of this hostility are very natural and most deplorable. The army was embittered by the asperities of the campaign, by the frequent cruelty and treachery of their foe. The merchants and adventurers had enjoyed adventitious flush times through the presence of the army. They had not learned to regard the Filipino as a man, and suddenly, as the army was greatly reduced, they were forced to depend upon him as a customer. With the arrogance of all vicarious conquerors, they refused to solicit Filipino trade; in fact, their previous attitude had disqualified them from bearing any decent human relation to the natives. Accordingly, the whole army of commercial camp followers, instead of studying their situation, demanded the wholesale exploitation of the islands, in order to attract sufficient American customers to maintain trade on the old prosperous war footing. To such proposals Governor Taft set a face of flint. On many occasions he warned disgruntled traders that they knew what the conditions were; that the civil Government was considering primarily the welfare of the Filipinos, and that Americans who found that state of things intolerable might go back, and good riddance. Such expressions won him the very honorable distinction of abuse by the Manila press, while the "practical" men characterized his watchword, "The Philippines for the Filipinos," as a "childish slogan."

Governor Taft accepted this abuse as in the day's work, recognizing fully its seriousness. And, indeed, the whole future of our administration of the islands hangs on this matter. Said Mr. Taft at Manila:

> "Were I assured that the present attitude of the majority of American merchants and the American press would be permanent, and if I did not confidently hope that there must be a great change in the future, I should be very much discouraged in respect to the result of the experiment which the United States is making in these islands. A purely racial hatred is one of the most difficult things possible to overcome, and if it is founded on personal conditions it is almost hopeless to look for its ceasing."

Here we are face to face with the real problem. Governor Taft is hopeful that a chance will come through the American merchants perceiving their own advantage, and the value of the Filipino as a customer. But is not the generous confidence based rather upon Governor Taft's desires than upon the history of American dealings with backward races? Has our great commercial stake in the Indian or the negro so far conduced greatly to the benefit of either? Is the trend of legislation such as to express the principle that political and economic equality between men and nations is the best commercial policy? It seems, then, that the hope of making American malcontents in the Philippines serve the cause of reconciliation is slight. Governor Wright must fight them as Governor Taft did; and if the Philippines are indeed secured for the Filipinos, it will be the result of a curious paradox—a Government steadfastly opposing the prejudice, greed, and ignorance of its own citizens; the fountain rising higher than its source.

At least Mr. Taft's candid and hopeful statement of the difficulty is calculated to break the prevailing indifference as to the Philippine experiment. His words powerfully reinforce Professor Schurman's reminder that the problem is as imminent as ever, and that we are treating it by rule of thumb in disregard of our American ideals. Yet Governor Taft reports certain more defi-

nitely promising symptoms. There more enlightened Filipinos have been won over. They know that the islands are being ruled in their interest. Gradually the labor trouble is working itself out. More than six thousand natives are employed upon public works and are giving satisfaction. So Governor Taft opposes the suggestion of importing coolie labor, believing that time and opportunity will make steady workmen and eventually good citizens also out of unpromising native material. Generally speaking, the Roman Catholic Church has well begun the work of civilization, and to-day the Filipinos seem nearly as apt as the Japanese in assimilating Western culture and adapting themselves to modern industrial conditions.

"Their intense desire for education, their appreciation of European and American improvements in dress and bodily comforts, their artistic ambitions, their quick desire to imitate the good they see and understand, . . . their political aspirations for liberty and popular government, however lacking in a political knowledge of its difficulties and real essence—all these traits . . . . justify an entirely different policy . . . from that which England has found necessary to pursue with Mohammedan and Buddhist peoples having neither sympathy with, nor understanding of, modern European ideals."

Such is Governor Taft's view of the people he has governed for four years. He sees gradual improvement, leading possibly to a voluntary and cheerful acceptance of the present dependent conditions. Skilled observers of the army and navy report, on the contrary, that the Filipinos must indefinitely be kept in strict tutelage—ruled as the Javanese are by the Dutch, or the Hindus by England. The middle view, which we hold, is that, by a tardy act of reparation, Governor Taft has reconstituted that intelligent remnant upon which more than upon any imposed régime the future of the islands depends, and we are confident that our rule must gradually assume the form it should always have sought, of a mere protectorate over an independent nation. A Cuba in the Pacific would bring us a glory only tarnished by the fact that we tried first and nearly succeeded in making a Madagascar.

Whatever the outcome, a peculiar credit will redound to Governor Taft. He went to a land torn by the most cruel warfare, and he persuaded the victims that their enemies might also be, nay, desired to be, their friends. He was the first American to come to the Philippines not only with words of justice on his lips, but with power and will to make them effective.

TEN YEARS OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

In a portly volume, President Harper has summarized the results of his ten years' administration of the University of Chicago. He supplies matter for much debate, for he has conducted fearlessly a vast experimental laboratory of education, the material of which has been the young men and women of the Middle West. How far his experiments have succeeded, how far they must fail, may better be judged at his second decennial than at his first; meanwhile, nobody can fail to admire the energy with which he has shaped the restless life of a great university into the mould preconceived in his own mind.

The University of Chicago was, if ever there was one, a *fiat* academe. It was called into being by the joint enterprise of a versatile scholar and man of affairs, W. R. Harper, and of John D. Rockefeller. Much of its organization betrays the eminently practical sense of these two men. With the *flair* of a great reorganizer, President Harper concentrated his innovations upon the matter of greatest dispute—the undergraduate course. Perceiving the waste of time involved in the traditional summer vacation, he arranged his academic calendar in four quarters, covering the entire year. From this apparently mechanical device the university has largely drawn that notable flexibility which is its chief characteristic. For a continuous session means that students may greatly abridge their term of residence by foregoing vacations, that professors may combine two or more vacations, and so obtain leisure for travel or investigation, that students and professors alike may take their vacation term at the time most convenient to them, that the routine teaching may be constantly freshened up by the introduction, during the absence of the regular incumbents, of famous scholars from other institutions. In these and other ways a régime of liberty has been established which seems very much like Elysium to those who have been stretched or lopped on our older academic beds of Procrustes.

Students have not been slow to take advantage of this flexibility, and President Harper justly maintains that his ready-made university is probably the most individualistic of all. That fact expresses itself clearly in the great diversity of undergraduate careers. In most Eastern colleges students graduate only in the summer term—in a few cases in the mid-year interval also; in Chicago the end of every quarter is a graduation period. Furthermore, a class in an Eastern institution is a fairly compact body. It loses a few members through various adversities, gains a few, and keeps generally a four-year residence, with all the associations therein implied. At the University of Chicago, on the contrary, a class is a fluctuating body, sometimes large, sometimes small, never the same for two successive quarters. Of the students graduated in 1900-1901, for example, only 41 per cent. kept the "normal" course of three quarters a year for four years. A course covering more than twelve quarters was chosen or imposed upon 22 per cent., while 37 per cent. did extra work enough to secure the undergraduate degree in less than twelve quarters.

But the times and seasons of these undergraduates are much less important than what they are being taught and what attitude they are bringing to the world. On the latter head President Harper speaks most confidently. "Steadiness, sturdiness, strength, strong individuality, high ideals, and clear purpose" are universally admitted characteristics of his students. Such raw material as this surely deserves most careful shaping, and in this respect the report of the undergraduate department is not wholly reassuring. The tendency is away from the traditional studies. Thus, in 1902 only 20 per cent. of the male graduates took the degree of A.B., though for this no Greek or Latin need be elected, while 46 per cent. chose the general and linguistic courses leading to the Ph.B., and 33 per cent. qualified for the scientific degree, S.B. Obviously, four-fifths of the entire undergraduate body is following either narrowly scientific courses, or a curriculum that lacks the subjects traditionally held to be of greatest disciplinary value. The "modern" education is in force at Chicago, and it remains to be seen if, either as regards culture or efficiency, the new specialized or miscellaneous courses are as efficacious as the old curriculum. President Harper deserves warm commendation for duly labelling his graduates according to their studies. This is much preferable to spreading the comfortable dignity of the degree in arts over Sanskritist and boiler expert alike. We at least know how the graduates of the University of Chicago have been educated, and in due time may judge their training by its fruits. Evidently, President Harper himself feels that all is not well when he recommends formally that "something should be done to encourage a larger interest in literary work of a creative character." A certain naïveté in the expression of this pious hope will be readily pardoned if Mr. Harper will promptly give his poets the preferment now reserved for his philologers.

A more serious menace to the orderly development of the elective system is the haste to enter professional life. "The student preparing for work in medicine, or in law, if he follows the lines marked out for him with a view to completing both the requirements for the bachelor's degree and that for the professional degree, has practically not a single free elective from his entrance upon the high school to his graduation from the professional school. The work of ten or eleven years, with no excep-

tion worthy of mention, is thus a rigidly prescribed course." Here is very nearly the reduction to the absurd of the elective system. For the ambitious student it results in a course actually more rigid and less liberal than the discredited old curriculum. That at least gave some scraps of all human knowledge; this holds the adolescent mind unsparingly to one narrow section. It is a question if we shall not soon be obliged to supplement miscalled freedom of election by compulsory catholicity of selection.

The chief value of President Harper's fully documented report will be to supply material for thoroughgoing criticism of our collegiate education. The evidence for his own institution, whether favorable or other, is presented with a candor deserving of all praise. One would criticise in a report of this unusual nature chiefly its paucity in general ideas. It is difficult to determine from what is written how far the University of Chicago has made for the culture of its students and community, and what are its purposes for the future. Yet these are surely crucial matters, and should have found a place in this imposing mass of statistical detail and discussion.

THE "INTERNATIONAL" EXHIBITION.

LONDON, January 12, 1904.

British artists have their "secession," though they call it by another name. Certainly, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers represents all that is strongest, most independent, and least Academic in the art of the country, while, with a liberality equal to that of the Paris Salons, it finds a place for all that is most distinguished abroad. It is as international in fact as in name. Its first President was Mr. Whistler, an American; and now, M. Rodin, a Frenchman and the only man who could follow worthily, has been chosen to succeed him. It is this really unprecedented action on the part of a society of artists with headquarters in London, together with the manner in which M. Rodin has accepted the responsibility, as well as the honor, and come to London for the opening ceremonies, that gives the fourth Exhibition a very special interest —though it would be interesting in itself in any case.

The first two exhibitions of the Society were held at Knightsbridge. They were to London a revelation of what a picture show can be; but London is nothing if not conventional, and Knightsbridge was felt to be just too far off the beaten track of picture galleries. The third was given, a little more than a year ago, at the Institute, but the Institute is so heavy-laden with traditions of mediocrity that the International there seemed out of its element. Now the Society has established itself in the new gallery in Regent Street, the most important in London after the Academy; the rooms large enough for pleasure, well proportioned and well lighted, with a central court, where sculpture can be excellently displayed. And it is here that M. Rodin has been received by the Society and has received the Society's guests.

To me the most distinctive features of the present exhibition are the care devoted to the decoration and arrangement of the gallery, and the prominence accorded to black and white—treated almost everywhere as a pariah among the arts—and to sculpture, which, in London anyhow, has never been shown with so much distinction. The wonder is that all artists have not yet realized the importance to their work of a beautiful background. Even a beautiful picture or statue gains by beautiful surroundings—who would think of setting a precious stone or a rare gem in the baser metals?—while the poor performance of a second-rate man borrows dignity from the respect offered to it. The decorations of the International this year have already roused a heated discussion, and I think the question is one that concerns every artist. Two of the rooms have been hung with white. One of these is for the drawings and prints, and with it, as yet, no fault has been found. But the other is for pictures, and some grumbling has been heard—their color is killed, the dissatisfied painters say. But any one who remembers the splendor with which many an old master tells on the plain, whitewashed walls of a convent or monastery need not be assured that color on white—to use the painter's phrase—fairly sings. And sing it does in the large, white-draped room. The margin of white seems to concentrate, to intensify, to bring out the effect of pictures as absolutely different as Matthew Maris's little golden dream of Amsterdam, and Monet's big, realistic interior, "Le Déjeûner," that curious early work, with no suggestion in it of his later, more familiar methods; as M. Anglada's sudden glow and glory of color in a "Gypsy Dance," and the tranquil grays of Mr. Peppercorn's twilight Common. It is extraordinary how fine the effect is, and I am not surprised that M. Rodin and the artists who have come from Paris with him —M. Thaulow, M. Cottet, M. Blanche—are enthusiastic. In the third room there is a green background with no striking value except its neutrality. But it is not only the color of the walls that has received attention. The pictures have been placed and grouped with the right feeling for harmony and balance, every piece of sculpture has been set with a view to the general design; and in the picture rooms the light is tempered by a velarium so nicely adjusted that it would satisfy Whistler, who was, for the modern exhibition, its inventor.

If a first impression counts for anything, it is well that the doors of the gallery open at once into the Sculpture Hall. For, rising in the centre and dominating everything, is M. Rodin's "Grand Penseur," that mighty Titan who sits brooding, his knees drawn up, his body bent in a powerful curve, his chin resting on his hands, lost in the great thoughts that make or mar a world. The statue is well known, but it has never before been seen in London—its being here is the wonder—and one cannot look upon it again without being thrilled anew by the majesty and force of a figure that not even an Italian sculptor in the great days surpassed. And M. Rodin has sent only fine things. He has been content not to puzzle a not over intelligent public (where art is concerned) by that portion of his work that is interesting chiefly as the failure of a great man. At one end of the court is a smaller version in bronze of the "Penseur"; at the other, through an open doorway, one looks to the spirited group of "La Défense," the winged figure splendidly silhouetted against the white walls. And there are also, scattered in the court, that grim, haunting Bellona, the torso of the St. John, the graceful little "Dream," among other things, which I do not stop to describe because they are well known. The novelty is that they should be gathered together in a London exhibition, that M. Rodin should be the President of the society giving this exhibition, and that a sculptor of any nationality should have been invited to preside over a society in which painters are in a decided majority. M. Bartholomé is also represented—for one thing, by the solemn group of the prostrate man, woman, and child from the tomb of Père Lachaise. But of his work, neither, is it necessary to say more, for I have already described it when exhibited in the Salon. Among the English sculptors are two of M. Rodin's disciples, Mr. Tweed and Mr. Derwent Wood; also Mr. Wells, a young man who has taken Millet's peasants as the models for his little bronzes, but who makes such good use of them that I fancy he will be heard from to more original purpose in the future. Mr J. H. Furse is another of the sculptors, and his animals have something of the sinewy grace and movement of Barye's. But in this group with M. Rodin and M. Bartholomé it is Mr. Henry Wilson who makes the finest showing—a sculptor who this year, however, has only metal work and jewelry. A casket he designed for presentation to Mr. Chamberlain by the Constitutional Club is a marvel in its way: a harmony of silver, gold, enamels and precious stones. The work of the modern artist-silversmith in England is, as a rule, full of affectations. He accepts the crudeness of barbaric or peasant jewelry as his standard. But Mr. Wilson believes that methods should be adapted to materials, and that his precious metals and jewels call for exquisite design and workmanship. The casket itself is supported by little figures in silver, each a masterpiece; the encircling band and tiny panels of enamel are as delicate in color as in technique, and each jewel is placed with the knowledge of the painter putting in his rare but eloquent high light. And in his necklaces and brooches, Mr. Wilson again uses his jewels as the painter uses his pigments.

If the new President, M. Rodin, dominates everything in the Sculpture Court, so does the late President, Mr. Whistler, in the picture galleries. Only three of his paintings have been hung, but they could scarcely be more representative. The "Symphony in White," the "Valparaiso," are as familiar now to Mr. Whistler's admirers as they are characteristic of certain phases of his art. But the third has never before been seen in England, nor is it known in America. "Rose et Or: la Tulipe" is its title, and it is described in the catalogue as "unfinished." But though much remained for Whistler to do had he lived (the arms are just brushed in, the hands not more than suggested), it is complete in its color harmony and its design. It is a large, full-length portrait of a tall, graceful woman in long, rose-colored draperies, standing against a background of rose-purple. The hands are clasped behind her—the grace of the attitude is al-

ready in the suggestion—her face is in profile, and the pose has all the elegance and distinction, the color all the subtlety, of which Whistler was the master. In fact, the picture as it is has such charm that one almost wonders whether it needed "finishing." Whistler's influence is felt in a great deal of the work. Even Sir James Guthrie, unquestionably the strongest of the Glasgow group, cannot escape it. He has a fine portrait of a little girl, "Miss Janie Martin." But, as she stands on the canvas, one black-slippered foot well set forward, the hand hanging by her side holding a large feathered felt hat, it is impossible not to think of the memorable "Miss Alexander." And yet nothing could be more unlike than the treatment. The child wears rich red and white, and a rich brown is the color of the background; the head is more solidly modelled—there is none of the flat modelling that gives such an elusive beauty to the lady in "Rose et Or," and Sir James Guthrie seems to have thought less of the exquisiteness of surface than of the depths in his browns, the value of the aërial envelope. Anyway, it is a fine portrait, and not many in the collection can compete with it.

One of the exceptions is a portrait of a Mr. Ross by Mr. Kerr-Lawson, one of the younger Scotchmen, hitherto known only for his decorative rendering of architecture and landscape. But it is really a surprising piece of work; a half-length, of an elderly man, seated, his face in profile—so much again, due, perhaps, to Whistler's influence—his hands folded simply on his lap, with absolutely no accessories. But the dignity of treatment, the solemnity of tone, the calm of the face, the tranquillity of the pose, the decorative value got out of the white collar and cuffs (the despair of the modern portrait-painter) make it a most striking portrait, and I, for one, shall look forward to the next by this artist with much interest. Of the portraits by M. Raffaëlli and M. Blanche, I say nothing, because they have been seen in Paris, if I except a vivid, amusing sketch of Mr. George Moore by M. Blanche. I hardly think Mr. Lavery, the Vice-President of the Society, at his best, though in his "Lady in Pink" he has managed an extremely difficult color scheme with a great deal of dexterity. Mr. Sauter, the secretary, has two family groups that show him absorbed with problems of delicate grays and the strange, indefinable things he has dimly discerned in the faces of his sitters, so that to a portrait of Mother and Child he has given the (in this case) appropriate title, "Fate." And among all others, which I have not space here even to mention, I was especially struck with a vigorous, picturesque, haunting little study of a shepherd by Vierge, and a large arrangement of a "Lady with a Feather," by Mr. C. H. Shannon. I should doubt very much if Mr. Shannon were keen about the actual portrait; his aim seems to have been rather to make a beautiful design simply by the way the seated figure in wide-flounced gown, bending over the feather in her hand, fills the canvas. He has the sense of composition that so often saved the English portrait painters of the eighteenth century from disaster.

Of the quality of the rest of the collection of pictures, I shall be giving an idea when I say that M. Cottet's big "Deuil Marin"—the three solemn, black-robed women in a Breton landscape; M. Zuloaga's Spanish fantasies, reminiscent of Velasquez and Goya; M. Thaulow's brilliant landscapes; M. Anglada's impressions of light and color—all pictures from last summer's New Salon—and also many shown there by the Canadian Morrice and the Americans Maurer and Frieseke, are included. I need say no more than this, since it is not so long since, seeing them in Paris, I wrote about all these things for the *Nation*. Were there space, I should like to linger over the landscapes of Mr. Peppercoun and Mr. Priestman, the charming decorative arrangements of Mr. Shannon, the "Mother" of Mr. Strang. This last, it is true, recalls Millet in composition, types, and sentiment. It is the picture of a woman who, feeding her child, blows upon the spoonful of food to cool it, as in a drawing by Millet, of whom you can not but think at the first glance. But it is painted with genuine dignity and breadth, and is as careful in its technique, as solid in its modelling, and as well realized as anything in the gallery. Mr. Chase and Mr. Childe Hassam are the other Americans; Franz Stuck is among the Germans, Breitner and Witser among the Dutchmen.

The delightful part of the black and white is the way it has been arranged. Usually—and this in Paris as in London—black and white is banished to the cellar or crowded into any odd corner. But here a room has been set apart, and it has been hung as if space were no object; in a word, every possible deference has been shown to it. And the work on the walls is worth the trouble. There is not much, but what there is deserves every consideration. Again, it may be said that the prints of Félicien Rops are well enough known, but not in London, it must be remembered; and here a really representative and impressive series has been got together. It is curious to note that, before the show opened, almost half of these prints had been sold. The aquatints of M. Louis Legrand come also as a surprise in a London gallery, and he has sent those beautiful prints from the New Salon of last summer that prove the artist need not borrow the Madonna from the Primitives, but can go to the mother and child among the world's workers of to-day if he would express the beauty and emotion of maternity. It is in this room also that an amazing study in water-color of a "Silver-Spangled Cock," amazing in drawing and modelling, splendid in color, by Mr. Crawhall, is found; and also the almost tragic impressions of Meissen in pastel by Mr. Muhrman; those vivid pastels by M. Milcendeau and M. Luigini from last summer's salon; the astounding etchings, or aquatints rather, in color by M. Thaulow; the etchings by Pennell, Chahine, Roussel; the illustrations of Vierge, Phil May, E. J. Sullivan, Hartrick—it really is an uncommonly good collection.

The exhibition opened to the public this morning, and I must confess to not a little curiosity as to how the public will accept it, so absolutely unlike is it to the average London picture show. How the critics are taking it I know already. It is amusing to find "the gentleman of the *Times*," after paying Whistler and Rodin and one or two others the tribute it is hardly decent now to withhold, deliberately picking out for praise certain pictures that everyone with a love for art must regret that the Hanging Committee could not see its way to reject. If the International only perseveres on the present lines, even the "gentleman of the *Times*" will have to give in. But perseverance is greatly a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Will these be supplied in the necessary amount by the artless British public? N. N.

CAGLIOSTRO.

PARIS, January 11, 1904.

There are novels in history, and among them may be cited the life of the famous Cagliostro, who played such an important part in the "affaire du collier" before the French Revolution. M. Henri d'Alméras has published quite recently a biography of this celebrated adventurer. He begins with a long and curious chapter on the documents he has used in his work, and says justly that "there is not, perhaps, in the whole eighteenth century a celebrated man whose biography is more difficult to write than that of Cagliostro. Documents abound, but most of them are devoid of historical precision. The most interesting are the most inexact. There are as many reasons for rejecting them as for admitting them." Cagliostro had a thousand reasons for throwing a veil over many parts of his life, especially the early parts: "In the interrogatories to which he had to submit, during the necklace trial, he almost always lied with an imperturbable serenity, not only because the truth might injure him, but also because lying had become with him, as with many others, an hypertrophy of the imagination." By a sort of auto-suggestion he ended by believing things which he had a hundred times said of himself; he was a born charlatan and deceiver, and in the end deceived himself.

M. Henri d'Alméras used a number of manuscript documents which are kept in our public archives—the reports made on Cagliostro by the police of 1785 and 1786, and the documents relating to the necklace trial. He attaches more importance to these manuscript documents than to the printed pamphlets. In 1791 there was published in Rome a 'Compendio della vita ee delle gesti di Giuseppe Balsamo,' extracted from the documents in the trial of Cagliostro at Rome the year before. A translation of it presently appeared in French, under the title, 'Vie de Joseph Balsamo, connu sous le nom de Comte Cagliostro, extraite de la procédure instruite contre lui à Rome en 1790.' M. d'Alméras cites two pamphlets, relating to Cagliostro's journeys in Germany and Poland. One of these is in German and has never been translated: 'Nachricht von des eerüchtigen Cagliostro Aufenthalt in Mittau,' by Countess Elisa von der Recke (Berlin and Stettin, 1787); the other is anonymous and is entitled: 'Cagliostro démasqué à Varsovie, ou Relation authentique de ses opérations alchimiques et magiques faites dans cette capitale, par un témoin oculaire.' I forbear to mention a number of other documents, besides the legal memoirs composed during the necklace trial, which for some time occupied all France, as the name of Queen Marie Antoinette was unfortunately mixed up with it. Even now, with all that is known, there are still some mysteries in the life of Cagliostro.

Joseph Balsamo was born on the 8th of June, 1743, at Palermo, the child of poor Jews. Shortly after his birth, his father died a bankrupt and left his family in very straitened circumstances. Joseph was brought up by charity in a convent of the Brothers of Mercy, near Palermo, but he soon left school. He led a dissipated and riotous life in Palermo, at the same time giving himself up to the study of occult sciences and of witchcraft. He was obliged to leave Palermo, and went first to Messina. There he made the acquaintance of a Greek adventurer, occupied with occultism and sleight-of-hand, and journeyed with him in Greece and in Egypt, making dupes everywhere with magic operations and quack medicines. At Malta he obtained letters of credit from the Grand Master of the Order of Malta, Don Manoël Pinto d'Alfonseca, who spent all his time in a laboratory, trying to find the philosopher's stone. Balsamo went to Naples with a prince who was also studying chemistry with a view to changing all metals into gold. From Naples he went to Rome, where he made the acquaintance of Lorenza Feliciani, who became the companion of his life. Lorenza's father was a *butadore*, a copper founder. She was fifteen years old, very pretty, and very ignorant.

"She lived," says M. d'Alméras, "through the gravest events without judging or understanding them. Irresponsible because she was unconscious, she obeyed without resistance any will that tried to impose itself upon her. Even in Paris, even in the frivolous society in which she lived, her futility, during the drama of the necklace, seemed excessive and shocking. Incapable of action, of will, and even of thought, a light little creature, inconsistent, with the soul of a doll in the body of a woman, she spent all her life in laughing and talking."

She was profoundly ignorant and had to learn to write long after her marriage, which was celebrated in the month of April, 1769, in a little church in Rome, San Salvatore in Campo. Balsamo had a sort of *officina* of false papers, false bonds. He persuaded his wife "that adultery was no crime when it was inspired solely by interest." He procured for her rich lovers, but husband and wife were soon obliged to leave Rome. They travelled in great style, and, after some disagreements with the police, left for Madrid and Lisbon and, in the month of July, 1771, for England. The vicissitudes of their life in England are only partly known. After having made some dupes, they left for France. I shall not follow them in their complicated movements. In 1777 Cagliostro found means to be admitted to the Masonic order, and to become one of its dignitaries. He was no longer the humble swindler obliged to run from place to place. He had measured the depth of human folly and credulity; he was the *illustrissimo* Count of Cagliostro. When, coming from Germany, he arrived at Strasbourg on the 19th of September, a great crowd awaited on the bridge to Kehl the doctor who could cure all maladies, the apostle of free-masonry, who was a public benefactor.

Louis de Rohan, born in 1734, was, in 1779, appointed Bishop of Strasbourg, and the same year made a Cardinal. He was a Prince of the Holy Empire, Landgrave of Alsace, and Abbé of Saint-Vaast. He had enormous revenues; a palace at Saverne and another in Paris. "Born," says M. d'Alméras, "with a soul as little ecclesiastical as possible, Cardinal Rohan had the brilliant qualities and the fashionable defects which, under the reign of Marie Antoinette, were the attributes of a *grand seigneur*.' This judgment seems to me too indulgent, for I have looked in vain for the qualities of the Cardinal; his defects were only too apparent. One of them was an extraordinary credulity. From 1780 to 1785, Cagliostro extorted from him, on various pretexts, sums amounting to nearly a million of our francs. The Cardinal had him often in his palace, lent him his equipages and his horses, made him constant presents. Baroness Oberkisch tells us in her interesting memoirs that the Cardinal showed her once a magnificent stone, with the arms of Rohan engraved on it, which he wore on one of his fingers.

" 'It is a fine stone, sir, and I had already admired it.' 'Well, Cagliostro made it; he made it for nothing. I saw it done; I was there and witnessed the operation. What do you think of that? People won't say any more that he is deceiving me. The jeweller has valued the stone at twenty-five thousand livres.'

"I remained stupefied. M. de Rohan saw this, and continued: 'That is not all. He makes gold. He made for me five to six thousand livres in gold, upstairs, in the attic of my palace. He will make me the richest prince in Europe."

He made incantations in dark rooms, and showed the Cardinal shadows which were supposed to be the shades of beloved persons.

Cagliostro established himself definitely in Paris in January, 1785, in a hotel which belonged to the Marchioness d'Orvilliers, and which still exists on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. He became the successor of Mesmer, who had for a while been the fashion, and soon had a host of patients, whom he pretended to cure. Lorenza, his mistress, shared his popularity. Nobody could recognize in her the daughter of the *butadore* of Pellegrini Street in Rome.

The details of the necklace trial are well known, and M. d'Alméras could find no new matter on this subject. It is curious enough that when the famous Madame de la Motte heard from the Abbé Maury the news of the arrest of the Cardinal de Rohan, her first word was, "C'est du Cagliostro tout pur." Cagliostro was arrested on the 23d of August, 1785, and imprisoned in the Bastille. He had been inculpated by Madame de la Motte in the affair of the necklace, but his innocence was proved and he was set at liberty on the 12th of May, 1786. He could no longer remain in France, as his character had been thoroughly exposed during the trial, and on the 29th of June he took a boat for England. From London he wrote a "letter addressed to the French people," the full text of which is given for the first time by M. d'Alméras. It was directed chiefly against Baron de Breteuil, the minister who sent him to the Bastille, and against the governor of the prison. His golden days were over; he could not remain long in England, and left for Switzerland and Italy. In Rome he was imprudent enough to organize Masonic lodges; he was arrested and brought before the tribunal of the Holy Office. His trial became in reality the trial of Free Masonry, and in this respect was interesting. The judgment says that "Joseph Balsamo, . . . having incurred the censures and penalties pronounced against formal heretics, dogmatists, heresiarchs, masters and disciples of superstitious sorcery, has incurred the censures and penalties established by the apostolic laws of Clément XII. and Benedict XIV., as well as the edict of the Council of State." Capital punishment was commuted for perpetual imprisonment in a fortress. Cagliostro was sent to the Fort Saint-Leo, in the Duchy of Urbino, after which all trace of him was lost. It is said that he died in 1795, but no particulars of any sort regarding his end are known.

Correspondence.

WHISTLER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Whistler memorial exhibition which is to open on February 23 under the auspices of the Copley Society of Boston, bids fair to be the leading art event of the present American season. An announcement just sent out by the management shows that this Copley Hall art display will consist of oil paintings, water colors, pastels, and a representative collection of etchings, lithographs, and drawings, and that it will include, in addition to the most notable examples of Mr. Whistler's art owned in this country, important contributions from London, Paris, Glasgow, and Montreal. It will form by long odds the largest collection of this master's works ever yet exhibited, and it is extremely unlikely, in the nature of things, that so many of his pictures will ever again be brought together. The Copley Society has been warmly seconded by Mr. Whistler's estate, which has specially selected it to arrange this memorial exhibition. Of particular interest, of course, will be the pictures which the estate is to loan from Mr. Whistler's studio in London. These have never yet been shown to the public.

Boston has had the good fortune to get this exhibition largely through the efforts of an energetic committee of the Copley Society, headed by the president of the society, Mr. Holker Abbott, who has personally interested all the collectors of Whistler's works in the Boston undertaking. The precise standing of Mr. Whistler among the artists of the world is, of course, yet to be determined; but beyond question the present art show is likely to give the collectors and critics of the entire country the best opportunity ever afforded, or ever likely to be afforded, of judging the man by the entirety of his production. Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, who has been perhaps the leading collector of Whistler's paintings in this country, and who has put at the service of the Copley Society the contents of his gallery, has recently predicted that the Copley exhibition will be epoch-making in the history of American art; and a similar opinion has been expressed by Mr. Howard Mansfield of New York, who has especial knowledge of Whistler's black-and-whites.

The exhibition is to be one of really national importance, and it is hoped that it will be so regarded. The list of the members of the honorary committee for the exhibition is impressive, and the more so since most of the members of it have done more than merely allow their names to be used; nearly all have, in fact, rendered ac-

tive assistance in procuring works for the Copley Society's exhibition. Those on the committee are as follows: Gov. Bates, Mayor Collins, Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, ambassador of Great Britain; Mr. J. J. Jusserand, ambassador of the French republic; Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State; Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge; Mr. John Caldwell, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; Mr. Edward H. Coates, president of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Mr. Halsey C. Ives, chief of the department of art, St. Louis Exposition; Mr. F. W. Rhinelander, president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Mr. Samuel Dennis Warren, president of the Museum of Fine Arts; Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, London; Mr. R. B. Angus, Montreal; Mr. Samuel P. Avery, New York; Mr. Francis Bartlett, Boston; Miss Rosalind Birnie-Philip, London; Mr. Arthur J. Eddy, Chicago; Hon. George A. Drummond, Montreal; Mr. Charles L. Freer, Detroit; Mrs. John L. Gardner, Boston; Mr. Walter Gay, Paris; Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, New York; Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, Chicago; Mr. John G. Johnson, New York; Mr. Bryan Lathrop, Chicago; Mr. Howard Mansfield, New York; Mr. Harrison S. Morris, Philadelphia; Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Cambridge; Mr. Joseph Pennell, London; Mr. Alfred A. Pope, Farmington; Mr. Edward Robinson, Boston; Mr. Denman W. Ross, Cambridge; Mr. James Ross, Montreal; Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens, Windsor; Mr. John S. Sargent, London; Mrs. Joshua Montgomery Sears, Boston; Mr. Arthur Studd, London; Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, New York; Mr. Henry Walters, Baltimore; Mrs. Henry Whitman, Boston, and Mr. Harris Whittemore, Naugatuck.

FREDERICK W. COBURN.

BOSTON, January 26, 1904.

PROFESSORS' SALARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Yes, that memorable article on Professors' Salaries (*Nation*, No. 2009) has struck a responsive chord in all colleges from Maine to California. But how about the instructors? Here is a great and prosperous university where an instructor never gets nor will get more than a thousand dollars a year. He is an instructor. Hath not an instructor wife and children? Hath not an instructor a house to keep up, food and clothes to buy? Does he not need books as a professor does, and travelling for study or rest at home and abroad? Does he not pay to the local tradespeople the same prices as the four-thousand-dollar professor or the millionaire's son, his student? Is he not expected to buy tickets for all charity entertainments as the professor is, subscribe to the student papers, support the athletic associations, the Christian association, the debating association, the toboggan association and wear a Tuxedo? Should an instructor of a great university get a salary of 700 to 1,000 dollars like a clerk in a grocery store? X.

ITHACA, January 30, 1904.

AN INQUIRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can any student of the colonial period of American history give an earlier instance of an American-born colonist sitting as a member of the English House of Commons than that of Joseph Dudley, Governor for many years of Massachusetts, who was elected a member of Parliament for Newtown in the Isle of Wight in 1701?

Yours truly, N. DARNELL DAVIS.

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, BRITISH GUIANA, January 13, 1904.

THE CHEVALIER DE LIMOËLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of the review of M. Lenotre's researches concerning Limoëlan (*Nation*, No. 2,012) may be interested to learn that Chateaubriand, in the account of his school life at the Collège de Rennes ('Mémoires d' outre-Tombe') mentions Limoëland as his schoolmate, and calls him the "auteur de la machine infernale." Chateaubriand further says:

"He is to-day a priest in America. There exists only one portrait of Lucile, and this ugly miniature was made by Limoëlan, who became a painter during the distress of the Revolution. I must relate a trick which Limoëlan played on the principal who was accustomed, after the signal for retiring, to go through the corridors to see if all was well. The principal was wont to look through a hole made in each door. Limoëlan, Gesril, Saint-Riveul, and I slept in the same room. We were a mischievous lot. Several times we stopped up the hole with paper. The principal pushed the paper through and caught us jumping on our beds and breaking our chairs. One evening Limoëlan, without telling us his plan, persuaded us to put out the light and go to bed. In a quarter of an hour the principal came on tip-toe. Seeing no light his suspicions were aroused, and he rushed into the room crying: 'Who did that?' Limoëlan nearly choked with laughter. Gesril said, in a half-simple, half-jeering tone: 'What is the matter?' Saint-Riveul and I laughed like Limoëlan, and hid under our covers. No one could get anything out of us: we were heroic.

"The four of us were locked up in the cellar. Saint-Riveul dug up the ground under a door that communicated with the stable yard. He stuck his head in this opening—a pig ran up and nearly ate his brains; Gesril let a cask of wine run out; Limoëlan pulled down a wall."

TIMOTHY CLORAN.

NASHVILLE, TENN., January 23, 1904.

Notes.

'Writings on American History, 1902,' is an undertaking of Ernest Cushing Richardson and Anson Ely Morse, which is defined as "an attempt at an exhaustive bibliography of books and periodical articles on United States history published during the year 1902, together with some contributions towards a bibliography of writings on other parts of the Americas for the same year." The work is now in the press, and may be subscribed for at the Library Bookstore of C. Martins, Princeton, N. J. It contains more than a thousand titles of books and pamphlets, and more than five times as many of periodical articles. The book titles are accompanied by "appraisements" extracted from reviews. Each subject is furnished with a brief definition, and there are other features of decided value.

The Clarendon Press has in hand a standard edition of the complete works of Ben Jonson, in nine octavo volumes, uniform with the Oxford editions of Kyd and Lyly, under the editorship of Prof. C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson; and an edition of 'Elizabethan Critical Essays,' edited by G. Gregory Smith, together with an introduction on the origins of literary criticism in England. This work will fill two volumes.

The centennial of the acquisition of the Territory of Louisiana has inevitably brought forth a crop of books dealing with the subject in one way or another. The latest is from the press of Ginn & Co., and is entitled 'The Louisiana Purchase,' by Ripley Hitchcock. The first part, some 91 pages, covers the whole subject of Spanish and French occupation from the final entrance of these peoples into the Mississippi Valley until 1803. From this point political history is almost wholly disregarded, and the remainder of the book, some 250 pages, is devoted to exploration, settlement, and the development of the region included in the Purchase. Nearly one-third of this compilation is taken up with an account of the Lewis and Clark expedition—on the whole, a very good summary of the Journals as "edited" by Biddle. This is followed by sketches of the journeys of Pike, Catlin, Hunt, Wyeth, Prince Maximilian of Wied, Bonneville, Frémont, and others. Finally, part four traces the decline in the fur trade and the rise of other interests, such as mining and the cattle industry, which were important factors in building up the West. The purpose of the book is to tell in a single volume the "story of the West succinctly" in such a way as to "afford a certain comprehensiveness" which will make the volume "of convenience and of value to students." The author appears to have familiarized himself with the best secondary accounts, besides some of the sources, and has given us a clear and accurate sketch of a subject which is for the moment of quite general interest.

A Yale thesis for the doctorate in philosophy, just published by its author, Charles Upson Clark of New Haven, deals in a very thorough way with the text tradition of Ammianus Marcellinus, whose 'Rerum Gestarum Libri' (if that be the true title) is pronounced by the Teuffel-Schwabe 'History of Roman Literature' "the first serious historical work of the higher order after Tacitus, and likewise the last of the kind." Mr. Clark's work was well worth doing, since, as he shows, the first printed edition was made from the very worst of the manuscripts in existence, and all subsequent editions have been vitiated directly or indirectly through its influence. Existing manuscripts, he concludes, unite in a common source in the early Carolingian period, but this manuscript was lost. It was the parent, however, of two copies once belonging respectively to the monasteries of Fulda and Hersfeld. The latter was used by Gelenius in the preparation of his edition (1533), but was subsequently lost, and only six detached sheets have been recovered. The former contains eighteen books, all of Ammianus now known, and is the source, directly or indirectly, of all other existing manuscripts except the fragment just mentioned. Of course, Mr. Clark's work must stand on its own basis, but there is good indication that it has a basis to stand on, in the fact that while his researches were in progress the Prussian Acedemy of Sciences voted him a subvention of 1,500 marks, on motion of the late Professor Mommsen. The settling of the relative merits of the manuscripts naturally paved the way for a complete critical

edition of the text. Dr. Clark has this well under way, and it will appear in the near future, from the press of Weidmann, in Berlin.

Each successive number of 'The Poultry Book' (Doubleday, Page & Co.) sustains the interest of its predecessor. It promises, when completed, to be the most comprehensive treatise of its kind yet printed. Each subject is handled by a writer especially competent and learned. The absence of abstruse technicalities makes the text easily understood by the novice, as well as a suggestive guide to the more experienced. Both classes will profit by the practical and thorough presentation of every phase of poultry-breeding, rearing, and housing. Parts v. to viii. are last to hand.

Four new instalments of Attilio Pagliani's invaluable 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana, 1847-1899' (Milan: Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) complete the second volume (L—O), and make a good start in P. The compiler's own name appears in the list of authors, in connection with a catalogue of periodicals received by the Genoa Library in 1896. The Italian men of science continue to occupy much space with their numerous monographs. Mazzini is still a living classic to his countrymen, and fills two pages. The last edition of Muratori's 'Annali' was in 1870, but his inedited writings have kept his memory burnished. Horace, among the ancients, leads with two and a half pages, to Ovid's one, and Homer's one and a half. Among French writers, Pascal is conspicuous by his absence; Musset is still read in fresh editions, but piecemeal; Michelet's History of the French Revolution was translated anew as recently as 1898. Milton is alive in the Italian press, and Tom Moore's "National Airs" and "Lives of the Angels" were reproduced in 1893 and 1898, a fact to be noted. But Mayne-Reid is foremost, filling one and a quarter columns, and putting in a fresh appearance as late as 1896. John Stuart Mill's 'Liberty' was revived in 1895, but otherwise he seems to be a back number in the peninsula. For the rest, there is a liberal assortment of the graceful Italian *Memoria, Omaggio, Onoranze,* besides *Memorie, Notizie, Osservazione,* and *Parole* galore.

'Völkerkunde,' a posthumous work of Dr. Heinrich Schurtz (Leipzig), forms the sixteenth number of the series "Die Erdkunde." It is a volume of no particular use to the advanced student of the subject, but might render valuable service as an elementary textbook. The physical criteria of race-distinction are briefly enumerated, as are the typical forms of the industrial organization, religion, etc. Upon the basis thus laid, the author attempts a classification of mankind by races, with the usual negative results. Directions for independent work in ethnology close the volume—which has no index. The illustrations are often derived from important originals, but are poorly reproduced. One of the most curious suggestions in the book is to the effect that the hairy, bearded Aino stock of Japan was once a widely spread palæo-Asiatic race, and that it is now represented by not a few Russian types, one of which is Tolstoy himself!

With the January number, the *Burlington Magazine* is transferred to the lengthening list of Macmillan importations. It announces a change in editorial policy, promising a less exclusively antiquarian bias; but the results of the innovations hardly appear in this first issue, which, exceptionally, is delayed. Dr. Lippman, the Berlin curator who did so much to interpret early Italian woodcuts, is the subject of an appreciative obituary. Max Roldit concludes his survey of the little-known collection of the Earl of Normanton at Somerley, Hampshire. Remarkable here is a painting of Rubens of a "Young Lioness at Play." Four excellent works of Aart van der Neer are reported, but not reproduced. Greuze is in force, notably in an affected but still appealing likeness of the cantatrice Sophie Arnould. Mr. Weale returns to the vexed question of Hubert and Jan van Eyck, marshalling old testimony and adding new to prove that many pictures show knowledge of Southern monuments, and that these paintings are all by the mysterious Hubert. Larger interests are broached by Mr. Laurence Binyon in his discussion of "A Chinese Painting of the Fourth Century." He attempts nothing less than the overthrow of the traditional idea that Chinese painting is derivative from the Buddhist art of India—a large and suggestive sermon from so slight a text. The newly associated editor, Mr. A. J. Holmes, treats "Cotman as a Painter in Oils," an article valuable inversely to its brevity, for it suggests that many fine works by Cotman have slipped into the anonymous or misnamed classes. Essays on lace and old Staffordshire salt-glaze remind us that the *Burlington* regards nothing artistic as foreign to itself. The magazine is the only serious art publication in English, and promises to be increasingly valuable.

The story of the organization of northern Nigeria under British rule, told in the *Geographical Journal* for January by its high commissioner, Gen. Sir F. D. Lugard, is most interesting and suggestive. The problem which confronted him was how to bring under administrative control a region half as large again as France, inhabited by untold millions of people tyrannized over by a race of slave-raiders. The main principle upon which he founded his government was to rule through native chiefs, and so successful has he been that in two years and a half the supremacy of Great Britain has been established, the *pax Britannica* prevails, and slave-raiding has become a thing of the past. The main need now is cheap means of transport to the great waterways by which the products of the land, and especially its cotton, can be brought to the world markets. In this connection, Sir Frederick, whose African experience is unexcelled, affirms that the development of the continent would be advanced far more by uniting the Nile and Niger Basins than by the Cape-to-Cairo scheme. Another need is reforestation, to stop the alarming decrease of the Niger. Parts of the river were navigable a few years ago for steamers drawing eight feet of water, where now only vessels of three feet draught can go. The importation of liquor is strictly prohibited, notwithstanding the fact that if it were admitted the administrative expenses could be met by the increased revenue. Gen. Lugard gives an interesting account of the ancient city of Kano, of whose forty-two kings, reigning for a period of 768 years, records remain, and of its dungeon, whose horrors far excelled those of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Apropos of the Tibetan mission, Douglas W. Freshfield describes the routes from India to Lhasa, which, he says, is only eight days' journey, so good are the roads from the frontier. Mr. W. S. Barclay contributes a graphic sketch of three fast-disappearing Fuegan tribes, one of which, the Onas, possesses some remarkably fine traits. They consider it unmanly to show hunger or fatigue. Their affection for their children is wonderful, and twenty years of unscrupulous trading has not conquered their aversion to spirits.

—In the February *Century* John Burroughs again battles against the self-styled "Modern School of Nature Study," this time in a less personal but perhaps more effective way than before. By permission, extracts are given from recent correspondence with President Roosevelt, which place the President not exactly in harmony with either party to the discussion, but clearly much nearer to Mr. Burroughs than to the "Moderns." Mr. Burroughs holds rigidly to his contention that the lower animals come into the world with an instinctive tendency to perform all the important acts of life in the right way and at the right time, and do not have to learn these acts through the medium of conscious instruction by the parent. In the present article he has guarded himself more carefully against the misconceptions and misrepresentations of his own views from which he has suffered in the discussion of the past year. Dr. Roger S. Tracy discusses the important question "How to Live Long." Greater care in eating is the chief point in his solution. Doubtless most well-informed persons will agree with him that reasonable limitation of the amount eaten is a prime necessity, but his gropings for a scientific basis for a *materia alimentaria* do not carry conviction. He starts with the assumption that the period since the introduction of cooked food is so short, as compared with the ages during which primitive man fed himself without the aid of fire, that the real needs of our physical nature, developed by the enforced habits of earlier ages and passed on by inheritance, have not been materially altered by the artificial habit of cooking, a mere temporary fad of only a few thousand years' duration. Hence we are to take it for granted that articles which we now instinctively reject as unpalatable in the raw state, such as beets, potatoes, and probably all kinds of flesh, formed no part of our early food, and are, therefore, to be looked upon with suspicion. Among the lighter topics of the number, Albert Bigelow Paine's "Bric-à-brac Auctions in New York" and Joseph Pennell's "In the Alps on a Motor-Bicycle" are most attractive.

—If Professor Lounsbury's recent articles in *Harper's* have gone to the extreme in asserting the rights of the democracy in determining linguistic usage, Alice Meynell certainly evens the score in the February issue. Rising above the level of those who have water to draw and wood to hew, and hence cannot have time for the finer points of linguistic education, she devotes herself to the thesis that "of two educated ways of pronouncing a word or shaping a phrase, one is a little the more educated." The "trick of education" is instinctively to choose the latter. For

example, you must pronounce the word *girl* with the vowel sound of *care*. Even though you be a poet, you must not construe your poetic license broadly enough to rhyme it with *pearl*, or *churl*, on penalty of outer darkness. Mrs. Meynell's "trick of education" does not make her infallible as to current facts of usage, as, for instance, when she gives Americans high credit for never either writing or speaking "the most uncouth of phrases," *I should like you to come*. The occupant of the Easy Chair wields the stiletto with perhaps more deftness than justice in the remark that biography is more depressing than autobiography "because it does not end well, or, as the friends of ending well prefer to say, it does not end up well." In discussing the recent autobiographies of Stoddard and Trowbridge, the Easy Chair deprecates the tendency of autobiographers to abandon their subject for stories or studies of others; autobiography is like charity in beginning at home, but, unlike charity, it is best when it stays there. Dr. Frederick A. Cook contributes a second paper on his attempts to ascend Mount McKinley. He is not as yet convinced that the ascent is impossible, but in difficulties and disappointments he regards the task as comparable only with the search for the North Pole. His estimate of the slope as an average of 45 degrees for at least 14,000 feet is certainly not very encouraging.

—The February *Scribner's* has the first of three instalments from the private correspondence of Mrs. George Bancroft during the three years of Mr. Bancroft's service as minister to England. The chief interest of the letters is the opportunity which they give to trace the impressions of travel and residence in foreign court circles upon the mind of a home-keeping New England woman of the old type. London dinginess aroused at first sight the New England housewife's aversion to dirt: "Some of the finest houses look to me as though I would like to give them a good scouring." It was but a few days, however, until the real London began to take hold upon her imagination. The air of resignation with which she submits to social customs less strict than those of her home circle—"I do not like dining with bare arms and neck, but I must"—reminds one of the good old Quaker lady in court, when told that she must take an oath: "Well, I suppose if I must I must: ——!" We learn incidentally that Mr. Bancroft gave his spare moments to Tacitus on the way over. A few weeks after he had entered upon the duties of his office, we find the two together studying Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences' as a means of understanding the English mind on the side of its then current scientific bent. T. R. Sullivan gives an account of the Alfieri Centennial at Asti, held on October 8, the anniversary of the poet's death, and Helen Rutherford Ely describes appreciatively "Some Gardens in Spain." Their beauty she finds in their trees, flowers, and running water, without any aid from the architectural features so common in Italian gardens. Russell Sturgis describes, with three illustrations, the new screen-wall and doorways which have been erected in front of the old church of St. Bartholomew, in memory of the younger Cornelius Vanderbilt. In comparing the work with that of the Trinity porch in Boston, he regards the New York effort as "a very serious and manly attempt to utilize modern knowledge and modern facilities in the preparation of sculpture for architectural composition," while the Trinity porch shows a closer study of Romanesque models.

—The February *Atlantic* opens its columns to two separate defences of present tendencies in the financial and commercial world, as against the prevalent distrust and criticism which those tendencies have aroused. The plea of John Graham Brooks is that the public should not confuse with commercialism itself the really small fraction of incompetence, greed, and dishonesty which is found in commerce as well as in all other fields of human activity. One feels, however, that Mr. Brooks, as well as Mr. C. A. Conant, who writes on "Wall Street and the Country," unduly minimizes the seriously objectionable features of the present situation. When men controlling amounts of capital scarcely dreamed of under unified management until within the present decade, are found capable of the most brazen misrepresentations in order to increase their own gains at the expense of the uninformed investor, one cannot be contented with the assertion that there is probably as much abuse in chemistry as in commercialism, in proportion to the mass. Mr. Conant deprecates any attempt to control the matter by legislation, or, apparently, by efforts to enforce legislation already in existence. Clarence A. Poe, a North Carolina editor, contributes a ten-page discussion of lynching. Most of what he says is very encouraging, coming from a Southern point of view, but it is impossible to agree with him in the opinion that delays and uncertainties of the law play any great part as incentives to lynching. Will any one point out the Southern localities in which the courts have shown themselves unwilling or unable to mete out due justice to negro criminals proved by reasonable evidence to be guilty of assaults upon white women? It is wide of the fact, also, to find in aspirations toward social equality a cause of criminal assaults upon white women. Such criminals are almost exclusively from a class too far brutalized to possess aspirations in that or any other direction. Mr. Poe places great hope in the education of the negro, especially his industrial education, and makes short work of the false assertion of Vardaman, and his like, that the census statistics show the educated negro to be more addicted to crime than the illiterate.

—Mr. Thomas E. Watson has written his 'Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson' (Macmillan) with a twofold purpose. He believes that injustice has been done to Jefferson by Northern historians, and that the same historians have done the South less than justice in dwelling upon the minor incidents of Northern, while slighting those of the Southern Revolutionary campaigners. Jefferson, regarded as the father of Democracy, becomes sponsor for all that the Democracy of Mr. Watson accepts as true doctrine. The book is, therefore, a defence of Jefferson and an exposition of modern "Democracy"—shall we say of the Populist stripe? That might be unjust to Mr. Watson, because even Populism has shifted its ground in recent years, tempering its views through defeat From every point of view the result is interesting. We have Jefferson drawn by an ardent admirer, fresh from the study of Jefferson's antagonist, Napoleon; pungent criticism of critics of Jefferson and his policy; an application of Jefferson's views to current politics; and much display of the social and political opinions of Thomas E. Watson. Half a century ago, the book would have been entitled 'Notes in Answer to a Life of Jefferson by ——,' and frankly published as a controversial work. The objects of Mr. Watson's wrath are not of exceeding merit, and writers like Curtis, Fisher, and Lodge do not demand serious examination. Channing is better worth a reply, and Henry Adams is, of course, a writer whom no one has thus far proved capable of answering. Yet Mr. Watson devotes pages to the slips and errors of the lesser three, much less space to Channing, and almost no space to Adams.

—This lack of appreciation of authorities colors the whole book, and is not confined to the criticisms on other writers. Jefferson becomes *the* man of the times, and the South receives more than its due credit. The opponents of Jefferson are unduly wicked, and the friends of Jefferson, like Monroe, Paine, and even Burr, are exalted for that reason. If Northern historians have erred in one direction, Mr. Watson equally errs in the other. In spite of this, his work deserves to be read, for it is very readable, and at no time more so than when Mr. Watson explains his own views. "The guilty men whom all should despise are greedy protectionists who demand the law, and the cowardly politician who gives it to them." "We doubt if even his [Jefferson's] wildest fears could have pictured a situation in which Congress is not allowed to put the income tax upon a millionaire, and when the sympathizer with labor is enjoined from persuasion and peaceful aid." In the chapter on "Political Opinions" few would recognize some of the views as those of Jefferson, while they are properly those of extreme Populism. Intemperate epithets abound, and the praise bestowed on France, Lyon, and Burr is as unbalanced as the dislike shown towards Hamilton, Morris, Wolcott, and Bayard.

—The history of political theory has hitherto been distinctly a German province, but American and English scholars, following the lead of Sir Frederick Pollock, are now rapidly invading it. In 1902 we had Professor Dunning's 'History of Political Theories,' and this year Professor Willoughby's 'Political Theories of the Ancient World.' Two other important works in the same field have now appeared. 'The Development of European Polity' is a posthumous volume of lectures by Henry Sidgwick, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, edited from his notes by his widow, the Principal of Newnham College (Macmillan). It is an historical survey of political development from the dawn of history down to our own day, and is not concerned with the "particulars of history" as such, but only with the "general facts that these exemplify." It thus resembles in method Sir John Seeley's 'Introduction to Political Science,' which was edited and published by Sidgwick in 1896, and it forms an historical companion volume to the 'Elements of Politics,' in which Sidgwick has treated the structure and functions of the modern

state. In this latest work, however, he traces the growth not only of the theories deducible from political facts, but also of purely literary theories in politics. The eighth, twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, and twenty-sixth lectures contain an analysis of the political thought of Plato, Aristotle, Hobbes, Locke, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, while the views of Bodin, Bossuet, and other writers are noticed, more or less briefly. Of modern scholars, Bluntschli is the one most often criticised. As might be expected, the style is delightfully easy and clear, and the book full of suggestive ideas. Here and there one cannot help noticing gaps which the author, had he lived, would doubtless have filled in, as for instance in his treatment of the Physiocrats. Mrs. Sidgwick has well done her difficult task, and we can only regret her inability to furnish a complete list of her husband's books and authorities.

—'A History of Political Theory, from the Roman Lawyers of the Second Century to the Political Writers of the Ninth,' is the title of a new work by Mr. A. J. Carlyle (Edinburgh: Blackwood; New York: Putnams). It is the first volume of a "History of Mediæval Political Theory," which he is bringing out in collaboration with Mr. R. W. Carlyle. It deals strictly with theory, as found in literature or documents, and not with that which may be inferred from the nature of institutions. Before taking up the doctrines of the Roman lawyers, the author devotes two chapters to the political theories of Cicero and Seneca. After analyzing the theory of the civil law, he considers that of the New Testament and of the Fathers, and lastly treats the political doctrines of Bishop Hincmar of Rheims and of other writers in the century of Charles the Great. His main object, in which he succeeds, is to show that there is no breach of continuity between ancient and modern political thought, and that this kind of speculation did not disappear in the Middle Ages. The difficult subject is ably handled. The notes are full of convenient citations from the original sources, but the labors of foreign scholars in this particular field are scarcely recognized either in the notes or in the text.

SENATOR HOAR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography of Seventy Years. By George F. Hoar. With portraits. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Mr. Hoar's reminiscences must be read in the light of his avowal that he is an optimist. He begins with it at page 3 of his first volume, and closes with it at page 439 of his second volume in the form of a *credo*. He is a pupil in optimism (for it is really a species of faith with him which he applies to God, to Man, to Politics, to himself, and to his friends and acquaintances) of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and he has added a chapter on his teacher which gives affecting evidence of his zeal and fidelity. This should have come at the beginning, for it explains a good deal of the book, and tends to disarm one hostile criticism which Mr. Hoar's volumes are likely to provoke in readers who are not avowed optimists—that is, that a calculated optimism is necessarily at war with literary interest. An author who recognizes it as his first duty to find good in everything (we may except, of course, the Democratic party, for there is no evidence in these pages that he sees any hope for that) must inevitably pursue a course which will in the end dull his critical, or judging, faculty. Especially will this be the case with those most precious parts of an autobiography which deal with the author's contemporaries and associates. The book abounds in sketches of this sort, but the portraits are drawn with an optimistic brush; this, by effacing harsh lines and putting in ameliorating touches, often impairs the likeness. For instance, in his account of the late Justice Gray, a strongly marked character, both professionally and individually, Mr. Hoar gives little or no hint of the qualities which gained him dislike; while in dealing with him as a judge, after noticing his passion for precedent, and his learning, Mr. Hoar says: "He was, I think, equally remarkable for the wisdom, good sense, and strength of his judgments." If he was, he was the most remarkable judge who ever sat on the Supreme bench, and in the same class with or even higher than Marshall and Story. Every lawyer knows how great his learning was, but this equalitarian judgment so exalts other qualities for which he was not especially remarkable that it makes the sketch uncharacteristic.

Occasionally the contrast between Mr. Hoar's optimism and his facts produces effects of which he evidently himself does not dream. Thus, President McKinley is said to have had a "lofty and beautiful character"; and "a very high place in history among the best and ablest men of the country" is predicted for him. He was a man of sentiment, too, and felt cruelly the breach which his foreign policy made between himself and the author:

"When I saw President McKinley early in December, 1898, he was, I suppose, committed to the policy to which he adhered. He greeted me with the delightful and affectionate cordiality which I always found in him. He took me by the hand, and said: 'How are you feeling this winter, Mr. Senator?' I was determined there should be no misunderstanding. I replied at once: 'Pretty pugnacious, I confess, Mr. President!' The tears came into his eyes, and he said, grasping my hand again: 'I shall always love you, whatever you do.'" (Vol. 2, p. 315.)

But when we come to inquire into the cause of Mr. Hoar's love and veneration for Mr. McKinley we are a good deal puzzled, for the accounts given of his *acts* are not such as to warrant any such opinion as is here expressed of his political character. His foreign policy is painted as the abomination of desolation, and the chief instrument of it in his management of domestic politics appears to have been wholesale corruption of the Senate:

"He made what was before but an individual and extraordinary instance, a practice. If that practice continues, it will go far, in my judgment, to destroy the independence and dignity of the Senate. That is, the appointment of members of the Senate to distinguished and lucrative places in the public service, in which they are to receive and obey the command of the Executive, and then come back to their seats to carry out as Senators a policy which they have adopted at the command of another power," etc. (Vol. 2, p. 47.)

This is reinforced by what Mr. Hoar says of the Spanish treaty: "The treaty would have been lost, in my opinion, if Senator Gray, one of the commissioners who made it, who earnestly protested against it, but afterwards supported it, *had not been a member of the commission*" (Vol. 2, p. 110). Are these the lineaments of a patriot President who is to occupy a high niche in the temple of fame, and whose beautiful character is to lead him to shed a memorable tear over the thought of the separation of his path of duty from the author's? Of minor characters, the multitude of sketches in which the book abounds sometimes resemble those notices of the deceased printed by clubs, in which the determined effort to be kindly ends in nothing but the commonplace. To take Mr. Hoar's word for it, the world in which he has lived, whether at Worcester or at Washington, has been a world of very remarkable men. But his method is not adapted to convincing us of it.

Every one has looked into this book to see how the author refutes the charge of sacrificing conscience to partisanship, without being much enlightened on the subject. It is evident that Mr. Hoar is a very conscientious public servant. He has represented Massachusetts at Washington so long that he has become the survivor of an earlier period of the republic. He began life under the shadow of Webster and Choate; he shared in the founding of the Republican party; he lived through the Reconstruction period. He has been faithful, zealous, industrious, and honest, and he has never hesitated to denounce the errors of his own party. His denunciation of the corruption of the Grant régime, which he reproduces here, rang through the country; his denunciation of the present colonial policy has been equally trenchant; he fought the Butler movement in Massachusetts without gloves. But he cannot leave the Republican party, and thinks that he has accomplished more by remaining in it than he could have accomplished by leaving it. Perhaps he is right, but he does not seem to perceive that his is an isolated case, and has little bearing on the question of conscience as it presents itself to the rank and file, or to persons holding high office outside the State of Massachusetts. Owing to a variety of circumstances not existing elsewhere, he has been allowed by his State to be a quasi-independent at Washington, but at the price of "regularity." This regularity has meant that he has had systematically to *dissuade* any one from leaving the party. In any other State he would have been turned out of his party and the Senate. But his attitude cannot be imitated by any ordinary voter. The latter has no part to play in the Senate or House; he only has a vote with which to act, and his only way to manifest his dissatisfaction with his party is to stay away from the polls or to vote for the opposing party. In theory, we know, he may go to the primaries, and secure the improvement of his party by action there, but this, in nine-tenths of the country, is mere theory. Consequently, for the ordinary voter, the only way to reprobate Blaine's candidacy was to vote for Cleveland (Mr. Hoar probably had no difficulty here, for he had a high opinion of Blaine), and many people thought in the last election that the most effective way of supporting Mr. Hoar's views was by voting for Bryan. But Mr. Hoar is bound by an unwritten law to dissuade people from doing anything of the kind. He says to the voter: "Look at me. Do I leave the party? Not a bit. I am independent with-

in the party. Go thou and do likewise." To be entirely conscientious, Mr. Hoar should have urged people to vote as their consciences dictated, and welcomed their desertion from a party—even his own—whose policy he denounced. This is what his exemplars, Chatham and Fox, did. They did not throw up their seats in the House of Lords and House of Commons, but, while denouncing George III.'s acts, encouraged his opponents not merely to vote against him, but even to take up arms. Had Mr. Hoar followed in their footsteps, he would been sent home to Worcester long ago. This is the point at which admiration of his good qualities is dampened by the reflection that he has never given the highest proof of disinterestedness. To say that he has a conscience and does not obey it, is a libel. To say that he has a conscience, but obeys it only to a certain point, is true. That this point is just on the line that self-interest also indicates, is always a misfortune for a good man; and so Mr. Hoar has found.

Mr. Hoar's defects as a writer of autobiography are apparent, and they obscure the real merits of a man who has grown gray in the public service. Thirty-eight years is a long time for any man to serve the State, and his honors have all come to him unsolicited. He says with justifiable pride that, in the many cases in which he has taken a position opposed to his party, he has been justified in the end; so that he has good ground for believing that the result will be the same with regard to the Philippines. He occupies to-day a very singular position in being one of the few men left in the Senate who have real convictions, and, above all, the fundamental conviction that it is the duty of a member of a legislative body to declare his honest opinions and be governed by them. He is, in other words, an old-fashioned representative of a State, such as all Senators once were, and neither the paid employee of the Executive nor the agent of a machine, guided by a boss, and looking elsewhere for his conscience and his mind. In his kindly old age he likes to think that the Senate is still a body of representatives such as he knew it to be in his youth; but no one else thinks so. To everybody but himself he is an isolated figure; if any one familiar with Washington as it is wishes to know how isolated, let him read his "fish-ball" letter—the best bit of autobiography in the book—in which he tells a journalistic libeller how he lives and works. Poor, where others have grown corruptly rich; outspoken, where others have profited by a time-serving silence; industrious in old age as in youth; a good deal of egotism and partisanship will be pardoned to him as long as he lives.

Like all partisans, Mr. Hoar is very much disposed to casuistry. Like all lawyers, he is apt to come to a public question as if he held a brief on one side or the other. Like many Republicans who would sixty years ago have been Whigs, he has no very well-defined economical or Constitutional principles. He seems to have been taken in, as so many leading men in Massachusetts were, by "bimetallism," and he has never had in the Senate the weight of lawyers like Edmunds or Fessenden. He avows himself the author of the unfortunate Anti-Trust law falsely attributed to John Sherman, and seems to be proud of it. His skill, mainly dialectical, is frequently employed in making the worse appear the better reason. He comes out very triumphantly on the question of "packing" the Supreme Court to reverse the decision in Hepburn vs. Griswold; but it is to our mind a barren triumph. How could the court have been packed, he asks, to reverse a decision when both Grant and his Attorney-General affirm that they had no knowledge of the decision, or what it would be, before it was announced? This is very effective as a reply to critics who maintained that Messrs. Strong and Bradley were selected for the purpose of *reversing the decision;* but it does not at all affect the fact that, as many have believed, they were selected in great measure because of their known views on the question of the Constitutionality of the Legal-Tender law. This difficulty must have occurred to Mr. Hoar (though he does not say so), for he dwells strongly on the only possible alternative—that the two judges were selected solely because of their professional eminence, and fortifies himself by a declaration that, since Marshall, no judge greater than Justice Bradley has sat on the bench. The impression of those who differ from Mr. Hoar is that Messrs. Bradley and Strong's chief recommendation was not any extraordinary ability or repute, but that they were likely to be "sound" on this question. Of course this is not the same thing as "packing" the Supreme Court to obtain the reversal of a decision already rendered, but we think that the appointment of the two judges was open to criticism as a blow at the independence of the court. Mr. Hoar, having refuted the original charge, winds up with a denial that there was "any evidence" that the appointments were made even because of their "possible effect" on the fate of the Legal-Tender law. But the evidence, if any, consisted in part in the professional standing of the new judges. If it is true that Grant and the Attorney-General saw them to be a Marshall and a Story in embryo, and they really turned out so, there is nothing more to be said. We doubt very much, however, whether a Marshall and a Story would have allowed themselves, under the circumstances, to be parties to a reopening of the case. We may add that, at the time, no one would have imagined that either Mr. E. R. Hoar or Grant was incapable of thinking of the "possible effect" of the appointment of these judges on the fate of the Legal-Tender law.

TURGENEFF AND HIS TRANSLATORS.

The Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood, with an introduction by Henry James. In fifteen volumes. Scribners. Vols. i.-vi. 1903.

The Novels of Ivan Turgenev. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. In fifteen volumes. The Macmillan Co. 1894-99.

Among Russian writers, Tolstoy deservedly and almost without dispute holds first place. Of the other Russian novelists only Turgeneff has achieved enduring fame among English readers. Dostoyevski and Gogol are known to comparatively few. Gorky has attained great popularity, but whether his present fame will be lasting is open to grave doubts. But Turgeneff, with no intense moral convictions to appeal to our Puritan instincts, with no novel ideas of social reform to excite popular interest, as in the case of Tolstoy; with no picturesque personal history to arouse our curiosity, as in the case of Gorky, has gained both in England and in America an audience fit and not few, by the purely artistic excellence of his work. Twenty years have now passed since his death, and this audience seems to be still increasing. The appearance of an American edition of his collected novels and stories, so soon after the completion of the version by Mrs. Garnett, is a proof that the publishers have confidence in the good taste of the American public, rather than an additional tribute to Turgeneff's fame.

It is of the utmost importance that so great an author as Turgeneff should be well translated into English. On the one hand he makes relatively small demands on his translator's knowledge of Russian. He uses few baffling popular idioms, little slang, little "dialect." He differs from Gorky much as Goldsmith differs from Kipling. His easy, flowing diction makes his novels suitable text-books for beginners in Russian. On the other hand, a translator of Turgeneff should himself be a master of English style. For Turgeneff, like the French writers whom he admired and from whom he drew inspiration, loved style for its own sake; an artist by nature, he made perfection of æsthetic form an end in itself. No harsh, discordant note offends us in his simple yet poetic prose.

This special grace of Turgeneff, we must freely admit, rarely appears in either of his recent translators. Both Mrs. Garnett and Miss Hapgood know Russian well, and each makes an ordinarily faithful version. Both usually write simple and idiomatic English, but neither produces work of marked literary excellence. The two translations are, then, of essentially the same character. Their differences become evident only on detailed comparison. The present writer has read through 'A Nobleman's Nest' (Miss Hapgood's title; Mrs. Garnett's is 'A House of Gentlefolk') and three sketches from the 'Memoirs of a Sportsman' (or 'A Sportsman's Sketches') in the Russian, and compared the text with both translations wherever the rendering seemed likely to present some difficulty.

Mistakes of the sense are not hard to find in either version. In cases like the following, Mrs. Garnett is apparently misled by a lack of familiarity with Russian customs and scenery:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—to whom he was related as co-sponsor at a baptism (iv., 56).	—to whom he happened to be godfather (ii., 54).
—the long strips of turf between the cultivated sections (iv., 109).	—the long hedgerows (ii., 109).
—the room for the holy pictures, a tiny chamber, with bare walls and a heavy shrine of images in the corner (iv., 115).	—a picturesque little room, with bare walls, and a heavy case of holy images in the corner (ii., 115).

In the first case Mrs. Garnett may have been led astray by Alexandroff's dictionary. In the second passage, Turgeneff's "boundary-lines" (*mezhi*) may have been either strips of turf or deep furrows; they cannot have been hedgerows. Here Mrs. Garnett transfers the scenery of merry England to the broad, mournful steppes of Russia. In the third citation, aside from any reference to Russian customs, the fan-

tastic quality of Mrs. Garnett's phrase should have attracted her attention.

At other times Mrs. Garnett has made careless slips or has failed to understand the Russian.

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—the old man . . . tossed about for a long time (iv., 228). "But set thy joints! to that end thou art a human being, a man; thou hast no need to borrow energy!" (iv., 144).	—the old man . . . kept muttering a long while (ii., 230). "Well, it's for you to straighten yourself! What's the good of being a man, a male animal?" (ii., 145).

In the first case Mrs. Garnett confuses *vorochalsya* (tossed about) with *vorchal* (muttered). In the second she omits a difficult phrase and mistranslates what she attempts.

Miss Hapgood apparently makes fewer errors of the first class. But we read:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—a wealthy distiller (iv., 141) —a short, snuff-colored frock-coat, with a sharp-pointed collar (iv., 153).	—a spirit-tax contractor (ii., 142). —a rather short snuff-colored coat with a swallow-tail (ii., 154).

In the first case Mrs. Garnett translates the noun correctly, though "farmer of the spirit tax" would be better; but she carelessly omits the adjective "wealthy." Miss Hapgood's translation of *frak* by "frock-coat" instead of "dress-coat" is repeated in another place (iv., 249), and there Mrs. Garnett (ii., 253) unfortunately falls into the same error.

Mistakes of the second class are not infrequent in Miss Hapgood.

Hapgood.	Garnett.
"She is a modest, modest creature," — she thought—"and exactly like a young girl still" (iv., 257).	"She is humble, very humble," she thought, "but still she is a lioness" (ii., 261-2).
To be young, and be able to do a thing — that can be borne; but to grow old, and not have the power—is painful (iv., 156).	To be young and to fail is bearable; but to be old and not be successful, is hard to bear (ii., 157).
—a dull, but quivering voice (iv., 277).	—a low but startlingly impressive voice (ii., 282).
No one knows, no one has seen, and no one ever will see, how that which is called into life and blossom pours forth and matures grain in the bosom of the earth (iv., 203).	No one knows, no one has seen, nor will ever see, how the grain, destined to life and growth, swells and ripens in the bosom of the earth (ii., 204).

In the first citation Miss Hapgood has read *devitsa* (young girl) instead of *l'vitsa* (lioness), an easy mistake, since "d" and "l" look much alike in the Russian alphabet. In the second case, neither translation is satisfactory, Miss Hapgood's becoming nonsense through the accidental omission of a negative. A better rendering would be: "To be young and not know how is bearable, but to grow old and lack strength is a grievous thing." The concluding quotations from Miss Hapgood are plain mistranslations.

In 'A Nobleman's Nest' and 'A House of Gentlefolk' we have found almost exactly the same number of errors. In the 'Memoirs of a Sportsman,' however, Miss Hapgood's rendering seemed decidedly the more accurate. Perhaps we have said enough to show that while neither translator can lay claim to scientific precision, Miss Hapgood has on the whole a slight advantage over her predecessor.

One should not lay too much stress on these errors of detail. They can be entirely avoided only by the coöperation of several scholars, or by work "with the former translations diligently compared and revised." In the present case the latter method of work would presumably offend against the ethics of authorship, if not against the letter of the copyright law.

We remark, in passing, that Miss Hapgood has at last given us the correct translation of the title of the novel we have been discussing. Lavretsky, the hero, is cursed by his aunt, who foretells that he will never be able to build himself a nest, that he must wander all his life. The novel contains the fulfilment of the prediction. Hence the insufficiency of the titles, 'A House of Gentlefolk,' and 'A Nest of *Nobles*,' as the novel was called by Ralston. But the Russians, by a metaphor which becomes strained and poetic in English, often use *nest* in the sense of *home*.

A comparison of the English style of the two translations yields more definite results. At the first glance a reader notices Miss Hapgood's continual use of *thou* in her conversations. The Russians use the singular of the second personal pronoun in much the same way as the French and Germans, to express affection, familiarity, contempt, condescension. *Thou* had once the same sense in English, but the idiom is now as dead as any idiom can well be; not one among fifty readers of Chaucer or Shakspere notices the delicate shades of meaning expressed by it. *Thou* has a meaning for us only in religious, archaistic, or consciously rhetorical passages. Translators of French or German novels do not ordinarily use *thou* to render the conversational *tu* or *du*, and there is no reason for a different practice in regard to Russian authors. An example will illustrate:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
"Thou sayest that, my good sir, because thou hast never been married thyself" (iv., 10).	"You say that, my good sir, because you have never been married yourself" (ii., 8).

In Russian the singular pronoun helps to express an old lady's contempt for the town gossip. The slur could be reproduced in English only by a stage-direction. Again, one of Lavretsky's passing thoughts becomes grotesque in Miss Hapgood's version:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
"O how charmingly thou standest on my pond!" (iv., 155).	"Oh, how sweet you are, bending over my pond!" (ii., 156).

Aside from this peculiarity, we have noted in our reading of 'A Nobleman's Nest' some forty passages in which Miss Hapgood's rendering seemed less happy than that of her predecessor, and only a dozen in which the reverse was true. The 'Memoirs of a Sportsman' gave evidence pointing in the same direction, though by no means so emphatic. In general, Miss Hapgood's tendency is to translate too literally, foregoing English idioms. Thus:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—"nothing affects thee any more than water does a goose" (iv., 41). "Well, new-ground, undried noblewoman" (iv., 59).	—it's all like water on a duck's back for you" (ii., 39). "Well, my upstart lady" (ii., 59).
—in the French language of girls' institutes (iv., 154).	—in boarding-school French (ii., 155).
The "system" bewildered the boy, introduced confusion into his head, squeezed it (iv., 71).	The "system" dazed the boy, confused and cramped his intellect (ii., 70-71).
—everybody was making haste to enjoyment, everything was whirling round in a sort of mad whirlwind (iv., 57).	—all the world was hurrying after pleasure, in a giddy whirl of dissipation, and his head had been turned by the black eyes of a bold beauty (ii., 56).

In each of these cases Mrs. Garnett's version is more faithful, though not so literal. In the last quotation, however, Miss Hapgood carelessly omits an important phrase.

On the other hand we have:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—she lived in constant fear of something, never seemed to have had quite enough to eat (iv., 83).	She was always in a state of nervous agitation, seemed as though she were ill-nourished (ii., 82).

Here Miss Hapgood is more happy in phrasing, as well as more literal, than her English predecessor.

Finally, Mrs. Garnett seems to rise more often than Miss Hapgood to the possibilities of her subject, reproducing in English something of the simple eloquence of the original. Thus, in the following, Miss Hapgood's omission of a phrase is more easily pardoned than her unskilful construction of the whole passage:

Hapgood.	Garnett.
—after that meeting—she could hesitate no longer; she knew that she loved,—and had fallen in love honorably, not jestingly, she had become strongly attached, for her whole life (iv., 237).	—after that meeting, after that kiss—she could hesitate no more: she knew that she loved, and now she loved honestly and seriously, she was bound firmly for all her life, and she did not fear reproaches (ii., 240).

The sumptuous volumes of the American translation will be preferred by those who like specially made paper, fine letterpress, tasteful binding, and artistic illustrations. In preparing these last, Mr. Du Mond is evidently ready to sacrifice local color for the sake of artistic effect. Thus, in the frontispiece to 'A Nobleman's Nest,' he shows us Liza, fishing-rod in hand, standing by the pond, dressed in an extremely low-cut gown. In the frontispiece to 'Rudin' we see Natálya at her farewell meeting with the hero. The scene is a gloomy, solitary lake; the time, morning; yet Natálya wears a similarly low-cut bodice. A Russian girl would as soon walk about a country estate by day in such a costume as an American banker would go golfing in his dress suit.

To her translation Miss Hapgood adds brief explanatory notes. These are well done, and not overdone; they give real help to the reader. Their absence in Mrs. Garnett's version is to be regretted.

Mr. James, in his introduction to the American edition, gives a charming though somewhat sleepy picture of Turgeneff as he appeared to his foreign friends and acquaintances during the later years of his life in Paris. The essay is the more welcome as it approaches Turgeneff from a point of view seldom taken by other critics. Mr. James further characterizes well some artistic peculiarities of Turgeneff's novels. He says nothing of the events of his life, and frankly renounces any attempt to treat of his position in the history of Russian literature, as of the moral and social tendencies which find expression in his stories. This defect Miss Hapgood partially supplies by her introductions to the separate novels. Those in the volumes before us are generally truthful and discreet, though we may quarrel with such a statement as: "Turgénieff was, evidently, of the opinion that there was no place or work for such people as Lavrétzky in Russia" (IV., viii.). Stepniak, in his introduction to Mrs. Gar-

nett's translation (II., v.-xvii.), takes the opposite view, quite correctly, we think. Miss Hapgood's introductions sin most by brevity, and by the assumption of too much knowledge, on the reader's part, of Russian life and thought. Thus (IV., vii.), she refers briefly to "slavyánophilism" (a needless substitution for the ordinary form "Slavophilism"), without explaining the nature of the movement.

It is unfortunate that Turgeneff's critical essays, reminiscences, and correspondence are apparently not to be included in this new edition. They add much to the proper understanding of his work; are, indeed, indispensable to those who wish to study him carefully. Furthermore, his essay on "Hamlet and Don Quixote" is a contribution to the critical literature of the world.

The Ambassadors. By Henry James. Harper & Brothers.

In many of Mr. James's novels Americans abroad are important figures, but it is long since he has permitted his wandering compatriots to occupy the scene so exclusively as they do in 'The Ambassadors.' The superficial differences between Americans and Europeans, so sharply defined in his earlier books, are in his latest one but lightly indicated; yet an enduring fundamental difference of natural outlook and attitude towards life is much more elaborately and profoundly studied. Thus, there is a tacit recognition of a modification of American asperities, or, at least, peculiarities, wrought by a generation of pretty intimate association with peoples whose manners are as good as, perhaps better than, their morals.

The Ambassadors in Paris excite neither curiosity nor surprise by their outward seeming, and something more than mere acquaintance would be necessary for a Parisian to discover the abiding foreignness of the inward breast. What comes out strongly in the earlier books is the effect, the upsetting effect, produced on Europe by Americans, their looks, their ways, and their money; but the great thing in the latest one is the effect of Europe, specifically of Paris, on the Ambassadors—the way Woollett standards of thought, of conduct, even of abstract right and wrong, are, temporarily at least, infected and impaired by actual agreeable contact with the way things are thought and felt and done in Paris.

Chad Newsome, during a prolonged voluntary exile from Woollett, took on a wonderful exotic air. The chief Ambassador, Lambert Strether, meeting Chad at the opera, is amazed at the ease, the grace, the external perfection of one whom he remembered as looking bold and wild. But as soon as Strether penetrates the surface, he recognizes his own; he knows that this dazzling vision is "only Chad," to which incontrovertible fact, sometime, far off perhaps, but surely in the end, Mme. de Vionnet would be sacrificed. The mission of Strether, who has issued forth from Woollett with credentials from an anxious mother, is to investigate Chad, to find out what sinister influences keep him in Paris, deaf to repeated maternal calls for his return. Strether is empowered to remonstrate with Chad, to cajole, to threaten, to bring him, no matter by what means, back to Woollett, to the flourishing industry which he has inherited, and which, with the benefit of his personal attention, is destined to become even more flourishing. The mission of the subsequent Ambassadors, Chad's own sister, Sarah, and her husband, Jim Pocock, is to find out what keeps Strether in Paris, to call him to account for neglect of official duty, for comprehensive failure, both as an ambassador and as a man once thought worthy of Mrs. Newsome's confidence, with whom she had gone so far as to express a willingness to share her declining years and the fortune of the late Mr. Newsome.

Woollett has always supposed that the sinister influence holding Chad in bondage is female—a supposition soon verified by Strether; but the verification, the recognition of some sort of a binding relation between Chad and Mme. de Vionnet doesn't help Strether to do his duty; it only provides him with confusing impressions, with endless contrasting and conflicting thoughts, feelings, and speculations, all serving rather to emphasize the wrongness of Woollett's judgment than the correctness of its gross suspicions. There had probably never been a time when Strether could have shuffled off a moral inheritance with the clever cynicism of his ambiguous cicerone, Miss Gostrey, or the indifference of the all-wise "Little Bilham." No! he could never have said, Evil be thou my good. At all events, the opportunity to deny his fathers' gods came too late. At fifty-five the best and the worst he could get out of Paris was a feast for a starved impressionability, a sensation from a woman of inexpressible charm which lifted her above the censure of Woollett, shamed the purpose of the embassy, and almost cast a halo round the treason of the ambassador. Sarah Pocock let him know that he had been guilty of treason, and made short work of the halo. Chad had tried to divert Sarah from her mission, from his own delinquency and Strether's, by treating the Pocock minatory expedition as if it were a family pleasure party. But though the lady graciously accepted attention, and though Jim succumbed at once, Strether knew in his guilty heart "that treating her handsomely buttered no parsnips; and that in fine there were moments when she felt the fixed eyes of her admirable, absent mother fairly screw into the flat of her back." On the day when the screw touched her marrow, she fell upon Strether. She put it to him straight—all the culpability of his condonation of Chad's hideous conduct; all the weakness of his surrender to Mme. de Vionnet and the blackness of his defence of that person, "when the most distinguished woman we shall either of us have seen in this world [Sarah's admirable mother] sits there insulted in her loneliness by your incredible comparison." Thus did Sarah sweep the cobwebs from Strether's brain, and force him to suspect that Chad's relation with Mme. de Vionnet involved an irreconcilable difference between Woollett and Paris. When he came more clearly to perceive how much he had been caught in a net, how much, perhaps, bamboozled by delicacy and grace conceivable only in the blameless, he understood at least that he was inevitably and by the nature or things committed to Woollett, and that he must go back to its dulness and its decency, its (humanly speaking) ghastly emptiness.

In the course of the story Strether [illegible] "Little Bilham" a pointed question about Chad and the De Vionnets, mother and daughter. "I can only tell you," answers that youthful master of equivocation, "that it's what they pass for. But isn't that enough? What more than a vain appearance does the wisest of us know? I commend you the vain appearance." This answer suggests the substance of what seems to be Mr. James's theory of realistic representation. He strives constantly for the vain appearance. His plan of campaign is to show how an incident or train of incidents appears to one or two or twenty people, what each makes out of the complication, and how his interpretation affects his feeling, judgment, conduct. In life nobody ever knows (except by direct revelation or accident) the truth about anybody else, or exactly understands a situation in which he is not directly involved. But we are all always interested observers of other people, very keen about their affairs, guessing, implying, inferring. By delineating interested observers thus pleasantly engrossed in an interesting situation, Mr. James tries for very extended realistic representation, and very difficult, because part of his task is, through his various readings of the vain appearance, to show the truth, or, at least, to indicate the greater probability. In 'The Ambassadors' he permits an accident to reveal to Strether coldly and hardly a truth about which in the gray afte[illegible] of Woollett he might have contrived [illegible] certain a solacing doubt. We regret [illegible] definite a declaration, not only for poor dear Strether's sake, but also because it somewhat discredits a theory so admirably justified up to that point. After Sarah Pocock's onslaught, all the impressions are recorded, all the evidence is in. Strether and any readers who might still waver about a verdict should, we think, have had the chance. For ourselves, the vain appearance suffices, and we therefore offer for contemplation a possibly grave, certainly new, fault in Mr. James—that of having been too explicit.

The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston. By Elizabeth Preston Allan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

Mrs. Preston was known to a former generation of readers of poetry through several small volumes of verse, and a considerable number of contributions to magazines, which showed a more than common depth of feeling and gracefulness of expression. In the comparatively short list of men and women of the South who have deserved literary distinction, she holds an honorable place for poetic talent. But the story of her life which her stepdaughter, Mrs. Allan, presents, will probably interest the larger number of readers on account of its "Journal of the War Times" written in Mrs. Preston's town of Lexington, Virginia, which occupies many pages of this memoir. Mrs. Preston was the daughter of the Rev. George Junkin, for some time President of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, who for the thirteen years just preceding the outbreak of the Civil War was at the head of the Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) to which Gen. Robert E. Lee came as President after the downfall of the Confederacy. Her husband, [illegible]om she married in her m[illegible]ia

Military Institute, where "Stonewall" Jackson was teaching mathematics when the family of the Rev. Dr. Junkin arrived in Lexington. It is, then, in that little Lexington world, tributary in so many ways to the fame of the Southern army, that the central interest of the biography lies.

Jackson married Miss Eleanor Junkin who appears to have had much to do in the formation of his severe religious temper, especially in the direction of Sunday keeping, although their married happiness was cut short by Mrs. Jackson's death a little more than a year after their union. The Junkins were descendants of Scotch Covenanters, and, therefore, bred in an austere Calvinism; but Lexington, too, was full of old Scotch-Irish families, so that the germs of his subsequent pious zeal were undoubtedly quite ready to be quickened into overmastering vigor before Jackson met the woman whose influence remained a holy memory to his death. Upon their wedding journey Jackson spent a Sunday afternoon in witnessing a militia drill, and was gently remonstrated with by his wife for secularizing sacred time, whereupon he promised to give a thorough consideration to the Sunday question, with the result of a state of conviction which had, among its many illustrations, this singular instance. When, in the winter of 1861-2, he ordered an expedition for breaking the Chesapeake Canal at Shepardstown, he hastened a special messenger after the expedition to command that a new stock of powder should be secured to replace some which had been necessarily collected by the officers of the party on Sunday.

The few of Jackson's letters here printed are confined simply to domestic matters; but Major (afterwards Lieut.-Col.) Preston, as commandant of the Military Institute, was often ordered to critical points with his cadets, and wrote many impressive accounts of occurrences, perhaps the most important being his narrative of the hanging of John Brown in December, 1859. The story of Brown's imperturbability during the execution will always be read with the deep admiration for the man which Major Preston could not suppress.

"The wagon drove to the foot of the gallows and Brown descended with alacrity and without assistance, and ascended the steep steps to the platform. His manner was free from trepidation, but his countenance was not without concern, and it seemed to me to have a little cast of wildness. He stood upon the scaffold but a short time, giving brief adieus to those about him, when he was properly pinioned, the white cap drawn over his face, the noose adjusted and attached to the hook above, and he was moved blindfold a few steps forward. It was curious to note how the instincts of nature operated to make him careful in putting out his feet, as if afraid he would walk off the scaffold. The man who stood unblenched on the brink of eternity was afraid of falling a few feet to the ground.

"He stood for ten or fifteen minutes blindfold, the rope around his neck, and his feet on the treacherous platform, expecting instantly the fatal act. But he stood for this comparatively long time upright as a soldier in position, and motionless. I was close to him, and watched him narrowly, to see if I could perceive any signs of shrinking or trembling in his person. Once I thought I saw his knees tremble, but it was only the wind blowing his loose trousers. His firmness was subjected to still further trial by hearing Col. Smith announce to the sheriff, 'We are all ready [illegible] Campbell.' The sheriff did not [illegible] comprehend, and in a [illegible] But the culprit still stood steady until the sheriff, descending the flight of steps, with a well-directed blow of a sharp hatchet severed the rope that held up the trap-door.

"In all that array there was not, I suppose, one throb of sympathy for the offender. All felt in the depths of their heart that it was right. On the other hand, there was not one word of exultation or insult. From the beginning to the end all was marked by the most absolute decorum and solemnity."

Although the older heads of Lexington shrank from the possibility of war which some of them, Major Preston among them, felt would end in disaster to the South, yet the College and Institute youth were, many of them, from the hotbeds of secession, and the war spirit inevitably waxed furious. In the early days of 1862, Mrs. Preston's journal records:

"War is destroying and paralyzing all before it. Our schools are closed, all the able-bodied men gone, stores shut up, or only here and there one open. The college has five students, boys too young to enter the army; the Institute is full, 250 cadets being in it. For months we have had no service at night in any church in town, to save lights and fuel. We hesitate about engaging in anything. Is it worth while to have a garden made? We may be flying before an advancing Federal army before many weeks. One thing is a matter of general surprise, the entire quietness and subordination of the negroes. We have slept all winter with the doors of our house, inside and outside, all unlocked; indeed, the back door has not even a hasp upon it and stands open, and some $600 worth of silver, most of it in an unlocked closet, is in the dining-room. There is not, and never has been, a particle of fear of anything like an insurrectionary movement."

With the inflated prices which followed this distress, it is noteworthy that the price of negroes also rose: "A young girl sold on the street the other day for a few dollars short of $2,000. Heard of a not at all likely woman of forty and her two babies selling for $3,000."

Each hour brought tidings of the death in battle of the men of that community, many families had four or five sons in the army, none were exempt from some male contribution, and the atmosphere was of constant fear and sorrow. The long-looked-for Federal invasion did not come till the summer of 1864, but then the Institute was burned and every building which was related to its existence, while houses were ransacked for food or articles tributary to the continuance of the war. Col. Preston's losses left him from comparative affluence a poor man. Yet amid all this tragedy and with eyes too delicate for much use, with, moreover, the cares of a large household pressing upon her with its traditions of hospitality to an extensive family connection, Mrs. Preston snatched some moments for her poetry, although now it was mostly of the sort which moved the patriotic heart of the Confederate soldiers to courage and patience.

After the subsidence of the war tempest, life at last settled down into serene enjoyment not alone of her personal friends, but of those who knew her only through her verses. As an inside view of the ante-bellum condition of cultivated Southern society her story is valuable.

The Journal of Montaigne's Travels. Translated and edited by W. G. Waters. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

The three pretty volumes of this version of Montaigne's impressions of German and Italian travels form a welcome addition to Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's revision of the 'Essays' translated by Cotton, and noticed in these columns some months ago. Comparatively few of the essayist's devotees at the present time know more of his entertaining wanderings than can be gathered from Sainte-Beuve's study in the 'Nouveaux Lundis'; and Mr. Waters is therefore to be congratulated on his reintroduction to current literature of a narrative of singular value to the student of bygone manners, and indispensable to a complete knowledge of the great writer's character. It might be wished that a fair proportion of contemporary translations showed an equal measure of sound knowledge and critical taste; for, in this instance, common difficulties were increased by the fact that about one-half of the work was dictated to an amanuensis, while in much of the remaining part undertaken by Montaigne in person the language used was Italian. To preserve a uniform evenness of tone, and, at the same time, to convey in the English rendering an unobtrusive quaintness of style, is under such conditions no trifling achievement. Examples of the points here noted are to be found in the account of German housekeeping (I., 129), the varied impressions of Rome (II., *passim*), and the very lively sketches of the valetudinarian's life at Bagni di Lucca (III., 37). An accurate introduction, of twenty-four pages, condenses explanation into useful and compact limits.

On Montaigne as a traveller among books our readers assuredly need no commentary; but not many would suspect that in the studious country gentleman there also dwelt the stuff of a genuine tourist, alive to all novelties, catholic in sympathies, infinitely cheery as a companion, and indefatigable in activity. That his reflections are free from the "easy insignificance of thought" that marks the hasty generalizer will surprise no one. In these wanderings of his, which carried him across France to northern Switzerland, through Bavaria to the Tyrol, and by way of the Brenner to Italy, he is incessantly on the alert, taking notes on institutions, customs, persons, and things—in short, on the very life and spirit of the communities he visits; he even does not shirk recording his impressions of local dainties tasted by the way: "[At Lindau] they serve with the meat cooked plums and slices of apples and pears, sometimes putting the roast first and the soup last, and sometimes reversing this order" (I., 108). The German practice of compote with roast is apparently no new thing. Montaigne has a tolerant palate for the uncanny, and harbors no suspicion of foreign cooks

"Who serve up death in soups and fricassees."

Surely, in a middle-aged sufferer on his way to medicinal springs, such generosity of appreciation is, to say the least, uncommon. And the humorous interest with which he accepts changes in rooms or beds is quite in keeping with his prevailing mood:

"In France, indeed, it would be deemed an intolerable nuisance to find nothing wherewith to close the window openings but wooden shutters. With this one exception my bedchamber [at Lucca] was well found, though their beds are wretched little trestles, upon which they place pieces of wood, fashioned according to the length

and breadth of the bed, a palliasse being laid on these, and a mattress over all. Then you may sleep well enough if only you have hangings. . . . They are comfortable to lie in, and you are safe from bugs" (III., 51).

Scenery for its own sake, as might well be expected, occupies a secondary place in Montaigne's observations; still, it is worth while contrasting his sketchy description of the trip over the Brenner with Addison's record, one hundred and twenty years later, of what he calls "Mount Cennis." The French traveller needs no help from Silius Italicus.

In graver mood, the humane philosopher adopts the strain of reflective solemnity of his best days:

"M. de Montaigne affirmed that he could now see nothing more of Rome than the sky under which it lay and the area of its site; that all the knowledge he possessed thereof was of an abstract and contemplative nature, a knowledge in no way to be apprehended by the operation of the senses; that those who affirmed that they might at least behold the ruins of Rome affirmed too much. The ruins of a mechanism of such terrible power suggested to his own mind reverence and respect rather than comprehension. What he saw was nought but a sepulchre. The world, resentful at her long domination, first broke and shattered all the portions of this marvellous whole, and then, horror-stricken at this spectacle of death, ruin, and disfigurement, entombed the ruins themselves. As to these minor indications of her overthrow which yet lie upon her bier, they have been preserved by fate as a testimony to that immeasurable greatness which all these centuries, all these conflagrations, all these repeated alliances of the powers of the world, have failed to destroy entirely" (II., 95).

To read such noble lines as these is to deepen one's reverence for a mind that so truly felt the past, and to be gratified that his thoughts have lost nothing through their passage into another tongue.

Records and Reminiscences. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. Pp. 624.

There is a certain restaurant in Paris, noted for the cooking of ducks, where the duck is cooked on the table and the carcass squeezed in a press in order to extract a supposititious subtlety of flavor. The traveller who has indulged in this luxury returns to his hotel with a pleasing sense of certainty that he has acquired an intimate knowledge of the best side of Paris life—the inside, as it were. We imagine that Lord Ronald Gower must have dined at this restaurant and there been inspired with the admirable idea of squeezing out the best parts of 'My Reminiscences,' published twenty years ago, and of 'Old Diaries,' published last year, and thereby compounding the present 'Records and Reminiscences.' This looks like an attempt to apply the doctrine of evolution to literature, and, as such, is worth investigation.

In reviewing 'Old Diaries' last year we paid Lord Ronald the compliment of comparing him in certain respects to Horace Walpole, but at the same time we pointed out the fact that he seemed to take no interest whatever in political, social, literary, or economic questions, and that he confined his observations almost entirely to the hotels he lived in and the distinguished people he met. Finding that the present eclectic volume is open to the same objections, we venture to suggest that Lord Ronald hire a competent person to aid him in further and more scientific applications of the Spencerian theory. By this method he might produce a new volume every year, and the present six hundred pages would grow small by degrees and beautifully less in quantity, but constantly gain in quality, until they resolved themselves into a really valuable pamphlet, about the length of the average fashionable sermon.

With this idea in mind, we would hazard a few suggestions for next year's edition. To begin with, Lord Ronald had better omit the account of his mother's beauty, lest some rude person should remind him of Talleyrand's "C'était donc votre père qui n'était pas si bien." He might also omit quotations from Lord Beaconsfield's novels, which can still be obtained from the circulating libraries by those who really need them. Then, again, the family history might be curtailed with much advantage. Lord Ronald should certainly omit the several occasions on which he has been mistaken for a woman, because the note of effeminacy is sufficiently clear without them. Then, the extracts or adaptations from guide-books might be largely cut down, as also the interviews with celebrated people, in regard to which he naïvely remarks that they would be very interesting if he could only remember what the conversations had been about! The adoption of these suggestions would probably reduce the six hundred pages by half, but there would still be plenty of room for the operations of 1905, and we feel confident that Lord Ronald's literary reputation would be enhanced in the direct ratio of the reduction.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alken, Henry. The National Sports of Great Britain. New ed. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Barrett, Joseph H. Abraham Lincoln and his Presidency. 2 vols. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. $5 net, postage 38 cents.
Conwell, Russell H. The New Day, or Fresh Opportunities. Philadelphia: The Griffith and Rowland Press.
Crawford John N. Chats on Writers and Books. 2 vols. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel Co. Limited ed. $5 net; trade ed., $2.50 net.
Dole, Charles F. From Agnosticism to Theism. Boston: James H. West Co. Cloth 25 cents, paper 10 cents.
Eliot's Logic Primer, reprinted from original of 1672, with introduction by Wilberforce Eames. Limited ed. Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Bros. Co. $6 net.
Garnett, Lucy M. J. Turkish Life in Town and Country. (Our European Neighbors Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 net.
George Fox's Autobiography. Edited and abridged by Rufus M. Jones. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. $4 net, postpaid.
Hatch, Louis Clinton. The Administration of the American Revolutionary Army. (Vol. X., Harvard Historical Studies.) Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Homer's Iliad. Books I.-III. Introduction, commentary, and vocabulary by Thomas D. Seymour. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.
Lafargue, Paul. The Sale of an Appetite. Translated by Charles H. Kerr. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents.
Madan, Falconer. A Chart of Oxford Printing, 1468-1900. Presentation edition. Oxford: Printed at the University Press for Henry Frowde.
Meyer, Alfred Gotthold. Donatello. Translated by P. G. Konody. (Monographs on Artists.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.
Moore, Edward. Studies in Dante. Third series. Miscellaneous Essays. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $3.50.
Morey, William C. Outlines of Greek History. American Book Co.
Muir, Henry D. Frog Hollow Post-Bag. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. Two Sides of the Face. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Réville, Jean. Liberal Christianity. Translated by Victor Leuliette. (Vol. IV. of Crown Theological Library.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Roberts, James. The Grant and Validity of British Patents for Inventions. E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.
Sandeau's Mademoiselle de la Seiglière, with introduction by Elizabeth M. White. American Book Co.
Shakspere's As You Like It. Edited by William J. Rolfe. Revised edition. American Book Co.
Shakspere's Merchant of Venice. Edited by Felix E. Schelling. (Gateway Series.) American Book Co.
Sime, David. Rabies. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 10s. 6d. net.
Skinner, Hubert M. The Story of the Britons. Chicago and New York: A. Flanagan Co. 75 cents.
Sterling, George. The Testimony of the Suns, and Other Poems. San Francisco: W. E. Wood.
Syms, L. C. First French Reader. American Book Co.
The Mirrour of Justices. (William Hughes's translation.) Introduction by William C. Robinson. Washington: John Byrne & Co.
The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. IX., 1593-1597. Cleveland (O.): The Arthur H. Clark Co. $4 net.
The Poultry Book. Part VIII. Doubleday, Page & Co. 60 cents net.
Thoughts from Browning. (Selections.) Edited by Ann Bachelor. Boston: James H. Earle & Co. 75 cents.
Tolstoy, Leo. Sevastopol, and Other Military Tales. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.
Woodhull, Alfred A. Military Hygiene. Third ed., rewritten. John Wiley & Sons.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1904.

The Week.

The great and epoch-making event of the week has been the opening of active hostilities by Japan without formal declaration of war, but not until she had withdrawn her minister from St. Petersburg. Her justification for breaking off negotiations with Russia must be sought in her belief that that Power was playing for time when she inordinately delayed answering Japan's final note. A similar excuse for attacking the Russian fleet and defences at Port Arthur without warning will be alleged, in view of Russia's steady concentration of troops and ships in the vicinity of the disputed territory of Korea, and of the fleet on its way East via Suez. Of these arguments our readers will judge for themselves, while the origin of this deplorable conflict will be found set forth in our correspondence columns to-day from two widely separated sources. But as war tends to breed war, we must go back, on the one hand, to Japan's inoculation with militarism through her defeat of China in 1895, and, on the other, to Beaconsfield's "dishonest victory" over Russia in 1878, when he shut out her triumphant army from Constantinople and forced her into that Eastern expansion which has just brought her in collision with Japan. If something of contempt for "inferior races" has characterized Russia's bad faith with China and shuffling with Japan, she is likely to pay dear for it. Her staying powers are vast, but she is now fighting at arm's length and with a nimble antagonist thoroughly trained and prepared, with a veteran army and navy. As we go to press, Japan appears to have inflicted serious damage upon her enemy's battleships, and to have begun the rapid occupation of Korea.

M. Delcassé has made it clear that Russia must not count upon France as an ally in this war. And the Anglo-Japanese treaty, if the whole of it has been made public, does not apply. England bound herself to come to the aid of Japan only in case she were attacked by *two* Powers. It should be unnecessary to emphasize the duty of our own Government to be absolutely neutral; yet we cannot ignore the existence of an uneasy feeling at Washington and elsewhere. Only the other day reference was made in the Senate to the fact that counsels of interference—or, at least, of a "demonstration"—in the Far East had been urged upon the Administration. That way folly lies. We have no interest except to see that our treaty rights are safe-guarded during the war and after it.

There has hardly ever been a time when the financial situation was affected, as it is to-day, by so many striking causes at once. The war in the East, the Baltimore fire, the extraordinary results of speculation in cotton, coffee, wheat, and other agricultural products, have all to be taken into account. The effect upon the finances of the world from the war and the fire cannot be estimated; but one thing is clear—these events mean the destruction of hundreds of millions of wealth. With this capital actually wiped out, the lending capacity of the international money market is by so much restricted. This fact has to be faced; there is no getting away from it. The great losses so far taken in cotton are of a different order. No cotton has been wiped out of existence, but paper profits have risen and fallen in a most unusual manner. Wealth has merely changed hands—that is, been distributed on a new basis. The same was true of the stock-market collapse of last year. Temporary inconvenience was caused by the shifting of capital from one quarter to another, but the capital is still in existence, to be used for productive purposes. Taking all the extraordinary occurrences of the last week or two into account, the situation is one which calls for conservative action. For whether capital has actually been burned up, or has simply been redistributed on a wholesale scale, a very large number of persons who have been employing it will have less to spend in the future.

At last the President has won real support for his Panama *coup;* no mealy-mouthed allegation of treaties, no sentimental appeals to the general interests of civilization, but full-blooded sympathy with everything he did to the "dagoes" and vociferous regret that he had not buffeted them more vigorously, according to their deserts. Mr. Clarke, the new Democratic Senator from Arkansas, marvelled at the President's moderation. The wonder is that a man of Mr. Roosevelt's temperament ever for a moment put up with Colombian impudence, or tolerated the absurdity that Colombia had the diplomatic rights of a great Power. Senator Clarke's allusion to Warren Hastings as an instance of moderation under great temptation was not precisely happy. To begin with, it was Clive who said to a Parliamentary examiner: "By God, Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation"; and, next, the charge was stealing. But this unlucky parallel was hardly a blemish on the fervid eloquence of Senator Clarke. The intention is everything, and Senator Clarke's good intentions were of a sort to warm a far more critical heart than the President's.

Secretary Shaw's announcement that he means soon to call $45,000,000 from the national banks on account of the Panama Canal payments, will excite more serious thought at this time than would ordinarily be given it. It is easy to say that the money will simply be transferred from certain banks to others, and that the effect on the financial situation will be unimportant. Yet the fact is, the banks that are drawn on by the Treasury will conceivably have to call loans, thus hampering their present customers. But the important point is that the Secretary's announcement comes right on top of the most extraordinary increase of New York bank loans on record. In about five weeks the banks have enlarged their loans by about $102,000,000, bringing them up nearly to the billion-dollar mark. The Treasury's withdrawal of the Panama money must be pondered in connection with this fact, and it must also be remembered that this money must eventually leave the country in some form or other. The chances that the payments will fall due on an adverse exchange market have to be considered, of course. The natural tendency will be to draw gold from this country, and thus to impair the reserve capacity of American banks.

Very interesting international questions centre about the tiny archipelago of St. Pierre-Miquelon. These islands are a limited French possession, a bustling centre of smuggling, an almost indispensable station for French and American fishermen off the Newfoundland coast. It has long been certain that England would endeavor by treaty or purchase to extinguish the vexatious French coast rights, and it has generally been assumed that the rearrangement would provide for the ceding of the St. Pierre group to Newfoundland or to Great Britain direct. Such a consummation is brought measurably nearer by the confirmation of the Anglo-French convention for arbitration. Should these islands become British, our fishermen would lose their only sure foothold in Newfoundland waters, and the fisheries question might become again acute. This consideration has led Senator Lodge to ask whether the Monroe Doctrine would not prevent the transfer of these islands to any European Power. We feel that the question is of academic in-

terest only. It would be a rash Administration, indeed, that would regard the amicable cession of these scraps of land from one friendly Power to another as an unfriendly act. Apparently, the Canadians take Senator Lodge's divagations with unnecessary seriousness, not realizing how gratifying a reputation for aggressive patriotism may be acquired by stretching the "Doctrine" till it sings "Hail Columbia."

Whatever else may be said about the choice of Mr. Isidor Rayner as Senator from Maryland, it is very obvious that it vindicates Rear-Admiral Schley. Mr. Rayner conducted the defence of the Rear-Admiral from Maryland so gallantly, in the face of great odds, that the court of inquiry disagreed by a vote of two to one, the majority holding against Admiral Schley. We are certain, therefore, that Rear-Admiral Schley's ardent supporters will promptly see in Mr. Rayner's elevation to the Senate a proper rebuke to the Navy Department and the other "detractors" of his client. To the public at large, the fact that Mr. Rayner is avowedly antagonistic to Senator Gorman will be a matter of greater interest. The influence of that self-appointed "leader" of the Democracy is and always has been for evil. His present scheme to disfranchise the negroes of Maryland in order to entrench his party is but a sample of his political methods. Should Mr. Rayner stand for better things in State and nation, the smashing defeat of Senator Gorman would be a matter for widespread public satisfaction. In Congress and while Attorney-General of Maryland, as by his stand for sound money, Mr. Rayner made himself favorably known.

Rear-Admiral Converse, chief of the Bureau of Equipment, is, according to ex-Secretary Long, one of the best officers of the navy. And Mr. Long adds: "I should not hesitate to say that the presumption is that anything he does is right." Magnanimity could no further go, for this tribute to Rear-Admiral Converse followed on the heels of the announcement that he had debarred Mr. Long's book, 'The New American Navy,' from all the man-of-war libraries. The alleged reason for this discrimination is that the book criticises President Roosevelt's action while Assistant Secretary. Until this is officially confirmed, it must, of course, be accepted with reserve. It may be that the Rear-Admiral feels aggrieved because his picture was omitted from the gallery of naval worthies found in Mr. Long's volume. For our part, we shall attribute no such petty motive to him. We prefer to believe that the Admiral, in keeping with the present tendency of our democracy, has a fine nose for leze-majesty. We all know what evils arise from the license of the press in daring to criticise the President, and how such criticism and the newspaper cartoons encourage anarchists and socialists. But, bad as this is, it is nothing to the offence of an ex-Cabinet officer in remarking unfavorably upon certain incidents in the career of our present Executive. Shall such treasonable matter be put into the hands of our battleship crews? Not while Rear-Admiral Converse is on deck!

We know, of course, that, where the flag goes up, it never, never comes down, and that it brings the blush of shame to the cheek of every American to hear such a thing even hinted at; but, just the same, the starry banner came down in Cuba on Thursday, as our last military detachment withdrew. It came down, too, while words of grateful appreciation were spoken by the President of the Cuban Republic. He did not once reproach us for having lost a splendid business chance, or for having been recreant to the great Imperialist duty of land-grabbing and pledge-breaking. Indeed, even our own Jingoes are swelling with complacency over the honorable and liberty-loving way in which we have conducted ourselves in Cuba. Hauling down the flag hath its victories no less renowned than those of running it up. The experience is valuable. We may be led to seek like glory elsewhere. The acclamations we are receiving from the people of Cuba would be redoubled from the Filipinos if we were to leave them also to work out their own destinies as freemen.

Almost at the time King Edward was making his unprecedented allusion to the cotton situation, in his speech from the throne, the staple was acting in a way to discredit Mr. Sully's recent statement that the high price was not the result of manipulation. When the panic of May 9, 1901, occurred in the stock market, there was no doubt that the real end of the bull movement had been reached. It is too early to make such a prediction regarding the cotton boom, but the drop of 136 points in the market on February 2 was adequate preparation for anything that might occur hereafter. Regarding the real statistical position of cotton, there is still a great deal of uncertainty; but there is no longer a particle of doubt that the astounding rise of the last two months has been due chiefly to speculation. Not legitimate demand, but manipulative effort by professional market operators, has created the present situation. The whole world is now waiting to see if they will be able to convert their paper profits into cash. It is clear that tremendous losses have already been taken in cotton, and that more will have to follow, whether the price go up or down.

The lie direct seems to have passed between the American Steel Foundries Company and its expert accountants. Its securities have been struck from the Stock Exchange list because the statement made to the Exchange at the time of listing overstated the cash assets by $500,000. On Tuesday week the directors of the Steel Foundries Company gave out a statement charging that the expert accountants had misinterpreted a telephone conversation and were responsible for the overstatement. But now come forward Messrs. Jones, Cæsar & Co., the accountants, and state that they were directly authorized by Mr. Max Pam, counsel of the company, to add $500,000 to the working capital which was "to be provided by the vendors." Having made the required change, the amended balance sheet was sent to Mr. Pam. Now that the matter has reached this point, the public may obtain a flood of light on certain phases of Trust-promoting regarding which there has been very little real knowledge in the past. So far as the present discussion has gone, Mr. Max Pam and the Steel Foundries Company have been placed in a most disagreeable position. But Messrs. Jones, Cæsar & Co. have, on their own showing, nothing to be proud of so far as their part in the matter is concerned. They seem to have put down about what the promoters told them. Charging up as an asset capital "to be provided by vendors" is not the kind of bookkeeping that commends itself to the governors of the Stock Exchange.

The language used by the Steel Foundries Company has a striking resemblance to that employed in the Whitaker Wright trial. For instance, "the witness [Wright] added that the accountant had sworn that he had put 'ex-div' instead of 'cum-div.' without authority. It should have been 'cum-div.' A mistake had been made, and he admitted that the £321,000 ought not to have figured in the Globe's accounts." The public are beginning to learn that the liability of "expert accountants" to error is something fearful. Ever since Trust financiering methods began to be legally investigated, some months ago, one insinuation after another of a discreditable nature has been thrown at the experts by persons trying to clear their own skirts. Messrs. Jones, Cæsar & Co. are, however, about the first among the accountants to make formal rejoinder, yet perhaps the case for the experts would have been stronger if they had remained silent. However, it would be unjust to generalize from one case. Instances can be multiplied of a directly opposite nature. Experts have declined to affix their names unless large sums were spent for physical examinations of properties under consideration; and other stringent precautionary measures

have been taken. Still, as every need is apt to create the means of its fulfilment, so it begins to appear that the peculiar methods of our Trust promoters have raised up a sufficient number of "expert accountants" to satisfy the needs of "modern financiering."

In the many expressions of sorrow evoked by Mr. William C. Whitney's death, it is easy to detect one note of especial regret. He did not fulfil his first promise. With such extraordinary talents and aptitude for political life as he early displayed, it was unfortunate that either the Bryan extrusion of ability from his party, or his own taste, took Mr. Whitney out of public life, and led him to devote his uncommon capacity, meant for mankind, to mere money-making. Politically, he will be remembered mainly for his active part in rejuvenating the Democratic party under Mr. Cleveland; for his success in the Navy Department; for his advocacy of civil-service reform and sound public finance; for his brilliant leadership in the Cleveland campaign of 1892. The hearts and hopes of many went out to him. His death serves to make more conspicuous and lamentable the lack in his party of inspiring leaders such as he might have been.

The arguments in favor of the bill to abolish co-education of whites and blacks in Kentucky, when it was still in committee of the House, were sufficiently stale. The State Superintendent of Instruction could only bring forward the old bogie that, "if the Berea idea was carried to its logical conclusion, there would be social equality of the races in Kentucky." A Berea merchant charged Mr. Frost, as pure and high-minded a man as ever lived, with circulating literature of a questionable character, hinted at sensational happenings in the college of which he had no proof, and finally damned Mr. Frost utterly by saying: "Mr. Frost entertains negroes at his home and at the college dormitory, giving them the best that the great facilities at his command can afford." Surely, a capital offence! The enlightened clergy were also in evidence in the person of a Rev. Mr. Oliver, who represents Lynn County in the Legislature. Mr. Oliver said that if he were a member of the committee, "he would not permit President Frost to come before it, no more than he would permit President Roosevelt to eat with his family." The author of the bill explained that it was drawn to "prevent the contamination of the white children of Kentucky!"

The City Treasurer of Richmond, Va., reports some interesting figures which show that the disfranchising laws have had unexpected results in that city. One of the requirements of the new Constitution is the payment by voters of a poll tax. This, it was thought, would bar out some of the negroes who might manage to qualify in spite of the other disfranchising clauses. It now appears that of the 22,000 male adults assessed for taxes in Richmond, only 6,264 have taken the trouble to pay the poll tax and qualify. In addition, there are some 800 Confederate veterans to whom the poll-tax law does not apply. Of the 6,000 colored voters, 5,500 have been deprived of the suffrage, so that the actual voters cannot number one-third of the male taxpayers. So far as local elections go, therefore, Richmond is to be ruled hereafter by a small minority of the whites. What opportunities this situation affords to unscrupulous politicians we need not point out. "The colored people," says their organ, the Richmond *Planet*, in commenting upon this situation, "view with satisfaction the result of the [disfranchising] effort, and when they see white men sitting on the curbstone just as much disfranchised as the most worthless negro, they cannot help smiling. The law has proven a two-edged sword which cuts both ways."

Pennsylvania's unhappy Governor finds that his company on the Supreme Bench is not wanted by the men already there. The Philadelphia *Press* showed that the Governor temporarily filled the vacant Supreme Court justiceship with a Democrat after a respectable Republican lawyer, Lyman D. Gilbert, had declined to become his tool and hold the place during the rest of the unexpired term of the late Justice McCullom. For this service Mr. Gilbert was to be made Attorney-General. In other words, the Governor undertook to bargain in State offices for his own advantage, and that after he had solemnly declared in a campaign speech that, if elected, he would serve out his full term as Governor. The revelation was a little bit too much for the Supreme Court justices, one of whom, Judge Hay Brown, has publicly declared that the Governor's low intrigue is "a menace to the safety of the judiciary." Meanwhile, the Governor is apparently as unconscious of wrongdoing as he was when he published his ridiculous approval of the press "gag" law a year ago. He does not think it worth while to deny his offer to Mr. Gilbert, as he can see nothing wrong in it. Of course, the deal by which Pennypacker is to turn over the Governorship to a low Quay spoilsman, "Oleo" Brown, and obtain the desired election to the Supreme Court bench, is still contemplated. The bosses say he shall have it, and the people can be made to vote the Republican ticket in overwhelming numbers, no matter what the party's offence against decency.

Extraordinary complexity characterizes the Parliamentary situation at Westminster. Mr. John Redmond—faithful to his warning that the Land bill was merely received "on account"—has stormily bidden the Government give Home Rule for Ireland or lose the Irish vote. Mr. Wyndham forthwith denied that the Government would grant a Roman Catholic university in Ireland, apparently refusing the last possible payment on account, and virtually telling the Irish to do what they chose. Under ordinary circumstances, the loss of the Irish vote would mean the prompt downfall of the Cabinet, but the refurbishing of the Home Rule grudge may turn back wavering Liberal Unionists to Mr. Balfour. It certainly bears out Mr. Chamberlain's assertion that the issue is not dead, and gives a certain retrospective justification to his ousting of the Duke of Devonshire from control. The plight of these Liberal Unionists, torn between their horror of Home Rule and their disapproval of the dear loaf, is by no means enviable, and nobody can tell how the balance may swing. Suffice it to say that the Government, with the Irish ready to desert at the drop of the handkerchief, is not likely to be long embarrassed with its "big brute majority."

The recent speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in London was disappointing in one important particular. He feared it would not be his happy lot this year to propose those remissions of taxation which it was hoped he would foretell on that occasion. Economy was writ large on every line of his discourse. The country had passed through a series of very prosperous years; there had been a great increase in the revenue; but the expenditures had mounted up about as fast as the revenue. It was pleasant in the abstract to contemplate an increase of £5,000,000 in the last ten years in the post-office estimates, an enlargement of like amount in the charge for national education, and an increase of £4,000,000 in the aid granted to local rates, to say nothing of the still larger increases for army and navy purposes. But there were signs that the next few years would not be quite so prosperous as the last few. In short, the Chancellor of the Exchequer thought the time had come to "watch our expenditure closely." To Americans this seems niggardly. The likelihood of a deficit stares our Treasury in the face, but with us that is only an incentive to added extravagance. The leading feature of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, however, was the assertion that the heavy increase in national and local indebtedness had greatly depreciated the value of public securities. There he stopped; but he might have gone on and told his audience how large a part his father, the late Colonial Secretary, had played in that movement.

A "SAFE" PRESIDENT.

Mr. Root boldly took up the anti-Roosevelt challenge, in his speech at the Union League on February 3. Some may think he unnecessarily advertised the charge that Mr. Roosevelt is not considered "safe." There is such a thing as putting the objections so strongly that your answers to them are forgotten. Dr. Chalmers once stated the argument of the atheist so powerfully that some of his hearers feared he had denied the faith. So it may be that Mr. Root will have insinuated doubt of the President into some minds that had never harbored it before. But this was only a mistake, if a mistake at all, of oratorical tactics. The ex-Secretary's intention was as clear as his courage. Standing at the very centre of opposition to Mr. Roosevelt, he condemned it and defied it: "You say he is an unsafe man. I tell you he really is the great conservator of property and of rights."

The two things dwelt upon by Mr. Root were the President's attitude towards labor unions on the one hand, and towards Trusts on the other. As to both, we think, as we have made it abundantly plain before, that his defence is sound. Mr. Roosevelt, it is true, has displayed a good deal of vacillation in dealing with organized labor. At first he coquetted with it and flattered it; then he told it some wholesome truths; at last, when it came to the demand that Government employment should be "unionized," he issued a flat defiance. With his final position there can be no quarrel. As for the suit which he ordered against the Northern Securities Company to discover if it was violating the law, that was presented to him, primarily, as an official duty which he could not shirk; and, in the result, his action was a public service. It helped check a passion of speculation threatening to mount to absolute mania. It was one of the things which caused conservative bankers and financiers to put a curb-bit on markets running wild, and undoubtedly aided in bringing about that slow financial reaction, which, while bitter in the act to many, was salutary for the country, saving us as it did from the frightful panic which would have been sure to come otherwise.

Thus far, the argument is with Mr. Root. But he did not allude to those other aspects of Mr. Roosevelt's conduct in office which lead many to shake their heads over him. For one thing, the impression has been made that the President has not a nice regard for the law. We have had other Presidents who were not lawyers, but they were careful to take the opinion of skilled legal advisers. Mr. Roosevelt does not appear to do this. He seems to have a light-minded way of snapping his fingers at precedents and statutes. There was in the House, the very day Mr. Root was speaking, a disagreeable reminder of Mr. Roosevelt's rash promise, when Governor of New York, to refuse to deliver up a man involved in a Kentucky murder. That is the kind of thing which gives sober men pause. It helps to give currency to Professor Nelson's definition of Mr. Roosevelt's mind as one "essentially lawless."

A minor illustration is furnished just now by an incident in which Secretary Root's own withers are not unwrung. After long prodding, the Senate has elicited the fact that the President issued recess commissions to Gen. Wood and others on December 7, 1903—when, in fact, there was no recess. In other words, what the Senate was unanimous in considering illegal, what the House by its vote on the mileage resolution showed that it thought to be wholly irregular, that the President did. He impetuously "took the chances." But Americans do not like to have high officials take chances with the law.

It is unquestionably, however, the Panama recklessness which has most shaken faith in the President as a "safe" man. Here we have to do not merely with the deed, but with its defence. Mr. Roosevelt, with an appalling frankness which took away the breath of even the *Sun*, admitted that he had broken with precedent, and had no precise legal warrant for his course, but explained that he had pursued it in the interest of "civilization." Now, that is a perilous form of sealed orders to put into the hands of any man—most of all into the hands of an Executive who talks big navies, and glories in all the phraseology of war. Men could not be blamed for asking what would come next. It could not be imagined that a chivalrous President would venture beyond the law simply because Colombia was helpless before him. As was said in the Senate, the real danger was that he would extend the same principles of action elsewhere, would pluck some mighty Power by the beard and involve us in a war that would shake the earth. Here is the most substantial ground which Mr. Roosevelt has given people for saying that he is not safe. Our foreign relations have become immensely complicated. They require handling at once delicate and firm. The Panama affair has filled many with a painful fear that Mr. Roosevelt is unfitted by both temperament and training for that high function of the Presidency.

Mr. John Morley has lately set forth, with his customary grave eloquence, the necessity of "fixed convictions" in a statesman. There is a great difference between a fixed conviction and a fixed idea. For the latter, with all its implications of headlong haste and unreasoning persistence, Mr. Roosevelt appears to have too great an affinity. But what his position requires is large and fortified conviction, not to be shaken by clamor or moved by impulse, but calmly and surely to be applied to every question that presents itself for decision. Weak in that quality of steady reason, Mr. Roosevelt's activities have been too often of the galvanic—not to say volcanic—order. Hence he has too much laid himself open to the reproach which Mr. Morley addresses to the ruler who "will not remain quiet on the land, and will not venture forth upon the unplumbed ocean with the daring of the navigator, but who invites his party and the country on to neither land nor sea, but to a quaking bog."

THE ATTACK UPON BEREA COLLEGE.

A bill to kill Berea College, one of the notable institutions of the South, has been passed by the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature and is now pending in the Senate. The measure does not specifically attack Berea, but since it forbids the co-education of white and colored youth within the State of Kentucky, it is plain that its real object is the destruction of an institution which for nearly fifty years has kept the torch of learning burning brightly in what is one of the most benighted sections of the United States. President Frost has properly announced that, if the courts uphold this iniquitous law, Berea will cease to exist. There was no other course open to him, for, in the original by-laws of the college, it is stated: "This college shall be under an influence strictly Christian, and, as such, opposed to sectarianism, slaveholding, caste, and every other wrong institution or practice." The men who wrote this into the constitution did so at the risk of their lives. Recreant would their successors be if they calmly submitted to the division of its work in deference to a modern caste spirit as bitter as any with which their predecessors had to contend.

The sum and substance of Berea's offending is that, of its seven hundred students, one hundred and fifty have colored skins, and that blacks and whites have studied side by side without any of the evils which the instigators of race prejudice in the South are constantly predicting as inevitable with social intercourse. There has not been the slightest tendency to intermarriage. There is no social compulsion. No student is compelled to intimacy with any one who is distasteful to him. Colored and white students do not room together. Indeed, President Frost has been able to assert that "this arrangement has never produced a collision or a scandal." "And," he continued, "the relations of the two races are more friendly, pure, and satisfactory in the sphere of Berea's influence than anywhere else in the South."

How great that sphere of influence is may be judged from the fact that Berea does not content itself merely with the education given at the college proper,

but, by means of travelling libraries, horseback lecturers, and tent meetings, carries on a most valuable "extension" work. Five or six thousand persons gather at its commencement, riding in from their rude and poverty-stricken mountain cabins on mules and horses, and clad in the homespun of their great-grandfathers. In the vicinity are nine large counties of Kentucky without a mile of railroad. Their inhabitants are among the purest Anglo-Saxons in this country. Many of their customs—even their songs—have been directly handed down without change from generation to generation since the first settlement of this wild Appalachian region. Such schools as exist are of the poorest; the best are of the kind so well described by John Fox, jr., in his 'Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.' If it is a population purely American, it is a population singularly backward. The thirty-five mountain counties in Kentucky have an area larger than Massachusetts and Connecticut together, and in this wide territory the influence of Berea College is, educationally speaking, paramount. There are other excellent schools, like the white institution at Jackson, in Breathitt County; but none begins to compare with Berea for usefulness, for extent of territory influenced, or for a standard curriculum.

It is well known that the number of negroes in the territory surrounding Berea is very small. Of the 476,000 residents in the mountain counties in 1900, only 12,000 were negroes, and seventeen per cent. of these live in the few large towns. In no sense, therefore, can the racial situation be compared to the conditions further South. The bogie of the danger to race "purity" cannot be effectively worked here. The white homes of this region are not subject to the dangers existing in some more populous districts. The action of the Kentucky House is, therefore, the merest toadying to the narrowest prejudices of the whites in the other two-thirds of the State, and it would kill the institution which is doing more than any other influence to free the State from the ignorance and lawlessness for which it is notorious throughout the Union, to the detriment of its industrial development and of its law-abiding inhabitants in its richer sections. At best, it is an attempt to say to the mountain negroes that they shall hereafter do without a higher schooling merely because of their color. We repeat, President Frost did well to make it clear that Berea's work cannot be confined or restricted to one part of the mountain population.

The right of a liberal college to admit to its classrooms any students it deems worthy is as sacred as the right of its professors to free speech within their classrooms. The recent great triumph of academic freedom in Trinity College at Durham, N. C., over sectional prejudice was rightly hailed as one of the most notable events in the educational annals of the South. Should the Senate conspire with the House, and the Governor approve, and the courts sustain the wiping out of Berea College because of its 170 colored students, we should have to take note of as grievous a retrogression as the Trinity victory was a notable advance. In 1859 the teaching at Berea was paralyzed by pro-slavery violence. The present method of imposing one's prejudices upon others, if more humane and more difficult to meet, is every whit as great a disgrace to the State, and is all the more amazing in view of the fact that this same Legislature of Kentucky had just indefinitely postponed the proposal to disfranchise the colored voters of the State.

GERMAN TROUBLES IN AFRICA.

The uprising of the inhabitants of her Southwest African colony has brought Germany for the first time face to face with one of the usual experiences of colonizing nations. The stupid natives not only decline to fall down and worship the superior race which intends to exploit them, but have actually taken up arms in the hope of expelling the white invaders with their autocratic semi-military methods of government. Having risen without the slightest previous notice, and at the time of year which for climatic reasons is most unfavorable for Europeans to undertake military movements, they are in a position to cause a great deal of trouble. Already one hundred colonists are reported slain, several settlements are surrounded and in dire need, and the arrival of sufficient reinforcements is still far away.

Speaking in the Reichstag on January 18, Chancellor von Bülow did not conceal the gravity of the situation, news of which had been in the possession of the Colonial Office only for a week, although the revolt began months ago. It affected, he admitted, the most thickly settled portion of the colony, and had even then destroyed the fruits of a decade of industry. The greater part of the settlers had already lost all their possessions, and were fighting for their lives in the stations to which they had fled from their outlying farms. Most serious of all, the outbreak occurred when Gov. Leutwein, with the greater part of the colonial forces, was twenty days' march to the south of the scene of the uprising, endeavoring to subdue the uprising of the Bondelzwarts tribes, and the forces in the colony were therefore greatly reduced. In order to put down the insurrection the Government ordered the cruiser *Habicht* to land all its available men in conjunction with a regular relief force of 135 men which arrived at Swakopmund (Walfisch Bay) on February 3. A battalion of 550 men was dispatched from Hamburg on the 21st of January, and 500 more have since sailed for the scene of hostilities.

Upon the reasons for the uprising the Chancellor could throw no light. There was "no visible cause," he said, in the opinion of experts familiar with the afflicted colony. But light has since been thrown upon this question in some articles contributed to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* by a traveller who had just returned from the affected districts. It is the old sordid story of cruelty and rapacious greed on the part of the civilizers. For years past, it appears, German traders, frequently discharged soldiers, have travelled among the natives, selling unlimited quantities of goods upon credit by such underhand methods that the natives had no conception of the debts they were piling up. Then the traders turned upon them, charging exorbitant prices for the goods sold and demanding usurious rates of interest. Unable to pay these outrageous bills in default, the Hereros have found themselves forced to sacrifice their entire droves of cattle or large tracts of land. As a result, the tribe, numbering 80,000 souls, has become impoverished to such a degree that it has revolted in despair. The truth of this explanation is confirmed by a German colonial newspaper, the *South African Gazette*. As contributory causes may be mentioned the overbearing conduct of the German officers, and the shooting of a native by one of them. But to explain the fury with which the Hereros have attacked their overlords, it is only necessary to cite the misdeeds of the traders.

Gloomy as is this picture of unmasked Imperialism, it is, of course, merely a repetition of what has happened in every other portion of the globe where the white man has settled in order to exploit the natives and steal their lands from them. But the German over-sea experiments afford particularly interesting object-lessons of the benefits of what may be called "hothouse colonies." There was no demand among the German people for the acquisition of foreign territory, least of all for the seizure or purchase of lands from which the stream of immigration persistently turns away. But Bismarck and his successors insisted upon a policy of tropical expansion in the hope of diverting emigrants from foreign nations to lands covered by the German flag. They were, moreover, firmly of the opinion that no nation could be truly great unless it possessed colonies. Hence, they acquired in Africa and the South Seas an area of 1,024,262 square miles, no less than five times the size of Continental Germany. Yet, after years of effort on the part of Government, colonial companies, and societies for the encouragement of emigration, there are now only 5,125 Germans, men,

women, and children, settled in this vast territory. This number includes 1,567 officials and soldiers, 637 traders, 779 artisans and laborers, and 1,010 planters and cultivators.

For the year 1904 the Imperial subsidies for these colonies are reckoned at $3,578,500. In addition, the German taxpayer must foot the bills for the Kiaochau colony, which amount to $3,135,000; for the Colonial Department of the Foreign Office, for the colonial posts and telegraph lines, for the mail subsidies, etc. It is estimated that the various colonial ventures have thus far cost the nation 75 millions of dollars since 1884, with the net result of spreading about 6,000 Germans over the territories mentioned. It is hardly necessary to add that the resulting trade in no way reimburses the mother country. The export and import business of the colonies with the German Customs Union during 1902 amounted only to a little over one-third of their total trade. It is quite in keeping with other imperialistic tendencies the world over, that the German exports consist largely of spirituous liquors and tinned foods. As in the Philippines, beer follows the flag.

Were the question merely one of dollars and cents, the rest of the world might well look on this kind of colonizing with amusement. But it cannot blink the fact that the Teutonic race has once more essayed the management of those inferiors upon whom it ever looks down with supreme contempt and pity, only to fail utterly. The Germans have run nearly the whole gamut. First seize territory, then exploit, plunder, and rob its inhabitants. Next, express surprise when they hate you. When they rise in a hopeless attempt to free themselves, start your punitive expeditions and blot them out for their insolence and their atrocities. As Prince Henry so humanely put it to the departing marines at Kiel: "Germany expects every bullet to find its billet."

A TRANSIT OF IDEALISM.

Columbia University is to lose the services of Professors Woodberry and MacDowell—one a graceful poet and subtle critic, the other one of the greatest lyrical composers of our time. The University can ill afford to lose them. They represented a definitely artistic and creative principle that contrasted sharply with and did something to redeem the pedestrian scholarship and dilettante cleverness which rule at Columbia as elsewhere. It is unlucky, too, that these brother artists should both be leaving because they find the tone of Columbia uncongenial and its conditions unfavorable to their work. In Professor Woodberry's case this is well understood; Professor MacDowell has not hesitated to express dissatisfaction with the whole tendency of the University. Culture and idealism, he asserts, are generally lacking, the administration has been slow in effecting plans for organizing a school of the arts, the students are generally indifferent to artistic matters, and, in this respect, are graduated mere barbarians. So he and Professor Woodberry feel quite justified in quitting the academic ranks and dwelling apart in their idealistic tents.

Evidently there is a larger issue here than in the question whether these gentlemen are justly aggrieved. Nobody will doubt that their analysis of the deficiencies of education at Columbia has truth in it, though the wisdom of their expressions and the necessity for their resignation may be questioned seriously; and it is certain also that the charge of undue disregard of the arts as means of culture lies not only against Columbia, but against practically every university in the land. All our college graduates and many of our university doctors are complete barbarians, if lack of intelligent enthusiasm for the arts is to serve as criterion of barbarism. In nearly all our academic communities the gentlemen who are shaking the sordid Morningside dust from their artistic sandals would find themselves equally strangers, speaking a language hardly understanded of their colleagues. Our colleges, in the elegant idiom of the Middle West, are distinctly not "culture shops," and most of them are uneasy residences for "culture sharps" such as Professors Woodberry and MacDowell, with all respect, undoubtedly are.

Now, the colleges, and possibly the apostles of culture too, are the poorer for this unhappy alienation. The education carried away by our average bachelors belies preposterously their degree in arts, and, furthermore, it ministers only very inadequately to the more refined pleasures of life. But these admitted shortcomings are not wholly the fault of the colleges. Sheer poverty, for example, confines the academic diet to substantials. So many languages, so much science, must be provided, and often are furnished with difficulty. Superior instruction in literature and the fine arts is as little practicable at many of our colleges as beautiful wood-carving in a log-cabin rising against imminent winter. And, of course, we can teach only such students as will come, and man our faculties with such scholars as may be had. To desire that Professor Norton or Professor Woodberry should be infinitely subdivided and distributed impartially to our academic commonwealth, is to wish the excellent, but the impossible. And we cannot so much as be certain that either would really like to be broadcast though culture were the gainer.

And here is approached a delicate question which should be discussed entirely apart from Columbia applications. Our apostles of culture are sometimes "ill to live wi'." Their tastes have removed them far from the average feeling, and in many cases their superiority has resulted in an isolation unfortunate for them and the community. It is hard for one who has dwelt constantly with the ideal to realize that his particular academic ideal, for instance, must wait upon mere dollars and cents. One who is essentially a professor of things in general may very well forget, when his head is in the clouds, that his excursions are crossing the toes of nearly all his academic colleagues. In other words, there must be a certain element of give and take between the idealist and the machinery of which he has voluntarily become a part. Ivory towers are not practical college buildings, nor even appropriate ornaments for busy college greens. Even idealists cannot dispense with the courage of their idealism. They must retain a sufficient affection for the great uncultured academic mass to live with it on terms of amity, and they must maintain something of the confidence of bishops *in partibus*, trusting that the heathen in their charge are susceptible to the workings of artistic grace.

Possibly the way of these missionaries of culture has been made the harder by the abundance of prophets, falsely so-called. "Culture courses" have become a by-word in all our colleges. Lazy and languishing gentlemen have made culture seem an easy if not very entertaining voyage upon an interminable flux of words. Undoubtedly sad experience has made too many college presidents believe that culture means over-paid gush, and that its exponents are sheer luxuries in a university. Yet, in sober fact, the best investment Columbia has made for years was the appointment of men like Woodberry and MacDowell. In the strictest business sense, they have done more to enhance the prestige of the University throughout the world of art and letters than the tenfold capitalization of their salaries could have done in any other way. It is possible that they have magnified the infelicities of their position. We assume that Columbia realizes the extent of its loss and will try to repair it. In fact, President Butler has included in his last appeal for an endowment a project for the building up of a school of the arts. Hence these recent changes are really a new appeal to generous New Yorkers.

It is truly a serious matter to face the fact that so vast an educational mechanism is making very little for culture. The presence of great libraries and museums in New York imposes an especial duty of interpretation upon Columbia University. If such matters are really pondered, the transit of the idealists will bring its prompt compensation; and one cannot grudge any artist his liberty. With a poet and a composer jointly escaped from academic bonds, why

may we not hope for the long-delayed American opera, or at least for another series of deathless songs? As for President Butler, his philosophy will sustain him among his barbarians. He will recall that the two London exquisites whom Du Maurier represents as disputing whether Botticelli be a wine or a cheese, were in all probability Oxford men, and of no mean college.

THE EASTERN CRISIS AND ITS ORIGIN.

TOKYO, January 11, 1904.

An acute crisis now exists in the Orient. The situation is in all respects, save active hostilities, that of war. Urgency measures have been adopted. Strenuous labors are completing all naval and military preparations for war. Every one here regards war as practically inevitable. A huge depression of values on the Stock Exchange reflects the gravity of the situation. Before this can reach you by post, the definitive issue—war or peace—will probably be known. In any event, a summary statement of the events which have shaped the situation will assist a clear understanding of it.

The premises, though widely published in fragmentary form, must be clearly and connectedly grasped in order to understand the nature of the present crisis. Eight years ago Japan waged a successful war against China, for the purpose of ending an intolerable protectorate exercised by China over Korea—acting in this matter very much as the United States did in waging a war of liberation for Cuba. At the end of that war, Japan actually occupied the greater part of Mantchuria as an indemnity for the war; and China in her treaty of peace had definitely ceded the territory to Japan. Russia, alleging that occupation of Mantchuria by Japan was a menace to the peace of the Orient, then secured the coöperation of Germany and France to oust Japan from Mantchuria. The sequel to this was unopposed occupation of Kiao-chau by Germany and of Port Arthur by Russia, and the consequent real and constant peril to the peace of the Far East. Meanwhile, Korea was tacitly and generally recognized to be an exclusive "sphere of influence" of Japan, but open to general trade. The Nishi-Rosen convention of 1898 was intended by Japan to secure, so far as concerned Russia, immunity against aggression in Korea. The necessity of preventing ascendency in Korea of any potential enemy is tradition and a cardinal principle of Japanese diplomacy. Its maintenance is regarded by Japan as even more vital to her than maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine is regarded as vital by the United States.

The next chapter opens with the "Boxer" outbreak in 1900. After that disturbance ended, the several Powers concerned in restoring order in China adopted a definitive treaty of peace, according to which it was agreed to respect, even to maintain, the integrity of China. Russia was a signatory of this treaty. In consonance with the requirements of her treaty obligations, Russia surprised those familiar with her shrewd and unscrupulous aggressive policy by voluntarily fixing a term within which, after ratification of the treaty, she would evacuate Mantchuria; her troops having been meanwhile retained there to guard her railways. When this term expired last April, Russia had neither withdrawn her troops nor evinced any serious intention to do so. In view of special interests involved, Japan pressed Russia with inquiries to ascertain her real purpose concerning Mantchuria. Since both England and the United States were also manifesting great interest in the question, it is probable that Russia was especially inclined to make a satisfactory reply. In any event, Russia then assured Japan that evacuation would be accomplished within a further period of six months. By October 8, the date thus fixed, Russian pledges were still unkept. On the contrary, Russia had in the interim been busy building fortifications, sending out troops and supplies, adding to her Asiatic fleet; had even occupied new posts, and given evidences of an intention, not merely to remain in Mantchuria, but also to extend the scope of her aggressions even to Korea.

Since that time, Japan has patiently, yet with the persistency born of vital motives, pressed Russia in negotiation with a view to arrive at a peaceful settlement of differences, and to obtain a guarantee for the protection of interests which Japan considers vital to herself. Russia has met this surprisingly moderate and conciliatory attitude with a policy of temporizing and evasion, delaying her replies, evading questions, and dragging in irrelevant issues. She has, meanwhile, continued to build fortifications, to forward troops and supplies, to send out every available warship, in every possible way to strengthen her grip on the bone of contention and to perfect her naval and military equipment. Thus, while nominally negotiating with Japan as a friendly Power, she has all the while added irritation and provocation to her insolent disregard of Japan's rights and claims. In the meantime, Japan strictly observed all proprieties, and did not, until the last week of the year, move a single soldier, add a single ship to her navy, or otherwise make a single menacing special preparation.

Actual crisis resulted immediately from steps taken on and after December 28. On that date four important Imperial ordinances were issued. Two of these relate to the superior organization of the army and navy. They are intended primarily (1) to secure efficient coöperation between military and naval arms of the service, and (2) to accord to the chief of each branch of the service equal voice and equal access to the Sovereign in offering advice and considering plans of campaign. (Hitherto, the Chief of the General Staff had a right to consult directly with the Emperor, while the Chief of the Naval Board had not that right.) The other two ordinances provide: (1) for raising funds to meet the "expenses required for the maintenance of the armaments," and (2) for speedy completion of the Seul-Fusan Railway. For the first purpose, the Government is empowered "to raise temporary loans, to draw upon the funds belonging to Special Accounts, and to issue Treasury Notes." The only limitations on this power are: (1) that rates of interest on obligations incurred shall not exceed 6 per cent.; and (2) that the maximum period of redemption shall be for temporary loans two years, and for Treasury Notes five years. The "Funds belonging to Special Accounts" aggregate something over a hundred million yen. In order to expedite construction of the Seul-Fusan Railway, the Government undertakes two obligations: (1) It guarantees principal and interest, not exceeding 6 per cent., on bonds issued by the company within the limit of ten million yen; (2) in view of the fact that haste will increase the cost of constructing the railway, the Government grants to the company a cash subsidy of 1,750,000 yen, with a further contingent grant of 450,000 yen. Loans are authorized to raise the funds for this subsidy. In order to protect itself and to assure the execution of its purposes, the Government reserves the right to appoint three managing directors and to maintain official inspection of the works and the accounts of the company. In event of military occupation of Korea or of military operations in Mantchuria by Japan, the strategic value of this railway would be immense; hence the urgency of its construction at this juncture.

Coincident with the issue of the Imperial ordinances, most extraordinary activity in all military and naval circles began. It was announced that the usual New Year holiday of ten days would be this year contracted to a single day for arsenals, dockyards, and many Government offices. The newspapers published reports that troops of the large garrisons at Sendai and Kumamoto were ordered to be ready for a winter campaign, that active preparations were in progress at all barracks and naval stations, that large orders for a new and specially efficient kind of transport wagon were placed with the Tokyo Arsenal to be filled in the shortest possible time. These reports were credible and were credited, because only one or two of the least important journals in the capital had previously been guilty of Jingoism or sensationalism, while these reports were published by all; and especially because they were confirmed by reports of mercantile establishments which were selling unusual quantities of personal supplies to army and navy men; and by many evidences visible to observant persons. Meanwhile, cable messages reported large purchases by Japan of flour in the United States and of coal both at Norfolk, Va., and in England, as well as of the two cruisers just completed in Italy to the order of Argentina. It was generally known that the Government had been in negotiation with the large state-subsidized mercantile marine company, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, as to terms for using its ships as transports, and had already intimated to bankers that their assistance might be needed to raise funds. Finally, the Government issued, January 5, an order which prohibits journalistic publication of any news relating to the movements of Japanese troops or warships. At the same time, it was rumored that 20,000 troops had moved out from Kumamoto. The extremely serious aspect of affairs had, on the preceding day (the first business day of the year), been signalized by a sudden drop in values, ranging from 10 to 25 per cent. of the last-quoted market price. Since then there has been a very slight recovery, but values continue, under the gravity of the situation, to sag near the recent extraordinary minimum.

Under the circumstances, the laying of the facts before the foreign governments is here regarded as about the last pacific move on the part of Japan.

The utmost secrecy has successfully guarded the proposals and counter-proposals of Russo-Japanese negotiations. Even while presenting the facts to foreign governments, the Japanese Government has refused to take its own people into its confidence, but it is well known that the conference between Ministers and Elder Statesmen on December 16 formulated the "irreducible minimum" of Japan's demands, and that this was the basis of the last Japanese communication transmitted to Russia on December 21. Persistent rumors, emanating apparently from Berlin, represent the return by Russia of another temporizing reply, alleging that Russia neither grants nor rejects all of the Japanese demands, but opens new subjects for negotiation. If so, that way war lies, for Japan is in dead earnest, and she is determined no longer to let Russia temporize while using the time to strengthen her position against Japan. The nation is a unit, and the most conservative papers persistently voice its sentiment, viz., that, in view of the Russian mode of procedure and the moderation of Japan's demands, nothing remains to negotiate. Hence the Russian reply must be reducible to a simple "yes" or "no." Berlin is now the only source of optimism. But the Japanese view of Germany's attitude was aptly hit off by a journalistic caricaturist who represents the Kaiser as the god of wind blowing over Europe "optimistic rumors of Russia's pacific purposes—that never materialize."

E. H. VICKERS.

LAGUÉRIE'S KOREA.

PARIS, January 26, 1904.

There has sprung up, within twenty years, a new sort of French literature—that of distant journeys and explorations. The most energetic of our young men and young officers have found a field for their activity in all parts of the world. This spontaneous movement is perhaps owing to the prolongation of peace in Europe. The names of Col. Marchand, of Prince Henri d'Orléans, of Bonvalot, of Grandidier, etc., have become very popular, and this new sort of popularity has the advantage of being independent of the narrow spirit of partisanship. Recent events have added much to the interest of one of the books characterized above. In the rich collection of "Illustrated Journeys" published by Hachette, I had already noticed a volume on Korea, the country which is at the present moment attracting so much attention and has become a bone of contention between Russia and Japan.

The title of the volume by M. Villetard de Laguérie is almost prophetic: 'La Corée, indépendante, russe, ou japonaise.' Here we have, so to speak, in a nutshell the question now agitating all Governments, and, it may be said, all nations, civilized or half-civilized. M. Villetard de Laguérie resided in the Far East during the late Sino-Japanese war, as special correspondent of the French paper *Le Temps*. He saw clearly the importance of the part Korea was to play in the final solution of a crisis that involved the fate not only of Japan, but also of China.

Korea is a part of the Asiatic continent, but extends between China's seas and the Sea of Japan very much as Italy lies between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. It is about nine hundred kilometres in length, and two hundred kilometres wide from sea to sea. Seul, the capital of Korea, may be compared to Rome, which is halfway between the north and the south. Korea, however, is but a truncated Italy; in the north it has no valley of the Po, no rich Lombardy and Venetia, albeit it has a sort of equivalent of the Alps in a high mountain barrier reaching from the Sea of Japan to the Yellow Sea, from the port of Vladivostok to Port Arthur. These Mantchurian Alps are covered with woods and snow, and rise to the height of three thousand metres. Italy has always been a battlefield of nations, and has long been subdivided into kingdoms, duchies, principalities. Two races only have established themselves in Korea, the Mongol or Mantchu race, the continental race, and the Malay or Japanese, the island race. Korea has from time immemorial formed a single kingdom, and been inhabited by a single nation, a single race, formed by the union of two races. The continental element has, however, been predominant; politically and religiously, the Korean people has lived under the discipline of China as a vassal State ever since the end of the fourteenth century. It has been a kingdom of mandarins, though it had its own monarch and its autonomy; it had to pay an annual tribute to China and to render annual homage to the suzerain Emperor of China, with all the forms of an old ceremonial. After the war between Japan and China, this state of things was altered. The first article of the treaty of Shimonoseki reads thus:

"China recognizes definitively the entire independence and autonomy of Korea; and, in consequence, the payment of tribute and performance by Korea with regard to China of ceremonies and formalities in derogation of this independence and this autonomy will cease completely in future."

As for Japan, it was careful not to stipulate at the same time its own renunciation of the rights which it pretended to have over Korea. What these rights are worth, I will not examine; if it has been said that for the most civilized nations might is right, it can all the more be said for nations which are only emerging from barbarism.

Korea has but a small population—probably only ten millions of inhabitants; a number which represents about fifty inhabitants per square kilometre. Japan is looking to Korea as an outlet for her ever-increasing population; she has about forty-five millions of inhabitants, and the rate of increase is very great. It is natural that the Japanese should, on account of its proximity and of the character of its population, consider Korea a suitable land for the creation of colonies. Russia, on her part, is now considering Siberia and the Far East as an outlet for her population, already so large, and which will soon attain formidable numbers. The Siberian Railroad, the occupation of Mantchuria, the acquisition of Vladivostok and of Port Arthur on the Japan and Chinese seas, are visible signs of the movement of Russia's expansion; but there is this difference between the Russian colonies and the Japanese: the first may be called military colonies, the second are really colonies of populations given to all the arts of peace. Time may some day transform the military colonies which Russia is creating in Mantchuria; at the present moment, we can look upon them only as we do on the vanguard of an army. The Japanese colonies in Korea have a different character. The land of Japan proper no longer suffices for its inhabitants, and the population increases every year by 400,000 souls. Since 1597 there have been Japanese colonies in Korea; there are at present from twenty to thirty thousand Japanese established there, with their families. This emigration, concentrated at first in the ports, is spreading over the country; and it would rapidly augment if it were not for the deplorable administration and tyranny of the Korean officials.

The difficulties between Japan and Russia now culminating go back to 1897, and, as is often the case, had their primary origin in a conflict of personal interests. Korea had become the field of many enterprising companies; it was thought that its gold mines, its petroleum, its forests, could be used and become attractions for European capital. In 1897 a Russian company obtained the concession of immense forests in the valleys of the Tumen and the Yalu; it was the time when Russia and Japan had signed a protocol which, so to speak, divided Korea between them. When a second protocol was signed, which delivered Korea completely to Japanese enterprise, it was thought that the Russian concession of 1897 would be practically abandoned; but in 1901 a Russian mission was formed, which appeared in 1902 in the valley of the Yalu, marked the trees in the forest, and prepared for their systematic cutting. This mission established itself in a Korean city where foreigners have no right to reside, built a telegraphic line, and made plans for a railway which should unite the Yalu River to the railway lines of Mantchuria. It obtained in August, 1903, the monopoly of the log rafting on the Yalu, and a piece of land at Yongampo.

The Emperor of Korea had not a word to say to all this, but the minister of Japan naturally claimed similar advantages for his own country, and among others the opening of Wiju, the port of the Yalu. A constant struggle for influence began, and the relations of Japan and Russia became more and more tense. The Japanese asked for the opening of all the ports and the cities still shut against foreigners; for railways, telegraphs, administrative reforms. The Russians, on their side, fortified more and more their position in Mantchuria, and looked with more and more eagerness on the land which separated Vladivostok from Port Arthur.

While I am writing these lines, the question of peace or war between Russia and Japan remains undecided; each day brings contradictory news; great preparations are being made on both sides. Japan seems better prepared for immediate hostilities; the length of the Siberian Railroad to Mantchuria is immense, and troops can be carried only slowly on a single-track line, interrupted by Lake Baikal. If the hostilities began on sea, the Russian fleet, in case of a defeat, would have no suitable port of refuge, and its naval unities could be pursued one by one. There is, fortunately, an element which has to be considered seriously by both sides: the expenses of a war are enormous in our day, and neither the Japanese nor the Russian finances are

well prepared to be put to a severe test. It is perhaps idle to estimate now the chances of a conflict which, it is to be hoped, will be averted if there is any wisdom left in those who can control the destinies of nations. It is easy to see what calamities might follow a war in the Far East; it is difficult, if not impossible, to see what could be its advantages.

A SWISS HOLIDAY-HOME.

January, 1904.

The little corner by the railway station at Luzern, where the tram-cars start, was just bubbling over that sunny morning with excited small boys and girls. And they were still swarming in from all directions. Alpine hats with pheasant-feather were cocked with an extra jauntiness, small skirts were swishing, small pig-tails flying straight out behind; all the careful, school-taught high German had vanished on the mountain breezes, and the air was filled instead with the gay chatter of guttural dialect quite unintelligible to my slow ears. What could be the matter? I looked around instinctively for the Pied Piper. Surely only he could be responsible for such a whirl of irrepressible childhood. This must be Hamelin-town instead of hotel-ridden Luzern, and the pell-mell rush of the green Reuss, upon which I had but a moment before been gazing, a mere delusion of my weary brain for the placid sweep of the Weser's waters. But the Pied Piper was not there. Instead of him, the centre of the tumult seemed to be swirling about a calm, paternal figure clad in quiet gray—gray-haired and gray-bearded, too—who smiled gently upon all alike as he stowed them away in the waiting tram-cars headed for Kriens. I knew the good gray man, Father Herzog. He has magic, too, in those kindly eyes, the magic that comes from a heart and a life given to the love and care of children, and especially of those to whom nature has been less kind than to the bright imps who are now swarming around him.

Finally the last clamorous farewells to smiling fathers and mothers and aunts and cousins and less lucky brothers and sisters were with difficulty accomplished, the last parcels (such a miscellaneous menagerie of parcels) were piled in somehow, and the loaded cars gave a final warning clang and rattled away around the corner and up the valley toward Pilatus, while back to our ears came the parting chorus of song in shrill voices lusty with the joy of journeying. Some fifteen minutes of trolley ride, and then two hours of uphill walking, awaited the little wanderers before they could be esconced in their quarters at Eigenthal, to begin the three weeks of happy life in the holiday-home under the bleak shoulder of the great mountain.

Father Herzog, after teaching with loving pains through nine months in the year the feeble-minded children of the commune, gives his whole summer vacation of three months to the care of four successive colonies of these lively guests in Eigenthal. He is assisted by relays of other teachers, usually one man and two women for each colony; and a cook and a housemaid are attached to the service of the house for the entire season. Each colony numbers about fifty boys and as many girls, chosen first of all on application of the parents and recommendation of the teachers, from among the school children of Luzern whom a physician's certificate shows to be, not actually ill, but in especial need of such physical invigoration as can be gained only in the out-of-door life among the hills. The recommendation of the teachers depends upon the studiousness and good conduct of the pupils during the school year, and the reward of the summer outing proves a most powerful incentive to scholarly propriety. No children under ten years of age are received. The Home is especially designed for the help of the poor who are unable to pay anything for their children's outing. For them the three weeks of country life are entirely without charge. Yet those who can contribute something towards the running expenses of the Home are encouraged to do so, be it ever so little. For the last season for which the statistics are as yet available, the total outlay for running expenses for the twelve weeks (the value of gifts of food is not included) was nearly five thousand and three hundred francs, or ninety centimes per day for each child. This was considerably less than the thirty francs for the three weeks which the managing Commission fixes as the standard sum for those who are able and willing to pay a fair amount for their children's board. Out of the three hundred and fifty-seven children cared for in 1902, only seventy-nine paid anything. Of these seventy-nine, only seventeen paid the full amount of thirty francs each; twenty-two others paid various sums, ranging between twenty and thirty francs, thirty-two paid from ten to twenty francs, and eight paid less than ten francs each, the entire sum realized from such contributions being one thousand five hundred and twelve francs. The remainder of the necessary funds for the season's work came for the most part, as in other years, from voluntary contributions, often of small amounts, made by a large number of different associations and persons, and from interest on the gradually accumulating surplus of income over expenditure which careful management and generous contribution have conspired to gather. The City Council appropriated only one thousand francs this year towards the undertaking. The building of the Home itself was also due for the most part to private liberality. The administration of the Home is presided over by a Permanent Commission for Holiday Arrangements of the City of Luzern, composed of representatives of the City Council, of the School Committee, of the school-teachers, of the Association for Municipal Improvements, of the citizens in general, and of the original committee that inaugurated the movement. This Commission solicits contributions through a paid agent, and publishes annually a detailed report and balance-sheet.

"Sind z' Luzärn die Schuele g'schlosse,
Packt mer ii und gohd uf d' Alp;
Müedi Meitli, bleiche Buebe
Machid gern bim Hüüsli Halt."

It was quite in the spirit of these verses from the children's song that some days later we started off in their footsteps to find Eigenthal and the Ferienheim. A well laid-out road can be followed all the way, but we preferred the beaten footpath that first wound through sweet-breathing hayfields, by pious wayside shrines, under the swift, downward sweep of the Hochwald, and then mounted westward, through dark fir-woods, the coolness of which was grateful after the fierce beat of the August sun. Pilatus assumed a new aspect as we thus approached and circled his flank. He was no less grand, and his sharply falling cliffs no less inaccessible, than on the other side; but his gray and stern dignity had somehow a less forbidding manner as he looked out with us over the varied green of tumbling hillocks and fertile valleys toward Bern, than to the eastward, where he faces, frowningly and unafraid, the snowclad majesty of the rival heights of Unterwalden.

At the top of the ridge we came upon the highway again, and left behind us the never-failing beauty of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. Here the road made a long sweep to the southward, high above the curving valley, and appeared to be marching straight upon Pilatus himself. But just beyond a picturesque group of fir trees, and a tiny white chapel filled with old and doubly atrocious votive paintings of wonderful escapes from peril by the grace of the Blessed Virgin, we heard shrieks of unrestrained childish laughter, and there, right at our feet, perched on a broad, grassy shelf of the sloping hillside, lay the Ferienheim. Children were in evidence everywhere—a group of them just straggling back, flower-laden, from a hill-climbing expedition, other boys engaged in what our small guide called "doing stunts" in the open-air gymnasium, and bevies of girls playing under the big fir tree which they call "die Grossmutter" some of the games that seem to be much the same all over the world.

The house itself was substantially built for its purpose in the plainest of Swiss fashion, with a square central block, and two spreading wings, under which wood could be stored and the children find play room on rainy days. Behind the house stretched a long tank with frequent jets of cold mountain water, where the youngsters, boys and girls alike, made their rosy faces and brown hands clean o' mornings, and doubtless needed to many times during the day. The front door appeared to be that opening into the kitchen, and there Father Herzog welcomed us with his kindly smile and soft slowness of speech. The interior plan was perfectly simple. The capacious kitchen, with two adjacent pantries, or a pantry and a "butt'ry," occupied the lower floor of the central structure. Over this was an ample dining-room, with solid, clean, wooden tables and benches for the hundred children and the teachers, while to right and left of the dining-room, in the wings, were big dormitories, one for boys, the other for girls, each with its fifty little cot-beds, neatly made up by the occupants themselves, standing side by side in long rows. In one corner of the boys' dormitory a little cubbyhole had been boarded off for the house-father's cot and desk. Nothing could have been more Spartanlike in simplicity, and nothing more neat and charmingly comfortable in aspect. The children were just gathering to their four o'clock *Zobig*, and shortly, after a brief grace, a hundred little mouths and two hundred quick hands were busily stowing away great bowlfuls of the richest milk and best bread in the world. Then they sang part-songs, national and local, with the eager enthusiasm that only American college boys

and Swiss singers seem to feel. And then, at a quiet word from the house-father, they swarmed out for two hours more of tireless play.

Every child on coming into residence is bathed, measured, and weighed. He is again weighed on departure, and (despite the extreme activity of the out-of-door life) the healthful conditions in which he lives and the nourishing food are sure to bring about a substantial increase in weight during the three weeks of residence, the average increase last year being about two and one-half pounds. As one of them, after the official weighing, jubilantly expressed it on an illustrated post-card to his parents,

"Ich bin gesund,
Und kugelrund,
Und 32 Kilo schwer."

He ought to grow globular on four meals a day, with perhaps a morning luncheon thrown in, for milk appears to be unlimited, and although meat is served only two or three times a week, rich soup, with or without vegetables, comes on once, or sometimes twice, a day.

There are no formal lessons, but the teachers accompany the children on their daily walks, and make an especial point of teaching without seeming to teach. Indeed, one of the regulations of the managing Commission reads, "Die Tätigkeit des Hausvaters und der aufsichtführenden Lehrerschaft (Lehrer für die Knaben, Lehrerinnen für die Mädchen) beschränkt sich nicht auf Pflege und leibliches Wohl der Kinder, sondern soll in hervorragendem Masse eine bildend erziehende sein, gemäss den besten und erprobtesten Maximen der Pädagogik." As behooves a pious Swiss community, there is family prayer morning and evening, grace before each meal, and divine service on Sundays, attended by all in the quaint little white chapel with the dreadful pictures, where the children's voices furnish the music.

No longer residence than three weeks for each child can be allowed unless funds are forthcoming for another building. The applications for admission, even with four colonies each summer, are at present nearly double the limits of accommodation. That the institution is abundantly appreciated in Luzern is indicated by the cheerful support it receives; and I, from the practical standpoint of an American, thought I had never seen so little money produce so great an effect in any educational scheme. The influence of only three weeks of such wholesome community training upon the morale of the children is as striking as upon their physique. "That boy," said Father Herzog to me, "came to us not quite three weeks ago, thin, and pale, and bent, and moody, and a bit selfish and quarrelsome. Now he is straight and ruddy and active and cheerful; and yesterday I saw him quietly exchanging his warmer jacket for the thin one in which a younger lad was shivering." And so they all learn lessons of neatness and unselfishness along with their growing health, and these lessons count the most. Best of all, there is not the slightest air of an institution about the place, no red-tape regulations, no schoolmasterish ways; there is as natural and free a manner as there should be in a thoroughly healthy household. Everybody, from the house-father down, seems most simply and perpetually and exuberantly happy. Doubtless the restraining hand has sometimes to be employed—it would be strange if it were not so in a community of a hundred active children from all sorts of families. But there is seldom any discipline needed beyond a quiet word of advice. Doubtless, this ideal state of things is due in chief measure to the admirable personality and wisdom of Herr Herzog himself, but it would seem a pity indeed if all such achievements as his were to be confined to the native land of a Pestalozzi.

We started on our homeward trudge to Luzern through groups of children playing hard to economize the fleeting minutes of their three weeks of happiness, and singing,

"Niene goht's so schön und lustig
Wie bi eus im Elgetal."

I could well believe it. E. T. M.

Correspondence.

HERBERT SPENCER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having been entrusted by the late Mr. Herbert Spencer with the writing of his biography, I shall be greatly obliged to persons who may possess letters from him of interest or value, if they will kindly lend them to me for the purpose of such biography. All letters addressed to Dr. Duncan, care of H. R. Tedder, Esq., Secretary, The Athenæum, Pall Mall, London, S. W., will be carefully preserved and returned in due course to their owners.

Faithfully yours, D. Duncan.

London, January 23, 1904.

WHO COMES WELL OUT OF IT?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to answer the question with which your reviewer of 'The Nemesis of Froude' ends his article. The answer is, "Thomas Carlyle and Jane Baillie Welsh, his wife." Their case is unique. They had for biographer the worst biographer hitherto discovered. But, after he has done his worst, "the nobility of Carlyle and his wife and the closeness and tenderness of their relations are too clear to be mistaken." This must be the verdict of every one who has patiently reviewed the evidence for himself, and not simply joined in the cries of the marketplace.

Archibald MacMechan.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., January 30, 1904.

LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of January 14 there is a review of Alfred R. Wallace's new book 'Man's Place in the Universe,' in which the author undertakes to show that there are in the universe but few heavenly bodies upon which the necessary conditions for supporting life are fulfilled. This position seems surprising enough, since we are acquainted with such forms of life only as exist here upon the earth and with the conditions necessary for them. What other forms of life may be possible we have no means of knowing. The reviewer therefore very properly points out the non-sequitur.

But there is another point involved in this modern discussion of the plurality of worlds, the neglect of which has often struck me as almost unaccountable. It is the fact that all those discussing the possibility of organic life and intelligent beings upon other planets of our solar system or of any other (so far as I am informed) either tacitly or explicitly have in mind just about such life as we are acquainted with here upon earth. That Mr. Wallace stands upon this same ground is shown by his saying that among the necessary conditions of life are an *atmosphere* formed of a combination of *nitrogen* and *oxygen* in the proper proportion; that *aqueous vapor* must exist in sufficient quantities to produce the right amount of *rain;* that the force of gravity must be about the same as we know it, etc. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Wallace that organic life is not necessarily a *carbon-hydrogen-oxygen-nitrogen* life. Verily, it is not carbon alone which will form within certain limits of temperature and pressure an almost endless variety of compounds. We need but turn to carbon's cousin, silicon, and an imposing array of possible compounds suggests itself. It is well known that silicon forms a great number of anhydrous acids by the combination of several molecules of the simple acid and the rejection of the elements of water, and that the natural silicates (found in the minerals) are salts of these poly-acids. Very little is known of the conditions under which the minerals were formed, or the limits of temperature and pressure within which the formation and decomposition of these compounds take place—a *terra incognita.* But the possibility of an almost endless variety of compounds of silicon is well within sight. Now who can say that a *silicon* life may not exist somewhere, instead of a *carbon* life such as we know upon the earth? To deny the possibility upon à priori grounds would be absurd. Among the conditions of such life might be high temperature and high pressure.

Need I say that intelligence is not necessarily confined to brain or nerve substance? The fact that we know no other manifestation of it, is nothing to the question. To insist, upon any à priori grounds or from anything known to man, that upon the sun, for example, there cannot exist intelligent beings, is absurd; and to contend that our vaunted human intelligence is the measure of all intelligence in the world, would be shortsightedness in the extreme, or conceit beyond measure.—Very respectfully,

Werner A. Stille.

Leipzig, Germany, January 28, 1904.

"ALL-RIGHT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Colloquial expressions may possibly, at times, serve as indications of the temper of a people, and at present in the Middle West everything is "all-right." A perfect epidemic of this term is upon us, and in all quarters our ears are assailed by it.

It is usually pronounced "awright," but it has numerous variants as to stress; the most popular being a prolongation of the first word, and then a sharp sounding of the second—a peculiarly offensive form, borrowed, I believe from some vaudeville

actor who has, unhappily, touched a sympathetic chord in the crowd.

In spelling, I find a tendency to contract the term into a single word, "alright." It is thus noticeable in the letters of travelling salesmen and country merchants.

In domestic service the use of "all-right" as a response to every query or instruction is peculiarly exasperating and difficult to eradicate. It spreads to the children of one's household, and even the mistress and master find themselves slipping into its use.

The phrase seems to have developed vogue since the "full dinner-pail" came upon us, and reflects, perhaps, the easy, good-natured tolerance born of prosperity—the philosophy of "whatever is, is right."

Yours respectfully,

HENRY LEVERETT CHASE.

ST. LOUIS, January 29, 1904.

Notes.

Macmillan & Co.'s spring list includes a compendious 'History of the United States,' by Henry W. Elson; 'History of the United States since the Civil War,' by William Garrott Brown, the first of two volumes; 'The Opening of the Mississippi,' by Frederic Austin Ogg; 'Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius,' by Prof. Samuel Dill; 'The Foundations of Modern Europe,' by Dr. Emil Reich; 'Lectures on the French Revolution and on Modern General History,' by the late Lord Acton, and his 'Letters to Mrs. Drew'; 'Representative Modern Preachers,' by Prof. Lewis O. Brastow; 'The Fat of the Land: The Story of an American Farm,' by John W. Streeter, M.D.; 'Old-Time Schools and Schoolbooks,' by Clifton Johnson, with many illustrations; 'The Making of English,' by Henry Bradley, joint editor of the Oxford English Dictionary; 'Naples,' by Mrs. Augustine FitzGerald, with accompanying plates in color by her husband; 'The History of American Art,' by Prof. John C. Van Dyke; 'Whistler as I Knew Him,' by Mortimer Menpes, with 100 full-page plates in color and tint; 'Anthracite Coal Communities,' by Peter Roberts; 'The Present South,' by Edgar Gardner Murphy; and 'Essays in Heredity,' by Prof. Karl Pearson.

'The Citizen: A Study of the Individual and the Government,' by Prof. N. S. Shaler; and 'Napoleon: A Short Biography,' by R. M. Johnston, are announced for the present month by A. S. Barnes & Co.

The Baker & Taylor Company will soon issue 'Moses Brown, Captain U. S. N.,' by Edgar Stanton Maclay, the first of a series entitled "Unknown Heroes of the Navy"; 'How to Get the Best out of Books,' by Richard Le Gallienne; 'Social Progress,' an almanac of sociological and religious statistics, by Josiah Strong; 'The Better New York: A Sociological Baedeker,' by Dr. Tolman and Charles Hemstreet; 'The Congregationalists,' by the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon; and 'Golf for Women,' by Genevieve Hecker.

Harper & Bros. have nearly ready 'In Famine Land,' by the Rev. J. E. Scott, fully illustrated from the author's experience as a missionary in India.

To the Bookman Biographies of James Pott & Co. will be added 'Tennyson,' by G. K. Chesterton and Richard Garnett; 'Browning,' by James Douglas; and 'Thackeray,' by Mrs. Chesterton and Lewis Melville.

Ruskin's Letters to Charles Eliot Norton, filling two volumes, will be issued in the autumn by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who will shortly have ready 'Louisiana Purchase Papers,' consisting of two as yet inedited, one by Jefferson on the boundaries of the Territory, and the journal of William Dunbar's journey up the Red and Washita Rivers; 'The Neighbor: The Natural History of Human Contacts,' by Prof. N. S. Shaler; and 'William Greenleaf Eliot,' a biography by Charlotte C. Eliot.

A 'Source-book of Roman History,' by Dr. D. C. Munro, is in the press of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Ginn & Co. announce 'Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes,' a book for children, by Mrs. A. S. Hardy, and 'Machiavelli and the Modern State,' three lectures delivered by Louis Dyer at the Royal Institution, London, in April, 1899.

A Life of Dr. William Pepper, by Prof. Francis Newton Thorpe, and 'The Educational Theory of Immanuel Kant,' by Prof. Edward Franklin Buchner of the University of Alabama will shortly appear with the imprint of J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, are preparing a thorough revision of Liddell & Scott's Greek-English Lexicon, under the editorship of Arthur Sidgwick. Corrections or additions are invited from scholars, who may communicate with the secretary of the Delegates. Fairly in sight is the third and concluding volume of C. Raymond Beazley's 'Dawn of Modern Geography'; but Dr. M. Aurel Stein's complete account of the results of his researches in Chinese Turkistan cannot appear before next year. The completion of Prof. Joseph Wright's 'English Dialect Dictionary' is also set down for 1905.

Archibald Constable & Co., London, have in press 'The History of the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard,' by Col. Sir Reginald Hennell, D.S.O., their lieutenant, whose narrative goes back to the creation of the Guard in the fifteenth century. The illustrations will be numerous, many in color, and mostly new.

The series of twentieth-century reprints of nineteenth-century books already noticed as bearing the American imprint of Messrs. Appleton, with their mostly colored plates, goes on with the third part of 'Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of a Wife' (designs by Rowlandson); Pierce Egan's 'Life in London' (illustrated by the Cruikshanks); 'Handy Andy,' with Lover's own drawings; and 'The National Sports of Great Britain,' with Henry Alken's color scenes, for which he furnishes the text, that is typographically most open and readable of all except Syntax's jingles.

In substance the 'Donatello,' by Alfred Gotthold Meyer, in the Knackfuss "Monographs on Artists," published by Velhagen & Klasing of Leipsic and Bielefeld (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), is excellent, and the illustrations are, as usual in this series, numerous and good, though sometimes on an unfortunately small scale. The translation, on the other hand, is quite incompetent, being not only clumsy and unidiomatic, but disfigured by such blunders as *have* for *half*, *regaled* for *relegated*, and *course* for *coarse*—the latter repeated with a consistency that probably exonerates the compositor from blame. Besides these, there is in one place a confusion of the titles under the illustrations, while a misprint, on page 111, places Donatello's death twenty years too early. The system, or lack of system, of the punctuation is entirely incomprehensible to us, and the way in which commas intrude into the middle of phrases is bewildering. It is a pity that the publishers of this meritorious series cannot find translators, or at least a proofreader, with a reasonable knowledge of English.

'Literary New York,' by Charles Hemstreet (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a book of "landmarks and associations." It has sixty-five illustrations, and is fuller than most single volumes of its class, as it comes down to date, and gives us the landmarks and associations of the present metropolis. There is not much glamour or romance about these, but they relate to living men more or less well known, and hence possess interest. New York is now known as a "literary headquarters," but it has never been really literary in tone, except so far as Irving and his immediate successors for a time created a literature. We do think of Irving, Paulding, Drake, Halleck as essentially men of New York, while of Cooper, Poe, and Bryant we think rather as Americans; and, at the present time, Mr. Howells belongs to no city or State. New York has gained many things since the "Knickerbocker" days, but it has also lost at least one—that sort of literary solidarity which makes literature seem a genuine growth of the soil, and for which a commercial "world capital" is perhaps ill adapted. And we cannot but think that the sodden government of Tammany Hall makes against good literature. A community which prefers to be governed by liquor sellers in the interest of panders and blackmailers can hardly be said to deserve a literature. It produces after its kind a yellow press, which answers its foul purposes. The blight of Tammany Hall, as any one can see who looks over a book like this, is far worse than it used to be, because its power is far greater. Literature flourishes under the kindly influence of an enlightened government, and the motto of those who love letters here, as of those who love justice and humanity, should be, Tammany *est delenda*.

'The Greeks' Companion,' published by Socrates A. Xanthake, editor of the *Atlantis*, is a guide for Greeks in the United States and Canada, which contains statistics of the States, abstracts of commercial regulations, laws pertaining to immigration, naturalization, marriage, etc.—in brief, all needful information for an intelligent Greek who proposes to settle in this country and become a citizen. The significant feature of this publication is that it is designed for Greeks just entering the country—that is, for an intelligent people who read, transact business, and are capable of understanding laws and contracts. The Greeks at home are among the most literate peoples of Europe; they enjoy a constitutional government, they are as democratic as the Swiss or the French, they are keenly interested in politics—they enjoy the game, perhaps, too keenly. At any rate, they are no strangers to self-government. That they are, in the main, law-abiding was proved during the cotton strike last year in Lowell. Several thousand of

the strikers were Greeks—many of them newcomers; and their presence was at first thought to be as ticklish and incalculable as the vicinity of a powder magazine. Yet there was hardly a symptom of violence, and the issue was a creditable contrast to the ordinary programme of murder and persecution in the mining districts. It is a comforting reflection that this particular stream of immigrants is, as a rule, so well fitted for assimilation with the citizens of a republican government.

Four books on electricity are before us. The first of these, which is intended for the general reader, is incomplete, although already filling three volumes, being the first part and the first division (or a portion of it) of the second part of R. Mullineux Walmsley's 'Modern Practical Electricity.' It is an English book, referring to instruments used in England, and is printed there, though issued by W. T. Keener & Co. of Chicago. It carries no date; nor is there any intimation that it is a second edition of a ten-year-old book. Nor is there any statement as to the number of volumes still to come. On a hasty examination, one might suppose it to be complete. It really has a good deal of merit as being such an account as any intelligent person can understand of those effects of electricity which may come into the experience of non-electricians. We cannot recommend it until we know when it is to be completed. The 'Elementary Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism,' of G. Carey Foster and Alfred W. Porter, is also a second edition; but as it is published by Longmans, Green & Co., we may be sure there is no occasion to cry *Caveat emptor.* It has been extensively revised, yet is hardly so good as an entirely new book might have been. It is a text-book that avoids the calculus.

'Elements of Electromagnetic Theory,' by S. J. Barnett (Macmillan), is a profound and meritorious mathematical work. The author has "tried to present in systematic and definite form a simple, rigorous, and thoroughly modern introduction to the fundamental principles of the subject." He does not seem to us to have succeeded in making the subject quite as perspicuous as he might have made it, nor everywhere to be clearly rigorous; yet he has produced a valuable work. Mr. G. D. Aspinall Parr's 'Electrical Engineering Measuring Instruments' (Van Nostrand Co.) is a good technical book concerning instruments generally in use in England.

An elaborate quarto volume on the 'Climatology of California,' by A. G. McAdie (Weather Bureau Bulletin L, 1903), contains a large amount of useful statistical information; yet an examination of it must convince the reader that the art of treating the climate of a State otherwise than in tabular form is not well developed. Facts of interest and importance are presented in abundance, and many carefully prepared tables of temperature and rainfall are given for various stations; but the descriptive treatment of the problems involved leaves much to be desired. There does not appear to have been in the editor's mind a well-considered scheme in accordance with which the summarized facts should be verbally set forth. Charts of annual rainfall and mean annual temperature, with a table of monthly precipitation for a term of years (no locality given), come under a text-heading, "Pressure Distribution," for no apparent reason. "Topography," a subject of great importance in such work, is treated briefly and unsatisfactorily; and the hot "northers" of the great valley are mentioned here instead of in a subdivision of the section "Winds," which have no separate consideration. The view from Mt. Tamalpais, a Weather Bureau station, must be marvellous, for from it "one looks down on the broad expanse of the Pacific, nearly 20,000,000 square miles of water, to the north, west, and south." Fine plates of fog and clouds, and a discussion of frost, are given in the later pages. The table of contents is placed at the end of the book, and called "Index."

The "colored one-inch map" (one inch to a mile) of England now in course of publication by the Ordnance Survey (London: Stanford) is a vast improvement on the sheets of the earlier series, and is one of the best examples of modern topographic methods. The sheets are of various sizes and shapes, for reasons not easily apparent; their cost is not more than two or three shillings for the largest. They are excellent guides for local excursions, and add greatly to the pleasure of travel. Villages and roads are given in great detail, and the form of the ground is indicated with unusual success. Slopes are shown by well-drawn brown hachures; height by red contours for every hundred feet. The chief highways are in ochre, the water in blue, the parks in green, and the "culture" in black.

Among the maps issued during 1903, the Manchester sheet is remarkable for its density of population, characteristic of modern industrial England since the use of coal and steam withdrew the centre of population from the old agricultural counties. The Lincoln sheet, and the ones north and south of it, exhibit with much delicacy the escarpment of the oolite (limestone); and here one may trace "Ermine Street," of the ancient Roman ways, still generally followed, but sometimes locally abandoned for no apparent reason by the modern road: it has been suggested that this is because the Roman ways became more or less overgrown during the Dark Ages of their least use; and that later, when traffic increased again, the old ways were here and there lost in thickets, around which the newer road wandered. The Snowdon sheet and its neighbors include some notable examples of skeleton mountains, whose body has been gnawed out, in large part by glacial erosion, so as to leave only a narrow and branching backbone or arête: the round-headed cirques from which the glaciated valleys descend are fine examples of their kind. Mountains of this form present interesting contrasts on the one hand with the full-bodied masses of the Adirondacks, whose ample contours are but little indented by ravines; and on the other hand with certain skeleton mountains of North Carolina, whose delicately ramifying dissection is the work, not of clumsy, thick-headed ice-streams, but of slender and agile water-streams.

Two series of maps of Germany are in course of publication: the "Karte des Deutschen Reiches" (1:100,000), and the "Topographische Uebersichts-Karte des Deutschen Reiches" (1:200,000). The former indicates relief by means of black hachures, with numbers here and there showing altitudes in metres. The latter indicates relief by brown contours for every 10 or 20 metres, and is therefore much to be preferred for general use. In such a district as the Schwarzwald the hachured map is too dark, and the names, also in black, are too indistinct for easy consultation. On both maps, water is in blue, and boundaries are tinted in various colors.

A remarkably fine and clearly lettered wall-map of North America comes to us from Carl Flemming in Glogau (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). It is clearly made up from four sheets of the ninth edition of the Sohr-Berghaus Handatlas, and embraces not only the entire continent, with Greenland, Iceland and the Aleutian Islands, Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica and Porto Rico, but also (in side maps) our imperial possessions and sphere of influence in the Pacific (but the Philippines are only minutely in evidence). Points of hostile contact like Colombia and Venezuela are just included on the lower margin, and there is a separate map for the Isthmus of Panama. The water space is thriftily filled with small maps of North America to exhibit meteorology, vegetation, orography, crops, fisheries, etc.

—While scientists such as the president of a noted Western university are fulminating almost continuously against set college courses, and holding up to criticism, if not ridicule, almost everything in the history of college education more than twenty years old, it is at least a welcome break in a situation fast growing monotonous to find an avowed devotee of science, Prof. John J. Stevenson, taking directly opposite ground. In the *Popular Science Monthly* for January he assails with great vigor the present tendencies in college education, and maintains that the real need of the colleges is to get back to the standards in vogue several decades ago. He takes it as almost self-evident that the average student entering college cannot select for himself from the studies offered as wisely as men of age and experience in educational matters can select for him; and, even aside from all that, he regards the discipline of following a set course as an experience which the boy sorely needs, in preparation for the work of after life. The course should not be shortened, nor should colleges resort to the prevalent device of using the senior year to anticipate studies belonging properly to the professional school; thus allowing one year's work to be applied toward both the baccalaureate and the professional degree. Without any such clipping, he thinks, the lawyer or doctor can get before his public fully as early in life as they should be willing to entrust their cases to his hands. Scientists have been primarily responsible for the current bent towards early specialization, and it is a rare thing, at present, to find one on the opposite side of the question. A reaction is due, however, and it will not be surprising if Professor Stevenson finds a goodly number of scientists to stand with him in the idea that it is the proper function of our colleges and universities to make a man first and then a specialist.

—'Quebec under Two Flags' (The Quebec News Company) is the joint production of Dr. A. G. Doughty and Dr. N. E. Dionne, the librarians of the Quebec Legislature. Both writers know their sub-

ject at first-hand, and have published excellent books on Canadian history—Dr. Doughty in his 'Siege of Quebec' and Dr. Dionne in his biographies of Jacques-Cartier and Champlain. The aim of the present volume is highly practical. It is neither to retell a story so often told before, nor to submerge the reader beneath a flood of antiquarian details, but to present in convenient form those facts which throw most light upon the ancient prestige of the town and its modern attractions. The vicissitudes of Quebec furnish a fine theme alike to the historian and to the man of letters. Unfortunately, the subject often suggests a kind of rhetoric which has no historical value, and is too flamboyant to deserve the name of good literature. This book has the merit of being concrete and categorical. It keeps to the region of fact, and leaves the rhapsodical style to those who are less sure of their ground. We call attention particularly to the notices of public buildings, and to the copious supply of that local information which tourists need much more than the conventional outbursts regarding scenery and romance. Certain chapters, like those on the fortifications and the legend of the *Chien d'or*, are particularly interesting from their thorough grasp of the original materials. Other notable features of the volume are the clearness of its style and the beauty of its illustrations. The only mechanical blemish is an undue tightness of binding. We shall sum up by saying that this is much the best handbook on Quebec that exists.

—The 'Color Key to North American Birds,' by Frank M. Chapman and Chester A. Reed (Doubleday, Page & Co.), appears to be largely the work of Mr. Reed, who is favorably known to the public through his bird magazine, *American Ornithology*. The aim of the 'Key' is to enable the amateur student to identify birds without having specimens in hand. Almost every species included is illustrated by a colored drawing. The author has cleverly hit on the plan of making the representations diagrammatic rather than lifelike, and of reproducing only the characteristic coloration that appears when the bird is seen at a distance. Although not so successful with the dull-colored, he brings out with excellent effect the diagnostic specific differences of the brilliant birds, notably in the case of the warblers. An unusual feature of the book is its wide scope. Other authors have produced field keys, but none have heretofore included all the species and sub-species from Panama to the Pole. One may question, however, whether the book might not be of greater use to the ordinary student if it covered a more restricted area with a less confusing list of species and sub-species. Moreover, it must be remembered that although any picture, but especially a colored picture, is a greater help to identification than the best description, still, an extensive and accurate knowledge of species is practically unattainable without the aid either of specimens in hand, or of a teacher who has studied from such material.

—A good part of Mr. Emerson Hough's pleasing book, 'The Way to the West' (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.), has already appeared in a series of magazine articles entitled "The Settlement of the West, a Study in Transportation." The sub-title of this series very fairly describes the present volume. There is not much chronology, not much politics, but a succession of cleverly drawn pictures of the pioneers pressing across the mountains, down the Ohio, up the Missouri, to the Pacific, and, it is suggested, across the Pacific, in constant obedience to the same spirit of enterprise and unrest. Few Americans will read this book without being enlightened as to the history and character of their countrymen and stirred with admiration for them. "It has not been the intention herein," says Mr. Hough, "to write a history of the American people, but a history of the American Man." There are characteristic chapters on "The American Axe," "The American Rifle," "The American Boat," "Boone," "Crockett," "The Santa Fé Trail," "Early Explorers of the Trans-Missouri." The two points which, at the cost of much iteration, Mr. Hough is determined to impress upon the reader are, first, that "in the year 1834 it became no longer profitable to trap the beaver"—hence the trappers had to do something, and accordingly settled California; and, second, that Frémont was not "the Pathfinder," but merely allowed Kit Carson to guide him around a country "which to many a Western man was as familiar as his own dooryard."

—Mr. Hough has a taste for archaisms, such as "shoon" and "weaponry," and a neat hand at epigram, which, like many beneficiaries of that fatal gift, he occasionally employs at the risk of strict accuracy. Yet few and slight are the blemishes of this excellent book. He gives us food for thought in such sentences as these: "The Old World was called upon to furnish us a people to replace the more than half-million dead of as grand a population as the world ever knew, the flower of America, North, South, East, and West. It would have been this splendid army of men that would have settled the West had it not been for the war, which a few years later would have been an impossible thing." "Canada lost one-fifth of her population to the United States. She is regaining much of it to-day, because she still has a West and we have none." "No man of all the future will ever again behold a land like that American West which is now no more. That was indeed a land rich in the bounty of nature, rich in opportunity for humanity. It was a land where a man could indeed be a man; where indeed he might live honestly and cleanly and nobly, unshrinking from his fate in fearing for his own survival, helpful to his neighbor, independent as to himself."

—The well-known author of the standard 'Life of Drake,' Mr. Julian Corbett of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been discoursing at Oxford, in his capacity of this year's Ford lecturer, on the naval policy of Cromwell, which he presents partly as a continuation of that inaugurated in Elizabethan days, and continued under James I. and Charles I., but chiefly as to its extension to the Mediterranean. His study of the motives underlying the dispatch of Admiral Blake to the Mediterranean, of its effects upon the French expedition under the Duc de Guise, sent by Mazarin to seize Naples, of Blake's occupation of the Straits of Gibraltar, his stay at Leghorn and Cagliari, as well as of his memorable bombardment of Tunis, is an absolutely new contribution to the history of naval tactics. The fact that Blake first had the news—false as it proved in the end—that led to his enterprise against Tunis, just after he had narrowly escaped losing his fleet in a storm, was vividly presented at the third Ford lecture. At the same time, it was made plain that the supposed original instructions of Blake to operate against Tunis are quite apocryphal. What Blake's instructions were could, Mr. Corbett maintained, be gathered only from Blake's movements. These show them to have been most vague. Probably they had reference to the French plans against Naples, which appear to have been completely upset by the various moves of the English squadron. The lecturer also examined the common assertion that Blake received from Cromwell a "pardon." This, he contends, was conveyed to him in Cromwell's letter approving after the fact of the bombardment of Tunis, by undertaking which Blake unquestionably risked the safety of the whole English Levantine trade. That would have been wiped out by a declaration of war on the part of the Grand Turk.

—It will not be the fault of the "Young Turks" if they are not set straight with the Western world. For long that world had a comfortable feeling that in Turkey there were Turks and Christians, each much disapproving of the other; that Christianity and reform of necessity and exclusively went together, and that if perchance any Turk were a reformer, he would be found friendly in attitude towards Christians, native and foreign. But it is now plain that there is a powerful Turkish reform party—mostly, it is true, residing abroad, and of unproved sincerity in its reforming protestations—which does not love Christians any more than do the Turks of the old school, perhaps even less. Christians to them are to be feared and hated; to their fathers they were simply to be despised and used. So we are met with the paradox, for us, of a party professing the most correct modern principles and nourishing the strongest racial and religious prejudices, talking largely of liberty and equality, and defending the Armenian massacres of 1895-6. Yet there is one point on which all reformers and revolutionaries, Muslim and Christian, are united—hatred of the present Sultan and his system. As the Padishah of the Ottomans, every Turk, old-fashioned or "young," would live or die for him; as head of an autocratic reign of terror, he has outlawed himself for many, and might legally be deposed by a fetwa given by the Shaykh al-Islam, as were both his immediate predecessors. But the old Turkish system, with its loyalties, prejudices, and weaknesses, is still essentially the ideal of every Turk; they hold by their blood and by the Ottoman line.

—All this stands out very clearly in 'The Life of Midhat Pasha,' by his son, Ali Haydar Midhat (London: John Murray). Midhat Pasha was one of the most distinguished leaders in the little group which attempted in the seventies to bring about constitutional reform in Turkey. His record from the beginning of his official career was that of an able and honest administrator. He had a large part in the deposition of Abd al-Aziz, and, not unnaturally, was suspected

of a part in his death. Through him the ill-fated Murad was enthroned and, thereafter, the present Sultan, in conflict with whom the latter part of his life was to be passed. The story of that conflict is very fully and fairly given here, with large quotations from Midhat Pasha's correspondence. The issue of it—the triumph of Abd al-Hamid over constitutionalism—conditions essentially the present situation, and explains how the Sultan has been able to gather into his own hands all the reins of power. Then follows the trial of Midhat for the alleged murder of Abd al-Aziz, the condemnation, the English intervention, and the commutation of sentence to exile in Arabia, and finally his murder there, as certainly as any state murder can be proved, at the order of the Sultan. Other elements in the perplexed life of the time are brought out with a new clearness—the making away with the constitution, Russian intrigues and influence on the present Sultan, and the immediate causes of the war of 1877-78. Ali Haydar Midhat has done the duty of a son towards his father's memory, and has produced a book which, while it is certainly a "Young Turk" manifesto and a denunciation of Abd al-Hamid, is also a real contribution on many obscure passages of recent history. Yet it is curious to find an educated Muslim quoting traditions (p. 14) as found in the Qur'an. Do young Turks, when they learn to allude to "something rotten in the state of Denmark," give up the study of their own sacred books?

SVEN HEDIN'S EXPLORATIONS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

Central Asia and Tibet: Towards the Sacred City of Lassa. By Sven Hedin. In two volumes. London: Hurst & Blackett; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The name and fame of Dr. Sven Hedin have already become well known to geographers by the explorations he had made in previous years, and described in one earlier book of travel, entitled 'Through Asia.' The present volumes contain the record of journeys undertaken in 1899, 1900, and 1901, in which about 6,000 miles of Inner Asia were covered. The regions traversed were, broadly speaking, the northern part of eastern or Chinese Turkistan, or Mongolia, and the eastern, southern, and southwestern parts of Tibet—regions which, sixty years ago, had remained almost unvisited from the days of Marco Polo downwards, and much of which, even since the journeys of Przhevalsky, Littledale, and the Pandits whom the Government of British India has from time to time sent out across the Himalaya, had continued to be practically unknown. Nearly all of these regions are desert, nearly all their surface lies more than 10,000 feet above sea level; thus they are dry and cold, even in summer, and intensely cold in winter. Human obstacles are not so serious as those which the climate presents to the explorer, for though there are robbers here and there, they seem to have given Dr. Hedin no trouble. But the traditional and unconquerable suspicion of the Lamaist Government of Tibet did interpose great difficulties, and in fact prevented our traveller from reaching one of the principal goals of his journey, the sacred city of Lhasa. No European has been permitted to enter it since the Abbé Huc did so in 1845.

Our author is a first-rate traveller, full of energy, spirit, and resource, and evidently of remarkable physical strength and soundness of constitution. Nothing but a splendid constitution could have survived the hardships which he describes, and which he does not seem in any way to exaggerate. He must also possess in high measure two invaluable gifts. The one is that of finding the way where there are not only no roads, but no tracks, and where the landscape is apt to be darkened by sand storms or snow storms. Only those who have tried to travel in a desert by map and compass solely can realize how great the difficulties are; and how great the risk, when a party is obliged to divide, that its two sections may not meet again. The other gift is that of getting, keeping, and managing good servants. Dr. Hedin travelled with a caravan which was sometimes of twenty men or more, and seldom of less than seven. His men were partly Cossacks in the Russian service, partly persons hired at various places which he passed. There were Musulmans and Buddhists among them, and now and then a Christian. There were Turkmans, Buriats, Mongols, Tibetans, Afghans. That he seems to have found little difficulty in keeping up discipline and getting excellent work out of this motley company speaks well for his firmness, his good temper, and, above all, his skill in selection. The reader becomes quite interested in some of the leading figures in this little party, although the author makes no attempt to embellish his tale. Dr. Hedin likes the Musulmans least. After recounting the peculations and disgrace of one who had for a time discharged his trust with fidelity, he adds:

"The moral of the whole story is—Never trust a Musulman. You would think that after a man had served you faithfully for so many years, and been the recipient of so many favors, you could trust him with untold gold. But not so the Mohammedans; they never forget that they are serving an unbeliever. From the moral point of view, these Central Asiatics stand on a low level; but they must not be judged too severely: their conditions of life are exceptionally hard. The Mongols stand incomparably higher than they do, and when you have the good fortune to be accompanied by an escort of Cossacks, you need only employ Mohammedans for the more laborious tasks." (Vol. II., p. 202.)

Our author's favorites are two Buddhists, a Buriat Cossack from near Lake Baikal, and a Lama from Urga, in Mongolia, who was engaged to accompany him through Tibet. This worthy man, incurring the displeasure of the heads of his religion because he had guided a European who was trying to slip into the Sacred City, ultimately, when the journey was over, settled himself in a Kalmuk Buddhist monastery at Astrakhan. Wide is the world which Buddhism covers!

Regarded as a piece of literature, these volumes are steady-going and businesslike rather than brilliant. There is little attempt at picturesque description, little effort to convey any general impression of the scenes or of the people. The book is, in fact, practically a transcription of the author's diary, in which the incidents of travel are recorded from day to day. One looks in vain for a broad view of the orography and physical structure of Inner Asia. From the occasional mention of the heights of passes we can gather which are the most elevated parts of the great plateau; from the records of temperature (which sometimes went down to —26 degrees Fahrenheit), and of the direction of the winds, one similarly gathers the salient features of the climate; but this is all. The omission is explained by the statement that the scientific results of the expedition are reserved for later volumes. When these are published, it is to be hoped that they will contain not merely a body of detailed statements dealing with mountain heights, lake depths (a matter which was the subject of careful investigation), temperatures, direction and force of winds, rainfall, level of perpetual snow, size of glaciers, etc., but also a general view of the physical character of Mongolia and Tibet, such as may enable that character to be duly apprehended by the reader who has not time to plod through and work out for himself the significance of a mass of details.

Though we regret the absence of such a general picture from these two volumes, because it is probable that the volumes which are to follow will reach only a more limited circle of readers, we do not wish to imply that the daily record of travel here given lacks interest. It is clear, simple, graphic, not deficient in human interest. It sets before us a striking example of tenacity, courage, and skill in the arts of travel. Monotonous in some respects it is, as the author himself admits, and must needs be, considering the extraordinary monotony of most of the country traversed. Wide plains of barren clay or sand, shallow lakes fed by rivers often almost dry in summer; a scanty vegetation which, where it exists, is practically confined to poplars along the watercourses and tamarisks rooted wide in the sand, with a tapering crown of twisted boughs; huge mountains, seldom, it would appear, of bold or noble form, but sometimes austerely grand in their rocky gorges; exquisite colors in the distant views when the weather suffers the distant hills to be visible; but more frequently cruel storms darkening the sky; frightful cold on the heights alternating with oppressive heat, breeding swarms of mosquitoes and gadflies, in the moist depressions—these are the features of Turkistan and Tibet repeated over thousands of miles. A dismal region, but a region apparently more inhospitable now than it once was, for there seems to be in progress a steady process of desiccation which has either narrowed or obliterated most of the lakes, reduced the flow of the streams, and condemned to desolation districts formerly inhabited.

One of the results of Dr. Hedin's journeys which the geographer, and indeed the historian too, will find most interesting is his account of the great lake Lop Nor (which the older maps called Lob Nor), lying north of the main line of the Kuen Lun Mountains, near the extreme southwest corner of the desert of Gobi. He seems to have established that this lake changes its position from time to time, following changes in the course of the principal river which enters it and keeps it in existence. The consequence is that districts where there was formerly a possibility of cultivation or pasture have now become uninhabitable. At one place he saw a new lake in process of formation. A stream had altered its course, and, when it reached a depression, was overflowing the low ground and creating a great sheet of water, where had apparently been none before. The number of these

isolated lake basins in Inner Asia is apparently larger than the older geographers had known. Many are described here, some quite small. Many more have evidently vanished in the process of desiccation—a process, by the way, which is going on in inner North America also. Great Salt Lake, for instance, was at no distant date much more extensive than it is now.

A little north of the old Lop Nor, Dr Hedin made a discovery of some historical importance. He came upon the ruins of a considerable town at a place called Lôu Lan. The extreme dryness of the air had preserved fragments of houses, some bearing wood carvings, as well as domestic utensils, ornaments, and weapons, together with some coins and some wooden tablets and pieces of paper covered with writing. Dr. Hedin, himself disclaiming archæological knowledge, gives reports on these relics from two competent scholars. The writing establishes the fact that the place was the Lôu Lan mentioned in Chinese records, and that there existed a town of some importance here between A. D. 200 and A. D. 300, a town in constant communication with northern China by routes across the Desert. It would seem "to have been destroyed by an inundation or a desert storm, or by both"; and the survivors apparently built another town in the same region, which in its turn perished in the fourteenth century. According to Chinese chronicles, this Lôu Lan was in still earlier times the seat of a principality, which, having been semi-independent, became subject to China shortly before the Christian era. This discovery, together with that of an ancient city (examined by Dr. A. M. Stein), near Khotan, a good way to the southwest of Lôu Lan, throws a certain amount of new light upon the very obscure history of Mongolia. At present there seem to be scarcely any inhabitants all through the vast stretch of country from the neighborhood of Lhasa on the south to the Thian Shan Mountains on the north; and indeed little animal life, save that, in places where water can be had, there occur some wild camels, wild asses, wild yaks, and two or three species of antelopes, as well as wolves and an occasional bear.

Dr. Hedin was only a few days' march from Lhasa when the Tibetan authorities stopped him. He was not illtreated by them—indeed, they behaved with a courtesy which may perhaps have been due to the reports that had reached Lhasa of the vengeance taken in China for the murder at Pekin of a German envoy. Thus foiled, as indeed he half-expected to be, he turned to the west, and marched steadily, escorted part of the way by the Tibetans, through a little known part of southwestern Tibet, keeping a good way to the north of the Himalaya, till he turned sharp to the south, and crossed the range Ladakh, whence he descended into India. As respects scenery, this seems to have been the most interesting part of the whole journey. The book is embellished with a profusion of woodcuts, as well as with several maps. Of the translation it is sufficient to say that it does not read like a translation, but has the freshness and ease of a book composed in English. It is satisfactory to know that so skilful an explorer, being still a comparatively young man, contemplates a further expedition to the region for our knowledge of which he has done so much.

FAHIE'S GALILEO.

Galileo: His Life and Works. By J. J. Fahie. With portraits and illustrations. James Pott & Co. 8vo, pp. 451.

To one whose chief enjoyment of books is in reading them, who hates an *édition de luxe*, or any beauty of type or paper that may adorn a parlor table but incommodes a reader, and for whom, in the case of illustrations in which the artistic element is not the predominant consideration, nothing every way more satisfactory has been invented than good process reproductions of photographs, the dress of this volume will seem worthy of its subject, with its tasteful cover, light weight, paper really better than most of the old linen paper, legible type, graceful and free from every kind of affectation, and with black ink. It is from the Edinburgh Press. In those respects in which Mr. Fahie's 'History of Wireless Telegraphy' made us fear this book might be weak, it turns out to be particularly strong; while in some of those respects in which our expectations ran high, we find ourselves a little disappointed. We are not disappointed, however, in finding very scrupulous care and intelligence in getting the events of Galileo's life accurately recorded in every detail. It is safe to say that the history of the persecution here at last takes substantially its definitive shape. For the first time we feel confident of really understanding that history.

The author acknowledges great aid from Professor Favaro, whose stupendous labors in Galile-ology are so famous; and it would seem, from the notes, that Favaro may perhaps have read and minutely annotated Mr. Fahie's MS. There is certainly no one volume of Favaro's own that gives the unitary conception of Galileo's life that this does. It is necessarily more or less a compilation from Favaro; but there are places where the author successfully maintains somewhat different views. It is on the account of the persecution that he has chiefly laid out his resources, and shows really high literary qualities. He is eminently sane, not flying into a passion with the dead, but painting the crime calmly in its true colors, unglozed by any superficial excuses. He looks upon Galileo, not as if his duty consisted in making him a fine subject for a melodrama, but as what might be called, in theatrical parlance, a "practicable" man, like a door or window that will really open and shut. These are what we call the qualities of literary skill in the book. The reviewer took it up late in the evening, and laid it down at half-past six in the morning.

Unfortunately, so much pains has been expended by the author on this great event and on getting all the little facts of the biography right, that not quite so much energy seems to have been left for accuracy in other directions. One cannot say it is a heinous offence to call Simplicius (the Greek commentator, we mean, not Galileo's personage) a Sicilian; but still it puts a bad mark against the account of accuracy. In a sketch of the history of the Magnet down to and including Gilbert, no mention is made of Petrus Peregrinus, from whom Gilbert stole his best experiments. These are the merest trifles; yet even smaller faults are not altogether without importance when they relate to the subjects of Galileo's discoveries. In noticing the Italian's invention of the telescope, late in August, 1609, near eleven months after Lipperley in Holland received a patent for a similar invention, it might have been worth mention that on February 14, 1610, a letter, of which the original happens to be extant, was written to remind Thomas Harriotts of a former promise to send one of the "perspective cylinders" he was then making to an acquaintance. Galileo's *bilancetta*, which was simply an account of a balance for weighing an object under water, in order to find its specific gravity, was published in 1644. It is here said (no doubt with good reason) that it was invented in 1586, but it would have been well to explain just how that date has been ascertained, and to state that in that very year Simon Stéven published the very same invention in Leyden. Galileo was in all probability right in surmising that the method had been known to Archimedes. We are told that Galileo discovered the principle of virtual velocities. No doubt; just as there were three kings of Chickeraboo. But a good half of the virtue of that principle consists, not in perceiving it in a few simple cases, but in generalizing it into the universal key to dynamics. To say that Galileo knew the parallelogram of forces is not in perfect strictness true; but if that is to be said, it becomes downright misleading to say that "he failed to grasp the fact that that acceleration which in the case of motion under gravity he so closely examined, might be made a means of measuring the magnitude of the force producing the motion." Galileo had perfectly clear conceptions of velocity and acceleration, and of their parallelograms. He had, for example, a perfectly clear conception of what is called "*g*," and never would have been guilty of trying to express it in pounds' weight. He had a tolerable notion of pressure, and, of course, some idea of a force applied to a part of the surface of a solid, etc. But he seems to have had no idea at all of a moving or effective force. He never spoke of gravity as a force; and if he had ever heard anybody so speak, he would probably, at first, have accused him of talking metaphysics. Consequently, his notion of the parallelogram of forces must have been obscure. The truth is, that Mr. Fahie, though he makes a praiseworthy effort to do so, never properly appreciates Galileo's wonderful command of dynamical conceptions, wherein lay his chief greatness, and which formed the warp of his intellectual life. The inevitable consequence is that his portraiture is, with all its merits, hardly more than mediocre. It is true that he quotes what Lagrange says (calling him an Italian, as he might so call Napoleon); but if he had fully understood what it amounted to, he would have erased the ninth and tenth words of his book: "Galileo Galilei, one of the earliest and perhaps *one of* the greatest of experimental philosophers of the modern world," etc.

The principal facts now established as to Galileo's dealings with the Inquisition are these: From 1612 and earlier the storm had been gathering. The Jesuits and the Aristotelians were bent upon crushing him, because he put them into the ridiculous position of refusing to see what was before their eyes. But all the cultivated people, the Grand Duke, Cardinal Maffeo Barberini (afterward Pope Urban VIII.), Cardinal

Federigo Borromeo, and the like warmly supported him. On the 5th of February, 1615, an unsigned denunciation of him was lodged with the Inquisition. Early in December he voluntarily set out for Rome. On the 19th of February the Qualifiers for the Holy Office were called upon for an opinion substantially as to the Copernican proposition. On the 24th they reported it to be heretical. On the 25th, Cardinal Bellarmine was directed "to summon before him the said Galileo and admonish him to abandon the said opinion; and in case of refusal the Commissary [*i. e.*, the most Rev. Michelangelo Seghizzi] is to intimate to him, before a notary and witnesses, a command altogether to abstain from teaching or defending the said opinion, and even from discussing it; and if he do not acquiesce therein, he is to be imprisoned." Note that if he consented to "abandon" the said opinion there was to be no such intimation; and if there was an intimation, it must be executed before a notary and witnesses to be of effect. But Galileo at once agreed to abandon the theory. On March 3 a decree of the Inquisition was published, of which the preamble states that "Galileo Galilei, mathematician, had, in terms of the order of the Holy Congregation, been admonished to abandon the opinion he has hitherto held, and had acquiesced therein." On May 26th Cardinal Bellarmine delivered to Galileo a formal written statement to the effect that "Signor Galileo Galilei has not abjured [but only promised to *abandon*] . . . any opinion or doctrine held by him, . . . but only the declaration made by the Holy Father . . . has been communicated to him . . . that the opinion attributed to Copernicus . . . is contrary to the Holy Scriptures, and therefore cannot be defended or held." This obliged Galileo to abandon his researches and writings; and his health suffered seriously, although he was allowed to use the proposition as a "hypothesis."

Events led to his writing 'Il Saggiatore,' and in October, 1622, it was sent to a member of the Accademia dei Lincei, and was passed from hand to hand, and various corrections were suggested and accepted with a view to rendering it acceptable to the Inquisition. In February, 1623, the Papal imprimatur was attached to it, and later in the year it was published. Meantime, on August 8, Galileo's adherent and admirer, Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, had been elected Pope, taking the name of Urban VIII. In April, 1624, Galileo went to Rome and had six long interviews with this new Pope, endeavoring to have the prohibition of 1616 removed, but to no purpose. The Pope wrote officially to the Grand Duke and expressed his sense of what the world owed to Galileo's discoveries, as well as his great affection for him. Galileo returned to Florence, where he drew up a reply to an attack on the Copernican system. This was handed about in manuscript. The Pope, having been shown some passages, expressed his high commendation, and on another occasion remarked to a cardinal that the Copernican system had never been condemned as heretical, but only as rash. Such things convinced Galileo that he might find means to express himself; and in 1626, he began to write his famous 'Dialogo intorno ai due Massimi Sistemi del Mondo, Tolemaico e Copernicano,' which fully occupied him until May, 1630, when he repaired to Rome in order to find under what conditions it could be published. He had audience with the Pope, who assented to the publication under three conditions: first, the title must not be misleading (Galileo had proposed to call it 'Dialogues on the Tides'); secondly, the subject must be treated from a purely hypothetical standpoint; and thirdly, it must be wound up by the argument that since God is all-powerful, no facts can be a *necessary* proof of any independent facts. Certainly, no logician to-day can withhold his assent to that; and certain it is that this argument was absolutely vital to a good Catholic then, and so remains to this day.

There was nothing for Galileo to do but to make the required alterations of the title, the introduction, and the conclusion. The last was a most difficult task, for he held the Pope's opinion in supreme contempt, and yet it would not do so to treat him. He ought to have seen that this situation forced upon him, what good controversial rhetoric required, the genuine putting of himself in the Pope's attitude of mind, so as really to feel what the reasons were which weighed with the Pope. Otherwise, in attempting to restate that argument, he would give a travesty of it. If he found it impossible to conform to that condition, then the one course open to him was to betake himself to Venice, which republic was ready to receive him with open arms, and to protect him at the risk of an interdict, if necessary.

In the Dialogue, all the arguments (including the Pope's) against Copernicus are put into the mouth of a character called "Simplicius." There was a certain appropriateness in this, since the best arguments of the Aristotelians were drawn from the commentary on the 'De Cœlo' by the real Simplicius. Yet it was bad rhetoric. The manuscript was submitted to the papal censor, who, after causing it to be thoroughly revised by his assistant, all passages being altered that were at all objectionable (as Galileo had desired), finally very carefully examined it himself, and attached his imprimatur for its publication in Rome, with the understanding that an introductory and a concluding passage should be inserted by Galileo, such as the Pope had required. The affair having come to this stage late in June, Galileo returned to Florence.

The prevalence of the plague and a particular death hindered the publication in Rome, and in August Galileo decided to have the book printed in Florence. On communicating with the Roman censor, that dignitary said he must first see the complete book. But the plague had rendered the mails so uncertain that Galileo proposed to send instead only the new preface and conclusion, suggesting that some person in Florence be deputized to reëxamine the body of the work. This proposition was acceded to. The counsellor of the Inquisition in Florence went through the body of it with the minutest attention, and declared there was nothing in it that could give the slightest umbrage to anybody. The Roman censor neglected to attend to the introductory and concluding portions sent to him, until July, 1631, when the Pope personally ordered him to approve those parts at once, with permission to alter the wording in any way Galileo might desire, the substance remaining as it was. After another complete reëxamination in Florence, the final imprimatur was attached, and the book was published toward the end of February, 1632.

During the summer the Jesuits laid their plans deep to bring Galileo to ruin, and, in all that followed, the Pope (having, no doubt, come to believe that Galileo's statement of his argument was ironical and satirical) manifested an intense personal vindictiveness, which was never relaxed as long as Galileo lived, and whose effects were only a little mollified under such circumstances that not even his passion and the inherent littleness of his soul could hide from him the general contempt that he was in danger of bringing upon himself. In August, 1632, further sale of the Dialogue was forbidden, and a papal commission was appointed to examine the book. This commission reported during the next month, and in this report for the first time appears the statement that, in 1616, Galileo had been enjoined from ever holding, teaching, or defending the Copernican doctrine. It appears that the commission, upon looking at the records of the proceedings of 1616, came upon an unsigned *compte rendu* or protocol in the handwriting of the commissary-general of the Holy Office, who then acted as secretary, which failed to say that Galileo had submitted to the admonition of Cardinal Bellarmine; and which stated that the next step had been taken, namely, that said commissary had, before witnesses, enjoined Galileo, under pain of further proceedings, never to hold, teach, or defend the opinion. But nothing is said about a notary, nor are any other witnesses but Cardinal Bellarmine named. He had formally denied that any such thing took place, and was now dead. It has been supposed that this minute was a forgery. Favaro says that it cannot be so; but not being signed, it was without legal value. Nor does the minute, such as it is, represent the injunction to have been executed according to the form prescribed by the Holy Congregation; so that that injunction, if it had been so delivered, would be extra-legal. This document came as a complete surprise to all parties, and Galileo believed it to be a forgery. Pope Urban VIII. himself, who had taken part in the proceedings of 1616, had repeatedly discussed with Galileo the doctrine which that minute represented Galileo to have been forbidden to discuss. There is no doubt, therefore, that the proceedings of 1632 and 1633, basing themselves, as they did, on that minute, were contrary to the law of the Church.

On October 1, Galileo was summoned to appear during that month before the commissary-general of the Inquisition, in Rome. There were various delays, and he did not arrive at the Tuscan embassy in Rome until the 13th of February, where he begged leave to remain; and this was granted for the time being, under restrictions. On April 12 he appeared before the Inquisition. From that day until the end of the month he was held prisoner in the walls of the Inquisition, but was allowed his servant, and was well treated. Owing to the intense malignity displayed by the Pope, Galileo's friends, in fear for his life, advised him simply to admit everything, and to submit to everything. This he did at his second examination of April 28, and on his third appearance of May 10. On June 16

the Pope held a meeting of the Congregation, at which it was decided to make Galileo confess his evil intention under threat of torture, and if that failed, to proceed further—that is, to burn him alive; for that is what it undoubtedly would have come to. Catholics may take such comfort as they can that this did not happen. On June 21 Galileo appeared once more, and, being threatened with torture, replied, "I am here to obey," and acquiesced in everything. He was then imprisoned. On June 22 he was made publicly to confess, and recant upon his knees. On the 6th of July he was allowed to retire to Siena, to the house of Archbishop Piccolomini, where he arrived on the 9th. He remained, however, wherever he was, a prisoner of the Inquisition all the rest of his life.

The Story of a Soldier's Life. By Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

As far as the story goes, the reader will find this an interesting book. It describes a military experience which began in 1852 in the Burmese campaign of that year. Then follow the Crimean war of 1854-56, the Indian mutiny of 1857-59, the China war of 1860, the Red River expedition of 1870, and the Ashantee war of 1873-74; and if more be needed, there is promise of another volume to round out the author's career, and, presumably, to give an account of the fruitless expedition undertaken for the relief of Gordon in 1885. The pictures of military life under these widely differing climates and conditions are admirably drawn, the hair-breadth 'scapes are exciting enough, and it is only occasionally that the superabundance of detail becomes tedious. Apart from purely military events, moreover, we have an account of a shipwreck, of a visit to Japan in 1860, and of a residence of some years in Canada and the United States from 1862 to 1870.

Coming to matters of opinion, we are reminded of the student who endeavored to solve all the problems in mechanics which he could not understand by the action of the common pump, which he had completely mastered. Lord Wolseley's common pump is a belief that war is not what Sherman called it, but, on the contrary, a good and desirable thing in itself. This doctrine is reiterated in some form or other in almost every chapter; and from it flow, naturally enough, certain corollaries, to wit, that Wellington and Napoleon were the greatest men that ever lived; that no civilian should be appointed war minister, and that England should adopt compulsory military service and cultivate glory in order to avoid becoming "a jellyfish." Early in the first volume we meet the common pump: "Surely, war, with all its horrors, exercises a healthy influence on all classes of society. . . . War is the greatest purifier to the race or nation that has reached the verge of overrefinement, of excessive civilization." A curious doctrine, certainly, but one that would appeal more strongly to the lay mind if Lord Wolseley had given a few instances of nations that have reached the verge of overrefinement and excessive civilization. And, to begin with, how does he define excessive civilization? Does any modern nation suffer from such a disease? Is there not, on the contrary, a wide discrepancy between the results actually achieved by civilization and the aspirations and ideals of the wiser and better members of all modern communities? Has it not always been so in the past also? And even if it were otherwise, and nations really suffered from this imaginary disease, can any one who has read history imagine that the situation would be improved by war?

The following quotation gives another frequently recurring outcrop of the main doctrine: "These men die that England should be great, and they die for her without a murmur, and yet it is their valor and their self-sacrifice that enable home tradesmen to make fortunes, live at ease, and to marry their sons and daughters into gentle families." This is, of course, ridiculous claptrap. As a matter of fact, men become soldiers partly from innate love of fighting and partly because they are incapable of success as "home tradesmen," or in any other calling. They die on the field of battle because that is one of the hazards of their business; but it would be safe to say that Tommy Atkins is more interested in beer and tobacco than in anything so abstract and intangible as the greatness of England.

Passing from the main doctrine to the corollaries, there is an interesting statement made about Wellington which acquires additional importance from recent discussions of the vexed question of Waterloo. There is said to be written evidence to show that, some years before his death, when there was danger of war between France and Prussia, the King of Prussia asked him to take command of his army, owing to the dearth of first-class military talent in Berlin. The Duke was willing, but the danger passed, and the war was deferred for a generation. Of Napoleon, Lord Wolseley writes, with curious inconsistency, that impartial men must put him by himself and in front of all human beings; and then adds that "his course of action was absolutely untrammelled by any fixed laws of right or wrong or any consideration for others."

The dreadful results of the unprepared condition in which England entered upon the Crimean war give Lord Wolseley a good opportunity to preach on the folly of allowing a civilian to direct military affairs. He also condemns in strong language the incapacity of the English officers of that period, who acquired their rank under the purchase system and by family influence, without adequate training. The only war minister for whom he has a good word to say is Mr. Cardwell, who abolished the purchase system in 1873, and to whose scheme of an army reserve he gives the credit for England's ability to put 200,000 men in the field during the Boer war. In 1862 Lord Wolseley paid a visit to the Confederacy, and here again he found a notable example of the disastrous results of civilian control. His theory is that if Lee had not been overruled by President Davis the issue of this conflict might have been different. Lord Wolseley's ideas about this country and its inhabitants have evidently undergone considerable change in the past forty years. During the war his sympathies were strongly in favor of the South, and he was much impressed by the feebleness of the Northern generals. Since those days many things have changed, and he has reached the conclusion that the American army, so far as its members go, is the finest in the world. He believes that the future of the world lies between the Chinese and the people of the United States, and in regard to the latter he is good enough to express the following noble sentiments: "Thank heaven they speak English [this is a specially gratifying admission], are governed by an English system of laws, and profess the same regard that we have for what both understand by fair play in all national as well as all private business."

Of wit and humor Lord Wolseley is not prodigal, but he tells a good story of Soyer, the celebrated French cook, who was sent out to the Crimea to give soldiers lessons in the culinary art. It seems that he had had an ill-tempered wife, and when she died he placed over her grave a stone with the simple but significant inscription: "Soyez tranquille." Another bon-mot is the message sent by Lord Clyde's A. D. C. after the relief of Lucknow: "Nunc fortunatus sum," presumably to be rendered, "I am in luck now."

On page 2, volume ii., we are told that Lord Clyde supported the candidature of Sir William Mansfield for command in the China campaign, but at page 5 it is stated that the question was left to Lord Clyde's decision and that he wisely made choice of Sir Hope Grant. We note, also, a few misprints: Guatma for Guatama; Staunton for Stanton; Westpoint for West Point.

Benjamin Disraeli: An Unconventional Biography. By Wilfrid Meynell. With forty illustrations, including two photogravure plates. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

Mr. Meynell is right in calling his life of Disraeli unconventional. To accord with the conventions of biographical writing, it would need to be rearranged, if not rewritten. To say nothing of the author's style, Disraeli's "last days" come before his "early travels," and we have a hundred and fifty pages of "his talk from youth to old age" before we reach any narrative of his public life. This gives the whole volume a disorderly and disconnected effect, which is the greater pity because it really contains materials for an excellent picture of Disraeli. But Mr. Meynell is altogether too hurried as well as too extravagant and too partisan to do justice to his subject. He speaks of himself in a wild dedication as a "Dizzy-worshipper," and so he is. But worshippers are not necessarily good biographers. For one thing, they are apt to be deficient in a sense of humor, and to our mind no one can possibly write well about Disraeli who has not a very strong sense of the humorous. Nevertheless, Mr. Meynell has, we think, done Disraeli's memory a good turn, for he has given us pretty much everything that he could collect about him, and, now that party rancor is at an end, most that remains of Disraeli is entertaining and amusing, or at least curious.

With every new life of him it is the custom for hostile critics to endeavor to construct some plausible theory to account for his amazing political success in becoming the statesman of the latter-day English Tories, although he was an alien, a complete *novus homo*, an adventurer, and a Jew. Mr. Meynell's theory seems to be that he was really a man of profound political principles, and foresaw before even

Carlyle or Ruskin that the hope of the world (and of the Tories) lay in a democratic humanitarianism applied by a patriot monarch. While the political economists, the Manchester men, the free-traders, were dreaming of a state of society in which liberty of contract should turn the earth into a garden, and the gospel of work should make even street beggars ashamed of being idle, Disraeli was, in 'Sybil,' touching the hearts of men with an appeal for charity, benevolence, philanthropy. His idea of government was always that it should lift up, make whole, strengthen, and support. If, in return, Government should always be supported by those whom it protected, was not this the true gospel? Is there a man with soul so dead that he will not turn with relief from Ricardo's theory of rent to 'Sybil'? Disraeli's novels were really "novels with a purpose," and his career from first to last illustrates what that purpose was.

This idea, that he was a far-sighted statesman with a great end in view, is developed by Mr. Meynell, and fortified with many extracts. To those who, under Gladstone, fought him, there was, of course, nothing in it. A theory much easier to sustain is that Disraeli had no purpose save his own aggrandizement; he certainly disclaimed with considerable vehemence all moral aims in politics.

"Moral means," he told the electors of Bucks, he had seen a good deal of, and, "being naturally of a thoughtful temperament, I have been induced to analyze what moral means are. I will tell you what I have found them to consist of. I have found them to consist of three qualities—enormous lying, inexhaustible boasting, intense selfishness."

In those words the reflective author of 'Contarini Fleming' probably spoke his exact thoughts. We are not surprised to find that Mr. Meynell attributes to that early novel great biographical value. The fact is, that there is just this amount of foundation for Mr. Meynell's theory of Disraeli's early purposes: like most other ambitious men, he liked to think of using power, once attained, for the good of the public, and, like most other men of the world, he looked upon politics as a game, not as a field for self-devotion; like any great sceptic, he was nauseated by professions of morality. For such a man a reconstructed society, with a benevolent despot at its head and a contented and prosperous commonalty benefiting (with the aid of a wise and far-seeing vizier) by his benevolent rule, was a pleasing dream from youth up. He knew, too, how it was to be brought about: first, by humoring the monarch, next by humoring the commonalty—by giving them votes, sanitary drainage, short hours, imperial spectacles; whatever was necessary. He unquestionably foresaw the future very clearly, and how coming events might be used to his own advantage.

Mr. Meynell devotes a good deal of space to the old charge with regard to Disraeli's behavior to Peel, and throws some new light upon it, or at least puts the matter in as good a light for Disraeli as it can be put. Disraeli wrote to Sir Robert Peel in 1841 an almost cringing letter, begging that he might not be left "unrecognized," and that he might be saved "from an intolerable humiliation" by receiving some office from the Ministry. It was a letter of some length, and contained a suggestion that the writer had enrolled himself under the "banner" of Sir Robert "at the instigation" of a member of the latter's Cabinet. Sir Robert, in reply, stated his inability to comply with the request, and emphatically denied the supposed agency of any member of the Cabinet, or any authority from him. The correspondence was hardly one likely to be forgotten on either side. Subsequently Disraeli engaged in the bitterest attacks on Sir Robert Peel, and, in 1846, was brought to book by the latter, who, in a speech in the House of Commons, said that his opponent's views of his (Sir Robert's) character were the more surprising as he had been ready to take office under him, "thereby implying the strongest proof which a public man can give of confidence in the honor and integrity of a Minister of the Crown." Disraeli replied with a categorical denial that he had ever made such an application, and there the matter stands. The theory of the Peelites was that, the letter being a private letter (as it most certainly was), Disraeli felt that he could safely deny it, for Sir Robert Peel was a gentleman and would never produce it to contradict him. Mr. Meynell, on the other hand, says, without giving his authority, that Sir Robert searched for the letter and could not find it; and certainly, if a private letter could be referred to in debate, it could and indeed should, if possible, have been found, and, without being actually made public, have been brought to Disraeli's notice. Had this been done, Disraeli must at least have offered a very humble apology. But what are we to think of his bold denial? The question is left by Mr. Meynell without an answer.

We doubt very much whether the historian of the future will take such episodes as this too seriously. Disraeli himself did not regard either consistency or truth as Sir Robert Peel did, and it is impossible to take up one of his novels nowadays without perceiving the same theatrical temper and tendencies which are so continually illustrated in his political career. In his public utterances he often seems to give what he does a turn for the express purpose of making the serious side of it ridiculous. Thus, on December 20, 1874, he writes to Tennyson offering him a baronetcy, and begins: "Dear Mr. Tennyson: A Government should recognize intellect. It elevates and sustains the spirit of a nation. But it is an office not easy to fulfil," etc. A week later he writes to Carlyle, offering him the order of the Bath, and begins: "Sir: A Government should recognize intellect. It elevates and sustains the tone of a nation. But it is an office which adequately to fulfil," etc. These letters, which in juxtaposition look as if they were filled in upon the skeleton of what lawyers call a "common form," sound also as if, in writing them, Disraeli was saying to himself, "What a farce we three know it to be!" Again, read the following account of his ancestry given by him to the world. After mentioning his grandfather, he says

"his ancestors had dropped their Gothic surname [what this surname was is not mentioned] on their settlement in the Terra Firma, and, grateful to the God of Jacob who had sustained them through unprecedented trials and guarded them through unheard-of perils, they assumed the name of D'Israeli, a name never borne before, or since, by any other family, in order that their race might be forever recognized."

This is as good as anything in 'Codlingsby.'

It is as a wit that Disraeli will no doubt live longest. His wit was not only amusing, but wise; he never said anything in a commonplace way. Mr. Meynell's book is full of his sayings. His summary of the controversy on the position of dogma in the church is one of the best. It was, if we remember right, to Dean Stanley that he said, "After all, no dogmas:—no deans." In his lifetime most of the intellect, enthusiasm, and ardor of England was on the other side. This made his wit and his wisdom both priceless to the Tories.

The United States in Our Own Time: A History from Reconstruction to Expansion. Being an extension of 'The History of the Last Quarter Century.' By E. Benjamin Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. Pp. xxxviii., 961.

While nearly all of our historians have avoided the period since the civil war, Chancellor Andrews has, among other things, given much time and energy to a presentation of the last forty years of United States history. The present volume of nearly a thousand pages begins with a description of the United States in 1870, and ends with a complimentary mention of Mr. J. L. Bristow, leaving one with the feeling that the author must now regret not having waited for the Indian Territory "graft" and Mark Hanna's triumph. Between beginning and end one will find, put down in good order, but with slight inherent connection, a little of everything that has happened in the United States since 1870 calculated to interest the reading public. Facts of all sorts, little and big, from the growth of civil-service reform to the bicycle fad, are treated equally, and the reader with difficulty avoids the conclusion that in history one fact is "as good as another, and sometimes a good deal better." There is little effort to group events according to their inherent relation, and facts are dragged in frequently for no apparent reason. No sustained intellectual effort is required at any point to follow the narration; one is well settled in a consideration of the general excellence of President Cleveland's Administration, only to be suddenly invited to observe the simplicity of his manners and to rejoice with him at his wedding. If this is more or less inevitable, it makes any serious effort at artistic integration of narration or historic subordination of details quite impossible. What we have here is thus not so much a carefully thought-out historical narrative as a sublimation of the newspaper files.

For the student, therefore, a juiceless record of events, like that prepared by the *Political Science Quarterly*, will prove of more service. But to the "general reader" Chancellor Andrews's book will prove not only very good reading, but of essential value, especially if the "general reader" is to include the rank and file of the Republican party. All of the history here presented is so recent as to come within the memory of many readers; some of it is so recent as to come within the memory of all. Most readers will thus have formed opinions (prejudices for the most part) relative to the political side of that history. Now the value of

a book like that of Chancellor Andrews lies in the fact that it will come to such readers with the force of a new idea. They will find that men and measures which they have been accustomed to think of as representing the profoundest wisdom or the height of folly, represent neither the one nor the other; and this truth will be enforced the more readily since the author does not himself discuss or argue, but rather draws moderate and reasonable conclusions from the arguments presented by both parties. Many an admirer of Gen. Grant will be beneficially shocked to learn that the great general was far from being a great President; many a Republican will resent the insinuation that if Mr. Blaine was not an "unprincipled trickster," his record was nevertheless rather shady, and, in any case, the country was to be congratulated on the election of Mr. Cleveland. In dealing with the recent events of the last decade there is less possibility of reflecting sane second thought. In this connection it is interesting to note especially, since the author's position on the silver issue in 1896 is so well known, the high place among American statesmen which Chancellor Andrews gives to President McKinley.

Some 450 illustrations add to the interest of the narrative. The print is large and clear. The paper (conditioned by the illustrations, presumably) is of that particular badness that offends both the eye and the nostrils, and makes a book tiresomely heavy. The index is fair.

The Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Part III. Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell, D. Litt., and Arthur S. Hunt, D. Litt. (Egypt Exploration Fund, Græco-Roman Branch. London: Boston, No. 8 Beacon Street.)

This portion of the Oxyrhynchus Papyri offers an unusual number of small surprises and unexpected revelations, though none are of first-rate importance; the private letters are piquant and interesting, the legal documents, in several instances, highly satisfactory and instructive. With the exception of the theological fragments, they all belong to the second century A. D., and they certainly enable us to reconstruct many features of the social life of that period with great accuracy and vividness. We know almost to satiety about the bargains and contracts of these village people, their wills and marriage contracts; we know the sort of letters they wrote, the kind of plays they delighted in, and the amount of money they spent on such amusements and festivities.

The greatest novelty, perhaps, is offered in the fragments of a farce that evidently belonged to the local or provincial stage. It represents a party of Greeks landed on some barbarian coast near the Indian Ocean, who fall in with a troop of savage women and their king, and escape by intoxicating their captors. The gibberish spoken by these barbarians is probably mere nonsense, though possibly embedding some relic of Pali, or Prakrit. There is a heroine, Charition, who "longs to see her father's face once more," and discourses pious sentiments as she quits the temple where she had taken refuge; there is also a very clownish buffoon who makes merriment with an unmentionable catchword not disdained by Aristophanes. However, the piece has plenty of bustle and stir, and is by no means destitute of literary merit. It shows us the taste of the "provincial" stage of the period, while the plot travels outside of the line of classic tradition in comedy, for the incidents are derived from the old Greek popular romances, and the situation of the heroine appears to be similar to that of Antheia in the romance of Xenophon of Ephesus. The *verso* of the same papyrus is part of a little mime which duplicates the motive of one of the cynical sketches of Herondas—the vengeance of a jealous mistress on the slave who repels her advances. This unpleasant personage also plots the murder of her husband by enticing him for a pretended reconciliation which is to close with dinner and poison—a crime which was repeated in Vermont a few days ago. The counterpart of this mime in real life is indicated in the speech of an advocate (A. D. 130) who defends a certain Hermione from the charge of fraud and poisoning.

But the general impression given by this slice of life cut from the heart of a rustic province is far from gloomy or repulsive or discreditable; it is, on the contrary, rather suggestive of a humane and just reign of somewhat obtrusive law and order. We have, for instance, further record and proof of that perpetual activity and free agency of the women so often noted before. We have a complete marriage contract (A. D. 127), in which, besides many other provisions of perfect equity and equality, it is stipulated that the bride may withdraw her dowry and keep her children if any difference arises with her husband leading to a separation. In a similar Tebtunis contract, the woman had, if anything, the best of the bargain. We have, again, the vivid little picture suggested by a coroner's report (A. D. 182). This tells how a little slave boy, eight years old, leaning out of an upper window late in the afternoon to see the castanet players and the female dancers, fell into the court and was killed. His master prays the Roman Strategus to send his official, the "public physician," to view the body "that it may receive proper laying out and burial." There is something touching and imposing in such a proof of the omnipresent eye of Roman imperial law, condescending to take note of this little sparrow's fall.

The private correspondence is full of vivacity and human nature. There is an invitation to dinner and to a wedding which might be engraved by Tiffany. A charming letter from Cornelius to his "Sweetest son" warns him not to get in anybody's way at home, but to mind his books and study hard "so as to profit by them." A model dunning letter, compact of sweetness and firmness, demands the payment of a sum long overdue, beginning: "My dearest Hatres: . . . I saw you the other day in Paomis and wanted to greet you kindly, but you dodged me because of your guilty conscience." There is a maudlin and passionate epistle from Serenus to his sister (probably also his wife), so perturbed and topsy-turvy that it might have been taken from 'Alice in Wonderland': "Since you departed I have not bathed nor anointed myself for a month. I have been in mourning, weeping by day and lamenting by night," etc. This Oriental effusion is written with phonetic misspelling, and inflections which show that the vulgar language is already far on the road toward Romaic, or modern Greek.

The most important of the new classical fragments contains nearly sixty complete lines of the "Kolax" of Menander, and gives a glimpse of the parasite and the *miles gloriosus* whom Terence borrowed for his "Eunuchus." The brief passage (No. 412) from the "Κεστοί" of Julius Africanus is rather remarkable for the luck with which it settles some moot questions, conveys some new information, and at the same time reveals the author's naïve standards of Homeric criticism.

The Moth Book. A Popular Guide to a Knowledge of the Moths of North America. By W. J. Holland, D.D., etc., Director of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, Pa., etc. With forty-eight plates in color photography and numerous illustrations in the text, etc. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903. 4to, pp. xxiv., 479.

This is a companion volume to 'The Butterfly Book' of the same author, and a much better production from both the literary and the scientific standpoint. It is a considerable undertaking to give even a superficial representation of our 6,000 species of moths in a single book, and requires judicious selection. That the book covers the ground so well is the best compliment it can have. Naturally, the groups of smaller moths are least represented, because less known and collected; but even here a very fair general view is given. The limitations of the three-color process appear sharply in the plates: the larger, boldly marked species look natural and characteristic; the small species, with delicate markings and colors, are blurred and indistinct, sometimes unrecognizable. The text figures are of two kinds—very coarse stipple work and half-tone or woodcut blocks largely obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture. The rough paper used is altogether unsuited for the half-tones, and most of those are spoilt; the woodcuts fare a little better, but the presswork is not of a character to do them justice. The stipple work comes out fairly well, but the figures so prepared are mostly sketchy.

As to the text, it bears evidence everywhere of being written with reference to the figures, but for a popular work there is altogether too much quotation. Giving credit to sources of information is always in order; but when so large a percentage of the real information is sheer reproduction, the inference might be that the author himself knows very little about the subject. In the case of the hawk-moths, the author abandons the principles heretofore followed by American entomologists, and adopts a system based upon an exceptional attitude toward specific types. The result is that while the figured species are quite recognizable, they are often under altogether unfamiliar names. It is not likely that this system will be generally adopted by our entomologists, and its first use in a professedly popular work is a distinct misfortune.

The descriptive work is prefaced by an introductory chapter on classification, structure, and methods of preparing the specimens. There are a number of "digressions and quotations" in the work, some original, some quoted, which interrupt agreeably. Finally, the author should be credited with having produced a decidedly useful work, whose influence upon the progress of insect study is bound to be good.

The table of contents, list of illustrations and index are unusually full and well prepared, and add materially to the value of this publication.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barker, Wharton. The Great Issues. Philadelphia: No. 119 South Fourth Street.
Billaudeau, Armand George. French Idioms, Sayings, and Proverbs, with their English Equivalents. Revised by A. Antoine. Paris: Boyveau et Chevillet; New York: G. E. Stechert. 7 fr.
Chronicles of a Pioneer School—The Litchfield (Conn.) Female Academy. Compiled by Emily Noyes Vanderpoel, and edited by Elizabeth C. Barney Buel. Cambridge, Mass.: The University Press. $3.50, postage 35 cents.
Cowley's Essays. Edited by Harry Christopher Minchin. (The Little Library.) London: Methuen & Co.
Culin, Stewart. A Trooper's Narrative of Service in the Anthracite Strike. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Cunningham, W. The Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times. Part I., Mercantile System. Part II., Laissez Faire. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 25s. net.
Doctor Syntax in Search of a Wife. New ed. D. Appleton & Co.
Dwight, Elizabeth A. Memorials of Mary Wilder White: A Century Ago in New England. Edited by Mary Wilder Tileston. Boston: The Everett Press Co. $2.50 net.
Egan, Pierce. Life in London. New ed. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
English Miracle Plays. Edited by Alfred W. Pollard. Fourth ed., revised. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d.
Fouqué's Undine, with introduction by J. Henry Senger. American Book Co.
Gide, Charles. Principles of Political Economy. Translated from the French by C. William A. Veditz. 2d American ed. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gosse, Edmund. Jeremy Taylor. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Hardy, Thomas. The Dynasts: A drama in three parts. Part first. The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Harland, Henry. My Friend Prospero. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Herbst, Eva. Tales and Customs of the Ancient Hebrews. Chicago and New York: A. Flanagan Co. 35 cents.
Hitchcock, Ripley. The Louisiana Purchase. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.
Horace, Vol. II. Satires, Epistles, and De Arte Poetica. Commentary by E. C. Wickham. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Hulbert, Archer Butler. The Cumberland Road. (Historic Highways of America, Vol. IX.) Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $2.50 net.
Labriola, Antonio. Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History. Translated by Charles H. Kerr. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.
Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. In 16 vols. Vols. I.-IV., 1732-1760. Oxford; The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Lloyd, Mary. Elegies: Ancient and Modern. Vol. I. Trenton, N. J.: Albert Brandt. $1.50 net, postage 12 cents.
Lover, Samuel. Handy Andy. New ed. Appletons.
Meyers Grosses Konversations-Lexikon. Vol. V., Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Moore, Edward Caldwell. The New Testament in the Christian Church. The Macmillan Co.
Mosso, A. Fatigue. Translated by Margaret Drummond and W. B. Drummond. (The Science Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Munson, James E. First Phonographic Reader—First Dictation Book. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents each.
Nichols, Edward L., and Franklin, William S. The Elements of Physics. Three vols. Vol. I., Mechanics and Heat. Third edition, rewritten. The Macmillan Co.
One Thousand Poems for Children. Edited by Roger Ingpen. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Phillpotts, Eden. The American Prisoner. The Macmillan Co.
Poema de Fernan Gonçalez, con introducción por C. Carroll Marden. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. Cloth, $2.50 net, paper $2 net.
Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society. Vol. VII. Oxford, Miss.
Rumbold, Sir Horace. Further Recollections of a Diplomatist. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
Scribner, Gilbert Hilton. Where Did Life Begin? New ed. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.20 net.
Selections from Rabelais. Edited by C. H. C. Wright. The Macmillan Co. 60 cents.
Taylor, George Lansing. Asters and Golden-Rod. (Verse.) Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Thorne, Guy. When It Was Dark. (Fiction.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Vignaud, Henry. The Real Birth-Date of Columbus. London: Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles.
Wagner, Franz von. Entwicklungslehre. Notes by Arthur S. Wright. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Winship, A. E., and Wallace, Robert W. The Louisiana Purchase. Chicago and New York: A. Flanagan Co. 60 cents.

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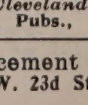
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1904.

The Week.

Secretary Hay's note is meeting with a favorable reception in Germany and France, and, presumably, England. Textually it reads:

"You will express to the Minister of Foreign Affairs the earnest desire of the Government of the United States that, in the course of the military operations which have begun between Russia and Japan, the neutrality of China, and in all practicable ways, her administrative entity, shall be respected by both parties, and that the area of hostilities shall be localized and limited as much as possible, so that undue excitement and disturbance of the Chinese people may be prevented and the least possible loss to the commerce and peaceful enterprise of the world may be occasioned."

In other words, what Mr. Hay seeks is to carry out the policy of the Powers that went to the rescue of the legations in Pekin—Russia and Japan being, of course, left out. The avowed aim of that unparalleled military expedition and of the subsequent diplomatic arrangements was to protect China at once from herself and from foreign aggression. An inviolable Chinese Empire, under an international guarantee, was the end and object then, and it is in order to maintain it during and after the war that Mr. Hay is now addressing the chancelleries concerned. The strict neutrality of China was seen to be the surest means of preventing the other Powers from becoming involved in the war.

It cannot be doubted that our Government sincerely desires to keep its hands off. Secretary Moody's speech at the Lincoln dinner last Friday night is regarded as an official confirmation of this country's neutrality. The indications are that France has not the slightest desire to be drawn into active support of Russia. Nor has Great Britain displayed any eagerness to come to the support of her new Oriental ally. And as for Germany, while her sympathies are believed to be with Russia in the present war, she has no motive for taking part in the struggle. In fact, it is to the Kaiser's eagerness to make China maintain a strict neutrality that Secretary Hay's note to the Powers may be traced. The suggestion is said to have come to Washington as a result of a conversation between the Kaiser and our Ambassador at Berlin. It was perceived that no Power was in so good a position to make overtures of this sort as the United States. The great European nations have harbored territorial designs on China, but this country is entirely free from such a suspicion. A proposal of Chinese neutrality from us stood a good chance of meeting a favorable reception, whereas if it were presented by any other nation it might be considered as hiding ulterior designs.

After the war news of the past week is boiled down, there remain but few facts of importance in relation to the contest for the control of the sea. It may be accepted that the damage to Russia's naval power has not been exaggerated. Her mistake in allowing her fleet to be surprised at Port Arthur was no greater than her failure to concentrate all her ships before the beginning of hostilities. The resulting destruction and disablement of her vessels is only a part of the price her navy will have to pay for this fundamental mistake in strategy. As it is, she has now only one small squadron of four ships which can take the offensive. This fleet really appears to be menacing the west coast of Japan. Its operations must be limited to two considerations: (1) the preservation of its base, Vladivostok; and (2) the impossibility of passing through the Korean Strait to reach Port Arthur without encountering a superior Japanese fleet. At present the Japanese would seem to have a three-fold duty, to bottle up the Vladivostok squadron, to cut off the several reinforcements now en route from Indian waters, and to keep the fleet at Port Arthur under constant surveillance. These tasks should neither severally nor jointly be beyond the powers of the Mikado's men-of-war, even though some of them may have received rather rough handling at Port Arthur. Until the Vladivostok squadron is located, the transportation of troops must be attended by very considerable uneasiness and call for the services of a very strong convoy. Upon this point the reader need only remember how Shafter's army was held at Tampa because of the merest rumors of a stray Spanish ship or two.

A striking coincidence, at least, is the outbreak of war in the Far East and the signing of a new treaty between France and Siam, which gives the French more favorable terms than they got by the convention of 1902. Details are lacking, but it may fairly be assumed that the "temporary" occupation of Chatanbun and other towns on the Bangkok side of the Cambodia line is to be indefinitely continued. Probably the French have also obtained exclusive railway concessions for the debatable land between the Menam and the Mekong. These were the chief points at issue in the negotiations, and the result of the new treaty is probably to shut Siam up to the valley of the Menam. The French are fond of the proverb, "Fish in troubled waters," and evidently they are applying to their own interests the *de te fabula*. It is a kind of fishing that interested Powers will not find incompatible with pious wishes that nobody fish at present in the dangerously troubled Chinese waters.

Two great countries, with representative institutions, have strikingly illustrated, during the past week, the fact that war swallows up the largest interests of political life. In England, a Parliamentary debate of the first importance has been going on. Upon it the life of the Ministry might depend. Yet only the most languid interest has been aroused even at home, while the dispatches to foreign newspapers have been all of war and rumors of war. Similarly in this country, the work of the Government, the transactions of Congress, have passed unnoticed, almost unrecorded. In such absorption in the single subject of war, we see the temptation of unscrupulous rulers hard beset in matters of domestic policy. It is the insidious temptation which Seward placed before Lincoln in 1861—only, of course, to have it quietly pushed aside—to "change the subject" before the country by getting up a foreign war.

To the vagaries of the Panama situation is added, by leakage from an Executive session of the Senate, the story of Minister Buchanan's scheme to "square" the Colombians. His plan of buying Colombian bonds at 5 cents on the dollar, and offering them at par as indemnity for the loss of Panama, savors rather of shifty finance than of diplomacy. Yet Mr. Buchanan evidently felt that he was charged with the duty of liquidating a transaction with a feeble but troublesome creditor. With a lawyer-like grasp of the conditions, he sees the chance of buying his creditor's depreciated paper in open market, and of thus absolving the debt for a mere per cent. of its face value. In the present instance, for example, he apparently meant to buy $10,000,000 of Colombian bonds at $500,000, and thus pay the Colombians the sum stipulated by the Hay-Herran Treaty. Certainly, that looked like an excellent settlement, and Secretary Hay, in rejecting the plan with some asperity, has shown the traditional inability of the "literary feller" to come to grips with affairs.

But this ridiculous project of bringing a sovereign State into the note market has its serious side also; for Mr. Buchanan's plan is virtually an admission that the President feels that we have wronged Colombia, and owe her

something by way of *solatium*. It is not to be supposed that Minister Buchanan of his own motion proposed a payment of any kind to Colombia. He must have been under instructions to consider possible means of indemnity, and the discreditable plan which he actually presented is merely the measure of the man. The problem, in short, at the White House seems to be, how to force Colombia to accept something for a quitclaim. We would give her anything, even the $10,000,000 perhaps, if there were any way of doing it without putting us in the wrong. There is no such way; we might buy all the Colombian bonds and burn them in Culebra cut, and still no moral atonement would have been made for the overriding of Colombia's sovereignty. The United States owes Colombia apologies and adequate indemnity. The President feels this in his heart, or he would not be seeking indirect ways of paying money to Colombia. The method of reparation is for future determination. Obviously the Hague Tribunal exists to straighten out precisely such tangles. Direct negotiation might be better. In any case the President has here a case for riding straight. The fewer attorneys of the Buchanan type associated in the matter, the sooner the desired settlement will come.

The date for ratifying the Panama treaty has been finally fixed as February 23. The proceedings could be appropriately varied by the reading of Washington's Farewell Address. Senator Hoar is usually selected to regale the Senate with the lofty morality of that document, and this year he could intersperse extracts from his own speech pointing out how President Roosevelt held Colombia while Panama picked her pocket. Real impressiveness could be added to the roll-call by reciting Washington's exhortation to "observe good faith and justice towards all nations." And when ratification is at last complete —when lawless aggression combined with conspiracy finally insures to the covetous United States the thing that is its neighbor's—the Senate could add an almost religious solemnity to the occasion by chanting in unison these words of Washington: "It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence."

The Senate has just made a fine exhibition of itself in the debate attending the proposal to pay $200,000 to the ex-Queen of the Hawaiian Islands. The Committee on Pacific Islands had reported a bill for that purpose, which read as follows:

"Be it enacted, etc., That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to pay to Liliuokalani, formerly Queen of the Kingdom of Hawaii, in full satisfaction and discharge of all claim, legal and equitable, $200,000."

But the scrupulous and legal mind of Senator Platt of Connecticut scented danger. He did not object to the payment, but he dreaded the "admission." So he moved to strike out the words "in full satisfaction and discharge of all claim, legal and equitable." It was intolerable to acknowledge that the ex-Queen had a claim upon the United States for having simply dethroned her. So, said the astute Senator Platt, "we may just as well strike out those words and pay her the $200,000 without stating what we pay it for." Naturally, a moral Senate rose to this, and Mr. Platt's amendment was agreed to, and everybody looked virtuous. But a new difficulty straightway reared its head. To make an appropriation of $200,000 without reason stated seemed to Senator Spooner a queer way to do business. Senators must remember that it was not their own money they were giving away, and if they were unable or ashamed to say why they were voting $200,000 to the ex-Queen, it would be wiser to stick to precedent and vote down the bill. It was, in fact, defeated on Monday by a tie vote; but we presume some way will be found to appropriate the money for the wronged Queen. What Senators were evidently dreading was the creation of a precedent. If we are to pay everybody whom we injure or rob, in our glorious course of Imperialism, the Treasury will need replenishing. There is Colombia next. The President is willing to pay her, provided the act can be made to prove the perfect propriety of his "getting his clutches on the Isthmus," as he elegantly expresses it. The legal obstacles are obvious. Precedent does not exist for appropriations to quiet claims of which we deny the validity. But our Imperialist leaders, we know (for they have told us so), have the talent to meet every crisis as it arises; and we do not doubt that they will soon work out a highly moral formula for paying $10,000,000 to Colombia as a sort of consolation purse.

Chairman Foss of the House Naval Affairs Committee has, according to the press reports, "taken up with vigor the gauntlet thrown down by Senator Gorman in his announced policy of internal improvements in place of naval construction." The "vigor" seems to consist in Mr. Foss's declaration that "if we stopped [building] now we would [*sic*] be left behind the leading countries of the world." There is just about as much logic in this as in most of the navy boomers' arguments. Only the other day it was officially proved that we were now third in naval power among the nations, and were soon likely to be in second place. It would seem, therefore, as if other countries were being left behind, and not the United States. But there is never any ending to this ignoble competition. The big-navy men can always see a goal unattained before them, however many millions they may have squandered. For a time the cry was that we must at least be on a par with Austria and Brazil. Then, we were bound to overtake Germany, Russia, and Italy. Next, it will be England, that the Anglo-Saxons may dominate the world. Later, unless the common sense of the people calls a halt, we shall be told that we must be able to "lick" any two or three nations, etc. Mr. Foss's modest demand in these hard times for only 96 millions of dollars may be good policy, but we are inclined to think the House itself will prune this, at least so far as new construction is concerned. Whether it does or does not, Senator Gorman for once stands on what is not only a sound, but a civilized, high-minded, and essentially Democratic doctrine; Mr. Foss and Secretary Moody to the contrary notwithstanding.

The study of eminent rascality is now deeply engrossing the public mind. The conviction of Whitaker Wright was such a surprise to the average Britisher that he is not likely to get over talking about it for some time, and it has made a good many people ask if something of the same sort could not be done in this country. The general feeling has been that conditions were much more favorable to such a result in Great Britain than here; but the more the Wright episode is studied, the less this appears to be the case. Indeed, there was as strong a presumption in England that Wright could not be convicted in the criminal courts as there has been here that his American counterparts were beyond the law. The fact that the Attorney-General refused to direct prosecution against Wright is sufficient indication of the deep-seated feeling that the law could not touch him. The Solicitor-General actually asked, "Will any one get up and say that a man can be prosecuted for publishing a false balance sheet?" And it was announced that the Government intended to legislate to meet a case for which the criminal law made no provision. The London *Times* remarks that probably nothing more will be heard of the proposed legislation, and adds that it would be only seemly for the Government to repay fully to the private persons who instituted the prosecution, all the costs which they have incurred "in bringing to justice a culprit of a kind that, under our laws, fortune generally favors." In this particular case the British public's sense of justice had been too greatly outraged; it was quickly made clear that not even the greatest rascals are entirely immune.

The Wright verdict has made a good

many Americans feel that what man has done man may do. We have produced as great rascals as he. He could teach certain of our promoters nothing in the way of balance sheets and prospectuses. They were as clever as he in charging up as assets things that never were on land or sea; in the gentle art of gulling they have never been equalled. And they were, and still are, his equals in social standing. For months we have been listening to official accounts of how they did things. We have asked how it was possible that such men could be such cheats, and how the people whom they bled like sheep in a slaughter house could be such fools. But it has not seriously occurred to any one to make an attempt to put them down where they deserve to be. We show no such favors to rascals of lesser degree: short work is made of the green-goods man when caught; the promoter of a bogus Western mine is promptly jailed when sufficient evidence is produced; the man who lives by sponging on hotels and storekeepers is very apt to get his deserts. At the moment, public sentiment is hot against the eminent rascals. In legislative circles there is even talk of investigations. But unless the blow is struck while the iron is hot, it will not be struck at all.

It is inspiring to see a community so terribly afflicted as Baltimore rising up and asserting its ability to take care of itself. Offers of outside aid have been declined, but in no spirit of mere bravado, as the Mayor announces that the city will not hesitate to ask assistance later if necessary. Like Chicago and Boston, Baltimore has entered immediately, and with splendid courage, upon the task of building a better city. Of course, nothing can offset the fact that some $125,000,000 of wealth has been destroyed; the effects of such a loss must necessarily be gradually spread over the whole community. But man does not live by bread alone. Such calamities as the Baltimore fire are not to be welcomed, but it is quite possible that they have a high usefulness in testing the mettle of a people.

President Gompers, on the eve of his departure for Porto Rico to organize locals of the American Federation of Labor, gave us a new commandment. Organized labor, he said, had established the ethical proposition, "Thou shalt not take another man's job." It is a great pity that organized labor has not established still another proposition, namely, "Thou shalt not break another man's head." But, on second thought, such a commandment may be unnecessary; for have we not already been told to do no murder? It may be a good thing for organized labor to add an eleventh commandment to the Decalogue, but the wisdom of giving it preëminence over the sixth is to be doubted. Mr. Gompers's new proposition is, in fact, open to criticism on a number of grounds. What, in an ethical sense, is "another man's job"? Such a question does not have to be asked regarding the sixth and subsequent commandments. The fatal defect of the new labor commandment is that every exercise of it requires an act of mental discrimination. The determining of what is "another man's job" is purely an act of private judgment. We have no divine revelation to guide us in this matter. We have, it is true, the dictum of the labor leaders that "another man's job" means the job of one who belongs to a labor union, but no one of these leaders has yet given evidence of speaking with authority. The "scab," therefore, feels that he has as much right to exercise private judgment as the unionist, and by virtue thereof to accept any job that is offered him.

Mr. Booker Washington, speaking in this city on Friday evening, demolished in a single sentence the theory advanced by the Governor of Mississippi that education makes criminals of the negro. "Not a single graduate of Hampton or Tuskegee," he said, "can be found to-day in any jail or penitentiary." Could as much be said for Harvard or Yale? He added that 90 per cent. of the colored persons in prison to-day are without knowledge of trades, and that 61 per cent. are illiterate. While it was undoubtedly necessary to put on record an elaborate reply to Major Vardaman's demagogy, it is most gratifying to note that the better sentiment of the South, both in and out of the press, is very far from taking any stock in his absurd utterances or sharing his belief that there is no difference between Booker Washington and the negro boy who blacks the Major's boots, when it comes to the ballot. The best men of the South, in and out of its universities, regret such prejudiced utterances as reflections upon their sections of the country. For instance, the Richmond (Va.) *News-Leader* declares that "Gov. Vardaman's declarations are much more sensational than just or sensible," and adds: "Mistaking coincidences for cause and effect is an old and familiar fault of shallow ignorance." The Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, citing the familiar quotation that "ignorance is a remedy for nothing," characterizes Vardaman's doctrine "as utterly illogical, untenable, harsh, and cruel."

They have a high idea of the dignity of labor in South Africa. A correspondent of the London *Times* recalls the fact that, after emancipation, the negroes of Barbadoes came under the system of compulsory labor "through natural laws," thereby escaping the moral degeneracy of the negroes in Jamaica. Therefore, a scheme should be devised for the compulsory labor of those natives of South Africa who may be in no need of working for a subsistence. "Regular work and being obliged to work is a divine law to maintain at least a decent standard of morals," is the way the case is summed up. Compulsory work should be the rule wherever there is any idleness, whether in South Africa or Pall Mall, continues the expounder of this heroic doctrine. This is quite logical, and has come naturally in the fulness of time. In the nineteenth century the missionary was of inestimable service to the trader. He went in advance to the dark places of the earth, and in persuasive ways forced the heathen to stop raging, to put on clothes, and occasionally to do a little work. Then stepped in the trader and preempted their territory. But the missionary, after all, wasted a good deal of time and effort by putting the cart before the horse. A modern captain of industry is worth a hundred sermonizers. He does not confound cause and effect. He does not preach "Be civilized and work," but "Work and be civilized." It should be remembered, however, that the trader's idea of civilization is not exactly the same as the missionary's.

That John Morley's skilfully worded resolution of no confidence should be voted down was inevitable. It took the form of an amendment to the King's speech, and declared that return to protective duties would be injurious. It served very well to expose the vacillation of the Government on the fiscal issue. The final majority of 51, less than half the normal majority, was perfunctory. The Ministry for several days had been explaining that Mr. Balfour's proposed retaliatory schedules had nothing to do with protective duties; Mr. Chamberlain, exceptionally, observed a wise passiveness. Indeed, everything was done to give color to that sophism of the London *Times* which asserts that the fiscal plan is not yet in the Parliamentary stage. Under these circumstances, the majority must be regarded simply as a formal and partisan endorsement of Mr. Balfour. Many were willing to vote approval of the Government in general terms who would as certainly vote the Government down if the Chamberlain plan should come up in a specific form. The defection of the Irish Nationalists was the significant feature of the division. Mr. John Redmond explained that the Irish members had no attitude towards the fiscal question, but welcomed the chance to support a vote of no confidence in the Government. This action was foreshadowed in Mr. Redmond's notable speech of February 3, in which he said, "The colonial question is subservient to the Irish question."

THE REAL ISSUES OF THE WAR.

To say that Russia is fighting merely for ice-free ports on the Pacific, and Japan for an outlet in Korea, would be to make a superficial analysis of a much greater contest. The fight is between Eastern and Western civilization—a strife that is traceable to the very beginnings of recorded history. If Japan wins, the East will have the chance to reassert itself and to develop along national lines. If Russia conquers, the East generally will sink to the position of vassal and customer of the West. The alternative is admitted even by those who perceive it obscurely. Secretary Hay's circular note in behalf of China's "administrative entity" indicates the fear lest Europe, headed by Russia, may absorb China; the *Spectator's* gloomy vaticinations against a domineering Japan are caused by the dread that the East will come to self-consciousness and throw off the European yoke.

Considered from this point of view, the present war is likely to be a turning point in history. Many times before has the immemorial fight between the East and the West reached such a climax, and to-day the Japanese may feel that they are associated with the great defenders of history. They fight to-day as the Greeks fought the Persians, the Franks the Moors, the Magyars the Turks. Since the Turks were stopped at the Danube, the larger history of the world has written the slow conquest of the East by the West. The process has known no stay. It has been subject to no such checks as for a thousand years earlier the great invasions from the East had invariably met. But the aggression of Europe was all the more formidable that it was largely peaceful. Manchester prints and Brummagem ware, articles made in Germany, and American cottons have been much better battle-cries than "The Koran or the sword." And gradually most of Asia has come to live subject to the will of Europe and on condition of buying European goods. All of Asia to-day, except China and Japan, is pretty definitely marked out for ultimate occupation by some European Power. If Japan is humiliated and China partitioned, the process will be completed; the East as a political entity will have been destroyed, the East as a peculiar civilization will have been profoundly impaired.

People with goods to sell and superficial observers generally would welcome this obscuration of the East. To them it would mean the final triumph of our commercialized civilization. Others more altruistically see a providential movement redeeming pagans to Christianity. Nobody seems to regret the probable disappearance of a highly interesting life, of a society very humanely organized, with peculiar aptitudes for the graces of life and for beautiful handicraft. In these essential matters, as the Japanese scholar Okakura has recently said, the East is one against the West. It presents great uniformity and an established social order against the individualism of the West; with this goes a certain fatalism and submissiveness which deprives the universal lot of poverty of its sting, and a real community of ideas which transcends superficial systems of caste and makes a genuine social democracy. Finally, the tradition of leisurely and beautiful craftsmanship, which the West has forgotten, places the reward of labor where it belongs, in the interest of the work itself. These are advantages not to be despised, and only the very unimaginative will marvel at the "preference which many Orientals display, and which most feel at heart, for their own life over the life of Europe."

Of course, the prophets of militant commercialism will condemn this civilization out of hand as inferior, and will entertain a proper contempt for a defence of the East that includes its porcelains and wood carvings. To certain minds, and those minds rule to-day, the destiny of all inferior races is to buy the inferior products of superior races. With such we have no argument, nor do we hope to persuade them that trade does not necessarily imply sovereignty over the customer. We prefer rather to appeal to philosophic observers like Mr. Meredith Townsend, who, in his stimulating book, 'Asia and Europe,' seriously questions if the undoubted blessings of "peace and material prosperity" in British India have not been accompanied by overbalancing evils. He writes:

> "It is no time yet for conclusions, for the work of conquest has but just ended, and that of sowing seed has but just begun; but that decay of varieties of energy, that torpor of the higher intellectual life, that pause in the application of art knowledge, from architecture down to metal work and pottery, which have been synchronous with our rule in India—these are to the philosophic observer melancholy symptoms."

No one can doubt that, with the entire East in vassalage, the world would be distinctly less interesting and the diversity of civilization unhappily narrowed, and it is hard to see any sufficient compensation in the universal dominion of the bagmen of the West. And if this is the feeling of impartial spirits in the West, what must be the emotion of the single Oriental Power that has arrived at national self-consciousness—Japan? Avowedly or not, she is fighting the battle of Asia, and her war cry is "Asia for the Asiatics." A great sympathy cannot but go out to her, for she is setting her new-found strength against a movement with the weight of centuries behind it. Let no one suppose that with Western battleships she has adopted the Western soul. The mournful *Spectator* is right: if Asiatics are to be feared *quâ* Asiatics, Japan is to be feared. But we choose rather to believe that such enterprise and daring are not associated with a congenital unfitness to further the progress of the world. We see in the advance of Japan great hope for the regeneration of China along Asiatic lines, and we are convinced that this would be far more in the interests of civilization than the creation of so many colonies in the present spheres of influence.

MR. HANNA'S PUBLIC CAREER.

It is easy to understand why the late Senator Hanna was so much esteemed personally. A very approachable and affable man, he made friends easily and bound to him multitudes in different walks of life. He had a great stock of native kindliness. In his rise to large wealth he did not lay aside the manners of a man of the people. As an employer he appears to have won, and deserved to win, the confidence and even affection of his men in an unusual degree. He rejoiced in his sobriquet of "Uncle Mark." And if one asks why men of affairs had so genuine a respect for his ability, the answer is that he had a mind at once keen in its perceptions and comprehensive in its grasp. Such results as he achieved come only by due cause. There can be no doubt that Senator Hanna was a man of unusual and versatile capacity. No scandals, further, haunted his private life.

Passing by, however, all those aspects of the man which may fairly be called private and inviolate, it is his public career that challenges comment at this hour. Of what type was he as a political leader? What counsel does his example speak to young men ambitious to do some service to the State? His total influence upon party politics, upon the morals of the political world, upon the nation at large—was it good or bad? Such are the questions to which the passing of Senator Hanna from the scene presses for an honest answer.

We can see pretty clearly now, what will be perfectly distinct to the acute historian in the future, that Mr. Hanna was the full flower of the spirit of commercialism in politics. He was, in this, but the child of his epoch. That was the reason of his success. He best embodied the tendency of the years in which he was militant. It was in Senator Hanna that the grosser and more repulsive policies of his own party beheld themselves as in a mirror. What was everywhere latent, he caught up and flashed forth. The apologies of others became his defiances; what they deprecated, even while profiting by, he gloried in. To invest money in politics as in a mine or railroad, and to look as confidently for the pecuniary return; to appeal for votes on the basis of sheer material advantage; to cry up prosperity as the be-all and end-all of government; to vulgarize politics by making its watchwords the cries of the market and the slang of the gambler; to make of the electoral struggles of a free people an exciting game with huge and

glittering money stakes—in a word, to put mercantile methods in the place of forensic, and to hold the best title to office to be the fact that it has been bought and paid for—this was the great political distinction of Mr. Hanna.

He set about the first election of President McKinley in the spirit, and with many of the devices, of a financier planning a vast combination. In fact, there was an almost ludicrous resemblance between his campaign for the nomination of Mr. McKinley and a skilful reorganization of a bankrupt railway. Mr. Hanna took up a Congressman whose private fortunes were shattered and whose political prestige was broken. That looked like most unpromising material out of which to create a Governor and, later, a President. But Mr. Hanna saw the financial possibilities of the situation. A political reaction was upon the country. After years of depression a promise that the people were to be fed and filled and warmed was sure to be fetching. Mr. Hanna openly dangled that bribe in the nation's face. He set in motion, certainly in 1895, probably as early as 1894, an elaborate and heavily endowed organization to bring Mr. McKinley to the front. Just who furnished the funds, and in what sums, will not be known until Mr. Hanna's private records leap to light, if they ever do; but it was common gossip in advance that such and such men were to have this office and the other for subscriptions received. It is to be said for Mr. McKinley that he honored every obligation of that sort. Financial good faith was kept. So was political. Not one of Mr. Hanna's "original McKinley men" went unrewarded, let clergymen and college professors protest against them as scandalous ill livers if they choose. The whole ante-convention campaign was tinged with the merchandising spirit, and afterwards every note was met as it fell due.

Things fell out luckily for Mr. Hanna after McKinley and Bryan were fairly in the field in 1896. The contest turned into an assault upon the nation's financial credit. The result was to put vast sums at Chairman Hanna's disposal. This seemed necessary at the time, and the sound principle undoubtedly triumphed; but it was at the cost of a frightful extension of commercialism in politics. For this, Mr. Hanna was too much responsible. We have heard men familiar with his methods say that his plan was to block out the contested States into small districts, and coolly figure out how much money it would take to make each safe. All this was bad enough at the time, but the doctrine of no peril without its price, no vote that could not be had for cash in hand, secured a fatal hold and was applied disastrously for years. It rose to its final pitch of vulgar effrontery in the Ohio campaign of last year, which resulted in an attempt to baptize the Republican party anew in the faith of the almighty dollar.

We wish to be entirely fair. Prosperity, rightly conceived and worthily striven for, is a national blessing. We do not doubt that Senator Hanna really wished to see everybody busy and contented. That went with his kindness of heart, as did also, we presume, the efforts to compose labor troubles to which he gave so much time and energy. But it was his misfortune to seem to make meat more than life. He identified his name with lavish and wasteful policies. Politico-financial promoters swarmed about him, as did also the unscrupulous politicians of whom he made use, and by whom he thought it a point of honor to stand in all their detected knaveries. Thus he exactly typified the baser tendencies of his party and his day. We had loud praises from him of the full dinner-pail and the swollen bank account, with money enough in the Treasury for every schemer; but when did he ever speak an echoing word for human liberty, or show that national honor was dearer to him than the jingling of the guinea, or separate himself from the category of those who, in Puritan phrase, "make Religion as twelve and the World as thirteen"? Mr. Hanna was a master of legions of "negro delegates," but real sympathy with the struggles of black men to rise he never betrayed in public. Asked last summer what was the intent of the Ohio plank about negro suffrage in the South, he replied that he was against having the party really take up that issue, and added, in the most matter-of-fact way, "There are 25,000 negroes in Ohio whose votes we want."

Senator Hanna rose as high as such a man could go in this country. It is unavailing for his friends to speak of what might have been had he lived—of disappointed ambitions. Verily, he had his reward. His support by the men who are in politics for the money they can make, and by the grand army of corrupt politicians, was the real and final measure of his success. The judgment of the people is just, in the long run; and it had already given Mr. Hanna his true place. A skilled political manager, yes; but a public man upon whom Americans would delight to bestow their highest honors? Never.

PROMOTION FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE.

The new General Staff of the army has prepared a bill to provide rewards for officers of distinguished service, which was duly transmitted to Congress by Secretary Root before his retirement from office. It is an outgrowth of the scandals attending the unwarranted advancement of Gens. Wood, Grant, and Funston, and of the ill-feeling created by the promotion to brigadier-generals of competent but subordinate officers, like Capts. A. L. Mills and J. Franklin Bell, as well as Majors T. H. Bliss and W. A. Kobbé. In most of these cases the excuse for conferring generalcies has been the inability of the President to do anything else. As the law now stands, he can in no way reward an inferior officer of great merit except by making him a brigadier-general—in most cases a reward entirely too great for the service rendered.

In his memorandum of transmittal, Mr. Root dwelt upon this situation, and added: "One very serious evil resulting from the inability of the President to properly reward distinguished service is the lack of incentive to such service which ought to be furnished by suitable rewards." He further endorsed the General Staff's bill by pointing out that the expense involved is but slight compared to the benefit which, in his opinion, will be derived from it, and by stating that it will in no way interfere with or change the present organization of the army. He might well have gone further, and characterized the measure as "a bill to prevent the President from abusing the appointing power so far as relates to the army." This is its real purpose. If our Presidents are to excuse themselves for making generals of doctors and of personal friends, on the ground that there is no other way of rewarding them, the sooner this apology is done away with the better it will be for army and public.

The General Staff evidently believes in limiting the power of the President as much as possible. Its bill, in brief, provides that there shall be a "distinguished-service list," composed of not more than five colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, eighteen majors, ten captains, and five first lieutenants. Any and all of these offices the President may fill when, in his judgment, there are officers who merit special advancement, but only on the "specific recommendation of a board, as near permanent as may be, of five general officers on the active list of the army, which board shall be appointed by the President and sworn in every case to make the recommendation, if at all, without partiality and exclusively on the merit of the officer's services as shown by official records." In other words, for the untrained and easily influenced opinion of the President and the Secretary of War, there is to be substituted the sober judgment of an officer's superiors of sufficiently high rank to be themselves beyond the influence of personal considerations, and who are sworn to put aside all political, social, or personal influences in favor of a candidate for the distinguished-service list. The officers thus specially advanced are to retain their old places and commissions, and will be promoted on the ordinary list without reference to their places on the distinguished list. Officers selected for reward will

receive only one higher grade, save in cases of exceptional achievements.

Had this bill been passed prior to 1898, it would not, of course, have prevented the appointment of a Funston and Grant to the regular army, but it would in all probability have saved the country from the Wood scandal. So far as the promotion of Capt. Albert L. Mills is concerned, that officer would undoubtedly be sufficiently rewarded if he were given the rank of lieutenant-colonel upon the distinguished-service list. This commission would give him the following advantages: (1) The right to append to his signature the words, "lieutenant-colonel, distinguished-service"; (2) the pay and allowances of a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry; and (3) all the other rights, privileges, qualifications, and emoluments of the grade save the right to command troops under his distinguished-service commission. But if specially so assigned by the President, the distinguished-service officer could have the command of troops suitable to his advanced rank just as if he were regularly commissioned. Surely, this should be distinction enough for an officer whose undoubtedly gallantry at Santiago was by no means exceptional. It would certainly right the wrong done him in the matter of unfair promotion in the past, and in any foreign service it would make of an officer thus favored a man of mark among his comrades throughout his life.

There is every indication that this bill will have the unanimous support of the army, if only for the reason that the proposed distinguished-service list can do no officer any harm. Never has the army been so roused as by the rewards given to Wood and his fellow "captain-generals," and this not merely because some unworthy men have been made generals, but because the process has done clear injustice to hundreds of more capable and deserving officers. Distinguished officers will be promoted in regular order under their permanent commissions, and not at the expense of their classmates or of men who were twenty years in service before they were done with knee breeches. When such officers retire from active service, or are promoted to a grade equalling that specially conferred upon them, their places on the distinguished-service list will be vacated —to be filled if there are worthy officers awaiting recognition, or, if this be not the case, to remain unfilled until such time as men have a chance to win honors. That they would at once become the greatest prizes in army life next to the medal of honor, even Congress should see. The measure before it should have prompt approval.

CHAMBERLAIN VS. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain's self-esteem is probably proof against the Cobden Club's "Reply" to his tariff speeches. This work asserts that the speeches are open to objection in every part and almost every paragraph, and that the frequent historical references are wholly untrustworthy—that when authorities such as Adam Smith, Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone are quoted, or referred to, opinions the very opposite of what they held are attributed to them. The very title of the work, 'Fact vs. Fiction,' shows what sort of disputant the committee consider Mr. Chamberlain. If the committee had desired to put an apt phrase across the title-page of their work, they would certainly have chosen, "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee," for that is what, in very large measure, they have done. When they have not discredited him out of his own mouth, they have done so out of the mouths of persons whom he has cited in defence of his position.

There is, in fact, no one against whom the parallel column can be used with such deadly effect as Mr. Chamberlain. Here on the one side are two statements from a Birmingham speech of 1903, and on the other an extract from a speech delivered in 1885, when times were hard and a good many persons were clamoring for protection, under the guise of "fair trade" and "reciprocity":

1903.	1885.
"It is a popular delusion that, during the time of Protection, England was declining, until it had reached a state of unexampled misery and destitution."	"I wonder whether in this vast audience there are any people who have any conception of the state of things which existed forty or fifty years ago, *i. e.*, between 1835 and 1845. At that time the whole of the laborers in the agricultural districts were on the verge of starvation. The Poor Rates were in some districts 20s. in the pound. At the time of which I am speaking the large towns were described by eyewitnesses as bearing the appearance of beleaguered cities, so dreadful were the destitution and the misery which prevailed in them. People walked the streets like gaunt shadows, and not like human beings. There were bread riots in every town. There were rick burnings on all the countrysides. We were on the verge of a revolution when the Corn Laws were abolished."
"Is it true that at the time when Free Trade was introduced and the Corn Laws were repealed, we were in a state of destitution and misery and starvation? Is it true that, under the Protection which prevailed before that, this country was going down in the scale of nations or losing its prosperity and losing its trade? No, absolutely no. The exact reverse was the case."	

The man who now says that England was the reverse of destitute in the days of protection, made still another speech in 1885. In this he referred to "those times when Protection starved the poor." He also quoted some verses of the Corn-Law Rhymer to show how horrible were the sufferings of the people, and then said: "That is not a retrospect which I think would be favorable to any party or any statesman who should have the audacity to propose that we should go back to those times." That is what most persons would think; and yet a statesman with sufficient audacity to propose such a movement has actually come to the front, and his name is Joseph Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain's method of quoting Cobden has led the committee to assert that "never, we believe, in the history of political controversy has a statesman of repute made statements so untrue and so reckless!" But perhaps the most astonishing bit of audacity with which Mr. Chamberlain has surprised the world is his Glasgow statement that if Adam Smith were alive, he would undoubtedly be heart and soul for imperial federation and preferential trade with the colonies. The delightful absurdity of this is shown by a number of citations from the 'Wealth of Nations,' ending with this: "Britain should by all means be made a free port, and there should be no interruptions to foreign trade." Colonial monopoly was odious to Smith; for a little enhancement of price, he says, "the home producers have been burdened with the whole expense of maintaining and defending that empire."

In 1903 Mr. Chamberlain said that in 1846 (the year of the Corn Law repeal) the price of wheat was 54s. 8d. per quarter, and that for ten years after 1846 the average price was 55s. 4d.—or 8d. higher than during the whole year 1846. But he did not point out that, though the repeal was carried in 1846, it did not go into effect until 1849, when the price fell from 50s. 6d. to 44s. 3d., touching 38s. 6d. in 1851. Nor did he state that his ten-year period included the years 1854 to 1856, when, owing to the stoppage of Russian wheat exports on account of the Crimean war, the price rose to famine figures—namely, to 73s. per quarter. Another piece of Chamberlain audacity is the assertion that England's foreign trade prospered greatly under a system of protection. In 1815 the war with France came to an end; in 1842 Sir Robert Peel made his first great effort towards free trade by repealing and reducing a large number of import duties. In the period 1816-20 the exports averaged £40,-315,000; in 1831-45, £40,500,000; in 1836-42, £50,011,000; in 1843-48, £56,-742,000; in 1849-53, £75,245,000; in 1857-59, £98,900,000; and in 1860-64, £132,400,000.

But the arrested development of the British export of manufactures in the last thirty years is what most worries Mr. Chamberlain. The Cobden Club, however, cruelly recalls that in 1881 he was President of the Board of Trade, and that he then talked very differently on this point. It was contended in 1881 that trade was falling off, and that the average exports for 1876-80 were 7 per cent. smaller than those for 1871-75. But Mr. Chamberlain objected to this argument, and said that the reduction was in value only, as there had been a fall in prices "averaging not less than 20 per cent.; the real value of our trade had increased in the interval about 14 per cent." And on top of all this, only last year, Mr. Chamberlain's colleague, Mr. Gerald Balfour, President of the

Board of Trade, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, produced figures showing that the value of British exports for 1902, if based on the prices of 1873, would have been £416,000,000, instead of the £278,000,000 actually reported—that is, an increase over 1873 of 153 per cent., in place of a paltry 23 per cent. What shall be said of a man who juggles facts and figures in a way like this, and who says to-day that "retaliation" is a necessity, in spite of his powerful denunciation of such a policy in 1881?

THE PRESENT SIGNIFICANCE OF KANT.

Immanuel Kant the Königsberg philosopher, and the most influential thinker in the history of German thought, was born April 22, 1724, and died February 12, 1804. The hundred years that have passed since his death have been marked by many very great advances both in science and in the other fields of human activity in which he took especial interest, but Kant still remains a thinker of contemporary interest and of living influence. A prominent German philosophical periodical, the *Kantstudien*, is to-day devoted not only to the interpretation of his thought, but to the discussion of its bearings upon contemporary problems. Pope Leo, in one of his later encyclicals, deplored the wide influence that the Kantian philosophy has been recently exerting upon the teachings of a notable school of philosophers which has sprung up within the Catholic Church. And this particular form of Neo-Kantianism which Leo deplored has flourished, in certain Catholic and clerical circles, in the very country where an uninitiated person might least have expected to find such a movement—namely, in France. In England and in this country nobody seriously studies philosophy without taking careful account of Kant. Courses more or less exclusively devoted to the exposition and criticism of his views are an indispensable feature in a well-developed modern university curriculum. And both within and outside of academic circles the interest in Kant's thought is shared both by theologically disposed students, and by those who are, on the contrary, mainly interested in the examination of the philosophical bases of science. For Kant is a thinker who has his word to say both to the skeptic and to the believer; both to the constructive idealist, and to the empiricist; both to the man who wants to build "beyond Kant," and to the critical doubter who, despairing of the success of cloud-piercing systems, soberly desires to "return to Kant." Whoever refutes Kant, only stimulates his readers to new studies of the original text; whoever condemns Kant, only shows thereby how necessary it still is to take account of him; whoever, as disciple, "returns to Kant," is obliged all the more to interpret the master in the light of modern problems; and whoever attempts to "build beyond Kant," must nevertheless attempt to expound afresh what Kant meant.

In consequence, Kant means a great deal to the thought of the present time, even when this thought seems farthest removed from his formulas. Here is no place to set forth Kant's doctrines in any technical way; but it is worth while to review, very briefly, two of the principal reasons why Kant still keeps so living an influence, and why it is that the coming century of philosophy, like the past, is likely to be very frequently busy with the task of defining its relations to his teachings.

Kant's influence, then, in the first place is that of a very winning and wholesome personality. The world justly admires the man who in difficult tasks keeps his head. Kant never lost his self-possession in presence of the most baffling problems. The world wisely prizes the man who can be mercilessly critical, both of himself and of current dogma, and of the individual caprices of his fellow-men, and who nevertheless is never flippant, never cynical, and always humane. Kant accomplished this difficult union of humanity with critical acumen, and did so with a serenity of temper, a freedom from bias, and a sanity of judgment which in such a union are almost without a parallel. The world honorably pays tribute to unquestionable personal virtues. And of Kant's faithfulness to his own high ideals, of his moral health and devotedness, there can be no doubt. His worst personal faults seem to have been a certain narrowness of emotional experience, a certain lack of sympathy with some of the more romantic aspects of life, and a certain pedantry. These faults, such as they were, were incidents of his frail physical constitution, of the hard-won and unvarying regimen whereby he was able so long to retain his physical hold on life, of his provincial education, of the fact that he never travelled far from his birthplace, and of the conditions of his academic training and career. But no man ever made more than Kant did of such resources as our philosopher's physical weakness and narrow range of personal experience still left open to him. If he could not understand some of the more romantic aspects of life, he was nevertheless sensitive to the influence of Rousseau, and profited greatly thereby. If his rigorism as an ethical teacher often seemed to make him relatively indifferent to the significance of even the noblest sentiment as a practical guide to action, yet his mind was open, so far as keen vision, kindly personal intercourse with other men, and wide reading, could make it, to the effort to appreciate the most various types of mankind and the most wayward forms of human wilfulness. If he was no traveller, yet he was widely read in the literature of travel, and was a loving and tolerant student of the varieties of human nature as they were exhibited by different peoples. His correspondence, as it has lately been reëdited, now shows us, as we never knew before, how various were the sorts of men who appealed to him for sympathy or for guidance, and how much they confided in his humane spirit. As to his pedantry, that was illuminated in his case by a certain delightful humor, which appears little, to be sure, in his best-known and strictly technical works, but which was a prominent feature in certain of his courses of lectures, and a constant resource in his social intercourse.

He stands before us as a lifelong invalid who still never wearies by complaints; a keen critic of human nature who yet is never unkindly; a rigorist in ethics whom people meanwhile loved for his geniality of nature; a man trained in pedantry whose ideas are nevertheless far richer than are the forms in which they are expressed; a great thinker who, for all that, prized nothing so much as his daily duties; a man of narrow experience whose wealth of insight constantly surprised his contemporaries. Although his experience of the fine arts was limited to what his own native city could show him, his theory of the beautiful is the most influential, as it appears to be in many respects the sanest, of all the distinctly philosophical theories of modern æsthetics. Although his philosophical teachings appear at first sight so negative, yet one of his principal interests lay in attempting to give a sound foundation and a definite office in life to religious faith; and his influence has been nowhere more felt than in the recent developments of the philosophy of religion. Theologians and skeptics, students of science and idealists, thus join in finding him a guide.

The manysidedness and the remarkable balance and dignity of Kant's personality constitute one ground for the permanence and the strength of his influence. A second ground, and, of course, a still more important one, lies in his doctrine. This doctrine, namely, unites such various motives, allies itself with such different historical tendencies and influences, and bears upon so many types of modern problems that it stands, so to speak, at the great meeting-place, or at the crossroads, of recent speculation, so that, whatever one's personal decision may be regarding the problems at issue, and whatever the road that one travels, one is sure to be reminded that these problems were Kant's, and that this road leads one through, or at least close to, his system of doctrine.

Surveyed in its connections, this doctrine involves three essential theses: First, the world as it is in itself is unknowable; and only the realm of human experience is the just object of human theoretical science, question, and research. Secondly, every lawful and orderly aspect of human experience is due to the working of our own understanding, so that, apart from our intelligent interpretation of experience, sense shows us only chaos, while what we get out of our study of nature exhibits to us only those types of law which our own understanding has—not capriciously, indeed, but of its own necessity—first thought into nature. Thirdly, our "pure thought," our reason proper, can reveal to us no theoretical demonstrable absolute verities about the nature of things, but can only show us, on the one hand, what our moral duty is, and, on the other hand what, as rational beings, we are bound practically to assume as true, not as a matter of knowledge, but as faith. Thus, as Kant holds, the limits of possible human knowledge, and the sphere of necessary and rational faith, are marked out, justified, and rendered unmistakable.

Our concern here is not with the truth, but with the historical significance, of these philosophical definitions and theses. Their influence has been, as a stimulus, as a challenge to critics and to opponents, enormous. As a defence of the essential rationality of certain admittedly indemonstrable faiths, Kant's theory has become a bulwark of defence to very various defenders of modern forms of religious belief and practice against the assaults of the opponents of all faith. As a criticism of the

limits of human knowledge, his work is the inexhaustible source of new attempts to define the scope to which our human insight is limited. As an analysis of the part which our intellectual processes play in defining our whole conception of phenomenal nature, as an investigation of the dependence of all our knowledge of what we take to be the external world upon the constitution of our own intelligence, Kant's theory at once excites permanent admiration for its ingenuity, and provokes us to constantly renewed analyses of the logic of experience.

The influence of such opinions and of the inquiries which they have provoked has also extended, however, far beyond the range of technical philosophy, and still extends. Such methods of study inspire freedom of opinion, keenness of critical self-examination, an effort to unite conflicting tendencies by higher syntheses, a disposition to be just to various sides of human nature, a union of skepticism with reverence; and these tendencies, in our time, have received application in many regions of activity which seem remote enough from philosophy. Many profit by the spirit of Kant who know little or nothing of his letter. His doctrine, as he stated it, will have henceforth few literal disciples; but whenever and wherever the lovers of their kind are interested in the great task of teaching man how to become, in a conscious and rational sense, without anarchy and yet without fear, the spiritual master of his own world, the memory of Kant will be honored, his guidance will be felt, and his personality will inspire.

GREECE REVISITED.

ATHENS, January 15, 1904.

Returning to Greece after an absence of twenty years one finds many changes. To begin with, the place of landing is different. Twenty years ago there was no Peloponnesian railway, and all travellers from Europe came by sea to the Peiræus. Now almost everybody lands at Patras, where passengers for Athens take the train. By this change the traveller both gains and loses. Some time is saved, which may or may not be important; but the trip round the Peloponnesus by sea and the entrance into the harbor at Peiræus are well worth the extra day's travel. On the other hand, the railway from Patras to Athens offers some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. From Patras to Corinth the road lies along the southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth, and across the blue water one sees clearly the sharply outlined mountains of Ætolia, Acarnania, Locris, Phocis, and Bœotia, among which Parnassus and Cithæron are especially prominent. Soon after passing Corinth, the train crosses the ship-canal that cuts the Isthmus, and skirts the shore of the Saronic Gulf, affording beautiful views of the Peloponnesian mountains and the islands of Salamis and Ægina. The aspect of the Gulf is that of a mountain lake; but no mountains outside of Greece are so sharply outlined against so blue a sky or so beautiful in their violet purple color. Upon closer acquaintance with the Greek mountains, one finds them for the most part bare and gray; but when seen from even a moderate distance they take on a violet hue quite unlike the color of the mountains of other countries.

Upon reaching Athens, one finds one's self in an outlying part of the city near the ancient Colonus, where Sophocles was born; a district which twenty years ago lay quite outside the life of the city. There the stranger is at once surrounded by a horde of screaming and pushing hotel agents and cabmen, through whose midst he has to struggle, unless he resigns himself and his belongings at once to the tender mercies of some one of their number. This ordeal is, if anything, even more trying than the struggle with the boatmen who transfer the passengers from the steamer to the quay at the Peiræus. But the nature of the ordeal is the same. The cabmen are the brothers of the boatmen, merely transferred to dry land.

The city of Athens itself has grown in twenty years to something like twice its former size, and general improvement has kept pace with growth. It is more European than it used to be, and the number of fine buildings has increased greatly. The streets, though still very dusty in summer and muddy after rain, are cleaner than they once were, and there is a greater appearance of thrift, or perhaps one should say a less general aspect of shiftlessness. In the streets of the capital the national costume is far less often seen than in earlier times, and even in the country one sees European clothing much more frequently than in former days. It is said that the increase in the population of Athens is due less to an influx of people from the country than to the increasing number of Greeks from Egypt and other regions who have chosen Athens as their place of abode. At any rate, the villages seem little less populous than formerly, in spite of the comparatively large number of emigrants to America in recent years.

There is a marked difference in the language spoken in the streets. Evidently the teaching of the schools is affecting the speech of the people. Now, as formerly, the spoken language differs materially from the semi-classic written dialect, but even in the spoken language ancient forms are becoming established. The genitive case, which was little used as a separate form, except in pronouns, is now often heard in the mouths of simple folk, and even the dative case occasionally appears. So, too, some ancient verb forms are more commonly employed. Whether the result will be a real improvement or the reverse, remains to be seen. For the present it looks as if the development or deterioration of Greek into an analytic language were arrested. Naturally enough the Greeks look back with veneration and longing to the classic period of Hellenic greatness, and the desire of many among them to restore the ancient language, or, at least, to approximate to it, is easily understood. So far as the exclusion of Turkish and other foreign words is concerned, the attempt to purify the language is neither hopeless nor unjustified, but it is doubtful if success can or should attend the efforts of those who are trying to restore the forms or syntax of the ancient speech.

The language question is not always regarded as a matter merely for calm academic discussion. A few months ago the "Oresteia" of Æschylus was produced at the Royal Theatre, in a translation and adaptation by G. Soteriades, the ephor of antiquities, whose excellent work of excavation on the site of the ancient Thermon is well known. In his translation he made use of words and expressions belonging to the colloquial language, and thereby aroused the indignation of the students at the University. They met at the University building, and decided upon a demonstration to put a stop to the performance. In the evening a large body of students paraded the streets, gathering the mob of the city in their train. The ordinary police could not cope with the disorder, troops were ordered to the scene, and, before the disturbance ended, one man was killed. Compared with some of the riots that have broken out in our American cities at various times, this was a mild affair, but it shows how strongly some of the Greeks feel about the language question. Undoubtedly the desire to embarrass the Ralli ministry led some to encourage the spirit of disorder, and there were also other motives at work; but the fact remains that the trouble was ostensibly due to the production of the "Oresteia." To an American, one of the unpleasant features of the whole affair was the alliance of the students with the mob. Our own students sometimes disgrace themselves, but they do not invite the mob of the city to join in their processions and help them to attain their ends.

Of much more practical importance than the perennial language question is the equally perennial Eastern Question. The Greeks seem to be firmly persuaded that the disorders in Macedonia are not a genuine popular uprising, but are the work of Bulgarians, who are, to be sure, for the most part, inhabitants of Macedonia, but who are assisted by Bulgarians from over the border with the purpose of making Macedonia more and more Bulgarian by terrorizing, driving away, and killing the Macedonians who are not of Bulgarian blood. This is, of course, intended merely as a prelude to the ultimate annexation of Macedonia by Bulgaria. It is evidently difficult to determine the racial affinities of the mixed population of Macedonia so as to assign to each race its proper numerical position. The statistics given in Greek newspapers make the Macedonian Greeks much more numerous than the statistics given by most authorities; but it is not necessary to accept their figures in order to understand the eager interest with which the Greeks follow events in Macedonia. Even accepting the least favorable statistics, one finds the number of Greeks settled in Macedonia so great that the Greeks of the Kingdom of Greece cannot look on with indifference while Bulgarian influence is spreading, especially when it spreads by fire and sword. There seems to be no expectation that the acceptance by the Porte of the Austro-Russian proposals concerning Macedonia will prevent renewed outrages in the spring, and what the end will be no one can foretell. Meanwhile, the Greek Government is urged to take care of its army, that it may make a good showing when the time comes, for the success of the Bulgarians in Macedonia would not only bring disaster upon the Greeks now settled there, but would put an end to all hope of the expansion of the Kingdom of Greece toward the north. Unfortunately, the necessary measures for the improvement of the Greek army after the recent war with Turkey were neglected or badly carried out.

In the last few days the old discussion

about the race of the modern Greeks has again come to the front. The Italian Minister here, Signor Silvestrelli, in a report to his home Government, recounted the many inroads and conquests of foreign races since the classical times, and concluded that the Greeks of to-day are the descendants of various ancestors, but hardly of the ancient Greeks. Of course, the Greeks cannot deny the inroads and conquests, but they point to the continuous use of the Greek language and to the obvious survival of some characteristic traits (and, they might add, some ancient superstitions) as proofs that they are really Greek by descent, not merely by habitat. Just now feeling runs high, and there is a rumor that the Italian Minister may be recalled.

Such matters are of the greatest importance to the Greeks, and cannot fail to arouse some interest even among those foreigners who are here but for a short time. But the foreigner's chief interest is in the things of ancient times; and in respect to these things there have been great changes in twenty years. The Acropolis has been laid bare to the solid rock, and, although the earth has been in part replaced for the sake of an attractive appearance, all important foundations are left uncovered—among them those of the ancient temple which stood close to the site of the later Erechtheum. The Erechtheum itself is now undergoing restoration, and the scaffolding erected for that purpose offers unusual facilities for a careful study of all details of the building. The recent restoration of the Parthenon was limited to strengthening and repairing certain damaged portions of the building which threatened to fall, and the few new stones inserted are inconspicuous. No attempt was made to set up the fallen columns or the other stones of the building which lay, and still lie, scattered over the surface of the Acropolis. With the Erechtheum the case is different. Already all the columns, the epistyle, the frieze blocks, ceiling, cornices, and tympanum of the north porch, are restored to their original positions, new blocks being inserted in a few places where the old ones are missing. For the frieze blocks, blue (upper) Pentelic marble is used, instead of the dark Eleusinian stone, the color of which has so changed in the course of time that it is little, if at all, darker than the blue marble. On the western wall the two northern half-columns once more carry an epistyle, and perhaps the missing parts will be replaced by new stones to such an extent as to restore the western wall to something like what it was in ancient times, before the insertion of the Roman windows. The roof and epistyle over the Caryatides and the Caryatides themselves are still to be strengthened, and the southern wall and the eastern colonnade are probably to be repaired. Some of the details of the work are not yet entirely settled. So far, the work has been done with great care and thoroughness under most competent direction. The Erechtheum was repaired and somewhat altered in Roman times, and, after many vicissitudes, was partially restored in 1838. A sentimental protest against the present restoration is therefore somewhat unreasonable. Certainly the building will be far more beautiful than it has been since 1838, and will give the spectator a better idea of its original appearance. The work is conducted by the Greek Achæological Society, which is also restoring the temple of Apollo at Bassæ.

Other changes in various parts of the city bear witness to the diligent digging of archæologists. A large part of what was the market has disappeared, and in its place one sees the remains of Hadrian's magnificent library, while to the west of the Acropolis, in the hollow between the Areopagus and the Pnyx, a series of ancient streets and houses show how far the modern city is from occupying exactly the site of ancient Athens. This is the place where Professor Dörpfeld finds the sanctuary of Dionysus in the Marshes. Here also are remains of the water-works built by Pisistratus, and in the hill of the Pnyx are many channels and several cisterns and chambers belonging in part to still earlier provisions for water supply. Here it is that Professor Dörpfeld places the famous spring of Callirrhoë, changed by Pisistratus to Enneacrunus.

But the changes in the museums are even greater than those in the city at large or on the Acropolis. All over Greece, excavations have been going on for years with ceaseless activity, and the most important portable objects discovered have, with few exceptions, such as the discoveries of Olympia and Delphi, been brought to Athens. The National Museum, in spite of great additions to its building, is filled to overflowing. The priceless collection of inscriptions is for the most part gathered together in an unroofed courtyard, exposed to all the vicissitudes of weather, and works of sculpture which would be the pride of many a museum in Western Europe are hidden from sight in storerooms where only those who already know of their existence are able to see them. Even on the Acropolis delicately carved architectural fragments are lying exposed to the rain and the dust for lack of room in the museums. To the stranger the chief need of Greece seems to be more museum buildings; but no doubt the native Greek feels more keenly the need of other things. Yet, in spite of lack of room, the museums of Athens offer unparalleled advantages to the students of Greek art and epigraphy. Of the contents of the museums and the changes the past twenty years have wrought therein, only a catalogue (and alas! there is no complete catalogue of anything in Athens except the collection of vases) can speak in detail. Nor is it possible within the limits of a letter even to allude to each of the important works of excavation carried on in the last two decades. The visitor is overwhelmed by the number of sites which should be seen, and at each site the excavations have some special interest. Among them all, the French excavations at Delphi are preëminent, though they may be equalled by the excavations at Delos. It is to be hoped, also, that our own excavations at Corinth, the results of which are already important, may be continued to a satisfactory conclusion.

H. N. F.

Correspondence.

THE WORD "PALATINE" IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Lexicographers have paid scant attention to the above word, and Dr. Murray recently informed the writer that his readers had not furnished him with a single American example. Yet, in one way or another, the word has been in use in this country for nearly three centuries; and the facts, both because of some interest in themselves and also because they will correct certain misapprehensions, deserve to be placed on record.

Of the several counties palatine which existed in England in the Middle Ages, but one is mentioned in the early American charters. The rights of the county palatine of Durham were granted as follows: In 1623 to Sir G. Calvert for Avalon, in 1629 to Sir R. Heath for Carolana, in 1632 to Lord Baltimore for Maryland, in 1634 to Sir E. Plowden for New Albion, in 1635 to J. Mason for New Hampshire (but the genuineness of this grant is in doubt), in 1639 to Sir F. Gorges for Maine, and in 1663 and 1665 to the proprietors of Carolina. It is thus seen that several proprietors had palatinate rights, and it would not have been at all surprising had the title "Palatine" been applied to the person or persons to whom the above charters were issued. Nevertheless, except in two instances, there is no proof that Palatine was so applied.

A writer has recently alluded to Sir F. Gorges as "Lord Palatine of Maine" (*Notes and Queries*, July 11, 1903, p. 23). Gorges spoke of himself as "Lord Proprietor and owner of the Province of Maine" or as "Lord of the Province of Maine"; while his grandson, F. Gorges, also spoke of himself as the "Lord Proprietor of the Province of Mayne." Unless evidence to the contrary can be produced, it is safe to conclude that such a title as Lord Palatine was never employed by Gorges.

In the Century Dictionary we read that "the same name [Palatine] is sometimes given to the proprietor of the province of Maryland." Here again the statement may be regarded as erroneous, for the actual title employed by the proprietor of Maryland was "Lord Proprietary," thus corresponding to the "Lord Proprietor" of Maine and to the "Lords Proprietors" of Carolina. Indeed, the word Palatine, with a single exception presently to be mentioned, seems never to have been used in this country as the title of a person before the year 1669. Among the eight original proprietors of Carolina was the famous Earl of Shaftesbury, then (1663) Lord Ashley. In 1666 he made the acquaintance of John Locke, and in 1669 the Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina were drawn up. These are generally attributed to Locke, but the exact share which each had in their preparation seems never to have been determined. In the first and second charters of Carolina, there was a clause in regard to colonial titles of honor; but what was vague in 1663 and 1665 had become specific in 1669, and then for the first time we meet with the titles Palatine, Landgrave, and Cacique.

"The eldest of the lords proprietors shall be palatin, & upon y^e^ decease of y^e^ palatin y^e^ eldest of the seven surviveing proprietors shall always succeed him." 1669, July 21, Fundamental Constitutions, in *Thirty-third An. Rep. of the Dep. Keeper of the Pub. Records* (1872), p. 258.

"The Duke of Albemarle was elected the first Pallatin of Carolina. . . . George Duke of Albemarle the first pallatin of Carolina being dead The Lord Berkeley being the eldest in years of the surviving proprietors succeeded him and was admitted the second pallatin of Carolina. . . .

Whatever passes under the seal of the Palatinate shall be registered in that proprietor's court to which the matter therein contained, belongs." 1669, Oct. 21, 1670, Jan. 20, March 1, *N. Carolina Col. Records*, i. 179, 180, 194.

"I shall next proceed to treat of the Government, as granted by King *Charles* II to the Eight Lords Proprietors aforesaid, who again, by common consent, center'd that Power in Four of them, *viz.* in a Palatine of their own election, and Three more who were impower'd to execute the whole Powers of the Charter, and is call'd a Palatines Court; their Deputies in *Carolina* executing the same, as from their Principals they are directed." 1707, J. Archdale, *Description of Carolina*, p. 12.

"It had been usual with them to appoint a Governor and seven Deputies, called the Council, the first of which (the Governor) represented the Palatine, and the others the rest of the *Lords Proprietors*, respectively, and were called the Upper House of Assembly." 1726, F. Yonge, in B. R. Carroll's *Hist. Colls. of S. Carolina* (1836), ii. 144.

In Carolina the term Palatine was for about half a century in use as the title of a person. Nowhere else in this country do we meet with that exact title. But in a single instance the title "Earl Palatine" was claimed and used. One of the most curious, romantic, and obscure episodes in the history of American colonization was the attempt made by Sir Edmund Plowden to found New Albion. The story, though brief, is too long to give in full here: suffice it to say that in 1632 Plowden petitioned Charles I. for a grant of New Albion, that in 1634 he obtained the grant, that soon an expedition came over, that later Plowden himself arrived here, that he was driven off by the Swedes, and that the attempt proved a failure. Equally futile was the effort made in 1784 to revive the claim by Charles Varlo, who, shortly before the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, bought one-third of the charter, reached Philadelphia in July, 1784, issued the pamphlet quoted below, and employed counsel.

"Whereas our Sovereign Lord King Charles, by his highnesses letters-patent, under the great seal of Ireland, bearing date the one-and-twentieth day of June, 1634, hath granted and confirmed to Us, . . . the said title of Earl Palatine, and office of governor." 1634, Dec. 20, in E. Hazard, *Hist. Colls.* (1792), i. 173.

"Sir *Edmund* our noble Governour and Lord Earl Palatine, . . . is sufficiently instructed of the state of the country. . . . And truly, I beleeve, my Lord of *Baltamore* wil be glad of my Lord Palatines Plantation and assistance against any enemy or bad neighbour." 1641, R. Evelin, in B. Plantagenet's *Description of New Albion* (1838), pp. 21, 23.

"Now there be four other Lord Proprietors that have Palatine jurisdiction granted, and Provinces in the *West-India* Isles, *Florida* and *Maryland*, and as free as the Bishop of *Durham* had, but none have a speciall creation of an Earle Palatine, but ours of *New Albion*." 1648, B. Plantagenet, *do.*, p. 13.

"I, S[r] Edmund Plowden of Wansted in the county of Southton Knight, Lord, Earle Palatine, Governor, and Captain Generall of the Province of New Albion." 1655, July 29, Will of Sir E. Plowden, in *Penns. Mag.* (1883), vii. 51.

"To be lett, in the finest parts of America, . . . the estates of the Earle Palatine of Albion." 1784, Jan. 22, *London Evening Post*, in *Mass. Centinel* (14 Aug.), p. 2-3.

"The Address of the Right Hon. Lord *Earl Palatine* of *Albion*, to the Public. True and lawful heir of Sir Edmund Plowden, created Earl Palatine of *Albion*, to whom the charter was granted, did, in the late war, . . . behold his territories invaded." 1784, C. Varlo, *The Finest Part of America*, p. 29.

The uses of the word Palatine thus far considered long ago became obsolete in this country except historically. There is, however, still another meaning of the word, though apparently not yet in the dictionaries. Explanations differ as to why many Germans emigrated from the Palatinate of the Rhine to England in the first decade of the eighteenth century, but such an exodus did take place in 1708. Of the Palatines who then came to England, some were sent to Ireland, others to Carolina, and still others to New York, while in later years emigrants came to this country in large numbers.

"300 more poor Palatines are arrived, so that the whole number here [London] is about 8000." 1709, July 23, N. Luttrell, *Brief Relation* (1857), vi. 467.

"To the 2[nd] Proposal relating to the poor Palatines that shall be transported into North Carolina, It was resolv'd that their Lordships will not undertake to provide them with all provisions they shall want." 1709, Sept. 3, *N. Car. Col. Records*, i. 718.

"I arrived here [N. York] two days ago. We want still three of the Palatin Ships & those arrived are in a deplorable sickly condition." 1710, June 6, Gov. R. Hunter, in *N. Y. Col. Docs.*, v.165.

"On the 22nd of the last month some . . . Indians . . . began a barbarous Massacre, . . . killing . . . 60 English and upwards of that number of Swiss and palatines." 1711, Oct. 15, A. Spotswood, *Official Letters* (1882), i.116.

"Then a Petition from divers Palatines was read, praying . . . that they might be allowed to purchase Lands in this Province." 1725, Feb. 10, *Penns. Col. Records*, iii. 241.

"*Ran-away on the* 23d *of May last*, . . . a Dutch Palatine Servant Man, named *Jacob Lasant*." 1739, *N. Jersey Archives*, xi. 569.

"In the afternoon I rode to Ballygarrane [Ireland], a town of Palatines, which came over in Queen Ann's time." 1756, June 16, J. Wesley, *Works* (1826), ii. 344.

"There is a colony of Palatines, that have been fixed here [Arbella] above thirty years; there are now fifteen or sixteen families; Colonel Hasset brought them from the county of Limerick." 1780, A. Young, *Tour in Ireland*, ii. 123.

"Indeed, later in the [18th] century when speculation had taken possession of ocean transportation, sickness was so unfailing a concomitant of the journey that ship fever was generally known in Philadelphia as 'Palatine fever.'" 1901, O. Kuhns, *German and Swiss Settlements of Col. Penns.*, p. 71.

It may be added that as a place-name Palatine still survives, there being now towns, villages, or hamlets named Palatine in Illinois, Kansas, New Jersey, New York, and West Virginia. Finally, there is a townland called Palatine in County Carlow, Ireland.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, December, 1903.

MEMORIALS OF THE BANCROFTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The publication of the letters of Mrs. George Bancroft in the *Century* may serve as a text for a comment upon one or two facts connected with the family whose name she bore, which are worthy of more than a passing attention, yet which, in the rush of intelligence that overwhelms us in these days, may easily be overlooked.

To-day, when so much has been written and said about the representatives of this country at foreign courts, it is well to recall how distinguished was the place which the Hon. George Bancroft held in Europe at a time when for an American minister to be so highly regarded was almost unique. The letters of Mrs. Bancroft, of course, recall a good many memories of his ministerial career, but more vivid yet must be the impressions furnished by the letters of Mr. Bancroft himself. A selection of these is soon to appear, edited by Mr. M. A. D. Howe, who is preparing the long-delayed authorized biography of the ambassador and historian. The choice of these letters is not an easy matter, for the wealth of interesting and historically valuable correspondence to and from Mr. Bancroft is surprisingly great. This makes for the increased labor of the biographer, but will add exceedingly to the richness of the biography.

Another matter of general interest is the passing of the collections of the late John C. Bancroft (to come down a generation) to the Art Museum of Worcester. This is an event of artistic importance far in excess of the attention it has received. Mr. Bancroft was of artistic temperament of the finest quality; and indeed it is to be questioned whether exquisite fastidiousness of taste may not have had as much to do as delicate health in diverting him from the career as a painter which he seemed likely to follow in the days when he shared the student life in Paris of Whistler, Du Maurier, and the fine Bohemians whose portraits, more or less modified, are to be found in Du Maurier's novels. His appreciation of what was best in art showed itself in many ways, and indeed was a part of the very tissue of his life. No one could come within the sphere of his influence without being attracted by his wonderfully winning personality, and equally was it true that no one could fail to feel how thoroughly artistic was the quality of his mind. The public had no knowledge of the consistency with which he followed a life of artistic pursuit. It was known that Mr. Bancroft had produced some remarkable woodwork, of which an exhibition was held some years ago at the St. Botolph Club in Boston; and his friends were aware that he was for many years a collector of Japanese prints, pottery, and lacquers. The extent and variety of his accumulations were hardly known even to his most immediate circle. Even now, when they are being made available at the Worcester Museum, there is no general knowledge or appreciation of the greatness of the treasure his labor and taste gathered together.

The connection of the Bancroft family with Worcester has been a long one. George Bancroft was born there in 1800, and the roots of the family tree had there struck deep before the close of the eighteenth century. It is eminently fitting that these collections should remain in the Museum of the city as a lasting memorial to the Bancroft name and to the native feeling the Bancrofts have always preserved toward the place. Only an expert could speak critically of Mr. John Bancroft's collections, and I am able to do no more than to mention them. The collection of Japanese prints, which is given outright to the Museum, not only is of superb beauty and worth, but in comparison holds its own as one of the really great collections of the world. Quietly, patiently, with abundant means and with constantly increasing and carefully trained skill, Mr. Bancroft for more than a quarter of a century went on gathering the pictures he thought worthy. He bought unstintedly, but with rare judgment, both in Europe and in Japan, on both sides of the world, sometimes personally and sometimes

through agents. Many times it has been my pleasant fortune to be present when he examined a fresh instalment of prints from Japan, and his intelligent appreciation and his artistic enjoyment were alike a delight to see. The result of his labors is of worth so great that only time can bring its proper and full appreciation. Now that it is available to the student, the collection must attract the attention of experts and connoisseurs, and will undoubtedly become an object of loving pilgrimage.

The lacquers and the pottery are, for the present at least, loaned to the Museum. They by no means include all the works Mr. Bancroft gathered, and indeed not a few of the finest pieces are still in the hands of the family. Even as it is, however, those on exhibition are wonderful in quality, and in themselves are sufficient to confer distinction upon the Museum. The forthcoming biography will revive and keep in memory the distinction of the father, but no less will the art treasures in the Worcester Museum preserve in fragrant remembrance the name of the son. ARLO BATES.

BOSTON, February 9, 1904.

PROFESSORS' SALARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. X. of Ithaca (*Nation*, No. 2014) laments that an instructor receives no more salary than a clerk in a grocery, $700 to $1,000 a year. Why not form a union and present an ultimatum to the board, announcing that grocers' wages no longer go? Hereafter it must be the plasterers' scale, $11 a day, or we lay down our lead-pencils and walk out.

But is money the only measure in the world? How can we compare the vocation of a grocer's clerk delving in sugar and tea—catering merely to the beast in man—to the life of an instructor training and fortifying the intellect and the soul? The grocer's end is money, but an instructor's remuneration should include something beyond the vile dross of material reward. Let him cultivate plain living and high thinking, let him munch his unbuttered toast without cavil, and cast no covetous eye on the grocer's caviare or Mrs. Grocer's diamonds; the former is but a tickling of the palate, and the latter sheer vanity, always a thing of evil.

The instructor who labors in his vocation at $1,000 in preference to another vocation at $2,000, works for something greater than this difference in pay, and he will not lament. The instructor, however, whose mind is mainly fixed on his pay, should shift himself behind a counter for an increase. For an increase—aye, there's the rub; there's where we find the "trout in his milk." Alas, for such an instructor there is no increase, no shopkeeper standing at his door to hail him in. Ten to one, he has tried to exchange his 1,000-dollar job for a better and failed. There is where the shoe pinches. He works at his 1,000-dollar instructorship a sour pedant, because he has reached his limit, the highest sum at which his services are wanted, as instructor, as genius, or as anything else.

It is difficult to persuade an ordinary mortal that gold dollars need beg for fifty cents. The world clamors for competency, for in the upper realm the population is as thin as the air. A Rockefeller will always get his millions, and a Thoreau his life everlasting. Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—the school board and the storekeeper pay for their help the market price. If a great university pays but $1,000 to its instructors, it does so because good instructors are obtainable at that figure. The board cannot hire the instructor below his price; if he considers himself worth $2, he need not work for $1. And would it be good policy or good sense on the part of a school board to pay $2,000 for services that are offered for $1,000? Does our 1,000-dollar instructor himself follow this practice? Does he pay a newsboy two cents for a paper while a bunch of other urchins swarm about him with uplifted arms and shrilly voices, crying, "Here's your paper for a penny"?

A. GROCER.

ILLITERACY OF NEGROES DECREASING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 2312 of the Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1902, I find that

"The colored enumeration included the negroes, Chinese, Japanese, and the Indians. In 1900, the colored population, ten years of age and over, was 6,698,906, in which number were 2,979,323 illiterates, or 44.5 per cent., as compared with 56.8 in 1890, 70 in 1880, and 79.9 in 1870."

This is an encouraging report, and the ratio of decrease promises well for the future.—Yours truly, C. E. W.

BUFFALO, N. Y., February 10, 1904.

THE ARUNDEL CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sir W. M. Conway has just started a society called the Arundel Club, to distribute among the members about twenty photographs annually of pictures in private British collections. The value of such an association will doubtless be appreciated in this country; and libraries and persons wishing to subscribe (one guinea a year) are requested to communicate with Sir W. M. Conway, The Red House, Hornton Street, London, W.—Yours faithfully,

B. BERENSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 15, 1904.

Notes.

'Evidence for a Future Life,' from the French of Gabriel Delanne, by Miss Helen Dallas, is in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Professor Woodberry, it is announced by McClure, Phillips & Co., is to have editorial direction of "McClure's Universal Library," a thousand volumes of English and American classics, and "all the vital literature of the world, both ancient and modern." A complete text with only explicatory notes, and a brief critical and biographical introduction for each volume, are some of the features of this ambitious undertaking.

During the present season Macmillan will bring out the first two volumes of 'The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century,' by Prof. Herbert L. Osgood of Columbia, and in the fall, 'Modern Methods of Charity,' by Prof. Charles Richmond Henderson and Dr. E. Münsterberg, Director of Poor Relief in Berlin.

'Points at Issue, and Some Other Points,' by Prof. Henry A. Beers of Yale (Macmillan), is a collection of essays mainly reprinted from magazines. Some of the subjects are "Literature and the Colleges," "Literature and the Civil War," "Emerson's Transcendentalism," and "The Modern Feeling for Nature." The essay on Emerson is a painstaking attempt to trace his Transcendentalism to its source in German philosophy.

'The Mirrour of Justices' has been added by John Byrne & Co. (Washington) to their "Legal Classic Series." The text used is that followed by William Hughes, and there is an introduction by William C. Robinson. 'The Mirrour of Justices' is of no value as a law book, and of much less interest in every way than the very entertaining essay by Prof. F. W. Maitland with which the Selden Society reintroduced it to the world in 1893. No one has ever made out what it is, or who wrote it, or why it was written, and it is safe to say that no one except legal antiquarians very much cares. If the book was meant to be copied and read, "it was a miserable failure"; the text is so corrupt that to get at the original a good editor of the 'Mirrour' "ought to know what mediæval French would sound like when spoken by a mediæval Englishman and listened to by a sleepy clerk." Mr. Maitland calls it a "fantasia" and a "variety entertainment," though certainly not of a lively kind, and denounces the author as a "liar" because he makes statements as to the law which seem to have been intentionally false. But there is no more reason to suppose that Andrew Horn, or whoever composed the 'Mirrour,' meant to deceive than to impute such a design to the author of the 'Comic Blackstone.' It is, we believe, held to be conceivable that he was a humorist; but if so, the book is in that respect also a failure. There is no evidence that the author's joke, or irony, or whatever it was, was ever taken. The vogue of the work is that of a legal *lusus naturæ*, and as such it certainly stands by itself.

What answers for a preface to 'The Hundred Best Pictures' (Charles Letts & Co.) is mainly concerned with the obvious reasons why the book should have been called something else. That any selection of one hundred pictures should be "the best" is absurd, but in this case such more rational titles as 'One Hundred Masterpieces' or 'One Hundred Great Paintings' would be almost equally undeserved; for while many of the pictures engraved are famous, many others are merely popular—a very different thing. It is therefore scarce worth while to criticise the selection of works from any very serious point of view, but an idea of the tastes appealed to may be formed from the fact that, of the artists represented, twenty-seven are put down as of the English School (though we must contest the right of that school to claim Whistler or even Sargent) against sixteen of the French School and only ten of the Italian, and still smaller numbers of the other great schools. The painters chosen for illustration are seventy-four in number, of whom thirty-nine, or more than half, may be rated as of the past century, and these thirty-nine artists painted forty-eight of the one hundred pictures. What the book is, then, is a collection of one hundred popular pictures reproduced in photogravure, and for the most part very well reproduced, with a bit of let-

terpress opposite each picture. These snippets of text are of the least possible value, either biographical or critical, and might as well have been omitted. It is as a picture-book pure and simple that the work must be considered, and as such it will doubtless give much pleasure. "The pictures are so inserted that, if desired, they can be removed and framed or placed in an album." There are a couple of pages of "signatures of artists," at the end, which contain an extraordinary mixture of picture signatures and autographs; and two of these signatures are of artists other than those represented in the plates—Giacomo Tintoretto instead of Jacopo, and Solomon Ruysdael instead of Jacob.

Methuen & Co. have issued 'John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland,' by Charles Geake and F. Carruthers Gould. This is a close imitation of 'Alice in Wonderland' both in story and in the illustrations, which are cleverly adapted to meet the incidents and scene-shiftings of the present controversy. The fiscal tournament ends in the complete discomfiture of the Mad Hatter (Chamberlain), who, in the character of the Knave of Spades, is then put on trial for stealing loaves. Recent bye-elections seem to justify this prognostication of the eventual outcome, but perhaps the resources of "pushfulness" have not yet been fully tested.

'The Care of Animals,' by the veterinary surgeon and teacher Dr. Nelson S. Mayo (Macmillan), treats of animals both in disease and in health. It takes up surgery, medicine, and obstetrics in relation to farm animals, and admirably translates the technical into the simple and intelligible. Dr. Mayo not only has had wide practical experience, but has at his finger tips the references to the latest articles in his science. Perhaps, however, in certain cases one might call his prognoses too optimistic. Many stockmen are to a large extent their own veterinarians, and all stockmen must hold towards their sick animals the relation of the trained nurse to her patient. This book shows how to supplement by intelligent coöperation the services of the skilled veterinarian, and gives invaluable help in cases where such services are not at hand. It also contains directions concerning the general care and the quarters of farm animals, the care of pets, and the judging, handling, and shoeing of horses. The text on sanitary quarters, etc., needs more illustrations. On the whole, the book must prove a treasure to every owner of stock.

In Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's 'The Mother of Washington and her Times' (Macmillan) there is little of Mary Washington that can be regarded as historical. The facts that she was born, married, and bore an illustrious son can hardly be expanded into a volume of size without much padding, and so Mrs. Pryor draws a full "picture" of Virginia life in colonial times, through colored glasses. Superlatives abound, and an aristocratic society is described that certainly never existed in Virginia. Every man is superb and splendid, and every woman rarely beautiful and accomplished. In such surroundings Mary Washington naturally receives little attention, for her nature was "gloomy" and severe. Washington's own letters about his mother are ignored, and a challenge thrown down to every one who questions Custis's gossip. "I should doubt," adds Mrs. Pryor, "the authenticity of any letter tending to lower our estimation of Washington's character" —something entirely beyond the real question involved. It is difficult to see how such a book serves a useful end, for it gives a distorted view of men and things, and, while professing to use manuscript records, in reality depends more upon Lossing, Custis, and like authorities. The colored illustrations are good, but the portraits are neither good nor novel.

Miss Adelaide R. Hasse has found two interesting pieces of early New York printing, which have been reproduced in facsimile (Dodd, Mead & Co.). One is 'A Narrative of an Attempt Made by the French of Canada upon the Mohaque's Country,' first printed by Bradford in 1693, and now believed to have been the first book printed in New York. It is a short but spirited account of a dash against the French intruders, with some curious papers illustrating the relations of the English to the Indians. The second issue is the Journal of the New York House of Representatives, printed by Bradford in 1695. It is not only an early issue of Bradford's press, but the first printed legislative proceedings among the colonies. The nine numbers are said to be complete, although No. 4 is missing, of which Miss Hasse gives no explanation. The reprint does not make so handsome a volume as that of the Massachusetts Journals for 1715, nor does it contain an index. It is much to be wished that the series be continued, so as to place at the service of students these invaluable early records. The same house has issued Brereton's 'Relation,' Hariot's 'Virginia,' and the 1637 edition of Milton's 'Comus,' as they were published in the *Bibliographer*. The mechanical execution is excellent, and should have been followed in the reissue of Eliot's 'Logic Primer,' edited by Wilberforce Eames (Cleveland: Burrows Bros.). In its present form all the distinctive flavor and appearance of this curious compilation for the instruction of Indians are wanting.

Dr. Samuel A. Green prints a third series of 'Ten Facsimile Reproductions,' which again shows an interesting collection of rarities and careful study of them. The collection of Mather portraits is alone of high value, and is made all the more valuable for the connection of the earliest portrait with John Foster, the first engraver in New England. From the rude woodcut of Richard Mather to the mezzotint of Cotton Mather, the first mezzotint engraving executed in America, a great advance is shown. The chapter on the Boston *News-Letter* contains much curious information on this earliest of American newspapers. Why there should have been two editions of the first issue is a problem which even Dr. Green is unable to solve. The early examples of "flying posts" are taken from unique examples, and the reproductions are unusually good. The practice of attempting to reprint old newspapers from type has many disadvantages. Yet, as every collector knows, copies of such reprints are frequently offered under the mistaken belief that they are originals. Paul Revere's own account of the signals for his ride, a panorama of Boston in 1775, and Romans's "Battle of Charlestown," are of local interest, while the "crossed swords" of Prescott and Linzee offer a text for peace. The larger part of the various objects reproduced in this volume are in the Massachusetts Historical Society, in which Dr. Green has done such efficient service.

The Roman *Minerva* of January 24 throws interesting light on the educational shortcomings of Italian recruits. The recruits in question did not come from remote country districts, but from the thickly populated provinces of Verona and Vicenza, where elementary education is quite general. Fourteen per cent. of those examined could not name the capital of Italy, while 55 per cent. did not know the principal city of Lombardy. Fifty per cent. did not know the largest river in Italy, while one answered the Jordan, and another the Nile. But, most surprising of all, nearly one-third of these young men had never heard of Garibaldi; one of them described him as *un garibaldino*, and another as *un homo poco religioso*. The editor of *Minerva* finds these results discouraging, but takes some comfort from a recent examination of French recruits at Orléans, where 50 per cent. had never heard of Joan of Arc, and two-thirds knew nothing of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870; but in the latter case, "where ignorance is bliss, etc."

A writer, signing himself "O. B.," in the *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 266, delivers a sharp critique of the literary output of Germany, which in the last few years has passed the 25,000 line. Germany is generally credited not only with publishing the greatest number of books, but also the largest proportion of solid works. The article in question declares that the great bulk of this literary crop is trash, it being the rule of the German book trade to publish many books, with a chief care for outward good appearance. He calls for a new policy, namely, fewer books, but better books. He declares it to be a mystery what becomes of the immense annual mass of books, for the Germans are not book-buyers, preferring to make use of the circulating libraries. Dr. Carl Trübner, the Strassburg publisher, in a recent brochure, 'Wissenschaft und Buchhandel,' states that an inquiry made by him of the leading book publishers of Germany has shown that, out of every ten manuscripts offered for publication, only one is printed. Germany might, accordingly, have a literary output of 250,000 volumes each year.

In a brief account of the final establishment of the boundary between Burma and China, in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* number twelve, Dr. Emil Schlagintweit calls attention to the fact that now England is able to reach Yunnan and the valley of the Yangtze before either the French or the Germans. The Chinese frontier officials not only are friendly to the British, but are improving the roads and bridges to accommodate the increasing Burmese traffic caused by the extension of the railway system to the frontier. Among the other contents is a census schedule of questions prepared by the International Institute for Statistics for the use of persons making ethnographic or sociological investigations among savage or half-civilized peoples. The editor, Dr. Supan, concludes a summary of the scientific results of the German Antarctic expedition with the remark that "we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that this first great Antarctic undertaking of our nation is a torso." Failure was whol-

ly from lack of funds, not from the inefficient equipment of the ship nor from lack of zeal in its commander.

According to the reports published by Smyrna papers, Professor Dörpfeld has unearthed, in the course of his archæological excavations in ancient Pergamum, a magnificent hall of columns fully sixty metres in length, which apparently was a grand portico. Among the finds made here was a life-size woman's head in marble, also the inscribed base of a statue of Æsculapius, a large vase with the figure of Apollo, and, more noteworthy, four marble slabs covered with a hieroglyphic style of script, and pictures of various theatrical scenes and actors, men, women, and girls. Two other marble heads were found, one being that of Bacchus, the other probably that of the Empress Faustina, the wife of Marcus Aurelius.

The activity of the Germans in excavating in Babylonia and Assyria seems to be exerting a reflex influence on other countries. The British Museum has resumed excavations at the mound of Kuyunjik, the site of ancient Nineveh, with the especial object of finding additional remains of the famous library of Ashurbanipal. In this country, also, a new organization has been formed, the Oriental Exploration Fund of the University of Chicago, under the general directorship of President Harper, for the purpose of conducting excavations in Babylonia and Assyria, in Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, the same field occupied by the German Orient-Gesellschaft. This organization has already commenced excavations at Bismya, a ruin site near Nippur in Babylonia, commonly supposed to be the remains of the city of Isin, a place of great importance in the third millennium B. C. The field director of these excavations is Dr. Edgar J. Banks, formerly American consul at Bagdad.

—The leading article in the January number of the Chicago University's *Journal of Sociology* is timely. It treats of the first German Municipal Exposition which, after four years of ripening, gathered its harvest last year in Dresden. It was a convention representing by object-lessons and otherwise what has been doing during recent decades in 124 German cities, none of less population than 25,000. The purpose of the writer (H. Woodhead, of the University) was to present the results of his own studies at the show in departments concerned with (1) traffic, including the laying-out of streets, pavements—whether asphalt or tallow-tree—lighting, street cars, railway stations, bridges, harbors, docks; (2) expansion, endogenous as in Stuttgart, and the more usual exogenous; (3) charities; (4) employment bureaus; (5) sanitation; (6) education; (7) art; (8) finance. The five and twenty pages cover only the first two topics, but they abound in fresh facts worth American pondering. They have an æsthetic illustration in a fine view of the long-famous Brühl Terrace, with its wharf, and they thicken other proofs which had already demonstrated to our economics that the effete Old World has lessons to teach, at least in municipal advancement, which our New World has yet to learn. Among our jottings we find that houses are made for streets, not streets for houses —no spite fences, no great-toe buildings where one of the "basest, poorest, thrusts itself foremost." Strassburg has doubled its area since 1875. Schoenberg, a suburb of Berlin, of 500 people in 1800, has come up to 114,000. Cities, notably Hamburg, have done much in tearing down slum houses and putting up in their stead no hotbeds of disease, vice, and crime. Thanks to mammoth flats, a bequest of Krupp secures good lodging to all Essen operatives, and one still larger in Leipzig will soon become as humanitarian there. In general, trolleys are overhead. Gas for both heat and light is too cheap to be soon ousted by electrics. Though no river is large, one Munich bridge cost a million marks. Had German police inspection even without domiciliary visits existed in Chicago, the Iroquois holocaust would have been impossible.

—'The Religious Sense in Its Scientific Aspect,' by Greville Macdonald, M.D., (A. C. Armstrong & Son), is made up of three lectures delivered in King's College, London. If all the matter here was used, each lecture must have been several hours long. A good deal of time is wasted in eloquent protestation. The book invites us to a line of thought which is parallel with that of the late Henry Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World,' without, however, a resolve to force an orthodox confession from the lower and the lowest evolutionary forms. There is here every appearance of a sincere search for truth and not for a mere confirmation of preconceived opinions, but many particulars are conceived too curiously to have a convincing character. The endeavor is to show that the roots of religion as service and as renunciation are to be discovered in animal and vegetable forms. It has perhaps never occurred to any one before to use the sponge as typical of the "Religion of Service." When a man is called a sponge, it is commonly with a view to his depreciation; but Dr. Macdonald finds the growing sponge to be full of indications of a germinal religion of service. Each individual part is unconsciously intent upon the welfare of the whole. A second lecture, "The Religion of Renunciation," aims to show that Keats's teaching, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," is confirmed by animal and vegetable forms. The third lecture reminds us of the wise child's saying, "Flowers can't *not* be good." A man is shown to be better than a sponge or guelder-rose because his is the "Religion of Freedom," while they are in the bondage of necessity. The prosperity of this book will depend much on the individual reader. One may approve its leading thought—the involution of the highest in the lowest—and still find the expression vague and wearisome.

—Several years ago Mr. Beckles Willson wrote a history of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 'Ledger and Sword' (Longmans) he takes up the annals of a still greater corporation, the East India Company. His point of view is an interesting one. Instead of writing chiefly about Clive, Hastings, and those later servants of the company who built up the Indian Empire, he makes his narrative centre in Leadenhall Street. For one reason, the company transacted a large amount of business outside of India; for another, Mr. Willson thinks that it has been treated rather badly by historians in being made wholly subordinate to the political careers of its own agents. As a popular sketch of its rise, prosperity, and extinction, these two volumes are the first in the field. Mr. Willson is not, apparently, a special student of Eastern affairs, but he has had good materials to draw from, and he takes up his subject at the right end. In several important respects the work is open to criticism. While better proportioned than the author's book on the Hudson's Bay Company, it is crowded with minor names and details, suggesting too much the process of abridgment from monographs. It is marred by signs of national prejudice and by *obiter dicta* like the reference (vol. i., p. 380) to the Presidency of the United States. It contains remarkable slips, like the statement (vol. ii., p. 402) that Disraeli was premier in 1858. Yet, despite conspicuous shortcomings, it has the merit of sticking to the main point. The development of the corporation is kept in full view and steadfastly set forth as the main subject. There are books enough and to spare about the Indian Empire, but the aims and methods of the Company itself have received hitherto less than their due share of attention. While we cannot admit that Mr. Willson has made the most of his fine theme, we recognize the difficulties of the task, and are glad that he has reduced so much important information to a convenient form.

—The last quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains the sixth report of the English excavations at Gezer (August 16—Nov. 16, 1903). Nothing of any great importance has been discovered since the issuance of the last report, and indeed, as a whole, the excavations have been very disappointing in their failure to yield inscribed material. The principal work of the last quarter has been the excavation of a huge rock-cut cistern, capable of containing four million gallons of water, which, from the objects found within it, Mr. Macalister ascribes to the Maccabæan period. To an earlier time belong a number of "Astarte plaques." Still earlier was "an *adult* human foundation sacrifice" of a woman, the first found on this site. It will be remembered that Mr. Macalister discovered in 1902 burnings and burials of the very early inhabitants of Gezer in caves beneath the later ruins. He now reports the discovery of the necropolis of the Seleucid period, on the hillside to the north of the town. But here, as elsewhere, the tombs or graves of the Hebrew period remain as yet undiscovered. Sir Charles Wilson concludes in this number a series of articles on the site of the Holy Sepulchre. His conclusion is that, while "there is no decisive reason, historical, traditional, or topographical, for placing Golgotha and the Tomb where they are now shown"—that is, at the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem—on the other hand, "no objection urged against the sites is of such a convincing nature that it need disturb the minds of those who accept, in all good faith, the authenticity of places which are hallowed by the prayers of countless pilgrims since the days of Constantine."

—The Archæological Report of the Egypt Exploration Fund for the year 1902-1903 gives an account of the excavations conducted by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt on behalf of the Greco-Roman Branch of the Fund, and contains the usual summaries of progress during the year in the various de-

partments of Egyptology. The excavations at Hîbeh, begun the previous year, were brought to completion, yielding some papyrus cartonnage from Ptolemaic rock-tombs, which had, however, been rifled in ancient times. The mounds in the town itself proved to be of little value for papyrus, being much affected by dampness. At Cynopolis, little papyrus was found, but persons interested in ancient (and modern) superstitions will find their account in the numerous burials there of "Osiris figures." These "were made of grain wrapped up in cloth and roughly shaped like an Osiris, and placed inside a bricked-up recess at the side of the tomb; sometimes in small pottery coffins, sometimes in wooden coffins in the form of a hawk-mummy, sometimes without any coffin at all. . . . These Osiris figures were buried at the ploughing season, and were offerings to the corn-god." The last part of the season was spent at the old site of Oxyrhynchus, and the rich returns in papyrus of the excavations there, yielding among other things six new Sayings of Jesus, and part of a new and historically important Epitome of Livy, as well as many Greek classical fragments, some previously unknown, have already been mentioned in these columns. From the report of progress may be mentioned the distressing account of threatened ruin of the Temple of Philæ by the winter flooding of the island, and an article by Gain on mummy wheat and barley, which seems to do away with the popular belief about grain being raised from such seed. The writer points out that such grains from Egyptian tombs, however fair and fresh in appearance, are always of a brownish color and incapable of germination, and that a single century of age is sufficient to produce its "fossilization."

—Picard's "Collection de Textes," so long a series of the highest quality, is still further enriched by a new edition of Philippe de Commynes (Paris: Picard & Fils). The editor, M. de Mandrot, has published at intervals since 1886 a number of excellent studies relating to the period of Louis XI. Several of these will be familiar to readers of the *Revue Historique*, and others have appeared as separate monographs. No work in the historical literature of France is more justly famous than the 'Memoirs' of Commynes. Despite some recent attacks upon its good faith, it stands pretty much where it has always stood since the early years of the sixteenth century—in other words, since it was first printed. That it should already have been honored by 123 editions is not surprising, when we consider how important was the political rôle of Commynes and how interesting is his style. But while the 'Memoirs' have been praised by French critics from Montaigne to Sainte-Beuve, a good many obstacles stand in the way of a satisfactory text. The original manuscript has been lost, and the variations in the different copies are extremely numerous. Moreover, most of the existing manuscripts fail to contain Books VII. and VIII., which deal with the reign of Charles VIII. Down to 1880, when M. Léopold Delisle published his 'Mélanges de Paléographie et de Bibliographie,' it was, indeed, supposed that no manuscript extant embraced this portion of the work. Accordingly, there was no basis for collation with the printed page of the sixteenth century. M. Delisle announced the discovery of a manuscript which, in the words of M. de Mandrot, is "the most complete and the least incorrect that we possess." It also has a remarkable pedigree, since it belonged to Anne de Polignac, Countess of La Rochefoucauld, and a niece of Hélène de Chambes, the wife of Commynes himself. Though described by M. Delisle, the new manuscript has not been published until now, when M. de Mandrot puts it forward as a substitute for all other texts. The value of the present edition, however, does not depend alone upon the facts which have just been recited. The introduction contains a long and critical account of Commynes's life, together with a discriminating appreciation of his 'Memoirs.' Certain gaps in the record of the historian's career, M. de Mandrot, like his predecessors, is unable to fill up. For example, he offers no fresh information concerning the circumstances under which Commynes left the service of Charles the Bold and entered that of Louis XI. On the other hand, he gives a full account of the litigation between Commynes and the family of La Trémoille over the Châteaux of Argenton, Talmont, and Château-Gaultier. It is with regret that we find ourselves unable to compare the present edition with those of Mlle. Dupont and M. Chantelauze, or to discuss the leading points in the character of the 'Memoirs' which M. de Mandrot raises. We must be content to say that his preliminary essay is one of great learning, and that his notes, besides being numerous, are drawn from a wide range of sources.

BRADLEY'S "CANADA."

Canada in the Twentieth Century. By A. G. Bradley, author of 'The Fight with France for North America,' 'Wolfe,' 'The Conquest of Canada' (in Cambridge Modern History), etc. Illustrated. London: A. & C. Constable; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903. Pp. xii, 428.

Mr. Bradley read, he tells us, in a Southern paper an account of the military force of Canada as seen by an eyewitness, who deposed that there were in the Dominion half a million of dead-shots, all under secret orders for a prompt invasion of the United States in case of war. Every man of the half million was able to hit the bull's-eye without failing at five hundred yards. The entire population was absorbed in rifle shooting, and men took their position in life from the number of consecutive bull's-eyes they could make. Matches could not be completed because all the marksmen went on scoring bull's-eyes till sunset. The whole force was ready to be hurled in a moment on the ill-prepared people of the United States. We must accept Mr. Bradley's assurance for the fact that the writer was serious.

On the other hand, Canadians are liable, if not to ignorance so ridiculous as this, to serious ignorance of the people of the United States. Many of them, at least if we may judge from the utterances of their press, fancy that our eyes are always turned towards them with sinister intent, and that we are a standing conspiracy against their independence. Their self-esteem would perhaps be hurt as much as their fear would be relieved if they knew how very little is usually thought or said about them on this side of the line. An Englishman who has been conversant for many years with people of all classes and parties in the United States, has declared that he never heard a single expression of hostility to Canada or of desire for her forcible annexation. She was naturally, though perhaps not deservedly, involved, as a dependency of Great Britain, in the resentment caused by the conduct of the British oligarchy and its organs towards the United States in the day of their peril. She thereby lost the Reciprocity Treaty. But that would have been the time when the people of the United States, with a victorious army and a large fleet on foot, if they had cherished any designs against Canada, might have been tempted to carry them into execution. Not a thought of the kind was entertained. Persistent efforts on the part of British and Canadian Jingoism combined to inoculate Canada with anti-American feeling and create in the north of the continent a power antagonistic to the United States, may possibly some day breed mischief; but in the meantime Canada may rely upon it that, far from having an enemy, she has rather a dormant ally in the American Republic. So long as she remains quiet and keeps clear of European quarrels, the United States, as the great interest of this continent, will not allow it to be invaded by European war.

Mutual information, therefore, is welcome. Mr. Bradley gives us information about Canada fully, pleasantly, and, so far as we can see, fairly. There is, at all events, no appearance of bias, though on some subjects—politics and society, for instance—there is apparently a prudent reserve. As to politics, recent reports of the action of the party machine in Ontario seem to show that there is a good deal to be desired.

What we most desiderate, in forming a judgment on the Canadian question, present and future, is a map showing the real configuration and limits of habitable and cultivable Canada, with the territorial relations of the different provinces to the adjoining States of the Union. Canada is not, as it is conventionally painted, a solid mass of country, comprising all between the boundary of the United States and the North Pole, but a straggling row of provinces broken by great wastes, or by great barriers of nature such as Lake Superior and the triple range of the Rocky Mountains; and for the most part not very deep, though the depth of the Northwestern Territory is as yet unascertained. In this consists the practical problem of those who have undertaken to weld the scattered members of the Dominion into a permanent State separate from the adjoining portions of the Union towards which each of them seems naturally drawn. In the debate on Canadian confederation a speaker, having used the familiar image of the sticks gaining strength by being bound up together, was asked whether the same thing can be said of seven fishing-rods tied together by the ends. Mr. Bradley shows in a passage of his text that he is not unconscious of the fact; but the map at the beginning of his book rather suggests the other idea.

Mr. Bradley gives us a good picture of French Canada, which, instead of fulfilling Durham's forecast by being absorbed in the British element, is, if possible, more intensely national, and more disposed to assert its nationality, than ever. Over official buildings flies the British flag; else-

where flies the French. The connection of Quebec with Old France, however, is not close. French Canada is a little nation of itself; not an outlying member of the French Republic, but a relic of the France before the Revolution, only that the power once divided among the King, the aristocracy, and the priesthood now centres in the priesthood, with a little reserved for the notary. Intercourse with the Republic which is closing religious schools and expelling religious orders, is not likely to be fostered by the Catholic priesthood, which retains its ascendency in French Canada and moulds the people in accordance with its own ideas. There is, however, an anti-clerical party called the Rouge, and the hold of the curé has been somewhat loosened by railways and other facilities of communication which break up rural seclusion; by the advance, though slow, of popular education; and, most of all, by intercourse with the manufacturing States of the Union, to which the overflowing population of Quebec goes for employment, many returning and bringing back republican notions in their trunks. Marriage and remarriage are enjoined by the clergy; the offspring are very numerous; and, besides spilling into New England, the French are gaining on the British population in Canada itself, have ousted the British from the townships south of the St. Lawrence, and are advancing in eastern Ontario and along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The fact, indeed, is, that though the British in Canada are the dominant race, they are not the majority; the majority being made up of French, Celtic and Catholic Irish, and various nationalities. The French, though perfectly content with British institutions, are far from being British, still farther from being Imperialist, in sentiment. They would at once repel Imperial Federation, or any scheme by which their nationality was threatened. Of this their leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, shows himself thoroughly aware. It was not love of Great Britain, but hatred of the New England Puritan, who had threatened their religion, that led them to side with England against the insurgent colonies. It was not love of Great Britain, but hatred of the French Revolution animating their priesthood, that led them to side with England against Napoleon. Mr. Bradley says they told him they would fight for Great Britain against the Americans. He probably put a leading question which they answered with characteristic courtesy. Mingling as they now are with the Americans, they can hardly dream of them as foes.

There were about a hundred French Canadians, as Mr. Bradley is informed, in the South African Contingent. That number of rovers or mercenaries might be picked up in any country. It has been stated, on the authority of Sir John Macdonald, that there were forty thousand Canadian enlistments in the American army in the course of the Civil War. Only attachment to a Premier of their own race led the French Canadians to acquiesce in the sending of the Contingent. Mr. Bradley is probably right in saying that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's own feeling was "negative," and that his motive for acquiescence was fear of ruining his position. This Mr. Bradley calls "sensible opportunism." Opportunism is a polite name for that which our rude ancestors called "time-serving." It is difficult, we should say, to imagine anything more criminal or meaner than the conduct of a Minister who commits a nation to an unjust war from fear of impairing his own position.

In his chapter on Ontario, Mr. Bradley gives useful information and advice to Englishmen who think of taking to farming there. They must be prepared to work as no English tenant farmer works, and generally to face a pretty hard life. Probably they had better stay where they are. Land must now be cheap in England, where, mainly through the scarcity of farm hands, farming has been depressed and large areas have gone back from arable into pasture. Of those who emigrate for a living, the only one who is likely to find it in Ontario is the farm hand or the man who is willing to become one. For them there is a great demand. Clerks, teachers, and members of the less manual callings generally come only to starve on the street. We heard the other day of a man of this class who was fain to earn his bread as a common laborer. The manufacturers of late have been inviting artisans, probably in consequence of the strikes. Ontario does not now raise much wheat for exportation, and would not be captured by an offer of preferential duties for grain. Her exports to England are cattle, pork, and dairy produce.

Mr. Bradley does justice to the attractions of Toronto, which, with its villa suburbs of Rosedale and the island, is a beautiful city, though to the eyes of the visitor coming to it on the lake it is apt to be shrouded in factory smoke. Muddy Little York, as it used to be called in its infancy, has been growing of late at a pace which a few years ago hurried it into a "boom," with the usual wreck of boomers. It is the heart of the British element, and consequently of Toryism, loyalty, imperialism, sense of superiority to Yankees, and all ultra-British sentiments and aspirations. Representatives of the American press and observers generally who take it for the type of Canada, may carry away misleading ideas.

The point of most interest at present is the Northwest, with its immense fertility and its extent as yet undefined. Of this Mr. Bradley gives a good account, with remarks of practical value to young Englishmen, especially young English gentlemen, who are thinking of coming out to settle. Of the young English gentlemen not a few, it is said, went away with the Contingent; others have drifted from the farm to the ranch, or into the Mounted Police. Their habits are better suited for the ranch than for the farm. The Canadian Government has been importing a variety of waifs from Europe—Mennonites, Icelanders, Galicians, and Dukhobors. Some of these, the Mennonites especially, have made good farmers of a rather troglodytic kind, but they do not readily make citizens; nor even as farmers can they vie with the American who is native to the prairie and used to machine culture. American the Northwest was apparently destined to be as soon as the population of Minnesota and Dakota overflowed, and American it is rapidly becoming. The American settlers will no doubt be good citizens under institutions radically resembling their own. As to that, Canada need have no fear. But it is not likely that an American settler in the Northwest will imbibe British megalomania, or desire to share with the imperialist of the Toronto Club the glorious expense and liabilities of Britain's future wars. As the Northwest fills up, supposing the Dominion to remain on its present footing, the centre of power will probably be drawn westward and the councils of the Confederation will change. There is still a struggle between the fertility of the soil and the severity of the sub-arctic climate. But the early frosts, which were the terror of the farmer, seem to have been somewhat mitigated by cultivation. It might have been supposed that the region was intended by nature for large farms, but experiments of that kind have failed, owing to the expense of maintaining the staff through the winter.

The treatment of the Indians by the Canadian Government has been very good, and has offered the unfortunate race every chance of salvation, but apparently in vain. Mr. Bradley is mistaken, we believe, in thinking that there was danger of a general uprising of the Indians at the time of the Riel rebellion. Poundmaker, when he was attacked by a Canadian corps, was resting peacefully on his Reserve. Nor does Mr. Bradley seem to be perfectly well informed with regard to the insurrection of the French Half-breeds. Those poor people had a grievance. The good Archbishop Taché had warned the Government, but his warning was pigeon-holed, and the Half-breeds, receiving no response, at last rose in despair. Two thousand is an overestimate of the number of their fighting men, which probably did not exceed seven hundred, while many of them were poorly armed. They made a gallant defence of the hamlet, which was their country as well as their home. French Canada showed the feeling of race on the occasion. Two French battalions of volunteers were called out, but were not sent to the front, and the colonels of both left their commands. Sir Wilfrid Laurier vehemently pleaded the cause of the insurgents and protested against the execution of Riel.

Most disastrous has been the conduct of the United States towards Canada. The authors of the Revolution began by fatally estranging the French Canadians, the toleration of whose religion they made a count in their indictment of the imperial country. Afterwards they fawned on them, of course without effect. Then they invaded them, were repulsed, and left lasting hatred behind. By the blunder, at once disgraceful and fatal, of refusing amnesty to the vanquished after a civil war and driving the Loyalists into exile, they planted in British Canada a hostile nationality on their northern frontier. Still, intercourse, trade, and some blending of population had considerably improved relations when, fired by Clay and his War Hawks, the people of the United States again invaded Canada and were again repulsed. The war of 1812 forms the heroic history of British Canadians, who are never tired of recalling its minutest incidents. It left a lasting impression on their feelings towards the invader. In 1837 the American Government might, by throwing its force on the side of the revolutionists, have given them a victory which would not improbably have been followed by annexation. But it allowed just enough filibustering to irritate and revive enmity. Of late years its policy has been, by hostile tariffs, to force Canada to

produce for Europe, turning her face generally, as was natural, to the same quarter with her trade. Another crisis in the Canadian question has now been brought on by Chamberlain's agitation; and if the influences which at present rule our Senate continue to prevail, we may look forward to seeing another fiasco added to the long line.

RECENT FICTION.

Mr. Salt. By Will Payne. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Forerunner. By Neith Boyce. Fox, Duffield & Co.

Jewel: A Chapter in her Life. By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Congressman's Wife. By John D. Barry. The Smart Set Publishing Co.

In Old Plantation Days. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Tennessee Todd. By G. W. Odgen. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Sally of Missouri. By R. E. Young. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Panics, the World's Fair, domestic scenes at Cora, Wisconsin, fill in the pages of 'Mr. Salt,' and there is a sketch of life at the coal-mines which is the most dignified part of the book. Morals and manners, as it would be easy to show by extracts, are second-rate, and the merits of the novel are those of a faithful transcript of themes outside the literary pale, but in these days striving hard to come in. They must live, doubtless, with other modern improvements; but it is time that publishers specialized so that the reader, though a fool, may not err, but may know whether he is to read a story or enter a machine shop or wrangle in the Stock Exchange. He who reads does not always feel like running. He may even cherish the hope of a literary hour when he draws his armchair up to the fire. Surely it is his right to know whether his book is to be a book, or journalism or journalisticism, or photography of the man in the street, the girl at the telephone, the clerk in the lunchroom. The photographs may be lifelike—in the case of 'Mr. Salt' they are cleverly so. Literature they are not, and novels they should not be called any longer.

'The Forerunner' opens as if it were to belong to this same turbulent variety of book, beginning as it does with a land boom and an auction in Los Angeles. It is, however, much more than a manifestation of modern commotion, even though booms and mines and railways surround and to some extent supply its theme. The hero is an incarnation of fighting initiative in all modern and commercial enterprises. His projects take him from Illinois to California, to Boston, to New York, to Wyoming. Wedged into his chief propensity is a marked though limited stratum of human nature which lends material for the personal interest. This is complemented by the equally limited human-nature side of his wife, a hard and pleasure-grasping person, of stony propriety and no real stability under real temptation. The book suffers from lack of condensation of its minor characters. They are well drawn, but evaporate into regions beyond the story, injuring its unity though not intrinsically uninteresting. In other words, the raw forces of the story need marshalling, weeding out, and drilling into active service. If, for the lack of this procedure, firmness of structure is to some extent lost, the same accusation cannot be brought against the writer's manner, which is consistent, steady, and to the point. A gift for detail is somewhat over-exercised, yet not to the point of fatigue, while a gift of observation finds expression in such phrases as "The great cause, sign, and conservator of middle-age—the love of work"; and again, "Nicholas had the instinct of solvency highly developed; it was necessary to him to satisfy any reasonable claim upon him, even when a good deal of boredom to himself was involved." In fine, while the book is not unusually large, it is neither small nor usual, conveying a sense of power and of training in all ways except the precise handling of that power. There are sundry loose threads left hanging at the last, too important for such treatment. To embark on a story about mines and railroads, about wives rebelling against their husbands' absorption in business, entitles us to know whether the stockholder's faith was ultimately justified, and what the wife did with her tragically earned freedom. It may be that a sequel volume will tie up these floating threads. It is hard on any other theory to account for the title of the story.

Mrs. Burnham's 'Jewel,' again, which its publishers announce to be "not a juvenile in any sense of the word, but a novel," might well be differentiated from the novel. Considered as a piece of writing, it might take its place among Christian Science documents. Like its author's preceding book, we should suppose that it might receive the "endorsement of Mrs. Eddy and all the leading Scientists." In a busy and much-be-booked world a sub-classification of this sort of literature would be time-saving to readers and librarians. A cross-reference might further relegate this particular volume to the department on the reformation of adults by children. Jewel is a very nice little girl by nature, but by art out of drawing and by Science a charming monstrosity.

'A Congressman's Wife' is a singularly thin story of American politics. No fault is to be found with its morals or its morale. A Congressman misuses his political influence in the interest of his own purse, prompted thereto by a bad man who not only leads him thus astray, but tries to make love to his wife. A woman reporter publishes the story; the Congressman is defeated when trying for reëlection; he sees the error of his ways, returns temporarily to his law practice, and promises to be good when he shall resume political life. A few so-called characters skip and scamper through the mazes of this labyrinth, notably a very modern Fanny and her sweetheart Guy, who say "h'm m'm" for "yes."

Mr. Dunbar, in his book of sketches, speaks of the "romances of the old South that still shed their light among the shadows of slavery." The phrase applied to the negro life of ante-war times with the "big house" element used only as a background, aptly describes the atmosphere of the volume. The romances are episodes of negro love, mischief, religion, superstition. They are of slaves and of mainly kind, protecting masters; scenes from slavery in its least tragic aspect, although the separation of husbands and wives who belong to different plantations plays a part. The tone of the narration is admirable; pure picture-making, the humor unforced, with no superfluous ornament and no *hæc fabula docet.* The illustrations, by B. Martin Justice, are in sympathy with the text; the cover, by George Wharton Edwards, a cleverly executed drawing of an old mammy in firelit tints. The printing is clear, but the eye is annoyed by a palpable unevenness of spacing, which the curious investigator will find is caused by repeated changing from one to another number of lines on the page.

Mr. Ogden calls his book "a novel of the Great River." It deals with the end of steamboating on the Mississippi, and the building of the St. Louis and Gulf Railway not long after the war. The writer shows familiarity with the technical phases of his subject, but has not limited himself to dry machinery and mechanics. He has used a veritable epoch in American annals as a basis not only for the epic of boat and car, but for a varied human drama which, opening in commercial interests, broadens and multiplies till it embraces all human passions—love, hatred, envy, revenge. The river accompanies but does not monopolize. The writer has shown a fine art in blending the intensely local with the humanly universal; he has spent little time in analyzing his characters, but has let them speak and act and unfold themselves. The story is largely one of episode, but the links are sufficient if not always logical necessities. In the art of avoiding the obvious and hackneyed and keeping to the side of nature and nature's ironies without a sacrifice of form, he has displayed a masterly control of his pen and his material. The book is very well worth reading.

A good pendant to it is 'Sally of Missouri,' showing how different a sort of book may spring from the same soil. This, like that, breathes palpably of Missouri and the lore of Missouri, but more consciously, from the standpoint of the scion of an exiled race returning and falling under the spell of his ancestral hills. Mr. Ogden's book is Missouri. Mr. Young's is a rhapsody about Missouri woven round a story of mines, promoters, and crazy testators. 'Tennessee Todd' is an elemental young savage, none too picturesque; Sally, a Missouri girl who has been to Vassar and has all the accomplishments and charms of all heroines of fiction; a golden-brown houri who says "huh." The book opens supremely well. The departure of the hero from New York to seek his fortune in zinc mining is brisk reading, while his entrance into Missouri life, his ride across country, his meeting with the old St. Louis Frenchman and the tramp boy, are really idyllic, rousing fond hopes of a piece of work hardly less than great. If it does not remain on that level throughout, it is still an uncommon book for breezy charm of person and place, and for admirable lightness and grace of phrase. The improbability of the old cousin's *post-obit* revenge may be accepted uncomplainingly. Who shall call anything testamentary improbable? The slight disappointment awaiting the reader arises rather from the more than mortal capacity for sentiment ascribed to the tramp boy, and to the falling off of that most promising

Frenchman, Old Bernique, whose career is hardly more than a birth and a forgetting.

The Expansion of Russia, 1815-1900. By Francis Henry Skrine. Cambridge (England) University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1903.

The Russian Advance. By Albert J. Beveridge. Harpers. 1903.

As a result of the present war between Russia and Japan we shall doubtless soon be flooded with hastily compiled works about the Far East of even less value than most of those we already possess. For the same cause recent books describing either combatant are likely to have an increased circulation, owing to their timeliness. The two we have here before us are of very different character, as well as of different degrees of merit. The 'Expansion of Russia,' by Mr. Skrine, offers us an excellent summary of the political history of the country between 1815 and 1900. The author may not be very profound, but at least he has written a clear, succinct narrative which conveys a good idea of the main events he undertakes to describe. His work is careful and scholarly; his attitude sympathetic, and at the same time judicial. If he passes over many subjects very hurriedly, the fault is not so much his as it is that of the limitations of space to which he was obliged to conform. His title has the advantage of indicating what we need not expect to find, namely, a study of internal conditions; otherwise, it is misleading, as it seems to imply that Russian expansion has taken place chiefly in the period indicated, whereas in reality most of this growth occurred considerably earlier. Such as it is, the book can be thoroughly recommended to the general public. It ends with a good short bibliography, including works in Russian as well as in Western languages.

Senator Beveridge's stouter volume deals much less with the past, about which he is little informed, than it does with the present and with the future, where he evidently feels quite at home. In the course of his travels he has been through Siberia and up and down Mantchuria, has seen a good deal, and has questioned indefatigably through an interpreter. Of course we must make the same allowance for him that we should make for a Russian who had acquired his information about the United States in a similar fashion. His errors of one kind or another are indeed too numerous to be pointed out in detail. Let us note only that of his maps the one on "The Historical Russian Advance" is absurdly wrong, as it represents the Russians in 1648 as not having crossed the Urals, when in reality they had reached Bering Strait. On the other hand, the conquest of Central Asia (apart from Khiva and Bokhara) is shown as having occurred before 1809, instead of more than half a century later. The second map, "Russia and the Remainder of Europe and Asia," thanks to being on Mercator's projection, immensely exaggerates the relative size of Russia compared with that of the "remainder." It is needless to take up here the many mistakes in the text.

And yet Senator Beveridge's book has interest and even value. It is the result of the effort of an intelligent, if untutored, mind to appreciate a number of very important facts. If the writer takes a great deal on hearsay evidence, he nevertheless shows considerable judgment, and his conclusions, when stripped of rhetoric, are often both fair and sane. The freshness of his impressions, as well as the pleasing confidence that what he is communicating is quite new, lend at times a certain charm to the style, and he is generous in his estimates of people whose whole manner of thought is at the opposite pole from his own. He has undoubtedly learned much from his travels, and therefore many of his readers may in their turn learn not a little from him, even if the information thus acquired will now and then be far from exact.

Japanese Physical Training. By H. Irving Hancock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The appearance of this engaging work suggests the resources and reserve powers of Japanese civilization. The very existence of this system of physical culture (*jū-jutsu*), which has grown up during a thousand years or more, has until recently been unnoticed, indeed, hardly suspected, even by foreigners long resident in the country. True, it has often seemed a mystery to onlookers how it could happen that a little Japanese policeman—"a monkey," as a Russian sailor would playfully call him—could tackle three or four of the Czar's subjects from the ships, especially when full of vodka, and not only lay them flat, but bring them all into the station house. Yet every one of the Mikado's policemen in these days, even as every samurai of old feudal days, holds the secret. It is a method by which Jack overcomes the Giant.

Jū-jutsu is not even referred to in Chamberlain's 'Things Japanese,' nor in Rein's encyclopædic book. Hepburn's Dictionary defines it as "the art of wrestling or throwing others by sleight." Nor must we be led away by the colloquial of the lower classes. Hepburn defines the pure Japanese term *yawara* as a "sleight, trick, or knack." Yet jū-jutsu, which is a Sinico-Japanese term, means literally muscle-science, not "muscle breaking." It is neither boxing nor wrestling. It seems curious that even the author, who has photographed and described accurately and thoroughly, withal interestingly, the thing itself, in writing *jiu-jitsu* has not spelled the word, nor has he defined it, correctly. Jutsu, both in the Chinese ideograph and as written in the Japanese *kana*, and as used in the spoken language, is the common word for art, science, rules, artifice, etc. So, also, the term jū or jiu means the cords of the body or muscles.

It is probably the close secrecy with which this fine art has been guarded that has led the vulgar to suppose it was trickery as against fair play, rather than science and training as opposed to brute force and clumsiness. It was seen and examined into in March, 1871, as described in 'The Mikado's Empire' (p. 433), though the term is not used in that text, the author having been in the country only a few days. As he writes, the exhibitions "bore a frightful resemblance to real choking, dislocation of arm, wringing of the neck, etc." As the text shows, the jū-jutsu came after the regular wrestlings and throwings. The "unearthly yells and exclamations" of the vanquished correspond to the humiliating cry "Enough" of our pugilistic ring, saving the worsted from agony and death.

Apart from Mr. Hancock's references to history, which are not those of a critical scholar, and his pardonable admiration of the Japanese, who, in the author's eyes, are "at present the strongest and healthiest race in the world," he writes with full understanding of his subject, for he studied under native masters in Japan during seven years. He has thus made a real addition to the literature of physical training. Beside the fine art of jū-jutsu our football seems rather the butting of bulls or the hunting of tigers. The Japanese system is one which requires first of all a healthy stomach as the basis of all strength, the development and maintenance of the heart, lungs, arms, and legs in their best condition, the cultivation of an even temper, and the constant and plentiful use of pure water and good air. After ninety-six pages very properly devoted to the groundwork of his subject (which the hasty and foolish reader will probably skip) the author passes on to preliminary feats of attack and defence. He then proceeds to show the various tricks of offence and defence. The standard illustration of the "crazy-bone" enables one to get an idea of the general rationale and methods of jū-jutsu. Whether the osteopath knows it or not, there are certain points in the muscles of the limbs and of the body which, when pinched, pressed hard, or struck quickly, produce either paralysis, or excessive pain that amounts to the same thing. Conversely, by exercise and hardening, these tender places can be made fairly immune against thrust, blow, or pressure.

Most of the movements of the art may be learned in a few months, but there are secrets and special lines of expertness which only the masters know. Dr. Inazo Nitobe, in his 'Bushido: The Soul of Japan' (Philadelphia, 1900), says (pp. 60-62): "Jū-jutsu may be briefly defined as an application of anatomical knowledge to the purpose of offence and defence. It differs from wrestling in that it does not depend upon muscular strength." It uses no weapon. Its object is not to kill, but to incapacitate one for action during the time being. Several of the blows, even some that are backhanded, may cause death, as, for example, by breaking the neck; while the solar plexus may, for self-defence, be so hardened as to stand a heavy blow, or, in the case of an enemy, may be reached by either knee or fist.

It is not necessary to go into further detail. Probably, as in any other art, the hundred per cent. of actual possession means one of theory and ninety-nine of practice. The reader will enjoy and the student will master this clear and thorough presentation of an art that has helped to make the little brown men of Japan such superb soldiers and such wonderful policemen. The Japanese people may not—even though the city of Tokio alone has *nine hundred* public bathhouses, and rheumatism is nearly unknown in the empire—be, as the author asserts, "the calmest, coolest, happiest, bravest, and strongest people in the world." Nevertheless, now that the common people have entered into their inheritance of all that was once the monopoly of the noble and the gentleman during feudalism, it is quite possible, since science has

eliminated the old diseases, that, as a race, the Japanese may be equal in physique to any in the world. The question is certainly worthy of serious examination why the American people suffer from neuræsthenia, while in Japan nervous prostration is hardly more than known.

Since we have adopted hara-kiri, jinriki-sha, kimono, and other Japanese words into the language, if so be that the Japanese of jū-jutsu is coming to reform our athletic ways, let us get the word correctly expressed in writing and speech, as well as the thing in happy practice.

A Reader's History of American Literature. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Henry Walcott Boynton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

This summary—it is intended, and very well adapted, for use as a text-book—is based on a course of Lowell lectures delivered in January, 1903, in Boston, by Mr. Higginson. The essential feature of the book is that it concentrates the reader's (or student's) attention upon leading figures. The assistance of Mr. Boynton was employed for the purpose of revision. The personal reminiscences introduced are Mr. Higginson's, and the book seems essentially his. Its arrangement is simple and clear, and it gives a comprehensive survey of the subject in a small compass. The plan selected is that of groups, schools, and periods, of which eight or nine are given. Anne Bradstreet, Cotton Mather, and Jonathan Edwards were Puritan writers. Secular writers, *i. e.*, the non-Puritan writers of the earlier colonial days, include Fisher Ames, Freneau, and Samuel Sewall (it will be seen that the periods overlap one another); Franklin's writings belong to the Philadelphia period, an era for which justification is found not only in Franklin, but in Charles Brockden Brown, and in the *Portfolio*, the Pennsylvania forerunner of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The New York period follows, with Irving and Cooper, to say nothing of their Knickerbocker followers, who (the late John Richard Dennett is quoted here as saying, in an article published in the *Nation*) "did something towards fertilizing the soil." Then we have the New England period, which includes the Cambridge group (Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell), and the Concord group (Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Alcott, Hawthorne, and Thoreau). The Southern influence (Whitman, Hayne, Timrod, Poe, and others) would bring us to the end but for the Western influence (*e. g.*, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and last, not least, Howells).

A good deal of this is rather arbitrary. Hawthorne's name, for instance, is associated in an important way with Concord, but the influences which produced Thoreau and Alcott left Hawthorne, so far as the visible results go, almost untouched. So, Howells is unquestionably a Western man, but he has long had an Eastern habitat, and his Americans are not "sectional." Henry James is mentioned only incidentally, and as if his cosmopolitanism had made Mr. Higginson almost doubt his right to be included in a list of American authors.

The book ends with a forecast, which, however, contains nothing that is new. After all, one may say, in closing such a compendium, why do these Americans trouble themselves so much about the future? They have made an American literature in a hundred years, and the world resounds with their names. If they have not, as Mr. Higginson says, produced a Shakspere, or a Voltaire, or a Goethe, a Schiller or a Heine, they have done far more than any one expected them to do, and have certainly given the lie to the theory that the materialism of the country was so gross as to preclude all literary growth, or that science would kill literature, or that puritanism would congeal it. What the future has in store for us we cannot say; but of one thing we may be sure, that all good literature, here as elsewhere, will be produced by those who keep the traditions of good literature alive, and aim, not at Americanism, but excellence. We are surprised, by the way, at the slighting praise given here to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and the suggestion that the Northern reader finds it hard "to understand the enthusiasm with which it was received, both here and abroad."

The Mysteries of Mithra. By Franz Cumont. Translated by T. J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 1903.

In the history of the encounters of the two continents there has been more than one moment when Asia and the ideas of Asia threatened to submerge Europe and obliterate the structure of Greek and Roman civilization. In such a crisis, about the middle of the third Christian century, it seemed possible that Mithraism would triumph over its rival, Christianity, and that the Persian mysteries, which had long been encouraged by the Roman legions, would be accepted by the whole Roman world. Mithraism was a form of sun-worship, though Mithra was not originally identified with the sun-god. By the time that Aurelian, in 273 A. D., founded, by the side of the Mithraic mysteries, a public religion in honor of the *Sol invictus*, the distinction had ceased to be emphasized. Diocletian, like Aurelian, encouraged, for political reasons, a sect that, unlike Christianity, was ready to conciliate the interests of the state. The followers of Mithra were eager to compromise; their aim was a sort of vague synthesis of the gods of Greece and Rome with their own bull-slaying Persian deity; they were willing to carry the weight of the whole past of Paganism. That was the secret, firstly of their success in making converts among the legionaries at the Eastern outposts, and secondly of the favor shown to them by the Roman authorities. Christianity allowed no such compromise. Mithraism supported the pretensions of the Cæsars, who, recognizing that the Oriental zeal for apotheosis could be turned to account, accepted the sun's epithet of *invictus* and adopted his radiate crown as the symbol of their sovereignty. The conversion of Constantine reversed this policy. Under his successor, Constantius, "no one longer dared to look at the rising or setting sun; even farmers and sailors refrained from observing the stars."

In the fourth century the apostasy of the Emperor Julian renewed the worship of Mithra. He believed that he had a peculiar calling to follow in the sun's train, and the identification of deities, Hellenic, Roman, and Eastern, which had been going on for centuries, reached its climax in his elaborate effort to conciliate theism and polytheism in his conception of Mithra. He contrived that all the gods of paganism should play their parts as manifestations of the power and beneficence of the sun-god; the result was a monotheistic worship which his devotion to the teaching of Plato had rendered inevitable. Julian's death put an end to this artificial reaction, and the temples of Mithra were again ravaged and his altars desecrated. Thus ended the most powerful rival of the Christian doctrine and ritual; but not till it had left indelible traces of its beliefs in the traditions of the Christian church.

M. Cumont points out that the extent to which Mithraism was imitated by Christianity can be gathered most easily from the remains of Mithraic sculpture. The Christian marble-cutters reproduced from the Mithraic monuments the symbols of the older faith. The resemblances of Mithraism and Christianity are as striking as their differences are essential.

"Both religions placed a flood at the beginning of history; both assigned a primitive revelation as the source of their traditions; both believed in baptism, held Sunday sacred, and celebrated the birth of their gods on Christmas Day; both practised the rites of communion; and both believed in the immortality of the soul, in a last judgment, and in the resurrection of the dead."

Women were not admitted to the mysteries of Mithra, a blunder in tactics which was avoided by the Christians. The religion that made no other concessions, triumphed at last after several centuries; but the Mithraic monuments are spread from the borders of Scotland to the farthest limits of Persia, and are found alike in the mountains of Hungary and the deserts of Africa. M. Cumont has reproduced the remains of the Mithraic temples and monuments, and presents in the present work a collection of evidence and a careful discussion of Mithraism such as has not hitherto existed for the student of the history of religions. That the story of the predominance of Mithraism has been so neglected is strange when one considers that to underrate its importance is to obscure the history of the struggles of Christianity with the most powerful of its rivals. The translation of M. Cumont's work by Mr. McCormack is careful and accurate, and the illustrations are well reproduced.

An Agnostic's Apology, and Other Essays. By Sir Leslie Stephen. Second edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

The essays other than that which gives this book its title were originally magazine articles, but are now, as appears from a note prefixed to the present edition, made into chapters of one consecutive whole. As 'An Agnostic's Apology' was first published twenty-five or thirty years ago, we take it that the new form in which it is given to the world is put forward by the author in solemn reaffirmation of his creed. As such it will no doubt attract some attention, but little discussion. For a variety of reasons the creed of Huxley (for Huxley was the leading early expounder of it) has not become avowedly widespread. The faith of Gnostics, as Sir Leslie Stephen calls the great body of believers, has been little shaken by it. Agnostics do not, as a rule, care to proselyte; indeed, a propaganda of skepticism is almost inconceivable. To

convert the world, there would have to be agnostic protagonists and martyrs, to say nothing of an agnostic church, which is a contradiction in terms. Even persecution of agnostics as such by gnostics is difficult to imagine, for most real skeptics have a constitutional aversion to the stake. Skepticism cuts very deep, and among the things which it is apt to undermine is the belief that it is wrong to conform. Huxley, if we remember right, conformed to the practices of the religious world about him, and recommended others to do the same. Besides all this, the foundations of belief and dogma have in the last fifty years been so thoroughly analyzed that even the gnostics now recognize a difference in kind between scientific and theological belief, and it was really a deep-seated confusion between the two which led to all the trouble in the past. Consequently, though there is no external warfare or crusade, agnosticism may be spreading all the time; there are no statistics.

What Sir Leslie Stephen has written on the subject is well worth reading. Logically, there is no reply to his position. The great question is whether agnosticism marks out the direction in which human thought is inevitably moving, or whether it is an attitude so alien to the human heart that it must always be the creed of a select coterie of philosophers. Some persons shudder at the idea of a world filled with agnostics; but for them there should be some consolation in the reflection that, in parting with religion, we should also say good-bye, if we possessed any self-respect, to metaphysics.

Animal Education: An Experimental Study on the Psychical Development of the White Rat, Correlated with the Growth of its Nervous System. By John B. Watson, Ph.D. The University of Chicago Press. 1903.

Dr. Watson takes his departure from the studies of Flechsig on the development of the fibrous connections of the association centres of the human cerebral cortex. Flechsig teaches that the cerebral cortex is divisible into two great areas: (1) the "sensory spheres," embracing all of the regions of the cortex bound to the lower nervous centres by projection fibres, and forming the greatest reflex apparatus of the nervous system presiding "over the animal life"; (2) the regions of the cortex lacking projection fibres, but connected with the sensory spheres by association fibres (fibres which, unlike the projection fibres, do not leave the cortex, but unite the various portions of the cortex to one another). These regions are known as "centres of association."

The sensory spheres are found in all animals possessing a functional cerebral cortex, but the centres of association are found only in man and the higher mammals. "It is in these centres of association that psychical activity finds the elements of all our intellectual life. In these centres is the substratum of all human experience, knowledge, language, sentiments, and morals." Flechsig has studied the development in the human infant of the medullary sheaths of the projection fibres which connect the sensory spheres with lower nervous centres, and of the association fibres which connect the centres of association with the sensory spheres and with each other; and, on the assumption that these fibre tracts do not begin to function until their insulating medullary sheaths are developed, he has constructed an elaborate theory of the correlation of the mental and cerebral development.

Mr. Watson writes: "My purpose in undertaking the present work was to see how far the theory of Flechsig would hold in the case of the white rat, and to attempt, if possible, a correlation between the increasing complexity of the psychical life of this animal and the increasing number of medullated fibres in its central nervous system." He finds that the white rat is capable of learning very complicated tricks which involve the formation of associations similar to those involved in dogs and other higher mammals, and probably fundamentally similar to some of the simpler human associations. In this he confirms the previous careful experimental work of Small, and deems it impossible to harmonize this with the statement that association centres are absent in animals as lowly organized as the rodents, provided such centres are necessary for these mental processes, as Flechsig believes. He also devised a series of tricks of increasing complexity, from the simplest possible reaction (such as finding the way back to the mother when separated a short distance) to the opening of a box containing food by means of a complicated latch which could be sprung only by a movement of an inclined plane on the opposite side of the box. A litter of new-born rats was set apart for experimentation, to determine at what age each of these tricks could be learned. These tests, when completed, gave an approximate measure of the psychical development of the white rat. They revealed, for instance, no evidence of memory in rats under ten days old, while the rat is "psychically mature" at about twenty-three days old—that is, the rat can perform the most complicated test used in the experiments.

The details of these experiments are very interesting. In most cases a test box made of wire netting was used with food inside, and the process by which the rats learned to get in to reach the food was accurately observed and closely timed. The entrance varied from a mere hole in the bottom covered with sawdust to a complicated labyrinth with blind passages and various obstacles, or the box was closed by latches of various degrees of intricacy. With young rats a single successful solution of the problem was sufficient to fix the whole process in memory in the case of some of the simpler tests, but in the most elaborate test box it took fifty successful repetitions to complete the learning of the trick so that it was performed rapidly and accurately.

Having discovered the stages in the psychical development of the young rats, so far as measurable by such laboratory tests, the author proceeded to prepare microscopical sections of the brains and spinal cords of young rats of corresponding stages from birth to maturity. The special problem here was to test the validity of Flechsig's conclusions as to the functional significance of the development of medullary sheaths on the nerve fibres. He finds no medullated nerve fibres in the nervous system, either central or peripheral, of the white rat at birth, nor for a day or two thereafter. Yet these rats are sensitive at birth, and exhibit numerous well-defined reflexes. Clearly, the spinal cord and reflex nervous system can function while the nerve fibres involved are still unmedullated. At from ten to thirteen days after birth, the previous experiments gave clear evidence of memory, particularly for olfactory stimuli; but at these ages the olfactory tract is entirely unmedullated, showing clearly that medullated fibres are not necessary for the transmission of nerve impulses involved in conscious processes. Finally, at twenty-four days, when the animal is regarded as "psychically mature"—that is, capable of learning anything that an adult rat can learn—the number of medullated fibres in the cerebral cortex is only about one-fifth the number in the adult rat.

It is therefore concluded that (1) medullated fibres are not a *conditio sine qua non* of the rat's forming and retaining definite associations; and (2) the complexity of the psychical life increases much more rapidly than does the medullation process in the cortex—psychical maturity being reached when approximately only one-fifth of the total number in the cortex are medullated. These results may seem pitifully meagre when set over against the great philosophical problems involved. Yet they do represent a definite step in the advance of our knowledge of the correlation between cerebral structure and psychic function—a step which clearly opens up the way in several directions for further research; and one positive fact is worth volumes of à priori theorizing, for both science and philosophy.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. By the Author of Elizabeth and her German Garden. The Macmillan Co.

Barth, Theodor. Politische Porträts. Berlin: Georg Reimer. Paper, 2m.; bound, 2.80m.

Bradford, Charles. The Angler's Secret. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.

Delanne, Gabriel. Evidence for a Future Life. Translated from the French by H. A. Dallas. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Eakle, Arthur S. Mineral Tables. John Wiley & Sons. $1.25.

Ewell, John Louis. The Story of Byfield, a New England Parish. Boston: George E. Littlefield.

Fact versus Fiction. Cobden Club's Reply to Mr. Chamberlain. Cassell & Co. 1s. net.

Forty Songs by Johannes Brahms. Edited by James Huneker. (The Musicians' Library.) Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

Garnett, Richard, and Gosse, Edmund. English Literature. Four vols. Vols. II. and IV. The Macmillan Co. $6 net each.

Geoke, Charles, and Gould, F. Carruther. John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland. London: Methuen & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Gibbons, Edward E. The Eye: Its Refraction and Diseases. The Macmillan Co.

Graham, Joseph A. The Sporting Dog. The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Haskins, Charles Waldo. Business Education and Accountancy. Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Hazell's Annual for 1904. Edited by W. Palmer. London: Hazell, Watson & Viney. 3s. 6d. net.

Henderson, Mary Foote. The Aristocracy of Health. Washington: The Colton Pub. Co. $1.50 net.

Houston, Harry. The Macmillan Series of Writing Books. 1 to 6. The Macmillan Co.

Johnson, Thomas Cary. Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney. Richmond, Va.: The Presbyterian Committee of Publication.

Kent's Educational Theory. Translated and edited by Edward Franklin Buchner. (Lippincott Educational Series, Vol. IV.) Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Louis, Minnie Dessau. Hannah and her Seven Sons. (Verse.) Second ed. Published by the Author, 102 W. 75th St.

Lucas, C. P. Geography of South and East Africa. Revised to 1903 by Hugh Edward Egerton. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6s.

Mack, William, and Nash, Howard P. Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure. Vol X. The American Law Book Co.

Manual of Medicine. Edited by W. H. Allchin. Vol. V., Diseases of the Abdomen. The Macmillan Co. $2.

Marshall, J. T. The Book of Job. (Commentary.) Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

McCormick, John Newton. The Litany and the Life. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. $1 net.

Modern English Prose. Selected and edited by George Rice Carpenter and William Tenney Brewster. The Macmillan Co. $1.10.

Murdoch, James, and Yamagata, Isoh. A History of Japan, 1542-1651. Tokio: Isoh Yamagata, 10 Nishikatamachi, Hongo.

Nollen, John Scholte. Chronology and Bibliography of Modern German Literature. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. $1.
Parliamentary Papers, 1801-1900. London: P. S. King & Son.
Poem of the Cid. Vol. III. Notes by Archer M. Huntington. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Putnam, Rufus. Memoirs. Compiled by Miss Rowena Buell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Roberts, Peter. Anthracite Coal Communities. The Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Scarborough, Mildred. The Signal Light. (Fiction.) Philadelphia: The American Baptist Publication Society. $1 net, postage 8 cents.
Shortt, Adam. Imperial Preferential Trade from a Canadian Point of View. Toronto: Morang & Co.
Smirnoff, Eugene. Russian Orthodox Missions. London: Rivingtons.
Streeter, John Williams. The Fat of the Land—the Story of an American Farm. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Villiers du Terrage, Baron Marc de. Les Dernières Années de la Louisiane Française. Paris: E. Guilmoto. 15 fr.
Waldseemüller Maps of 1507 and 1516. Facsimile reproductions, edited by Jos. Fischer and Fr. R. v. Wieser. London: Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles. In loose form in a portfolio, $14.35 net; bound in half leather, $15.35 net; mounted on linen for hanging, $18 net.
Young, Rose E. Henderson. (Fiction.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

"The best single help to the study of Parsifal

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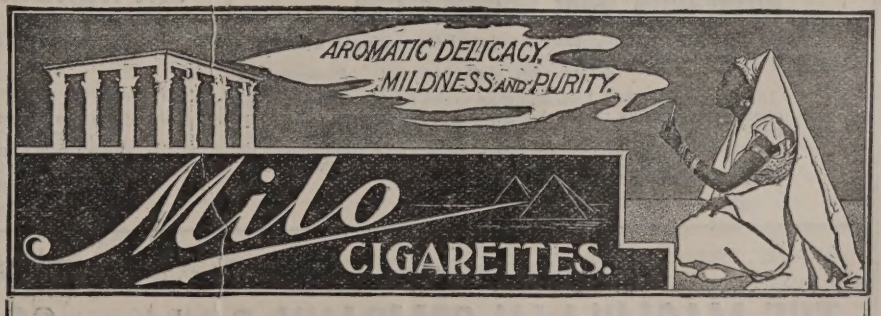

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The Week.

It is not alone the fact that the ratification of the Panama treaty had long been foregone which accounts for its very subdued reception. The thing leaves too bad a taste in the mouths of too many. As Mr. Root admitted on Monday, the whole affair has "troubled" our best and most thoughtful citizens. Senator Hoar, in his finest *enfant-terrible* manner, said on the same day that he had feared the treaty was reproducing a "condition like that which preceded the first and second elections of Mr. Cleveland—a condition of fancied security at Washington, and a condition of well-founded alarm among Republicans in the places where elections are decided." No wonder that jubilation is wanting. No wonder, either, that people are rubbing their eyes as they read of the dispatch of troops to the Isthmus, and the introduction of a bill to set up a government of our own over the canal strip. It is, they now see, an annexation which has been effected. Of course, the canal will be built and the world will benefit; but no good can come to the men who have used abhorrent means to bring this work about. The historic record will show that, as Senator Hoar declared in the Senate on December 17, President Roosevelt committed a lawless act of war against a friendly but defenceless nation, and then "proceeded to secure the pocketbook [the canal] of the victim." If this be glory, make the most of it.

Senator Hanna's death can have no sadder result than the resignation of Perry Heath from the secretaryship of the Republican National Committee, which was announced on Sunday. Mr. Heath affirms that his retirement is due simply and solely to the loss of the great leader whom he had served so faithfully and whom he had so recently nominated for the Presidency. How the Committee and the great Republican party can recover from such a blow as this we cannot imagine. It was undoubtedly rather to Mr. Heath—according to Mr. Heath's point of view—than to Mr. Hanna that the last Republican successes were due. It must be admitted, even by his political opponents, that Mr. Heath was a rare man to have at the helm in stirring campaign times. His skin was ever tough. Conscience was a word unknown to him, however frequently it might come from the lips of the silkstockings in politics. For him any and all methods were justified by the end to be achieved. What mattered it to him that men accused him of misconduct in high office, so long as there was a statute of limitations?

Mr. Cleveland's summons to his party to unite for a vigorous campaign is an appeal for courage and conviction from a man who has proved his possession of both. It sounds also the note of hope. The ex-President, whose political sagacity has been shown on more than one occasion, believes that the skies are bright with promise for the Democrats. But he plainly warns them that they will spoil all unless they give over their wanderings in bye and forbidden paths. A stout reaffirmation and reapplication of old principles is what the time demands, not a fatuous pursuit of new follies. On the Panama matter, Mr. Cleveland speaks with no uncertain sound, proclaiming our disregard of "the territorial rights of another nation," and the suspicion cast upon our "national good faith." But all this only heightens the demonstration of incapacity on the part of the Democratic Senators. They had it in their power to defeat the policy which they condemn; but half of them weakly decided to be content with denouncing the means by which the treaty was obtained, and then to vote for it.

Why these sudden warnings, in Republican Clubs and elsewhere, against a third term in the Presidency? Can it be that the orators really fear another nomination of Mr. Cleveland? In his case it certainly seems as if the cry of "Cæsarism" would be a little too absurd. The prejudice against a third term is founded on the dread lest an unscrupulous President plot to keep himself continuously in power, and gradually break down free institutions. But a Cæsar who spends first four years, and then eight, between terms of office, as a modest private citizen, with no retainers and no guards about him, cannot be a very imminent peril to our liberties. So clear is that that we think the effort to raise the third-term cry against Mr. Cleveland would only provoke laughter. Should he be again nominated, it would take more than that argument to beat him. Indeed, its early production by Republican speakers seems to argue a suspicion that they would find it difficult to beat him at all.

We cannot find words properly to characterize the ingratitude of the Porto Ricans. Not content with having a delegate in Congress of equal powers with the representatives of New Mexico and our other Territories, and with having the right to enter and leave the United States freely, these miserable "dagoes" and "half-breeds" actually demand Statehood or freedom. Such impudence is really unheard of. Did we not free them from the harshest kind of tyranny? Have we not given them many new schools, up-to-date municipal charters, electric railways, a Porto Rican regiment, and numerous other favors? Within a week or two our courts have even held them to be "nationals" of the United States, and yet, on Saturday, by a vote of 60 to 15, the Federal Assembly demanded self-government as a separate country, or the right to enter the Union. This is Americanization with vigor and with entirely too much Yankee "hustle." Is it possible that the Porto Ricans have not been reading the *Tribune's* editorials? If they had but garnered that wisdom, they would have known how hopeless it is for them to demand either Statehood or independence. The former might debase our nation; for the latter they are, of course, totally unfit. Under the circumstances, they must be content to remain colonial subjects for ever and a day. Had they but a spark of gratitude they would thank God for this privilege and put away their idle dreams of liberty, of the right to control their destinies, or even to say for themselves when and how they shall be taxed.

Pending official accounts of what our men-of-war have been doing in San Domingo, we must refrain from comment on that part of the case; but in what a strange flutter the Administration appears to be about the whole subject! Why all the reported timidity? While the dispatches continue to assert that President Roosevelt is determined to teach the Dominicans "a lesson," he is reported much vexed that any one should think he wants to take their territory. "Annexation is not thought of by the Administration," is the announcement by authority. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt recalls Gen. Grant's misfortunes in connection with the attempt to annex San Domingo in the seventies. But it is the very innocence of statecraft to suppose that we can enter a sovereign nation, give all hands a good trouncing, and then come away as if nothing had happened. The boy who goes skating on thin ice may protest that he never contemplated a ducking, but he gets wet just the same. We may disclaim intending annexation or worse evils, but if we go blindly ahead to do the things from which they inevitably result, our excuse is no better than the boy's.

It is probably good strategy to start the three Mantchurian consuls towards

their posts, if only as a reminder that we are sincerely anxious to be represented at the new treaty ports. To have these gentlemen on the spot and ready to hoist their flags whenever conditions permit it, may be advantageous. But certainly it would be foolish to press Russia for *exequaturs* at ports in which no business is likely to be done, and which may actually be the seat of military operations. It is understood that Russia will make no objection to receiving the consuls at Antung and Mukden. That would sufficiently establish both Secretary Hay's principle of the open door and the machinery for effecting that policy. To insist on the installation of Consul Morgan at Dalny would be inexpedient. Dalny becomes, through stress of circumstances, nothing more than a great military post. To thrust a civil officer upon such a community at such a time might be to give needless embarrassment to a friendly Power.

Our consul at Niu-Chwang informs the State Department that a study of conditions in Vladivostok, Harbin, and other districts is not particularly encouraging to the idea of extension of American trade in Mantchuria in any line where Russia is prepared to compete. The earnest intention of the Russo-Chinese Bank to press the sale of Russian goods, the determination of the Russian railways to find a market for the products of Russia, and the interest displayed in developing resources along their lines for Russians and Chinese only, taken in connection with the natural wealth of the country, do not favor the hope that under a Russian régime our trade in Mantchuria will be as large as it was before. Similarly a Port Arthur correspondent of the *North China Herald* writes that it is surprising to what extent the Americans have got hold of the trade in Eastern Siberia and Mantchuria. "What will lessen the surprise will be the disappearance of the Americans, one by one. The American Trading Company has closed its branches here and in Vladivostok, and I suppose by and by only one American firm will be left—indeed, I am not sure but that only one is left now." Thus, says the *North China Herald*, will be closed that chapter of Siberian history which tells of American enterprise exerted in the opening up of the country. It is, indeed, beyond doubt that Russia is putting every obstacle in the way of our trade in Mantchuria and eastern Siberia, but there is no likelihood that she can permanently oust us from those markets. Her methods of excluding our products are costing her an enormous amount in cash, and eventually the burden must become too heavy for her to bear.

From vague and conflicting dispatches from the Far East may be safely gathered only that neither Russia nor Japan has crossed the Yalu in force, and that the "withdrawal" of Viceroy Alexieff to Harbin does not at all imply the abandonment of Port Arthur. On this point there has been abundant misconception. Harbin, at the junction of the railway with Vladivostok, 300 miles southeast, and Port Arthur, 400 miles southwest, is the natural military headquarters. From this base the reinforcements may be rapidly massed in either direction, and a Japanese advance to either the north or south promptly met. On the other hand, the very unlikely event of the taking of Harbin would completely cripple the Russian communications. It is natural, then, that the viceroy commanding should select this city for his headquarters in spite of its remoteness from the probable points of contact between the armies. There is not the slightest evidence that as much as a battalion has been withdrawn from Port Arthur or Niu-Chwang. It may be assumed, on the contrary, that the Japanese will meet the stoutest opposition at this vital point. They may even be exposed, as unconfirmed rumors suggest, to an attack from this direction.

A remarkable instance of political prophecy is reported by Dr. E. J. Dillon in the *Contemporary Review*. A Russian named Levitoff published recently at Port Arthur a pamphlet urging that the Russians do everything possible to gain time, and that they withdraw the fleet as an encumbrance, and depend upon their numerical superiority on land. With great clearness he pointed out the perils of meeting Japan on the sea. "The yellow Bosphorus" (the Straits of Korea) "is a trap into which the Japs at England's instigation, are trying to entice us. So long as we steer clear of a sea fight," he continues, "the command of the sea and the Anglo-Japanese alliance are not worth a sucked egg. If we resolve to keep out of an engagement on the water, and if we are further prepared to do without our fleet, not only by refusing to increase it, but by getting rid of it wholly and without reserve, then the Japanese doctrine, Asia for Asiatics, becomes meaningless, and we have a free field in which to continue our work of culture in that part of the globe." It is needless to say that this prediction has received striking confirmation in the past few days. It has been shown that the Russian fleet is merely a source of weakness, and it probably would have been better strategy to lay the ships up and mount their guns in the shore batteries, or, better yet, to send the fleet back to European waters. The Russian discomfiture is a striking demonstration of the sheer relativity of sea power. Germany, for example, might do better to study recent events in the Far East rather than to trust unreservedly in Capt. Mahan's teaching. Certainly Levitoff was right when he maintained that a second track on the Trans-Siberian would be more valuable now than all the ships that Russia has built or hopes to build.

The General Staff has rendered a signal service to the army by vetoing the proposal to promote "by selection" officers below the rank of general. An officer is promoted in due order because of seniority only. That is, he cannot become a captain until every first lieutenant above him has been advanced. In his first message, President Roosevelt came out for the promotion of a certain percentage of officers out of order if they merited it because of special aptitude and fitness. The present system he characterized as one which put every indolent officer upon the same footing with the men who graduated first in their classes at the post-graduate schools, and who have ceaselessly acquired professional knowledge. The President thought that some system could be worked out by which bright men could be promoted rapidly by a board of officers sworn to pay no attention to anything except military merit. He overlooked the fact that no such procedure can be safeguarded from political influences or from social wire-pulling. He also ignored the bitter resentment which would be aroused in the breast of every overslaughed officer, and the deadening effect every such irregular advancement would have upon those left behind. After the General Staff had considered this question, it evidently came to the conclusion that these arguments were unanswerable, and that the Presidential logic was at fault, for it unanimously refused to consider any scheme for advancement by selection.

Gov. Montague of Virginia is entitled to the thanks of law-abiding citizens the country over. Owing to his precautions, last week's trial in Roanoke of the negro who assaulted a white woman passed off in accordance with law and without the slightest disturbance. Escorted by troops, the negro was taken to the courthouse. A jury was then empanelled, and the criminal tried and sentenced within a few hours. Afterwards the negro was taken to Lynchburg, whence he will be brought back to be hung on March 18—just six weeks after committing the crime. All this does more than reflect very great credit upon Gov. Montague and his State. It will take out of the mouths of those benighted persons who defend lynchings, or "palliate them," some of their choicest phrases. There is, for example, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Arkansas, the Rt. Rev. William M. Brown. How can he say hereafter, "I extenuate the offence of lynching, for it is the only remedy

for attacks on women"? How can he now reaffirm his opinion that "the South is obliged to lynch because women could not appear in court," or that "lynchers are justified in the sight of God, because lynching is a form of self-protection"?

The bill to abolish Berea College which has been before the Kentucky House of Representatives, has now been repassed in an amended but still very objectionable form. By a vote of 75 to 5, it was decreed that after July 15 there shall be no coeducation of the races in Kentucky. A white and a negro school may, however, be managed by the same institution provided that they are twenty-five miles apart. This is race prejudice rendered ridiculous by its own friends. We shall look to Kentucky hereafter to explain to the wondering just why twenty-five miles constitutes the dead line in the intercourse of the races. Are we to believe, for instance, that a negro and a white school within five miles of each other are a menace to the superior race? And if so, is the danger one-half as great if the schools are ten miles apart? And does all possibility of moral or physical contagion cease precisely at the twenty-fifth milestone or at twenty-four and one-half miles? Doubtless Kentucky's legislative psychologists would give us an exact explanation of all this—there is no form of racial prejudice for which the South would not produce ample justification as well as a moral law. But to a benighted Northerner aware only that Berea's great work for whites and blacks has never been tarnished by any scandal or intermarriage, it would seem as if, to be logical, the Kentucky Solons should now pass a law forbidding any colored family to read books within twenty-five miles of any white family. If the superior race is to be protected, let the protection be thorough.

There is growing indignation at the action of the Pullman Car Company in refusing seats and berths on their cars to colored people. We are informed that the withdrawal of accommodations, which originally began in Tennessee, is now spreading through the South, and that soon the only way in which a respectable colored man or woman can travel North will be by sitting up in a Jim Crow car, or by engaging an entire sleeper. The latter method was resorted to by Bishop Arnett and other colored dignitaries of the Methodist Church in going to the council of bishops held in Mobile. In other words, these Christian gentlemen were compelled to go deep into their pockets to ride in ordinary comfort on what is considered a sacred mission. Such action as has been taken by the company has been apparently kept very quiet. It has published no new rules and issued no orders which have found their way into print. But all sorts of stratagems are resorted to: "The cars are full." "The seats have been engaged ahead from stations further on." These are some of the commonest subterfuges, along with blank ignoring of the dusky face at the ticket-office window, and they are resorted to without regard to the status of the applicant, whether he be well-dressed or dirty, orderly or disorderly, young or old, sick or well. Before long, the courts will be called upon to decide whether there is no legal remedy under the Interstate Commerce law for this outrage upon a race.

Mayor McClellan's veto of the ordinance giving certain street-crossing privileges in the Bronx to the New York, Westchester and Boston Railway Company cannot be too strongly commended. It was the action of an official who has the interests of the city at heart, and is unwilling that valuable rights belonging to the people shall be voted away without compensation. Upon this solid ground his veto is unassailable. His readiness to go counter to the scheme of the strongest element in his party is a most gratifying sign of independence. The Westchester franchise was a Sullivan measure, and was enthusiastically supported by him and his henchmen without regard to the legal difficulties before the company. So confident were some of the promoters of the company of the Mayor's approval that they spoke of beginning actual work within six weeks. But they reckoned without their host. Well aware of the Tammany influences behind the ordinance, the Mayor gave both sides a hearing, and then decided against the measure purely upon its own demerits, and without regard to any effect it might have upon his own party relations. More than that, in his memorandum of disapproval he laid down certain principles governing the bestowal of street privileges upon transportation companies which could hardly be bettered.

The Mayor's relations to Tammany Hall have reached a very interesting stage. The rank and file of the organization are already disturbed at the absence of any sign of "letting up" on the lawless elements. Mr. Jerome's statement at Albany last week that he had the full coöperation of Commissioner McAdoo in his efforts to suppress gambling, is not calculated to encourage Tammanyites who looked for a "wide-open" town. A certain amount of "keeping-on of the lid" they will consent to, but Fourteenth Street can hardly look favorably upon a Mayor who vetoes one of its pet measures and then writes a memorandum which reads precisely as if he were a silk-stockinged reformer. What is to happen to our poor, poverty-stricken Aldermen if they cannot guarantee a delivery of the "goods"? What excuse has a Mayor to prattle about the "rights of the city and its citizens" unless he really wishes to become "a disturber of traffic," and to unsettle legitimate business? These are questions the Mayor had better ponder very carefully lest he find himself rising hopelessly in the good opinion of non-partisan reformers, independents, and other voters without a party.

The Turkish note of protest has called out from the Bulgarian agent at Paris a response in which loyalty to the reform plan, sympathy for Russia, and a firm intention to keep the peace are emphasized. We believe that these professions may be taken at their face value, and that the military preparations of Bulgaria are merely of a precautionary nature. Last year the partisan fighting actually passed her frontiers, and though wholly unprepared she was nearly driven into war with Turkey. To-day she is ready, but does not mean to precipitate a conflict to the embarrassment of Russia. This is Bulgaria's reason for wishing to see the Mürzsteg reforms seriously tried in the four vilayets. But this is only a pious wish. Turkey has served notice that the reforms shall go into effect only in crippled form. Gen. Georgis is to be subordinate to the Turkish commander-in-chief; the civil emissaries of the Powers—who were to exercise a kind of extra-territorial jurisdiction—are to be kept out of the disturbed regions, where they are most needed. Considered in the light of the facts, a Bulgarian appeal to the reforms is only a polite and diplomatic fashion of pointing the fact of Turkey's defection.

If "Dr. Jim" does not accept the call to frame a Cabinet for Cape Colony, it will be the first time that this gentleman adventurer has evaded a hard job. Indeed, the whole career of Cecil Rhodes's lieutenant is calculated to disconcert those whose imaginations are narrower than the "illimitable veldt." Apparently, he is as ready for the gigantic task of reconciling the Boers to their conquerors, and of repairing the crippled industries of South Africa, as he formerly was to lead a handful of dare-devils to Johannesburg. Such a complete reversal of rôles evinces an admirable gayety and an indefatigable zest. Whether these qualities are duly appreciated by the impoverished burghers of the two republics may be doubted. It is possible that they may resent one who so clearly envisages their case in a cheerful spirit, and it is safe to say that if "Dr. Jim" ever becomes the great peacemaker, the Cape must be counted the most notable province in the great realm of topsyturvydom.

MR. ROOT ON PANAMA.

Mr. Root at Chicago and Senator Hoar in the Senate both devoted Washington's Birthday to Panama apologetics. Mr. Root addressed himself to those "good and sincere men and women who have thought our course to be wrong," and to other respectable persons who "are troubled in spirit." Senator Hoar explained that he had called upon the President for an explanation, fully knowing that there was nothing to explain, but driven thereto by "personal and political friends, men of high standing, and not Mugwumps or men without standing." If Mr. Root and Senator Hoar had indeed spoken words to quiet the scruples of these conscientious Americans, they would have done a service worthy of the day. But Mr. Root pleaded, with all the perversions and suppressions of a skilled advocate; and Senator Hoar—declaring that his challenge of the Administration was merely tactical—threw his moral somersault with some loss of Senatorial dignity. Neither spectacle was calculated to propitiate the manes of Washington.

Senator Hoar's bland recantation of his own independence was merely characteristic of that idealist-partisan; Mr. Root's apology for the Panama business deserves serious consideration. Stripped of verbiage and illustration, his arguments come down to these:

(1) Colombia had never possessed full sovereign rights over the Isthmus, but held it subject in general to the convenience of the world, and in particular, under the treaty of 1846, to the will of the United States.

(2) The province of Panama "owned" the Isthmus, and, by the revolution of November, 1903, merely resumed possession of a valuable asset which it had never morally alienated.

Upon these two main arguments Mr. Root elaborately proves not only that we did no wrong, but that we could have done no wrong, in the Isthmus. Had Colombia misused her "trusteeship" for humanity (*i. e.*, her tenure of the Isthmus), we should have been right in ousting the malfeasant trustee; and of course, if the title of Colombia were bad—as Mr. Root asserted it was—why, then, our case was as good against the *de jure* owner. This is, with very trifling differences, Professor Grosvenor's "international eminent domain." We were acting for the world, and were justified in forcing Colombia to respect "the world's easement" in Panama.

That Colombia was and is in a tutelary position as regards us, is the very kernel of Mr. Root's contention. We always had a right of intervention. Such intervention was not war, was not, indeed, subject to the rules obtaining between equal Powers. Intervention in Turkey, the presence of a guard of marines at Seul, the Pekin relief expedition of 1900—these are not acts of war; but they are the signs of a sovereignty strictly limited by the interests of better and stronger nations. So of Colombia, we should have been warranted in taking any step that our paramount interest dictated. Such was evidently the view of the President in the suppressed message, later transmitted in part to Congress. He contemplated direct and forcible intervention. Now, whatever may be urged for the argument à priori, Mr. Root as a lawyer should be ashamed of his alleged precedents. Intervention, whether in morals or international law, presupposes an offence. Turkey is disciplined for concrete acts of violence in her territories; Pekin is besieged because the Legationers are in peril of life; our Ministry at Seul is guarded because there is danger of anti-foreign rioting, and no local authority to deal with it; other nations have been chastised for insults to foreign Powers, for non-payment of debt—always for some infraction of international good morals.

Now let us be fair and ask what is the sum of Colombia's offending? Simply that she tried to drive a hard bargain with us, merely that she was suspected of sharp practice towards the French Panama Company; or, more exactly, her offence is that, having made the first part of a bargain with us, she haggled vexatiously about the other half. This is absolutely all that can be charged to Colombia's discredit in this matter. Now the real parallel: The Boers tried to drive a hard bargain for the gold fields, over which England exercised a vague "trusteeship" analogous to ours in Panama. Mr. Chamberlain got tired of bargaining with them, and by force of arms vindicated England's "easement" in the two republics. In this affair Joseph Chamberlain is Theodore Roosevelt's guarantor. In both cases the opposition of a weak power to a commercial improvement was overridden in the name of civilization. That Mr. Roosevelt's luck was better than Mr. Chamberlain's nowise affects the moral issue. Mr. Roosevelt flew at smaller game. Let us stand squarely on the fact that Colombia's whole offence was that, being weak and poor, she undertook to drive a sharp bargain with our strong and rich state.

But, Mr. Root asserts, the only right in the premises was that of building a canal, and that right was ours. "It was not just," he says, "that we should pay anything." And again he holds: "We had yielded to the last point, beyond reason and justice, in agreeing to pay for a privilege to which we were already entitled, and we could not with self-respect consent to be mulcted further." The inference is inevitable that no weak Power holding a very valuable possession and one generally useful to humanity, is entitled to be paid for it. Consequently, any pay received is not legally a consideration," but merely a *pourboire;* and naturally the size of a tip is determined not by the waiter, but by the patron. Into this ethical bog we decline to follow Mr. Root. We do not grudge him his faith in a sumptuary law of nations, under which only the *noblesse* may wear gold-fields and interoceanic canals; we merely wish to make his doctrine plain to the moral judgment of our readers.

Nor do we desire to emphasize the suppressions in his argument. There is, for example, not a word on the naval order, issued before the revolution, preventing Colombia from so much as attempting to regain her sovereignty over Panama. Of course, the sovereignty of Colombia is by definition a pinched and limited thing, yet when the "fifty-mile order" was given out, she was the only authority on the Isthmus, and entitled at least to a limited respect. Mr. Root's apparent ignorance that the threat of the Colombian commander in Colon—upon which our marines were landed—was a canard, and has been officially denied, is probably only evidence of haste in preparing his brief. The matter is of little moment, and we let it pass. But we cannot pass in silence Mr. Root's assertion that the moral ownership of the Isthmus resided not in Colombia, but in the Province of Panama. This we do not deny, but our Government had officially taken the other view—even to aiding Colombia against the Panamans. Mr. Root evidently holds that we could, according to circumstances, stand by the lower law—*i. e.*, Colombia's actual proprietorship, or by the higher law—*i. e.*, Panama's moral proprietorship. When it is admitted that either country held the Isthmus subject strictly to our interpretation of the universal interests of mankind, that Colombia was not entitled to a cent of *solatium* for giving up the canal strip, but that Panama is to receive $10,000,000 for the aforesaid concession—the tangle of Mr. Root's ethico-political speculations becomes impossibly complex.

We prefer to fall back upon the undisputed elements of the case: that we wanted the canal and that Colombia was ungraciously driving a sharp bargain with us. Well, it was a matter of time and manners. Rightly or wrongly, we had given offence in Bogotá, rightly the lapsing of the Hay-Herran treaty had vexed us here. In such cases a little straightforward negotiation will usually set things right. The matter of time was important, but not all-important. A few months or a year in a work requiring a dozen years is not vital. As a matter of fact, four months have passed since the recognition of the Panama Republic. If time were everything, we should have gained time by accepting Gen. Reyes's offer, of November 6, to proclaim the treaty. But, as Senator Hoar remarked when a party vote was

still distant, honor is more than canals. And the matter of honor Mr. Root has not so much as grazed, for his whole pleading comes to saying that while for sixty years we had negotiated with Colombia under the forms of international comity, we had done so with mental reservations. When the convenient season came, we threw over the long pretence of law and fell back upon our private interpretation of public precedents. Harsh words are used of a man who uses this dual standard in his private affairs. And now the "good and sincere men and women" for whose reassurance Mr. Root has unlocked his arsenal of sophisms are troubled, not about the injury done to Colombia, but for the injury done ourselves in dealing crookedly with a nation some way our dependent. Not even a Senate vote can quiet so valid a protest of conscience.

THE EDUCATED NEGRO AND THE SOUTH.

In his admirable address at the recent meeting in the interest of Hampton Institute, its president, Dr. H. B. Frissell, dwelt upon a curious phase of the negro problem in the South. Speaking of the attitude of the general mass of white men towards the educated negro, he pointed out their remarkable ignorance of what the graduates of colored schools are doing to elevate themselves and their race. Even those friendly to their education do not read the negro newspapers or magazines, or listen to negro leaders such as Mr. Washington, or study the extraordinary statistics of the negro's rise in wealth since the close of the civil war. Only such broad-minded Southerners as the members of the Southern and General Education Boards are really familiar with the educated negro's progress. And this condition of affairs is all the more remarkable since the stock reply to every Northern remonstrant is: "Come down and live with us for a while, learn to know the problem as we know it, and in a week or two you will feel just as we do about it."

For this ignorance of the upward march of the educated negro it will not do to hold mere prejudice or race-hatred responsible. But since the caste system practically prevents the intercourse of the two race-elements, save in the relationship of employer and employee, of mistress and servant, the white man must necessarily remain largely in ignorance of what the more prosperous and industrious negro is doing for himself and his fellows. When the word Negro is mentioned, the picture inspired in the white Southerner's mind is all too often that of the colored desperado, of the ragged corner-loafer, of the animal-like plantation hand of the Black Belt, or of the shiftless, insolent, and dirty house servant. Sometimes, too, the word suggests the negro whose smattering of learning has been as dangerous to him as it proverbially is to men of all times and races. Only to the exceptional white man does it signify the honest, respectable negro farmer or tradesman or shopkeeper, for of these the white population sees but little and hears still less.

Proof of the correctness of Dr. Frissell's contention is not far to seek. Take the Calhoun School, in Alabama, for instance. Founded by Northerners, its primary object was to aid both whites and negroes by changing the ignorant, shiftless, immoral negro into an intelligent, industrious, and moral citizen, with a respectable home instead of a one-room shanty, the breeding-place of vice and disease. All the progress made by Calhoun is in the interest of the white population, since it increased the safety of the roads, made more efficient workers, and added materially to the wealth of the community. Yet the school had been at work for years before a white neighbor crossed the threshold of the "nigger teachers." Having at last broken the ice and seen for themselves the character of the work and the self-sacrifices of those engaged in it, they are now coming to recognize its worth, and have even begun, in a small way, to help along the enterprise.

To take a more striking example: one of the most prominent bankers in Richmond solemnly assured Northern visitors last spring that the negro was fitted only for house service or for work on the farm. The only kind of negro education he approved of was that which would produce servants or laborers. His spirit was in no way unfriendly to the negroes as such, and he spoke feelingly of the many admirable qualities of his domestics; but he was in total ignorance of what the educated negro is doing right in Richmond. He had never heard that the only woman bank president in Virginia, if not in the South, is a Richmond colored woman, or that the only woman apothecary licensed by the Virginia State Board of Pharmacy resides only a few blocks from him, and that she has a dark skin. He did not know that the colored physicians in the Richmond hospital were educated in New York, Paris, and London, or even that there was a colored hospital. He had heard of the largest of the three negro banks, but did not know that in a time of financial stringency it was the only one in Richmond to loan cash to the city authorities for their immediate needs. The banker was, of course, unaware that this bank is part of a negro fraternal society founded by an ex-slave, which, after an existence of only twenty-three years, has 65,000 benefiting members, holding policies valued at $7,715,702. This society has paid $825,217.25 in settlement of 6,048 death claims, has aided sick members to the extent of $1,125,000, and now owns real estate valued at $300,000. The monthly payroll of its employees is more than $4,000. Its bank has 10,000 accounts, and deposits of $200,000 with a capital of $100,000. Finally, the banker is still unaware that the best steam laundry in Richmond is owned by colored men, and represents a capital of $20,000.

It is not necessary to cite further proof of Dr. Frissell's statement. The evidence is all with this veteran educator, who has lived in the South for many years and is so nobly carrying on Gen. Armstrong's work. A serious question confronting the Northerners and Southerners engaged in the solution of the race problem is, therefore, how to get the facts of the negro's progress before the whites, and how to acquaint them with the high aims, the aspirations, and the actual achievements of the negro missionaries everywhere working to uplift their people. Only a mutual understanding and respect can help both races to live in the comity and friendliness which all who desire the country's peace must strive for.

JAPANESE AND RUSSIAN FINANCES.

To outward appearance, neither Russia nor Japan is financially in a position to wage a great war. But if wars never were fought except by contestants with plenty of ready cash, the list would be short. Take the case of Japan, one of whose leading statesmen remarked not long ago that "the financial condition of Japan is a very difficult one." No clearer view of what this situation actually is has been presented than is contained in Mr. W. Petrie Watson's article in the February *Fortnightly Review* on "The Financial and Economic Situation in Japan." The aim of this article is to trace the results so far achieved by the policy inaugurated in 1896, and known as "The Ten Years', or Post-Bellum, Programme." The person chiefly responsible for this policy was Count Matsukata, the Finance Minister. In a report compiled down to 1900-01, he stated his principle. Assuming office in March, 1895, he determined immediately that the first thing to do was to fix upon a financial scheme to be pursued in harmony with the changed status of the country, and with the particular state of affairs at home and abroad. Such a scheme was drawn up, the main points being to increase the national revenues so far as necessary, and to practise economy in expenditure as much as possible. Thus it was decided to depend on increased taxation for the ordinary class of expenditures, and, for the extraordinary, to look to the Chinese indemnity and public loans. At the same time, measures were taken with the object of developing the resources of the country, so that the growth of its

wealth might keep pace with its increased expenditures. During the period from 1890-91 to 1895-96, the annual expenditures, ordinary and extraordinary, were stationary at about £8,000,000; but in the following six years they rose to £28,000,000.

Now the most generous estimate of the full cost of the Programme did not exceed £60,000,000, and yet in 1902-03 the charge had practically reached that figure, and there is every reason to believe that the real total will be between £70,000,000 and £80,000,000. Already the Programme has absorbed £20,000,000 of the Chinese indemnity, and over £40,000,000 of other funds. Part of the £40,000,000 has been raised in Japan, and part has been borrowed abroad, and, of course, bears interest. Furthermore, the country's ordinary expenditures have doubled, with a corresponding increase in taxation. The most interesting feature of the whole situation has been the breakdown of the Government's loan policy. It was hoped that Japan herself would provide everything required for the productive undertakings, the projected total of these loans being £26,000,000. It turned out, however, that the European money market had to be appealed to. A loan of £10,000,000 was issued in 1899 in London. The prosecution of the works outlined in 1896 thus went on uninterruptedly. Meantime, conditions in the home money market afforded no hope of improvement. When the 1901-02 budget was in preparation, it was seen that further loan supplies were imperative. The budget was drafted with appropriations fixed for the industrial undertakings of the Programme, but it was found necessary before the opening of the financial year to bring in an amended budget, from which these appropriations were omitted.

The long and short of the matter is that the Programme collapsed just about midway in its career. The Government miscalculated the financial capacity of the country. The Japanese people had gone through a fever of industrial activity. This so exhausted their financial strength that they were unable to respond to the Government's call for aid. But, even worse, it has seemed that the weakness of the country's commercial system might seriously endanger the financial stability of the Government itself. The financial situation in Japan to-day is one that calls for the most careful handling. But what should chiefly interest the outside world at the moment is the fact that Japan's enormous expenditures on armament since 1896 have vastly increased her war efficiency. Mr. W. Petrie Watson, whose article was, of course, written some time before the outbreak of hostilities, says that "should the course of events involve Japan in war, the signs of a bankruptcy of resources, which it may be possible to detect to-day, will disappear in the streams of offerings that this people, in the enthusiasm of sacrifice, is always ready to pour upon the altar of patriotism." The accuracy of this prevision has been amply attested during the last few weeks.

The financial condition of Russia is essentially the same as that of Japan, no matter how great the superficial differences. The London *Economist* recently remarked that "the outstanding feature of Russian finance is, that for years past the country has been spending far beyond its income." This, of course, has meant constant borrowing, although every method has been employed to conceal the fact in the budgets. For instance, the estimates for 1904 indicate a deficit of £19,579,300. This has an ugly look, but it is explained that the deficit arises from the inclusion of £21,217,900 of expenditure which is classed as extraordinary, and which consists mainly of what may be designated as capital outlay upon the Siberian and other railways. It is pointed out, in fact, that if we exclude this and confine attention to the revenue and expenditure classed as ordinary, instead of a deficit there is a surplus of £1,363,600.

This, says the *Economist*, we are asked to regard as evidence that the Russian Government has a revenue in excess of its normal requirements, and that the finances of the country are consequently in a healthy condition. In the financial reports of the Russian Government there is a certain mysterious "Free Balance of the Treasury," out of which the annual deficits are covered. This fund is like the widow's cruse: the more it is drawn upon, the larger it seems to grow. Thus, M. Witte, in his budget statement, calculated that on January 1, 1903, this Treasury balance would amount to £11,466,000, whereas a year later it was set down at £25,740,000. This can probably be explained in large part by £12,700,000 realized by an issue of bonds. Evidently, if this "free treasury balance" cannot now be replenished by fresh borrowing, the Government must come to the end of its available resources. But this, of course, would not mean that Russia could not keep her forces in the field, for in the last resort there would be the printing-press. The effect on the general prosperity of the country of inconvertible paper issues could not be other than destructive; but it is the rule with nations, when the war fever is on them, to sin in haste and repent at leisure.

THE BALKAN SITUATION.

A circular note from the Sublime Porte, complaining of the warlike attitude of Bulgaria, does not necessarily mean war, but it does mean that the Sultan intends to exercise a free hand in Macedonia and Albania, that the Austro-Russian reforms are now mere idle words, and that the whole situation in the Balkans is as uncertain as it was when Russian and Austria intervened last spring. And in an important sense matters are worse: Russia is so fully occupied in the Far East that it is unlikely she will seriously renew the work of pacification in Turkey. Thus the duty of policing the Turkish frontier falls exclusively to Austria. It is a heavy and an invidious responsibility: and if there is any political courage and foresight in the European foreign offices, the Powers should take concerted action to strengthen Austria's hand, and force upon the Sultan the reforms stipulated by treaty. Here the European Concert could do all that Russia did, and more.

The time open to such precautionary action may not be long. It is not for nothing that the Porte has changed the apologetic tone of two years past for that of defiance. And from the Sultan's point of view, the need of defensive action is pressing. Zontscheff and Sarafoff have confidently promised to reassemble the Macedonian bands in the spring, Bulgaria is voting extraordinary war credits and reorganizing her army; meanwhile a mere beginning of the reform of the gendarmerie has stirred up a serious revolt among the lawless Albanians. Either way, the Sultan is in difficulties. If, obeying the stern command of Count Golutchovski, Turkey honestly adopts the reforms, the Albanians will rise; but the Macedonians probably will rise whether the reforms are introduced or not; and the Macedonians are openly supplied with arms and men across the Bulgarian passes. It is no wonder, then, that the Sultan takes the first opportunity to resent foreign interference, and to become the guarantor of his own sovereignty.

Indeed, if Turkey were capable of giving reasonably humane government to her northern provinces, the Sultan's declaration could only be applauded. But when it is considered that the note is virtually a warning that massacre and worse outrage are to be let loose in Macedonia, and, if possible, carried into peaceful Bulgaria, it is evident that humanity and the general interest alike dictate prompt settlement of the affair. A war between Turkey and Bulgaria would be disastrous. Bulgaria has, unfortunately, alienated all the other Balkan States, and now could hardly call upon her natural protector, Russia. She would probably have to fight alone. The war would be of the bloodiest kind; Macedonian irregulars would soon vie with the Turks in atrocity, and the result would probably be *nil* so far as settling the Balkan question is concerned. To be sure, the Macedonian leaders profess confidence as to the outcome of a Turko-Bulgarian war; but it is hard to forecast for Bulgaria any better fate than six years ago befell Greece, though undoubt-

edly King Ferdinand's army would put up a better fight than King George's did. But, in general, an isolated war in the Balkans would mean only waste of blood and money.

Nobody, of course, is eager to do for the persecuted Christians of Turkey what Russia did for the Bulgarians in 1877. Humanity at that price is too costly. But it is probable that concerted action of the Powers, accompanied by a naval demonstration, would not meet with serious opposition from the Sultan. Rather than fight, he would probably consent to have most of Macedonia put under a European Governor-General. Thus a new buffer State, a mainland Crete, would be established. And such action would do more to harmonize the rival races—Greeks, Bulgars, and Vlachs particularly—than would annexation to Bulgaria. It would also quiet immediate political jealousies. As for the difficult Albanian question, that is a detail. Austria brought Bosnia and Herzegovina from anarchy to stable order. She has already, by treaty, the right of policing the province of Novi-Bazar. It would only be necessary to stretch that prerogative a little to cover all the disorderly part of Albania.

But such a solution of the Balkan problem as that suggested above is only too likely to fail because of lack of courage in the Powers. It could, in fact, be carried out only through the frank initiative of some relatively disinterested country, like France or England, and certainly the new *entente cordiale* between these nations could be put to no more honorable use. With the adherence of Italy and Austria and the contingent support of Bulgaria, they would probably be strong enough to impose a genuine reform plan upon the Sultan. And France, incidentally, could do her ally, Russia, no more valuable service than to remove the causes of conflagration in the Near East. In a sense, the hope of any such diplomatic solution of the difficulty depends upon the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé. But we fear that, in these anti-clerical times in France, it will not be possible even for him to advocate the *pax Christiana* for Turkey. The probabilities lie the other way—towards war between Bulgaria and Turkey—on Bulgaria's side, because of sympathy for her persecuted kinsmen in Macedonia, and for the hope of a greater Bulgaria; on Turkey's side, on account of that instinct which teaches even "dying races" to die with their face to the foe. That war is imminent, it would be foolish to assume—it may be long delayed; to-morrow the casual spark may fall in the powder barrel—but come it must, unless the Powers put an end both to the disorders of the Albanians and to the intolerable afflictions of the Christians of Macedonia.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

By the death of Sir Leslie Stephen many will feel that we have lost the first English-speaking critic. The word, in his case, meant more than a literary authority. His outlook upon life was wide. The whole movement of thought and conduct in which his lot was cast he surveyed with interested but calm gaze, and made his shrewd and wise comments upon scientific method and religion and education and morals, as well as upon books and writers. Thus his great range gave him the air of one who saw life steadily and saw it whole. Lowell complained that he was a child of an age that lectures, not creates. But it is almost a creation to produce a great critic; and we could well spare much of what is called "creative work" for more of the training in sane and balanced judgment which Leslie Stephen gave his readers.

His own career, with that of his brother, Fitzjames, is a striking example of the intellectual ferment of the age in which he lived. The emancipation from the smug and narrow Evangelicalism of his Clapham family illustrates, in little, the process by which mental enlargement came to thousands of his generation. But it was the peculiar charm of Stephen that he had none of the arrogance and assuredly none of the bitterness which too often mark the man who has broken away from old creeds. He himself has told us, in his own quietly humorous way, how he made the transition without violence or pain. He simply found that he could not, with his views, take holy orders, and thereupon turned, without spiritual wrench or agony, to the work that he could honestly do. There were heard from him none of the passionate outcries that came from Prof. W. K. Clifford, for example; he had nothing of the occasionally vitriolic touch of Greg, the reproachful note of Mill or Spencer, or the rude defiance of his own brother, Fitzjames. Sir Leslie was endlessly inquisitive; he brought his acute analysis to bear upon every problem that greatly moved men's thoughts; but he preferred to convey his teachings in forms of amenity, disclaiming wisdom at the very moment he most effectively disclosed the want of it in others, and acting always upon the principle laid down by Macaulay that, when an objection is raised, it "ought to be met with something more convincing than 'blockhead' and 'scoundrel.'"

The body of strictly literary criticism which Leslie Stephen leaves behind him is alone enough to confer distinction. His studies in the eighteenth century are unrivalled for thoroughness of information and sympathy of interpretation. He was none of your off-hand critics, pronouncing brawling judgments all day long on the strength of cheap and second-hand learning. He always longed to drench himself in material. No point too minute, no side-light too faint, to escape his inquiry. Hence it was by a kind of predestined harmony that he was called upon to become the editor of the monumental 'Dictionary of National Biography.' Some of his best work lies there. His articles give us not simply perfect mastery of all that is known about his subjects, with full bibliographies, but judgment in absolute equipoise of impartiality, with many a sly touch of enjoyable humor and a great wealth of literary allusiveness. The latest critical writing he published—his volume on George Eliot—was a masterpiece. The riches were packed into a little room; but, within its limits, no better criticism was ever done. Marian Evans, woman and writer, lives again under his pen; and his admirations gain the greater weight from the very deftness with which he lays bare the things of hers which he considers strained or inflated—'Romola,' for example.

It was no chance coincidence that made Sir Leslie Stephen President of the Ethical Society. Amiable and engaging as his temperament appeared, it was grave in cast. Conduct meant, for him, three-fourths of life; and he would have agreed again with Matthew Arnold in the sentiment that it is the business of those who are doubtful about another life to "pitch this one high." His addresses on themes of the practical life—on "Luxury," for example, or on the especial duties of literary men—are as persuasive as they are original. In all his approaches to the deeper problems of life he displayed a high seriousness. Seldom does he rise to fervor or eloquence—though there are noble passages in his 'An Agnostic's Apology'; but his dignity and elevation of manner never failed of rising to his argument. In the essay on "Evolution and Religious Conceptions" which he contributed to the *Evening Post* in 1901, he put aside all the crudities and flippancies of unbelief, and contended for religion as an "essential part of human nature," as well as a mighty factor in social organization.

AUTHORS AND REAL ESTATE.

It is credibly estimated by experts in certain suburbs that the presence of an author raises adjoining house-lot values at least five cents a front foot. Naturally, what has been called the "sentimental excess" would be much greater in the case of the author's own property. And the same principle holds of places with literary associations. When commemorative societies try to buy an author's birthplace they always pay more than the market price. Certain Scottish estates, indeed, add a percentage to the rental because the house has figured in the Waverley Novels, and append a

formal statement to that effect in the lease.

The classical instance of sentimental value is Thackeray's Young Street house, at Kensington. At the sale by auction the house was promptly run up to a 4 per cent. basis, when, admitting that the commercial value had been reached, the auctioneer challenged the audience to pay a "sentimental excess" of £500. About 10 per cent., £250, he actually received. Naturally, the excess was greater in the case of the Shakspere birthplace, which was bought in 1847 at £3,000; but there is only one Shakspere, and a birthplace (of which an author can have had but one) rightly brings the price of *unica*, whereas residences may be so many in the case of an author of migratory habit that they hardly count as *rarissima*. Yet even in Byron's case, whose residences defy enumeration, his association still costs the traveller dear at hotels which are vaguely associated with the dissipations of that wayward lord. Nor will any sentimental traveller forget the high price of the chop and the bottle at a London tavern which is said to have harbored Dr. Johnson, and actually exhibits his portrait and his chair.

Are we not dealing with a kind of value which may be legitimately considered in real-estate speculation, and surely must be taken into account by those pious folk who merely wish to do honor to the memory of great writers? These unthrifty enthusiasts pay the largest price because they buy at the wrong time. To defer purchase until the death of an author is to pay the entire sentimental increment; whereas, if the deed is drawn immediately upon the appearance of his first book, his home—even his birthplace—may be had at the ruling rates. We believe that in this matter commercialism and literary enthusiasm might appropriately join hands, and we cordially second the Manchester *Guardian's* proposal of an "Authors' Landed Property League." Such a syndicate would work in close harmony with the publishers. Its function would be the early acquisition of the residences of obscure authors of promise. Whenever a first book gave evidence of genius, the gentlemanly agent would visit the author and secure, if possible, options on his birthplace, upon his present residence, and all houses which he may subsequently inhabit. The request, being in the nature of a compliment, could scarcely be refused. Indeed, the conventional consideration of one dollar would hardly be to most young authors a negligible feature of the transaction. We know of several birthplaces, some of them most picturesquely situated and supplied with hot and cold water, upon which options could be secured at very favorable terms. Of course, many authors will neither achieve fame nor leave marketable associations, but in these cases the syndicate would at worst suffer only slight loss on the real estate, while the occasional exploitation of a popular and multi-residential author (and we could name several) would give to a conservative investment the occasional attractions of a brilliant speculative *coup*.

For so far we have considered only the passive side of the business, assuming that the syndicate works independently of the author, supposing that it merely exploits its real estate by promptly applying commemorative tablets and by proper advertising. For example:

CLAVERLY HEIGHTS, N. J.—A semi-detached suburban cottage, 5 rooms and bath, large butler's pantry, grounds pleasantly shaded. This desirable property was the RESIDENCE OF MALMESBURY BLODGETT between May 1, 1897, and April 30, 1898. His first book, 'She Would and She Could' (475,000), was written in the dainty Dutch oak library. The front door has been scratched by his dog, and the hall wainscoting has been much defaced by his second son ("little Winthrop" in 'The Sword of the Lord' 200,000 and still selling). All these marks of Mr. Blodgett's occupancy are noted on a tablet, and will on request be legally certified to any tenant. The undersigned also wish to announce that Mr. Blodgett's present residence at Willoughby Meadows, L. I., will shortly be put upon the market. It will be the scene of his charming novel 'Dora McBride' (advance sales 97,000). The second-story front room will be Dora's "blue boudoir." Appreciative tenants, and no others are desired, should address Mr. Blodgett's publishers, McFoolzum & Sellum, or

The Authors' Landed Property League.

Much might be done by these methods; much more by intelligent coöperation with the author. Beyond the power of any single writer to radiate associations, it is conceivable that writers and real estate in conjunction might be exploited upon a grand scale. Imagine a great tract of vacant land acquired by the acre, and a few authors settled upon it. Gradually, literary associations might be written into all the more desirable lots. The sales would be far removed from the vulgarity of the brass band and the free lunch. On bargain days reverent folk, book in hand, would walk about verifying such signs as these:

On this bench "Langham and Winifred sat enwrapped in the long silence of mutual confidence. How sweet it was to be there!" —('Winifred's Ordeal,' p. 186, Blinders Co.)

Or, again:

Under this tree "Francis stumbled on a root, and felt Mortimer's rapier glide chillingly between his arm and side. The moon shone on, indifferent to these warring human fates," etc.—('For King and Colors.' p. 7, Moorlands & Park.)

No confirmed reader of the modern novel could resist, we opine, the combined appeal of literary associations at home and literary men as neighbors. And it is not necessary to say that the investment company which counts among its clients any considerable portion of our novel readers, need cringe to none of the great consolidations of recent times. We see, indeed, no drawback to the plan except the increasing commonness of authorship, and we advise a syndicate such as we have suggested to begin operations before the digestive capacity of the literary market has been overstrained.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN RUSSIA.

PARIS, February 10, 1904.

M. K. Waliszewski makes us acquainted with the origins of modern Russia. No enterprise can be more commendable, now that Russia has become one of the most important factors in the political destinies of the world. I was reading not long ago in the *Fortnightly Review* a remarkable article by Edward Dicey, entitled "The Two Empires," in which the author dwelt on the increasing importance of the Russian. We see this empire now extending itself through the immense continent of Asia to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and we are on the eve of a struggle between her ambition and that of Japan, the armed representative of the yellow race. In his study of the origins of modern Russia, M. Waliszewski takes the back track. He has published in succession important volumes, chiefly on the history of Russia during the eighteenth century. His 'Roman d'une Impératrice: Catherine II. de Russie,' written from her Memoirs and correspondence, and from inedited documents of the State archives, has already attained its fourteenth edition; a second volume on Catherine, 'Autour d'un Trône' reviewing the colaborers, friends, and favorites of the famous Empress, has had an equal success. 'Pierre le Grand,' his education and work, published from new documents, appeared subsequently, as did 'L'Héritage de Pierre le Grand' and 'La Dernière des Romanov: Elisabeth I., Impératrice de Russie (1741-1762).'

M. Waliszewski tells us in the preface to his new volume, 'Ivan le Terrible,' which has just appeared:

"In the work of Peter the Great and of the great Catherine, modern Russia appears to us already fully armed for all the material and moral conquests which she has realized. This work, however, has antecedents, and Peter himself professed to be continuing a work. Whose work? We know his immediate predecessors, the first Romanoffs, obscure sovereigns of an empire which had no contact with Europe, which was closed to outside influences, and was powerless to draw from its own fund the elements of even a rudimentary civilization. If we go further, if we return to the last years of the sixteenth century, we find a time of trouble, disorder and anarchy, barbarism and night. Nevertheless, if we look closer, the sudden illumination of the eighteenth century is not a dawn; the light is too strong to be the light of a rising sun. Peter the Great was not mistaken as to it, and the night out of which his genius rose was only an eclipse."

By this figurative style M. Waliszewski means that Peter the Great had predecessors who merit the attention of history. One of them was that Ivan who received the appellation of "the Terrible," and who appears vaguely to the mind as a personification of cruelty, as a rival of Caligula and of Nero.

"This name of *Terrible* which I have been obliged to print on the front page of my volume in order that the man should be recognized," says M. Waliszewki, "is nonsense. The Russians themselves are deceived by it, as the name has been imposed on them by foreigners. The Germans hesitate between *der Schreckliche* and *der Grausame*, and the two versions are equally false. Never was Ivan IV. so called

by the Muscovites of his time. He was for them the *groznyi*, a word which means 'to be respectable and respected.' "

To be sure, in order to be respected in the time of Ivan IV., it seems to have been necessary to resort to means which appear to us cruel and barbarous. "Place before your eyes the gigantic crucible in which the Russian people worked between the Ural and the Carpathian Mountains, between the White Sea and the Black Sea; it was not by mildness, by gentleness, by half measures that twenty different races could be mixed and fused." It is possible that in this great work Ivan IV. a little exaggerated the atrocity which was characteristic of the manners of the time.

All rehabilitations are excessive in proportion to the excess of the accusations. Ivan the Terrible is now considered by Russian writers a "central figure," and, as such, everything is pardoned to him. M. Waliszewski has honestly tried to find his way between the exaggerations of the past and of the present. He begins by describing accurately the Russia of the sixteenth century, its classes, its political and social organization, its peasants, its serfs, its urban populations, its church. The reader will find many new and interesting details regarding provincial and judicial organization, the economic state of the country, and the Russian commune, which still exists partly in its ancient form. The state of the roads, which still leaves so much to be desired, was such in the sixteenth century that famine was a sort of normal condition for some provinces, on account of the difficulty of transportation. An Englishman called Jenkinson, who was an observer as well as a trader, tells us that he saw with his own eyes as many as eighty people dying for want of subsistence, and such subsistence!—in summer, herbs and roots; in winter, straw. He speaks of the indifference of the people in the presence of such misfortunes. Till the end of the century, money was rarely seen, and most transactions took the form of barter. We have but little light on the finances of the State. Under the son of Ivan IV., Fletcher values the revenue of the empire at 1,400,000 rubles. Under Ivan IV., M. Waliszewski values it at about 1,200,000 rubles. (The ruble counted for 16 shillings and 8 pence.) At the same period the revenue of Henry VIII. in England was not more than a million crowns. Ivan IV., therefore, asked from his people nearly four times as much as Henry VIII. Ivan IV., besides the taxes, got much from the thirty-six towns with the villages depending upon them, of which he was the personal proprietor.

If we turn our attention to the intellectual state of the country, we find ourselves in a very unexplored field. The invasion of the Mongols in the thirteenth century is generally regarded as a tide of Asiatic barbarism. "Recent researches," says M. Waliszewski, "have destroyed the illusion of a sea of barbarism overwhelming elements of European culture." The Mongols were not devoid of a rudimentary culture; they found an empire in decomposition, already severed from Europe, and completely isolated. This intellectual isolation of orthodox Russia was the direct consequence of its affiliation with the Alma Mater of Byzantium.

We regret that we cannot follow M. Waliszewski in his elaborate study of literature and art in the sixteenth century. The chapter devoted to this special subject is among the most instructive in his work. He shows well how the literary activity of the country was concentrated in the Church and in the convents. The people were kept, as it were, completely outside of it, and were completely given up to tradition and superstition. The picture of the family life is very striking: "Serfs or freemen, the servants formed in reality a sort of court, in which the head of the family, the boyar, played the part of a sovereign, imitating, in ceremonial and in the distribution of offices, the models of the grand-ducal palace."

Ivan III. died in 1505, leaving five sons; the eldest, Basil, was married first to the daughter of a boyar, but, having no children, he threw her in a convent, and remarried the daughter of a Lithuanian, Helen Glinski, who, on the 25th of August, 1530, gave birth to a son who became Ivan IV. Three years later she was left a widow. She was a person of strong character, and imprisoned some of her relations who disputed her rule. It is thought that she was poisoned in 1538. Her son Ivan was still a child; the power fell into the hands of the boyars, and their oligarchy soon became anarchical. In 1546, Ivan announced his intention to be crowned, not as a grand duke, as his predecessors had been, but as Tsar (a title which they had not assumed), and to marry a Russian, the daughter of a boyar. He intended to be a national sovereign. The coronation took place, with great pomp, on the 16th of January, 1547. The wife whom he chose the same year was Anastasia, who belonged to one of the oldest families. The marriage was celebrated the 3d of February, 1547.

Ivan's character revealed itself after a great fire which took place in Moscow. The population believed that the conflagration was due to incendiaries, and required victims. Ivan did not restrain the blind fury of the populace; he felt, however, the necessity of putting an end to the general anarchy of the country, and summoned a sort of parliament, composed of the representatives of all classes and of all the provinces. His reign was very eventful. M. Waliszewski enters into most minute details about the Russian expansion towards the East, the taking of Kazan, of Astrakhan, the conquest of Livonia, the struggles with Sweden and with Poland for the empire of the Baltic. Ivan became a candidate for the throne of Poland, but was defeated in the election by Báthory. A conflict arose between Poland and Russia; the incidents of the struggle were the taking of Polotzk, the entrance of the Poles into Muscovy, the siege of Pskov. A pontifical mediation was followed by a truce. Ivan looked not only on the side of Europe; he prepared the conquest and the colonization of Siberia.

His reign can be characterized by the downfall, in some cases the destruction, of the old aristocratic families, and by the establishment of an autocratic power. This revolution, which in appearance was made for the benefit of the people, bore in reality bitter fruit. "The new régime was like a house with two stories constructed on the same plan—functionaries above, serfs downstairs; slavery everywhere." In the West, Ivan's policy was a failure. In the East, Kazan, Astrakhan, and Siberia mark real successes for him.

"Such as he was," says his historian, "in spite of his defects and his vices, his errors and his crimes, Ivan was popular, and his popularity survived the test of misfortune and of time. In the Muscovite series of historical songs the Tsar has a place of honor; he is described as accessible to human feelings, severe but just, even generous. To be sure, his semi-sacerdotal majesty raises him so high that no criticism could touch him. . . . When he is seen in a bloody orgy over the corpses of the vanquished Tatars, or when, on simple suspicion, he sends his boyars to the executioner, the people are with him; they applaud the carnage as well as the joy of their master. . . . The people, when they cannot applaud, shut their eyes; they will not allow that the *Terrible* killed his own son."

The morality of the time is shown in the legend which has grown up around history.

Correspondence.

NOTICE OF WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We should be glad if the pundits would tell us distinctly what, or whether any, preliminaries are necessary to a commencement of war. Do they mean, as it appears some of them do, that a nation is at liberty to fly at the throat of another nation without previous notice of any sort? Are we to be liable at any moment to sudden bombardment, and are ships homeward-bound in full security to find themselves in the hands of captors? There is a precedent of the kind in the conduct of England to France in 1755, under the foolish Duke of Newcastle. But it was treated by the French Government as a violation of public law, and is recorded by English historians with shame. Any rule based on the conduct of President Polk and his party in the Mexican war is pretty sure to be more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Rupture of diplomatic relations has not hitherto been treated as a declaration of war. It took place between Great Britain and Spain in 1848, when no war followed or was expected to follow.

In the case of the Crimean war a manifesto was published by Great Britain.

One pundit says that the first act of hostility is the commencement of war—a dictum which, though luminous in itself, does not dispel my darkness. Perhaps the Hague Conference would give us a ruling.

Pacificus.

DIMINISHING NEGRO ILLITERACY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Probably "C. E. W." is not aware that there are figures of illiteracy for the Negroes alone as distinguished from "other colored." Those for 1870 and 1880 which he quotes refer only to Negroes. Others will be found in the 12th Census, Vol. 2, p. xcviii. They are as follows:

Illiterates	Ten years of age or over.
1870—2,806,233	in total pop. of 3,511,075 (79.9%)
1880—3,220,878	in total pop. of 4,601,207 (70%)
1890—3,042,668	in total pop. of 5,338,972 (57.1%)
1900—2,853,194	in total pop. of 6,415,581 (44.5%)

Such facts as these our country forgets

or takes no pains to know; it is busily looking for other sorts of things.

Respectfully yours,

W. E. B. DuBois.

Atlanta, Ga., February 20, 1904.

"ALL-RIGHT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The communication in the *Nation* of February 11 regarding "all-right" recalls to my mind the use of this term in the Latin Quarter, Paris, when I was living there, a few years ago. There, and possibly throughout Paris, the term "all right" (pronounced "ăl richt") is used as a general designation for English and Americans. Thus, it is not uncommon for a stranger, in certain parts of the Quarter, to hear this expression called after him as he passes in front of the sidewalk-tables of some of the cafés. A popular song of the Quarter, too, a few years ago, had as its refrain: "ăl richt, ăl richt, rien ne les émotionne," the song as a whole being a Quarter satire on the English woman in Paris. "All right" is, so far as my experience goes, the most used English-American term in Paris, *i. e.*, the term so frequently used by even the cultivated travellers abroad that it, before all others, has been caught up by the veriest street urchin.—Sincerely yours, M. Len. King.

77 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass., February 15, 1904.

PHILOLOGY ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for January 28, your correspondent from the Modern Language Association, in referring to the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast, said: "The latter is now organized as a branch of the American Philological Association, but its modern-language element predominates." Advocates of a "lost cause" may be pardoned an excess of zeal, and so I beg leave to correct your correspondent's misstatement.

I have before me the programmes of four of the five meetings of our western philological society. Out of 80 papers read at these meetings, 39 have dealt with subjects in classical philology, 29 in modern European philology, and 12 in Semitic and Oriental philology and general linguistics. The programme for the meeting of 1902, which I cannot find, would not alter this showing. At the last meeting, in December, 1903, the preponderance of subjects in classical philology was greater than at any previous meeting—a fact which is regretted by those most deeply interested in the Association.

Very respectfully yours,

Edward B. Clapp.

Berkeley, Cal., February 17, 1904.

Notes.

New publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are 'Essays for the Day,' by Dr. Theodore T. Munger, and a dramatic poem, 'The Fire-bringer,' by William Vaughn Moody.

James Pott & Co. will bring out in the spring 'In Shakspere's England,' by F. S. Boas; 'Bygone London Life,' by G. L. Apperson; 'The World of Animal Life,' edited by Fred Smith; and 'Chester,' in a new series of "Ancient Cities."

The Baker & Taylor Co. have in press 'The Evolution of Knowledge,' by Raymond St. James Perrin, and a thoroughly revised and enlarged edition of Laughlin and Willis's 'Reciprocity.'

Among the Century Co.'s spring publications will be 'My Airships,' by Alberto Santos-Dumont, fully illustrated; 'Fable and Woodmyth,' by Ernest Thompson Seton; and 'Roof and Meadow,' by Dallas Lore Sharp.

The Outlook Company will soon publish 'A Preacher's Story of his Work,' by Dr. W. S. Rainsford.

The new edition of the Herbertsons' little volume, 'Man and his Work' (London: Adam & Charles Black), makes still more valuable the only available treatise in the English language containing such a compact fund of information, well selected and digested, dealing with the effects upon man, his industrial organization and social forms, of physical conditions from which he cannot, with all his art, escape. The present output indulges in the modest extravagance of a few illustrations, but there is, fortunately, no alteration in the simple and lucid treatment characteristic of the first. One cannot but hope that these authors, or others equally gifted with a sense of perspective, with clarity of expression and with common sense, will sometime undertake a less unpretentious treatment of environmental influences on man and society. The only work of importance in this field seems still to be the rather verbose and often involved 'Anthropogeographie' of Friedrich Ratzel.

From P. S. King & Son we have a quarto volume of some 300 pages forming a 'Catalogue of Parliamentary Papers, 1801-1900' (with a few of earlier date), compiled by Miss Hilda Vernon Jones. Miss Jones gives a brief historical review of the mode of publication, or non-publication, of these papers down to Session 1836, shortly before the accession of Queen Victoria, when they were allowed to be sold to the public. Miss Jones's Catalogue does not profess to be complete, but does include the most important documents, as derived from Messrs. King's special Parliamentary catalogues for fifty years. The compiler supplies an analysis of contents in cases where the title of a paper is not self-explanatory. The range of topics is enormous, as will appear by citing but a few titles: Coal, Corn and Grain, Cotton, Sugar, Coroners, Contagious Diseases, Cremation, Labor, Factories, Mines, Railways, Sewage, Irrigation, Telegraphs and Telephones, Prisons, Famine, Tuberculosis, Slavery, County Cess, Education, Civil Service, Elections (Corrupt Practices), Marriage (deceased wife's sister, married women's property), Extradition, Juggernaut, Keltic (chair); to say nothing of foreign relations—China, Venezuela, United States, New Guinea, etc., etc. This valuable guide to statesman, student, and journalist is sold at the reasonable price of two dollars.

Another highly serviceable index is that which accompanies Hazell's Annual for the first time (London: Hazell, Watson & Viney). This reference manual's nineteenth year is coextensive with 1903. Some consolidations in the classification are to be remarked, and are made feasible by the index. The burning fiscal question fills 29 pages with opposing views. The explosion in the Far East is foreshadowed in the closing sentence of the article on Russia, as well as in the article on China, which is accompanied by a map of the present seat of war, and again in the article on Japan, which contains the text of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. For the rest, the Annual has the features which have long made it one of the most esteemed works of its class.

Among recent legal publications is a new edition (the ninth) of Theophilus Parsons's well-known treatise on the 'Law of Contracts,' in three volumes (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). The editor is John M. Gould, who has added some six thousand new citations of cases. The total number of authorities cited in the work has now come to be about thirty-six thousand, and of course this is only a selection; to find all the cases in any given head of contracts, recourse must now be had to one or more cyclopædias. The value of Mr. Parsons's work consists in the authority of its text, and an annotator as good as Mr. Gould may be able to protract the life of this for a long time yet. Such books are not written any longer, any more than Greenleafs and Storys are—not because there are not lawyers in existence competent for the task, but because the tendency of legal writing is now in other directions. What those masters tried to do was to "lay down the law" in a final form, as nearly as possible as a court of last resort might lay it down. The result was, that they produced treatises to which courts of last resort became accustomed to go for the law itself. The elder writers could do this as we cannot, because, down to fifty years ago, it was still possible to study all the decisions, at least in single heads of the law. But now the cases have so accumulated that the writer of a treatise can no longer exhaust; he may point out principles which will serve as paths through them, but will generally content himself with using cases as guide-posts to these. Thus we have a multitude of new books which are no doubt excellent in their way, but which do not supersede the classical treatises, because they are different in kind. Of course, attempts in kind are made, but they are usually unsuccessful, partly for the reason we have mentioned, and partly because the men who make them are rather compilers than great lawyers.

'La Bruyère and Vauvenargues,' by Elizabeth Lee (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a small volume of selections, translated into English, and accompanied by a biographical introduction and notes. Neither writer is much more than a name to English or American readers, though in France they are both classical. Much of La Bruyère's 'Characters' is out of date now—as a study of human nature the class has been superseded by the novel. Vauvenargues's maxims and reflections as literary productions have not the finish of Rochefoucauld, but a few of them have the stamp of individuality. "Great thoughts come from the heart" Voltaire said was Vauvenargues himself; and no one who is a good judge of moral maxims but will give a high rank to "Magnanimity owes to prudence no account of its motives," also highly approved by the same authority. The introduction is good in giving all the important facts relating to the lives of the two authors.

We have from the pen of Charles Brad-

ford another little volume for the devotee of the rod, entitled 'The Angler's Secret' (Putnams). Mr. Bradford gives us here, as in his former books, material for an hour or two of pleasant reading, whether by the winter fireside or the shaded banks of summer; but he can hardly be said to have caught the knack of the best type of literary sportsman. The chapter on flies might better have been left for the author's book on the same subject—one of no less than three volumes for "gentle sportsmen" which he announces as in preparation. The truth is, that the artificial fly becomes just a little tiresome to all except the one who has been so thoroughly bitten that the absence of the creature would leave an uncomfortable void, as with Tolstoy's victim of the midges in 'The Cossacks.' Mr. Bradford shows undue irritation at the scoffer. The tackle and methods of the genuine angler need no defence against the jeers of the dock-loafer with his hand-line, or the farmer's boy with his tamarack pole and tomato-can of fish-worms. Least of all is it necessary to prove that the said farmer's boy cannot catch more trout in a given time than the angler with his four-ounce bamboo and his flies. In the first place, he often can, because he knows the ground better; and, in the second place, the man who has the true "Angler's Secret" is not supposed to trouble himself seriously about the quantity of his catch, as Mr. Bradford never forgets except when running a tilt with his *bête noire*, the scoffer. The open print, wide margins, and appropriate illustrations of this book delight the eye, though the cover can hardly be called a complete success, as it warps too readily and its shade of green is not well chosen.

'The Technology of Sugar,' by John Geddes M'Intosh (Van Nostrand), is a volume of about 400 pages, dealing with the manufacture of sugar from the cane and the beet. More than half the book is devoted to a detailed description of the beet-sugar industry, from the beet in the field to the finished product. Some attention is paid to the historical development of processes, and many illustrations figure the apparatus used. Cane-sugar manufacture is dealt with in briefer fashion, but at sufficient length, as only the first processes differ from those used in the production of sugar from the beet. It is interesting to note that the introduction of improved and scientific processes in the treatment of the raw juices has taken place in connection with the beet industry, while the manufacturers of cane sugar have been slow to adopt modern methods—a fact which is to be explained by the different geographical locations and the environments of the two industries. Mr. M'Intosh points out that reforms are still necessary in cane-sugar factories, and adds, "It is not long since chemists were introduced into these torrid countries where mediocrity reigns supreme over the complete industrial vacuity of the natives." The treatment of the chemistry and analysis of sugars (47 pages) is perfunctory and not wholly satisfactory. At the outset the definition of sugars is open to criticism; and the table of solubility in mixtures of alcohol and water is unintelligible on account of an error in the headings. It appears from this table that a solution of sugar in water at 40° C. may contain 105.2 per cent. of sugar. Turning to the original table of C. Scheibler, from which this is adapted without reference, one sees that the figures represent the number of grammes in 100cc. of the saturated solution. As a whole, the book forms a useful contribution to an important subject.

The sixth series of 'La Vie et les Livres' M. Gaston Deschamps devotes to a resumption of his first theme, viz., the patriotism and energy of his fellow-countrymen as shown in the Napoleonic campaigns, in the terrible days of 1870, and more recently in hazardous expeditions into far countries beyond sea. One of the most interesting divisions (VIII.) of the first part discusses the strange confusion produced in the minds of militant cosmopolitans such as Benjamin Constant and Mme. de Staël, through their reluctance to accept the triumphs of a nature more successfully energetic than their own. In dealing with the Franco-German war, opportunity is found for exalting the sentiments of fidelity to a national ideal so tellingly expressed in the war-novels of the brothers Margueritte; while the opening sentence of the chapters on foreign or colonial enterprise points the way for contemporary French energy: "Il faut . . . tourner ces jeunes gens vers les grandes routes, vers le plein air, vers les endroits . . . où l'on se sent devenir un homme." How to do it is the problem.

President Eliot's annual report has the inveterate quality of interest and suggestiveness known to all friends of Harvard and of the higher education. Its one significant demonstration is that graduates of our public high schools surpass at college those from private schools. For the rest there is an uncommonly large number of loose ends; how to amend the Tabular View, or schedule of lecture hours, in opposition to the athletes and instructors who want blocks of leisure, mostly in the afternoon? how to rename the Graduate School, since all departments now begin with holders of the bachelor's degree? how to obtain an adequate building for the Library, and where to put it, and what number of volumes to restrict it to? how to secure the necessary endowments all along the line? Curious facts are that Radcliffe's students are chiefly drawn from eastern Massachusetts; that it costs nearly twice as much to educate a girl there as a boy at Harvard, "because former generations have provided educational endowments for the boy, but not for the girl"; that "the game which has been conducted at Cambridge with the least intelligence and success is football—except from a pecuniary point of view"; that "the students in Harvard College seem to be sick nearly twice as much as the students in the Lawrence Scientific School"—the real disease being malingering; that it is only since 1896 that the College has actually been living beyond its means.

One may read in Volume 2 of the Report of the Commissioner of Education, Department of the Interior, 1902, of the educational opportunities furnished to the people of Porto Rico, Alaska, the Philippine Islands, and Cuba. The race question has reached Alaska: Nome and other towns refuse to allow Indian or Eskimo children in the public schools. An interesting résumé is given of the training of feeble-minded children. Among a number of papers on subjects more or less allied to education, we note reports on the Reindeer in Alaska, Religion in Alaska, and an instructive group of tables upon illiteracy.

The annual reports of State Boards of Health are a form of public documents to which one seldom turns for steady reading, but from which one may cull many facts of general interest. The Massachusetts Board ranks high among its fellows, and its report for 1902, lately issued, contains more items deserving publicity than can be here noted. During the smallpox epidemic of 1901-02 the old custom of quarantining the inmates of a house from which a case of this disease had been removed, was given up: disinfection was employed instead, and the inmates of the house were then, after vaccination, allowed to go free. In the eighteenth century, deaths from smallpox, as well as from measles and scarlet fever, occurred chiefly with children under five years of age; since the introduction of vaccination the death-rate from smallpox has decreased, but more than half of the deaths in a thousand from this disease now occur after the fifteenth year, and this indicates that vaccination in childhood is not sufficient. A diagram is introduced to show that, during the past fifty years, the death-rate from pneumonia, cancer, and diseases of the kidneys, heart, and brain has risen from under three to nearly seven in 1,000; while the rate for other diseases has fallen from over eight to under five. It is noted that the diseases of decreasing death-rate are chiefly of the young; hence the lives thus saved are more valuable than the lives lost. A special diagram is given for the death-rate from consumption from four in 1,000 in 1850 to under two in 1900; but this is for "deaths in Massachusetts." No account seems to be taken of the increasing resort by consumptives in recent years to drier climates, where not all of them recover.

Cotton naturally takes the leading place in the Consular Reports for February. There are given statistics of the world's consumption and production, facts in regard to the condition of the industry in various countries, and a summary of the efforts made in the British colonies and dependencies to promote cultivation. An interesting account of the manufacture of lace in France closes with the statement that the Government, recognizing its importance, has provided for instruction in making lace by hand in the public and normal schools of those departments where the industry now exists. A report upon the commerce of Colon and Panama includes a detailed statement of the passenger and freight business of the railroad for the years 1901 and 1902. The Daily Consular Report for February 15 contains a striking description of Harbin, the centre of the Mantchurian railway administration, and "one of the greatest achievements in city construction that the world has ever witnessed." It has a population of 60,000, exclusive of soldiers, the growth of a little over four years. Intended primarily as a Government centre, it has become a commercial and manufacturing city, and is called the Moscow of Asia. The leading industry is the manufacture of flour. The public buildings alone have cost the Government upwards of $15,000,000.

"The Republic of Panama," a paper by the Hon. William H. Burr, is the principal feature of the *National Geographic Magazine* for February. A brief sketch of the republic's history and resources, with

some account of the various canal projects, beginning with the survey ordered by Charles V. in 1520, introduces a description of the plans recommended by the Isthmian Canal Commission, of which the author is a member. Other articles relate to the Eighth International Geographic Congress to be held in Washington next September and the Philippine weather service. Among the illustrations of the number is a remarkable photograph of an abandoned colony of flamingo nests in the Bahama Islands. Each of the 2,000 nests "is about 18 inches in diameter and 12 inches high, and is made up of mud which the bird scoops up from the bottom. In the bowl at the top of this adobe dwelling the female lays a single white egg. Of the period of incubation, condition of the young at birth, manner of feeding, etc., practically nothing is known." Formerly flamingoes were quite common on our Southern coast, but only one flock is now known to inhabit the United States, and its nesting-grounds have not yet been discovered, though they are somewhere in the vicinity of Cape Sable, Florida.

Our new commercial treaty with China, it is pointed out in a circular from the Copyright Office, contains three articles relating to Trademarks, Patents, and Copyright.

The fifth Italian Geographical Congress is to be held in Naples in the first half of April, beginning on the 6th. Membership is granted by the executive committee for a fee of ten lire, which entitles the payer to the volume of proceedings. The president of the committee is the Deputy Francesco Spirito, and its headquarters are near the Chamber of Commerce.

The pioneers in the field of comparative literature, it would seem, die young. The brilliant Joseph Texte, who held the chair of comparative literature at the University of Lyons, died a few years ago in the full maturity of his powers, just as a chair was being created for him at the Sorbonne. News has now reached this country of the death of another pioneer, Dr. Louis P. Betz, professor of comparative literature at the University of Zurich. The services rendered by Professor Betz to this newly organized department of research were many. His invaluable bibliography, 'La Littérature Comparée,' published four years ago with an introduction by M. Texte, called attention to the full accomplishment of the study up to that time, and a second edition, with many additions and corrections, is now, we understand, in the press of Trübner at Strassburg. American scholars were perhaps especially interested in his recent 'Studien zur vergleichenden Litteraturgeschichte der modernen Zeit,' which contained an important study of Poe's influence abroad. For several years Professor Betz edited a separate department of the *Litterarische Echo* of Leipzig, devoted to the increasing number of contemporary monographs and studies in comparative literature.

—The first double number for 1904 of the *Zentralblatt* (formerly *Centralblatt*) *für Bibliothekswesen* has just appeared, and calls for special mention on account of the change in management. Dr. Otto Hartwig, who has been editor since the journal was established twenty years ago, relinquished the editorship with the last number for 1903, and in a prefatory note the new editor, Dr. Paul Schwenke, "Abteilungsdirektor" at the Royal Library in Berlin, expresses the hope that his predecessor may long enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, and that the journal may often receive contributions from his pen. After this, it is pathetic to read, on the last page of the same number, that, shortly before it went to press, on the 22d of December, Dr. Hartwig breathed his last. The change of editors has entailed some changes in the appearance of the journal, but nothing that had not already been contemplated by Dr. Hartwig. The only really important change is that the alphabetically arranged monthly lists of currently issued books on libraries, bibliography, printing, etc., will be enlarged in scope so as to cover both books and articles in periodicals. The titles will now be grouped according to a rather broad classification; at the end of the year they will be collected so as to form an annual bibliography, in realization of the plan for a 'Jahresbericht für das Bibliotheks- und Buchwesen' which Dr. Schwenke outlined a couple of years ago in a paper which he read before the "Verein deutscher Bibliothekare." Other changes are merely external; none in the programme is contemplated. The editor states expressly that "it will still be the aim of the journal to combine with the furtherance of the practical interests of libraries and the library profession that scientific spirit without which neither our large libraries nor their officers can exist, and which the journal has had to thank for the interest manifested towards it outside of professional circles."

—The number in hand is devoted to the proceedings of the conference of the above mentioned Verein in Halle, October 5 and 6, 1903. Among the papers read we may call attention to those on the "Preparation for Librarianship." While the writers of these papers, Drs. Gerhard of Halle and Schnorr von Carolsfeld of Munich, as well as the participants in the following discussion were at variance in some details of greater or less importance, there was no doubt in anybody's mind that mere technical training will make subordinate clerks, but not librarians. The existence of different grades of library workers was regarded as self-evident and the need of adequate training for the lower grades pointed out, but it was emphasized on all sides that those who aspire to enter the higher grade must have some scientific specialty besides the ordinary "Brotstudien" of library economy and bibliography. The librarian will come in contact with scholars and students, and must be able not merely to appreciate scholarship in general, but to understand the problems that meet the scientific investigator; and, in order to do this, he must be an investigator himself. "We do not want any pattern-made librarians," says Dr. Gerhard. "In the interest of our libraries we demand that their officers shall represent various branches of knowledge, and so mutually supplement each others' specialties." The chief bone of contention was the question whether the special bibliographical instruction required should be offered at universities, under professors, or in large libraries, under the guidance of active librarians. Says Dr. Schnorr von Carolsfeld: "A professorship of library economy is not sufficient for our wants. The training must be given in closest connection with the practice, in the rooms of a large library which can offer necessary material to animate and illustrate the instruction." In an outline of the subjects to be studied, he enumerates the various branches of bibliographical science, library administration in general, and the administration of the national library, and lastly linguistics. He points strongly to the necessity of the librarian being somewhat familiar with all languages that have a literature, so that he can find his way through title-pages and prefaces. Other papers of general interest are those on the "Organization of Popular Reading Rooms" and on "The Bibliography of Current Literature." There is also an appreciative paper on "The Printed Catalogue Cards of the Library of Congress."

—Mr. Falconer Madan has compiled a delightful supplement to Mr. Horace Hart's memorable 'Notes on a Century of Typography at the University Press, Oxford, 1693-1794,' which appeared four years ago. His field is more extensive, however, for he offers 'A Chart of *Oxford* Printing, "1468"-1900, with Notes and Illustrations' (Oxford: The University Press; New York: Henry Frowde). Still, the output other than that of the University Press did not exceed 5 per cent. of the town's total until about 1800, or 20 per cent. in the nineteenth century. The illustrations are notable: facsimiles of the first page of the first book printed at Oxford, with a disputable date (1468 for the more probable 1478); of the first page of the first book printed at Oxford at the Second Press (1517); of the first piece—a broadside—issued from Joseph Barnes's press (1584-5), which was started in 1585 on a loan of £100 from the University, and was the small beginning of the University Press; of the first page of the first book printed at the Sheldonian Theatre (1669); of the first page printed at the Clarendon Printing-House (1713); of the first page printed at the Clarendon Press (1830, a Greek New Testament)—besides cuts of the several printing-houses. Last of all is the analytic chart of production, exhibiting the theological and classical proportions by plottings in red and green, in comparison with a black zigzag for the yearly totals. The great upheaval of the black and red lines during 1840-42 "was directly due to the Tractarian movement, with its accompanying deluge of pamphlets." The text consists of brief annals of the various presses, with indications of the rarity of the incunabula. The so-called Second Press eschewed theology altogether. The privilege of printing Bibles was first granted in the royal charter of 1635-6; but there were long struggles with the London Stationers and King's Printers before the Bible Press began (in 1675). Meantime, in 1665, the oldest existing English newspaper started as the *Oxford Gazette*. The first Printer to the University ("Architypographus") was Samuel Clarke, M.A.; the antiquary Thomas Hearne stands fifth on the list, for a few months only; the last is the present genial controller, Horace Hart, to whom Mr. Madan dedicates his volume in graceful Latin.

—A great variety of curious statistics is added about the several habitations of the Press; the dates of acquisition or employment of unusual type; the first stereo-

typing; the advent of Oxford India paper; the union of the Bible and Learned Presses under Mr. Hart's management; the diversity of the University imprints; the perpetual copyright in Clarendon's 'Rebellion'; the beginning in 1882 of the 'New English Dictionary,' "estimated to make 13,000 [quarto] pages in ten volumes"; the list of Oxford printers and publishers. Here will be found the story of the Clarendon Press Keepsakes, begun in 1640, in honor of distinguished visitors, and lately illustrated (as our readers know) in the case of our ambassador, Mr. Choate. A section on the Oxford Almanacks, continuous from 1674 to the present day, save for 1675, is of much interest, and the first almanac, reduced, serves as frontispiece. Oxford, in 1783, was granted £500 a year for the loss of her monopoly in almanacs. Then there is the 'Corpus Statutorum' issued in 1634, and "still going on, the Addenda having at present (1903) reached p. 1084"—"a rare example of a book (not a periodical or serial) continuing for 135 years, 'necdum finitus.'" In 1877 the Caxton Memorial Bible was printed and bound within twelve hours, the binding being done in London, too. An American, the late Henry Stevens, suggested this feat, and Mr. Henry Frowde carried it out. Mr. Madan's 'Chart," we regret to add, is not for sale, and the presentation copies number but 100.

—When the proposal to substitute French or German for the rudiments of Greek still compulsorily exacted in "Responsions" from every candidate for the Oxford B.A. was defeated in 1902 by a small majority in Congregation (the vote against it numbering 189, that in its favor 166), notice was given of a more limited proposal against compulsory Greek. This has now taken effect. On February 9 Congregation discussed four resolutions, of which the first two respectively specify for exemption from compulsory Greek (1) candidates in the Honours School of Natural Sciences; (2) candidates in the Honours School of Mathematics. The third resolution abrogates for such exempted candidates the requirement of a knowledge of Greek in the still compulsory examination in Holy Scripture, substituting for it a larger acquaintance with the subject-matter of Holy Scripture; and the fourth resolution provides for the exempted candidates, as a substitute for Greek, (*a*) a mathematical or a scientific subject, (*b*) either French or German — the examination to comprise translations and composition. The test vote was upon the first resolution, which was carried by a majority of two; *i. e.*, if one of the majority had voted with the minority the result would have been a tie. The votes in favor numbered 164, and those against the resolutions 162, but of course there were many cases of pairing. A committee of twelve was then charged with the task of drafting an examination statute to give effect to the resolutions. Their statute will in time be voted upon by Congregation. If it be carried there, it has still to come before Convocation. This is, as a rule, the merest formality, since only a small number of the 6,000-odd belonging to Convocation who happen to reside in Oxford and therefore are also members of Congregation attend ordinary meetings of Convocation. But the evenly balanced state of opinion in Oxford may lead to an agitation of the Greek question in England at large and bring many non-resident M.A.'s up to Oxford for the final vote. This is not very likely to happen if Cambridge, where the question of compulsory Greek *and Latin* will soon be passed upon, pronounces against compulsory Greek.

—Marcus Dods's 'Forerunners to Dante' (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark), while it has but little to do with the *altissimo poeta*, will be of interest both to Dante scholars and to the general public. It is really a popular, though scholarly, treatise on comparative eschatology among the nations of Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. As the author says: "The present research is not conducted from Dante backwards, but from the infancy of the idea forwards to the master interpreter as a convenient stopping-place and climax." There is no claim to completeness, nor is there any attempt at rigidly scientific classification. The Church Fathers are excluded; even Dionysius the Areopagite finds no place. The author apparently contributes nothing original; but he follows good authorities, and in his selection as in his brief comments he shows both learning and judgment. For the mediæval period he acknowledges special indebtedness to Wright, Delepierre, Ozanam, and Labitte; D'Ancona's 'Precursori di Dante' seems to have escaped him. A short chapter on the Babylonian and Egyptian legends of the dead is followed by a longer exposition of the Greek and Roman versions of the theme; here we find Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, Cicero, Virgil, and Plutarch. The "Descensus Christi" forms a chapter by itself—perhaps the most interesting one to the student of Dante. A discussion of "Apocryphal Literature" comprises both the familiar Christian and the less known Hebrew versions. "Early Christian Legends"—Carpus, Macarius, Brandan—introduce the "Mediæval Legends," which, as is natural, fill a large part of the volume; although there is nothing new in the collection, it is convenient and interesting to have so many stories together. From the very short "Conclusion" we may quote a few passages: "The visions began with simplicity and lack of elaboration, as we might expect, but were soon filled out and enlarged with more or less definite detail. By the time of Christ there are no less than three separate traditions, all of them substantial, which have grown up almost uninfluenced by one another. These may be called the Egyptian, the Classical, and the Hebrew. . . . At the beginning of the Christian era the 'Visit to the Dead' underwent a necessary change. The Jewish version becomes Christianized, the Classical and Egyptian become a mere influence, betraying their presence by occasional touches. It was in the main the Hebrew tradition that lived on." After the first century the author distinguishes "two main streams of literature," the apocryphal apocalypses and the "simple, pious legends" of saints and monks, which "flowed separately for some six hundred years." He emphasizes, furthermore, the striking fact that "in every vision recorded in these pages the joys of heaven are pictured as spiritual, while the pains of hell are invariably physical."

—We imagine it would be safe to say that the Duc de Berry, son of Charles X., is best known through his assassination and its political consequences. He had, however a romance, which lies wholly outside his public career, and dates from the period of his exile in England. The story of his marriage to Amy Brown, the daughter of a Kentish rector, is told by the Comte de Rorc'h-Yantel in a short essay entitled 'Le Premier Mariage du Duc de Berry à Londres' (Paris: Champion). This English girl who caught the Duke's fancy was wholly destitute of artistocratic relations, but possessed, in addition to good looks, much self-command and dignity of character. The singular fact is that neither the Comte d'Artois nor Louis XVIII. protested against the marriage. The bride believed her husband to be a noble, but was not aware of his exalted birth until the Restoration. Needless to say, she was not accorded her rank in the days when the Bourbons were trying to make the most of their return from exile by contracting profitable alliances. Pius VII. kindly annulled the first marriage, and in June, 1816, the Duke was wedded to the Princess Marie-Caroline, one of the Neapolitan Bourbons. Fortunately, the papal brief recognized the legitimacy of his children by the first marriage, and after his assassination his two daughters, besides being raised to the peerage of France, were provided with aristocratic husbands. Their mother lived to the age of ninety-three, and, apart from her divorce, was well treated by the Bourbons. The Comte de Rorc'h-Yantel gives us all the essential facts, with a few documents, and several quotations from Mme. de Gontaut added. While his little essay is readable, it cannot be said that he has mastered the intricacies of English topography or of English proper names.

ANCIENT IRELAND.

A Social History of Ancient Ireland, Treating of the Government, Law, Religion, Arts, Trades, Manners and Customs, etc., of the Ancient Irish People. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. (Trin. Coll., Dubl.), M.R.I.A. In 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

The study of the language, literature, history, and civilization of primitive Ireland has of late years attracted a greatly increased attention in England, and to some extent in Germany and France also. The Germans have, since the days of Zeuss, done much for Celtic philology, and a succession of eminent Irish antiquaries and philologists, including Petrie, George Stokes, Crome, Ferguson, O'Donovan, O'Curry, O'Grady, Reeves, Todd, and Whitley Stokes, have thrown a flood of light upon the times before the Anglo-Norman Conquest, where previously ignorant fancy had run riot and sober men had despaired of extracting the truth from credulous or inventive annalists. Early Ireland, it may now be said, has been recovered and brought within the realm of history; and the language is to a considerable extent known as far back as the eighth century, though few (if any) MSS. (except the Celtic glosses in Latin ecclesiastical books) date as far back as that age. This zeal for the study has taken a singular and what may be called a romantic turn in Ireland. The ancient language, which had been so rapidly dying that, ten years ago, men expected it to disappear altogether by the middle of the present century (for it had become confined to the wilder regions of the

west), is now being learned by thousands of Irishmen and Irishwomen both in Ireland and in England, who knew no more of it than they did of Chinese, and is becoming comparatively familiar in parts of Ireland where it had practically died out two or three decades ago. If this impulse, born of the revival of national sentiment, lasts, there seems no reason why the ancient Gaelic should not endure for another century, or as much further as we can now see.

One result of this renewed interest in early Irish history has been the publication of many collections of tales and legends, some of which, by their high imaginative quality, well deserve a high place in the literature of primitive races. Another result is seen in the publication of such books as the present one, which deal with the institutions, customs, and social life of the people in pre-conquest days. Dr. Joyce is well known as a Celtic scholar and antiquarian by his 'Names of Places in Ireland' and other works. He has here attempted the large task of presenting a sort of encyclopædic description of the people as they were before Strongbow's invasion brought them into direct contact with the English, their church into direct contact with Rome, and a part, though for nearly four centuries only a small part, of the country under English rule. The book is strictly practical, and is intended to instruct rather than to entertain the reader. Though copious references to particular incidents recorded by the original Irish authorities are given, there are no digressions into the realm of romance, and no attempt to deck out the simplicity of the description by any literary ornament. A similar treatment of the subject had been essayed many years ago by Eugene O'Curry in his 'Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish,' an excellent book, which is not superseded by the present, although Dr. Joyce has availed himself judiciously of what O'Curry has collected, and has added much new matter, so that his picture is more complete. He is sensible and sufficiently critical, holding an even course between the credulity of the eighteenth century and the somewhat overstrained skepticism which, in and after the days of Niebuhr, was applied to almost all primitive records. Parallels from the customs of other early peoples are occasionally given, but we could wish that this kind of illustration had been more frequently employed, for it often serves to elucidate some obscure statement or strange usage, and it sometimes enables us better to realize the conditions under which usages are formed.

In the passage, for instance, which describes the satiric poets of Ireland and the immense influence of the libellous verses they composed, reference might well have been made to the severe prescriptions of the early Roman law upon this subject, and to the similar severity of the early Icelandic law. Speaking generally, Dr. Joyce has made less use than might have been wished of the old Norse sagas, which portray the life of a people in many respects unlike the Irish Celts in character, but standing on much the same level of civilization, and during more than two centuries in close relations with them, usually as enemies, but sometimes also as friends, for there were some remarkable family alliances between the Norsemen who had established themselves in Ireland and the native Irish princes. Kormak, the famous Icelandic poet, and Njal, the famous lawyer, who is commemorated in the Njal's Saga, were both sprung from such alliances, and both bore the names of Irish ancestors. And it has indeed been strongly urged by some eminent recent scholars that some of the Icelandic poems collected in the Elder Edda were composed in Ireland and bear marks of Celtic influence. This suggests the remark that Dr. Joyce adheres somewhat too strictly to his purpose to produce a purely descriptive treatise apart from history. He has done well not to attempt a narrative; but he might with advantage have somewhere indicated how important were the changes which must have passed on Ireland from its conversion in the middle of the fifth century A. D. (adopting the ordinary view) down to the Anglo-Norman invasion in the middle of the twelfth. Among these changes the most important were those caused by the Norse and Danish invasions, of which rather more than is here given might well be said, for they did much to break up the fabric of society in Ireland, and threw back its ecclesiastical civilization.

So much darkness has hung over the religion and mythology of the Celtic peoples that one turns with special interest to the treatment of this subject in a book of this comprehensive nature. Dr. Joyce has carefully collected a great many references to the old deities or old idols and to various rites, but we do not derive any clear impression of the faith and worship of the people as a whole. Perhaps there is no more to be known than he gives us. The first missionaries in any heathen country have, until our own days, troubled themselves very little to preserve the records of heathen practices, which indeed they wished to banish as quickly as possible from the minds of their converts. Although many of the heroic tales and other legends had their origin in pagan times, they were not written down till Christianity had made the use of writing tolerably familiar; and when they began to be written, a good deal of the ancient idolatry doubtless dropped out, though there remained plenty of references to the goblins, elves, and other spirits who are not incompatible with Christian belief, and certainly held their place in the belief of many good Christians down till very recent times, if indeed they can be said to have even now departed from the wilder parts of the country. One gets from the materials collected by Dr. Joyce the impression of nothing so definite and positive as the Olympian pantheon of Homer and Hesiod, nothing even so definite as the Scandinavian Æsir headed by Odin, but of a confused mixture of the worship of the great elemental bodies and forces of nature, such as the Sun, Fire, and the Sea or Water, with a probably still more primitive worship of local spirits inhabiting wells, rivers, stones, possibly also mountains and trees. There was, as is usual with peoples in the stage of spirit worship, a vast deal of sorcery; indeed, the so-called druids, of whom we hear as resisting St. Patrick, were probably rather wizards or medicine men than priests in the stricter sense of the term. It need hardly be said that the worship of stones survived in Ireland till far on into the nineteenth century —a few years ago a sacred stone in one of the islands off the coast of Mayo used to have a new woollen robe made for it from time to time—and a sort of worship is rendered to wells to-day in Cornwall and Wales, as well as in Ireland. Whether human sacrifices such as those which Cæsar ascribes to the Gallic worship prevailed in Ireland, seems doubtful. Dr. Joyce rejects the statement in the Dinnsenchus (one of the oldest and most trustworthy authorities) that they were offered, because this statement finds no support in other writings where, if true, it might have been expected. But in these cases the argument from silence is weak against a positive assertion where, as here, there is no special reason for suspecting the good faith of its author.

The account given of the laws of ancient Ireland is comparatively brief, as, indeed, it must needs be, for more than these two bulky volumes would be needed to deal fully with so large a subject; but it is clear and sensible. Dr. Joyce has recognized that although Keating and some other authors have talked of legislation and legislative assemblies, there was no such thing as legislation in our modern sense. The law was custom, preserved at first in the memories of learned Brehons, afterwards in written records, and presented chiefly in the form of records of opinions delivered or decisions given by famous jurists. It is a remarkable evidence of the progress in civilization which these primitive Celts had made, that their legal rules had become not only so numerous, but also so minute, and even subtle, and that the men who possessed legal lore held so high and honored a place in the community as is here described. Indeed, the early Celts seem to have paid a quite exceptional respect to all kinds of intellectual attainment. The Ollamh, or learned man, was the equal of kings. The poet stood at least as high as the Norse Skald, higher than the Greek minstrel as we find him in Homer. His art was one of extraordinary complexity, for the system of versification seems to have been at least as difficult, at least as much governed by intricate rules of alliteration and assonance, as was the system of Scandinavia. Here the resemblance stops, for the character of Celtic poetry and Celtic legend differs widely from that of Scandinavian. It is in a certain sense more imaginative, more dreamy, more suffused with mystery. But it is less forcible, less strenuous, less direct. In these respects the Scandinavian comes nearer to the Greek, though inferior to the Greek as is the Celtic work also, in grace and in fertility of invention. Homer effects by simplicity more than either the Icelanders or the Irish effect by their complexity. When one thinks of the exuberance of poetical talent among the primitive Celts, one cannot help feeling some surprise at the small amount of good poetry which this otherwise gifted race has produced in historical times and under the impulse of the literary movements of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries. The sixteenth century was, indeed, for Ireland a time of frightful disorder and misery. But since the middle of the eighteenth century Ireland has had her chance, so far as literature, at least, is concerned. She has contributed to the literary roll of fame a large number of eminent names, some of them of the first

rank. But she has not contributed a single poet who stands high even in the second rank. The Welsh, an extremely intelligent people, have not got even so far as the second rank in this sphere of intellectual effort. Scotland stands in productivity much above either Ireland or Wales, but all the best Scottish poets have been Lowlanders, not of Gaelic stock, though perhaps with an admixture of Celtic blood.

We have no space to deal with the interesting illustrations of early Irish civilization which Dr. Joyce draws from the arts and industries of the country, from its music, from the social life and habits of the people. They give the impression of a race which had advanced further in literary culture and in artistic culture than it had done in the capacity for political organization. There may in this respect be a contrast between the primitive Celts and the primitive Teutons, but the subject is one which it would take long to work out. Though he is not always as critical or exact as might be wished in matters belonging to history, his book is a valuable storehouse of facts drawn from the original Irish records; and its value is enhanced by a very full list of authorities and an extremely elaborate index.

RECENT POETRY.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, whose faculty for far-reaching discrimination has sharpened English criticism with some admirable distinctions, has recently classed poetic moods as of acceptance and of wonder. In the 'Renascence of Wonder' he has written at large of the rise of Romanticism, and, narrowing his vision to the last decade, he has found the fundamental mood of current poetry to be that of acceptance, with a reservation in behalf of the little secondary renascence of wonder to be seen in the work of the Neo-Celtic school. Subject as it is to various modifications, this distinction will be helpful in determining the essential quality of some of the more interesting and significant books of contemporary verse.

In 'After Sunset' (John Lane), Mrs. Rosamund Marriott Watson writes of natural loss, and of the wistfulness of recurrent spring, with something of acceptance, it is true, yet with frequent stirrings of the old joyous or grievous wonder at the World. The former is nowhere more poignantly expressed than in the fine lines beginning a poem occasioned by a blackbird's song:

"Through the melancholy winter sunset
Pale with shores of pearl and seas of amber,
High in air above the silent garden
Floats a song of sweet, of strange denial,
Clear and mellow, insolent with triumph, . . ."

This citation, however, is not in Mrs. Watson's most individual vein. In the majority of her pieces she is more sparing in the use of poetic imagery and diction. Her writing is rarely bookish, though she shows considerable affinity with the German lyric poets. Indeed, her best work suggests theirs in its way of voicing tender sorrow with simple yet haunting grace, as in

THE CHILD ALONE.

They say the night has fallen chill—
But I know naught of mist or rain,
Only of two small hands that still
Beat on the darkness all in vain.

They say the wind blows high and wild
Down the long valleys to the sea;
But I can only hear the child
Who weeps in darkness, wanting me.

Beyond the footfalls in the street,
Above the voices of the bay,
I hear the sound of little feet,
Two little stumbling feet astray.

Oh, loud the autumn wind makes moan,
The desolate wind about my door,
And a little child goes all alone
Who never was alone before.

This is Mrs. Watson's most characteristic note. If there is nothing of orchestral amplitude about it, it is, at any rate, sincere and sweetly attuned.

"A. E.," who is understood to be a Mr. Russell, has, despite the affectation of anonymity, a finely individual faculty for verse. His 'Divine Vision, and Other Poems' (Macmillan) is compact of the filmy mysticism which has already been sufficiently expounded by Mr. Yeats and his followers, and it contains many allusions to the personages of Celtic mythology. Neither the one nor the other, however, has any very close relation to the quality of "A. E.'s" work at its best. In the ostensibly Celtic poems there are many fine flights of dactyls and anapæsts, and some impressions of Celtic landscape as striking as that in the first stanza of "The Voice of the Waters":

"Where the Greyhound River windeth through a loneliness so deep,
Scarce a wild fowl shakes the quiet that the purple bog-lands keep,
Only God exults in silence over fields no man may reap."

But, for the most part, the sense of beauty which informs these propagandist poems is a bit tremulous. There are many lines, like that comparing love to "a pearl-gray dawn," which carry the poetry of wonder a little too far; and though some of the pieces weave a fleeting spell about our mood, there is a lack of outline which keeps them from being quite memorable. The better things in "A. E.'s" book are all his own—brief love poems, full of a kind of quaint and highly intellectual tenderness, which suggests, without imitating, the poetry of the courts of love and of Donne. There is, for example, a poem called "The Burning Glass." From out his lady's spirit a beam passes through "the burning glass of womanhood," and the lover languishes at the focus, enduring all beauty and all desire. At the end he cries:

"Ah, time long must the effort be,
And far the way that I must go
To bring my spirit unto thee,
Behind the glass, within the glow."

Charming as this is in its fanciful quaintness, it fails a little in poetic sincerity. We do not feel our imagination impressed by the human rightness of the similitude. In "Refuge," with which we take leave of "A. E.," this fault is avoided. The symbolism is even more elaborate and complex than before, yet it satisfies the imagination as well as the fancy:

"Twilight, a timid fawn, went glimmering by,
And Night, the dark-blue hunter, followed fast;
Ceaseless pursuit and flight were in the sky,
But the long chase had ceased for us at last.

"We watched together while the driven fawn
Hid in the golden thicket of the day,
We from whose hearts pursuit and flight were gone,
Knew on the hunter's breast her refuge lay."

Mr. G. R. Woodward's 'Poemata' (Longmans) lets us abruptly down from the poetry of wonder to a wholesome "Augustanism." The poems he has collected are experiments in the translation of pithy popular verse, chiefly satirical, from Greek, Latin, French, and German. His method, which is subtle and well-considered, consists in using, so far as possible, homely English phrases, and pointing them with old-time spelling and elisions. In the Greek section this tone rings false, but in rendering poems like the Latin tale of "The Priest and Isengrin the Wolf," the French "Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain," or the German "Ich bin der Doktor Eisenbart," it is extremely telling. Mr. Woodward likewise gives his verse an engaging academic suggestiveness by his happy knack of prefixing a pointed Early English tag to a translation from the Greek, and a phrase from Latin or French to a German song. It would be a pleasure to quote at length from a book so exemplary in scholarship and taste, but we must content ourselves with this "Recipe for Making Good Epigrams":

Omne epigramma sit instar apis.

Make your epigram in verse,
Witty, pithy, pointed, terse:
Like a bee, a little thing,
Full of honey, armed with sting.

Mr. George Stirling's 'Testimony of the Suns, and Other Poems' (San Francisco: Wood) enters the Parnassian Free-for-all backed by Ambrose Bierce. In the Dedication we are told that from Mr. Bierce's "unquestioned hand" the "splendid weight" of the "solemn laurels" has fallen on Mr. Stirling's brow,

"Beyond a lesser to recall."

For ourselves we might have been so crude as to affirm that Mr. Stirling's "loud symphonious lay" is blown through brass. We might, in our madness, have gone on to say that, despite his ear for the strong line, and his mastery over the chest-tones of verse, his work is largely given over to wordiness; that its meaning is elusive; that it lacks distinction. Fortunately we were warned in time; the amenities may prevail. We present Mr. Stirling's altisonant sonnet on

THE NILE.

Low moaning in the shadows of their might,
I echo all the voices of my dead.
I call until their memory be fled,
Thoth and Osiris sepulchred in night,
High Cheops and the Ramses. In my sight
Arise the ruins of their pomp, stained red
As by eternal sunset. I am led
To where the seas are mystery and light.

Thus ordered stand thy destinies, O Soul!
Thou callest, ere the lesser vision flee,
Thy cherished fled before thee to the goal
Far in the shadows of Eternity.
Thou art drawn down to where Death's thunders roll,
And lost at twilight in a stranger sea.

It happens that the latest piping from Mr. Badger's noisy nest of singing birds is not so shrill as that of other songsters who have been lured from bush to hand. The twoscore brief poems which compose Mr. Hilton R. Greer's 'Sun Gleams and Gossamers' include none which tempts to quotation. The inspiration is slender, and the artistic mediation of it imperfect, yet there are in the earlier lines of several poems some pretty pictures of nature, done with a refreshing actuality of observation. As soon as the poet makes the lyric return from nature to his own mood, the poem goes flat, yet the prelude has been pleasant. Objectively considered, such pieces are naught; but where the tone is so soft and uninsistent, the critical reader will hesitate to push the objective standard. He will prefer to recall with Sidney in Landor that "the most plaintive ditty hath imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian."

From such thin reed notes to the "clamorque virum clangorque tubarum" which fill Mr. Thomas Hardy's Napoleonic drama, 'The Dynasts' (Macmillan) is a far cry. 'The Dynasts' is an emprise that makes even Prof.

Shaler's pentalogy of which we lately had to speak seem puny. The present volume is the first of three which will present "the Great Historical Calamity or Clash of Peoples, artificially brought about some hundred years ago," in nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes. In his preface Mr. Hardy affirms his intention to write a closet drama, for closet drama, he is inclined to think, is the ultimate type of all drama, and, indeed, the only one suited to a meditative world which is "older, more invidious, more nervous, more quizzical than it once was." This is a ticklish assumption, and it may be gravely doubted whether a nervous and quizzical world will be anything but regretful that a writer of Mr. Hardy's power should leave a field in which he was acknowledged master to produce a work so uncouth and forbidding as 'The Dynasts.' The question for us is, How far is the performance poetic? The first expedient adopted by Mr. Hardy toward the idealization essential to poetry is the old one of supernatural machinery. He introduces certain Phantom Intelligences, The Ancient Spirit of the Years, The Spirit of the Pities, Spirits Sinister and Ironic, etc. These spirits give utterance to superhumanly pessimistic sentiments in a style quite superhuman. We have, for example, this description of the attitude of the Creative Will, whom Mr. Hardy prefers to style "It":

> "It lends Its heed
> To other worlds, being wearied out with this;
> Wherefore Its mindlessness of earthly woes.
> Some, too, have told at whiles that rightfully
> Its warefulness, Its care, this planet lost
> When in her early growth and crudity
> By bad, mad acts of severance men contrived,
> Working such nescience by their own device."

The expressions of the Phantom Intelligences never have the lyrical melody which has sometimes sufficed to make such utterances convincing; and it may be said categorically that they do not fulfil Mr. Hardy's hope, and cause "that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith." The mortal characters are little better. The talk in prose of the Wessex peasantry which occurs intermittently throughout the piece has the glamour and tang of literature; but the poetic dialogue in very pedestrian blank verse, wherein we are introduced to the House of Commons, the Council Chamber of Napoleon, or the cockpit of the *Victory*, is interesting chiefly from the weight of the action understood to be passing. Yet, when all has been said, the piece is poetically effective in precisely the way which might have been expected from the impressive intellectuality that has marked the novels of Mr. Hardy, as well as his strong, harsh verse. The means of presenting the action has something of the sublime. The reader is deified by the stage directions into a spectator sitting above the clouds, which unroll first to the one side, then to the other, offering panoramically to his view the great events which are passing on the wide stage of Europe and the adjacent seas. At times, by these stage directions, his gaze is made as intensive as it is extensive, and the result is a vision of the world in which the idealism of Carlyle, the scientific monism of Spencer, and the pessimism of Mr. Hardy queerly, yet effectively, blend. Thus, before Austerlitz, we are told:

> "*The silent insect-creep of the Austrian columns towards the banks of the Inn continues to be seen until the view fades to nebulousness and dissolves.*"

And at the climax of the battle we are granted a "weird seizure" of almost ghastly vividness:

> "*At once, as earlier, a preternatural clearness possesses the atmosphere of the battlefield, in which the scene becomes anatomized and the living masses of humanity transparent. The controlling Immanent Will appears therein as a brainlike network of currents and ejections, twitching, interpenetrating, entangling, and thrusting hither and thither the human forms.*"

This is the kind of quasi-poetic vision which gives 'The Dynasts' unity and—for all its uncouthness—power. It is the poetry of wonder in a larger kind. It is not wonder at the beauty of the rose, or the purity of maidenhood, or even at the mystery of death. It is wonder of the Lucretian sort that Mr. Hardy foreshadowed in a memorable passage in his 'Two on a Tower.' It is the emotion which comes to a man without religious faith when he passes in imagination beyond the flaming ramparts of the world into the bottomless universe of science. How far this impulse will avail toward making Mr. Hardy's completed trilogy a work of art, it is not safe to affirm. From the present portion, however, it seems likely that his lack of control over his medium will keep the work from quite conforming to any conceivable or valid æsthetic standard. It is likely, if completed, to remain one of those pieces of imaginative incunabula which, marking as they do the thought of a moody age, are made in time the basis of better work by better workmen.

The Ideals of the East. By Kakasu Okakura. E. P. Dutton & Co.

There may be other Japanese, and possibly a few aliens, who possess the information which Mr. Okakura has at his finger ends, but we doubt whether any native excels him in penetrative insight and comprehensive vision. It is quite certain that no foreigner has as yet read so clearly the meaning and suggestion of Japanese art, in its complete evolution from the letterless age to this day of the steam printing-press and the advertiser's trumpet blast. Furthermore, those who have seriously attempted to transfer the symbols of Buddhist and other Asiatic thought into the intellectual atmosphere of the Occident will feel like congratulating Mr. Okakura. He has succeeded admirably in expressing in our tongue the conceptions that underlie Asiatic art and poetry. We question the ability of any living foreigner to explore and present sympathetically, with such truth and clearness, force and suggestiveness, the Asian world of art ideas.

The contention of the author, as well as of his friend in Calcutta, Nivedita, who furnishes the introduction, is that

> "Asia, the great Mother, is for ever One. . . . The Himalayas divide only to accentuate two mighty civilizations, the Chinese, with its communism of Confucius, and the Indian, with its individualism of the Vedas. But not even the snowy barrier can interrupt for one moment that broad expanse of love for the Ultimate and Universal which is the common thought-inheritance of every Asiatic race, enabling them to produce all the great religions of the world, and distinguishing them from those maritime peoples of the Mediterranean who love to dwell on the Particular and to search out the means, not the ends, of life."

On this fundamental idea, the founder of the New Hall of Fine Arts (Nippon Bijitsuin) near Tokio, a sort of Japanese Merton Abbey, proceeds to show the range of ideas in the art of Asia, and to demonstrate that the whole culture of Continental Asia converges upon Japan, and finds free, living expression in her art. To him, all Asiatic culture is broadly divisible into Chinese learning and Indian religion. It is not the industrial and ornamental features of his country's art which really forms its characteristic element, but that great life of the Ideal by which it is hardly known as yet in Europe.

We have in Mr. Okakura's work an entirely new reading and interpretation of the history of Eastern Asia, for he shows that it was not the Buddhaizing, but the Indianizing, of the Mongolian mind which was the process actually at work during the centuries after the Christian era. The whole mythology of the East came to Japan, but the islanders, instead of merely imitating or adopting, selected. They assimilated only as they thought proper. To call this long process by the simple name of Buddhism would be like calling the Christianity, say of Germany, by the name of Franciscanism. Japan was Indianized by sea as well as by land, and by way of the south as well as from the north.

The true burden of Japanese art, when studied in its entirety, is the expression in symbol of all Asian culture. In the stream called Buddhism the ethical genius of northern China and the rich imaginativeness of southern Asia were overflowed and united. The doctrinal and missionary evolutions of Buddhism, in its various "vehicles" or forms, within the Japanese archipelago gave rise to the intense pantheism of the Heian period (800-900 A. D.), the emotionalism of the Fujiwara (900-1200), the heroic manliness of the Kamakura (1200-1400), while the greatness of the present, or Meiji, period (1868-) has been accomplished through the revival of pure Shinto, the primitive religion of Yamato or early Japan—that is, Shintoism largely shorn of merely borrowed Buddhistic elements.

But now all lovers of the Orient stand dismayed before the disintegration of taste and ideals which is coming about in consequence of competition with the West. Mr. Okakura's book is a trumpet-blast recalling the Asiatic peoples to the pursuit of those proper ends which have constituted their greatness in the past and are capable of bringing about its restitution. The author's method of procedure is practically to restate the history of Japan, in condensed form, from the point of view of art. In a certain way 'The Ideals of the East' reminds us of Mr. Brooks Adams's 'The New Empire,' having all the suggestiveness and not quite the exaggeration of the American writer's volume. Having been for the best part of his adult lifetime a student of his nation's art-products, especially of those stored in the imperial treasure-houses gathered during a thousand years, and some of them unopened for centuries, Mr. Okakura has, in China and India, made detailed study and comparison with the art of the continent. Analyzing with keen insight the intellectual products of northern and southern China and surveying the primitive art of Japan, he gives the historic, chronological, and philosophic basis of many of those symbols which form the re-

pertory and stock in trade of the artists of the Far East. The dragon, for example, is the symbol of infinity, of endless change, and of the supreme sovereignty; hence, also, of the imperial person. Out of the experiments in alchemy came the wonderful porcelain glazes of China. The search for the elixir of life, the potion of immortality, in the Eastern seas, resulted in one of the first settlements of Asian continentals in Japan.

Re-reading the story of Buddhism in Indian art, our author traces the course of culture eastward, where, in the "Islands Lying at the Break of Day," rose, in the ninth century, a forest of sculpture, a new morning of painting, a glory of temple and shrine on the landscape, and, in palace and monastery, an outburst of literary production. These, through seven periods, each of which is analyzed and described, viz., from 552 A. D. to the present time, have made the true civilization of Japan. With each new wave of culture came fresh fertilizations of the Japanese mind. The lover of Japanese art and history is tempted to liberal quotation, which space will not allow. Suffice it to say that, as an interpretation of Japanese history through art, this book is unique and worthy of the closest study.

The author's belief in the power of Japanese art to hold its own against the onslaught of the West is grounded on Mikadoism. "The wild whirlpool of individualism, seeking ever to make its own stormy will its law, would have dashed the nation to pieces in its seething turmoil had not the solid rock of adamantine loyalty formed its immovable base." He praises the strange tenacity of his race, "nurtured in the shadow of a sovereignty unbroken from its beginning," and he assures us that while Japan borrows the forces of Western civilization, yet "the sad problems of Western society turn us to seek a higher solution in Indian religion and Chinese ethics." It is the mission of Japan, the new Asiatic power, to return to her own past ideals not only, but also to feel and revivify the dormant life of the old Asiatic unity. Mr. Okakura's last word is, "Victory from within, or a mighty death without."

It need only be added by the cold-hearted Western critic that Mr. Okakura is not an historian, but an interpreter of history through art. Entering those undated regions of eternal time, first officially mapped out as to chronology in 1872, in which he places the origin of Japan's imperial dynasty, he is as clueless and helpless as we poor mortals who have to depend on almanacs and calculations. When he talks about things after 552 A. D., at which point written history begins, he is clear, forcible and convincing, speaking as one having authority, and not as the scribes. In those portions of his argument which rest on the idea of political sovereignty "unbroken from eternity," he will be more convincing to Japanese peasants and those "educated" Japanese who, like so many orthodox Christians of to-day, wear blinkers as to certain questions inquiry into which might dispel pleasing and even profitable illusions.

The Oligarchy of Venice. By George B. McClellan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The fact that since writing this little book Mr. McClellan has been elected mayor of Greater New York will naturally give it a passing notoriety. Some readers may be drawn to it not so much to discover what Venice was as what Mr. McClellan is; and in this they will not be wholly disappointed, because in his criticism of Venetian events he lets drop here and there opinions which he obviously means to apply to contemporary American politics. In one sense, indeed, his study may be regarded almost as a warning against the doctrine of Imperialism. We shall not criticise the book from the standpoint of Mr. McClellan the politician, but from that of the historical student. What contribution does he make to our knowledge of Venetian history?

At the outset we must declare that he makes very little. His monograph cannot be compared with Mr. Horatio Brown's larger work, nor even with Mr. Brown's epitome printed a year or two ago in the Temple Primers series. The reason is not because Mr. McClellan has chosen a single side of Venetian history, but because he lacks the historian's instinct. He proposes to describe the purely political evolution of the Republic, and he does so in such fashion that often where he is literally correct he is wholly wrong in spirit. He has such a detestation of the very word "oligarchy" as many good persons have of "Tammany." Accordingly, he tries to persuade us that the disasters and final collapse of Venice were caused by the oligarchy. It seems never to have occurred to him that forms of government are not inevitably good or bad; that there have been benevolent despotisms and unworthy democracies; that liberty has thriven under limited monarchies as well as under republics. The point for the historian of Venice to illuminate is how an oligarchy grew up there as the true expression of the nation's ideals and as the best fulfilment of the nation's needs: for the oligarchy was as inevitable in Venice as the leonine characteristics are in the lion, and instead of assuming that it must have been always bad, the duty of the historian should be to show what it actually accomplished. If you lay the blame of the fall of Venice on her oligarchic system, you must in fairness give to that system the credit for the centuries on centuries of Venetian prosperity, splendor, and civilization. But Mr. McClellan does not discriminate. He traces clearly enough the steps by which the governmental organism was perfected; but the reader could hardly guess from his pages how that organism really affected the lives of the Venetians.

Equally serious is Mr. McClellan's dulness of perception of the time element in history. He makes generalizations which may fit a particular period, but are misleading for earlier or later times. As Venice endured eleven hundred years, this defect is peculiarly harmful in her case. For Mr. McClellan it would seem that *once* and *always* are synonyms, and that circumstances do not alter cases. We share his abhorrence of American expansion in the Philippines, but this does not blind us to the fact that the Venetian expansion had different causes and should be judged by its own moral and political results. To condemn Venice for extending her dominion on *terra firma* without stating the reasons which led her to that "folly," is neither historical nor candid. The Chioggian war taught her that unless she controlled the adjacent mainland, on which she chiefly depended for her food supply, she might at any moment be blockaded and starved. That sort of expansion has nothing in common with the American wild-goose chase in the Philippines.

Nor can we agree that the decline and fall of the Republic were directly due to the oligarchy. We perceive that nations and political systems grow old and decay, just as individuals do, and that any system must be expected to wear out after a thousand years. In order to establish a case against the oligarchy, it would be necessary to show that republics and monarchies do not become enfeebled with age, and that great wealth, the reward of centuries of toil and enterprise and thrift, will surely corrupt an oligarchic society, but strengthen the moral fibre of democracies and empires. Mr. McClellan does not sufficiently emphasize the effect of the discovery of America and of the water route to India on the fortunes of Venice. If ever the Fates dealt an irremediable blow to a nation, they dealt it to Venice then. Her geographical position was her destiny, and, after the stream of commerce and civilization flowed away, by no fault of hers, through far-distant channels, she could not draw them back. The change made her obsolete as a world power, just as the introduction of railroads made stage-coaches obsolete.

Instead of inveighing against the oligarchy, an historian should show what the oligarchy did to postpone the inevitable collapse. He should tell how the Signory met and survived the League of Cambray—a feat which no incompetent government and no debased people could have achieved. He should tell how for two hundred years, though sinking into old age, the Republic maintained, for the most part single-handed, a magnificent resistance to the Turks, and how, in spite of her final defeat, she did not desist until the power of the Ottoman was broken forever. Such reminders as these would be more to the purpose than are stale arraignments of oligarchy. Or, it would be better even to show how, if any other form of government could have saved Venice, it could have been organized. No historian has done this—we think that none will; but it offers a pretty problem for historical visionaries.

The greatest pity is, however, that Mr. McClellan's book will temporarily resuscitate the ancient, false view of Venice which reputable historians during the past fifty years have tried to dispel. Since Romanin published his monumental work, fortified by countless documents, there has been no excuse for perpetuating the legend that the Venetians were a narrow, cruel, backward people, semi-barbaric in their love of display, materialistic and shopkeeping in their spirit. By a paradox, the city which was for centuries the best governed, the most humane, and the most sanitary in Europe, is still popularly supposed to have abounded in crimes and judicial outrages, and in unhealthy conditions. Even Mr. McClellan goes out of his way to mention that state prisoners were strangled—as if that form of execution were peculiarly atrocious or were practised only in Venice. The romancer's and the playwright's misconception of Venice, as the abode of *bravi* and of terrible Councillors and Inquisitors,

ought to be outlawed; it has run its course in fiction, and it never represented the historical truth.

A writer in search of melodrama will of course pitch on the few exceptional occurrences in Venetian history, and ignore the genuine national character as expressed throughout a millennium. And if, like Mr. McClellan, he has no historical time-sense, he can easily cause the exceptional to appear as the habitual, and the immense service which Venice rendered to civilization to be forgotten. A single sentence reveals Mr. McClellan's incurable defect as an historian: Venice, he says, "ceased to exist as abruptly as she began." Abruptness is surely the last attribute to be associated with Venice. Founded about 450 A. D., she grew slowly, and only in 1000 became a great power according to the measure of that age; her decline began about 1500, and her last flickering breath was stifled by Napoleon in 1797. To suggest that a state which took more than five hundred years in growing to maturity, and three hundred years in dying, with five centuries of prime between, was *abrupt*, is to misuse language, or to misread history. Had Mr. McClellan ever had a clear idea of what it means for any form of government to outlive the shocks of a thousand years (or of five hundred, if we reckon with him the closing of the Great Council as the date from which the oligarchy predominated), he would have been less ready to decry the Venetian oligarchs; but, even then, he would lack most of the essentials of the historian.

It is so desirable that our public men should be educated, if not scholarly, that we are disposed to welcome every one of them who comes forward as a serious student of history. Hence we regret the more keenly that we have to point out such vital defects in Mr. McClellan's essay. Remembering that England counts among her public leaders historical writers like Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, Sir George Trevelyan, and Lord Rosebery, we feel that our American "scholars in politics"—President Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, and Mayor McClellan—have not adequately upheld the literary prestige of America. It may be unpatriotic to say so, but it is the truth.

Mezzotints. By Cyril Davenport, F. S. A. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903. Large 8vo, pp. xiv., 207.

This volume affords a pleasant indication of a survival of interest in mezzotint engraving (which Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced the best of all modes of engraving "to express a painter-like feeling"), notwithstanding the remarkable development of mechanical processes which have recently usurped the field formerly occupied by the hand-workers on wood and metal. The vast utility and low cost of the many processes of photo-engraving may justify their present exclusive use for book illustration where exactness is of primary importance. The half-tone print and the process block are certainly better in every way than the average hand-wrought engravings that immediately preceded them. But the noble art of engraving, as a means of original artistic expression, has a character and value as such with which no process work can be compared, and for which such work can never be a satisfactory substitute. The interest in mezzotints appears to have fallen off before the introduction of the mechanical processes, and its revival had its tangible beginning, as this author tells us, in an exhibition of the mezzotint plates of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, in the year 1872, which was followed in 1881, 1886, and 1902 by exhibitions of other works of the most eminent mezzotint engravers.

Mr. Davenport discusses the materials, tools, and processes employed by the mezzotint engraver, the development of mezzotint out of roulette work, the method of prolonging the life of a mezzotint on copper by the process of steeling, the varieties of effect that may be got by manipulation and by tricks in printing, and the care of prints. The process of mezzotint engraving grew out of roulette work, *i. e.*, the use of an instrument devised to lighten the labor of dotting. The method of producing shade by dots instead of lines, or in connection with lines, dates back to the earliest times of metal engraving; but the primitive workman cut his dots one by one with the graver point. In the seventeenth century a small-toothed wheel, fixed at the end of a steel shaft, came into use, and by working this over the plate a great many minute incisions were easily made which, holding the ink, produced in the print a dotted shade. It was soon seen that the whole surface of the plate might be evenly roughened in this way, so as to print a uniform field of shade, and that this roughened surface might be smoothed again in places with a burnisher so as to give the complete light and shade of a shaded design. To further facilitate the roughening process a roulette in the form of a toothed cylinder was devised, so that with such a roulette and a burnisher an elaborate effect of chiaroscuro might be obtained with a minimum of mechanical labor. Work of this kind appears to have been first practised by Von Siegen and Prince Rupert, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The developed art of mezzotint has a different character, and is wrought with different tools. The roughening process is done with the rocker, a chisel-shaped instrument with a rounded edge and a series of fine channels cut lengthwise on its face. The ridges between the channels form a series of minute teeth on the bevelled edge, so that when rocked over the plate they cut in, and, by repeated rocking, produce a finely granulated surface, with myriads of minute incisions and raised points of burr. The lights are got with a scraper which cuts off the burr, and further smooths the surface to any degree that may be necessary to give the desired amount of light in the print. This perfected manner of mezzotinting appears to have been introduced by Blooteling, a Dutch engraver, who practised his art in England for a time toward the close of the seventeenth century, and gave rise to the remarkable English school of mezzotint engravers. The list of English engravers in mezzotint is a long and an honorable one, beginning with William Sherwin, a follower of Blooteling, and including the names of Earlom, Lucas, and Lupton, who developed the process to its highest point of excellence. But the superiority of the later work to that of the earlier time often consists in little more than greater fineness of the mezzotint ground, giving a velvety depth to the deepest shades, and in superior skill in scraping. The connoisseur is prone to magnify the importance of these mechanical qualities, and Mr. Davenport betrays a tendency to do so. Mezzotint engraving is only a means to an end. In the hands of an artist of ability it is capable of producing very admirable results; but mere skilful rocking and scraping have no value in themselves, and even mechanically imperfect rocking may be no obstacle to the production of a beautiful work of art.

The author discusses (pp. 87-88) the fitness of the process for different classes of subjects, and inclines to the conclusion that it is not well suited to landscape. He gives no reasons for this view, which is clearly without foundation. Mezzotint is suited to any kind of subject in which full chiaroscuro is required; but for all subjects some foundation of etching in connection with it is needed to define forms and accentuate details. In fact, etching and mezzotint are mutually supplementary processes, and to determine the just proportion of each in any given case requires nice artistic judgment.

On page 13 occurs the questionable statement that

"Some art processes help their votaries, some do not. Line engraving helps least of all the methods of engraving upon metal; etching with acid helps most. An unskilled draughtsman can be made to produce an etching with artistic qualities in it. Mezzotinting comes between these two extremes. It is easy to produce a bad mezzotint, but excessively difficult to produce a good one."

It would be better to say that some processes offer fewer mechanical difficulties than others, and are therefore better suited to original artistic expression. Only spurious artistic qualities are possible to an unskilled draughtsman. Accomplished draughtsmanship is a fundamental qualification of the etcher. And to say that it is difficult to produce a good mezzotint is incorrect; mezzotinting is an easy process, and to produce a good mezzotint is easy to an accomplished artist, and impossible to any one else.

The photogravure illustrations fail to represent the original prints truly. In the "Standard-Bearer" by Prince Rupert facing page 68, for instance, the color values are very imperfectly reproduced, and the modelling is more than half lost. The same is true of the Von Huysam, facing page 140; while in the "Inverary Pier" of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' facing page 182, every quality of the original is falsified. But the book contains a good deal of interesting and instructive matter, and is handsomely made up.

The Indians of the Painted Desert Region: Hopis, Navahoes, Wallapais, Havasupais. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This is a beautifully illustrated book; the pictures, all taken from photographs, are strikingly attractive, and very well selected for the text. The author is sensible of this, and also of his ability to do justice to his subject. He writes of himself (p. xx, preface): "To those who know the persistency and conscientiousness of my labors in my chosen field, and the pains I take both

by observation and from the works of authorities to gain accurate knowledge, and my *overwillingness* to acknowledge by pen and voice those to whom I am indebted, it will not be necessary to state that I have endeavored to make this book a standard."

Mr. James certainly writes well. His descriptions of nature are fascinating, only somewhat too flowery for a country where aridity prevails to an extent almost appalling; but this is a matter of individual taste and feeling, and no two pairs of eyes see alike. There is abundant "local color," but the paint is sometimes laid on too thick for reality. Mr. James is evidently in love with the region, and also to a certain extent with its aboriginal inhabitants. But he is also just to the Europeans who first came in contact with them, the Spaniards, which is not always the case in works of the kind. He well says, regarding the causes that led to the bitter hostility of the Navajos towards the Spanish settlers: "And here we have, I believe, one of the additional sources of enmity between the Navaho and the Spaniard. As their wards, the Spanish were in duty bound to care for and protect the pueblos." This statement was, we believe, made years ago, and not as a mere "belief," but with abundant evidence drawn from reliable sources.

There is no lack of personal incident in this entertaining volume, with its narrative of travel and episodes from the author's intercourse with the aborigines of the several tribes mentioned in the title. His personality appears frequently in these tales, but not in too prominent a manner, nor are the stories sensational or marked by exaggeration. They are told agreeably, and fittingly illustrate the country and its inhabitants. True to his profession of "overwillingness" in acknowledging sources from which he drew information, Mr. James appends more than three pages of the "literature" of his theme. He quotes abundantly in his text, but, above all, is careful to give a full list of his own writings. It includes, to all appearances, every newspaper article emanating from his pen, and is consequently of the nature of a timely advertisement of himself and what he calls "his labors in my chosen field." On the whole, he has attained his object, which was "to place in compact form for the general reader reliable accounts of places and peoples in the United States hitherto known only to the explorer and scientist."

Of the four clusters of Western Indians described, the Havasupay, dwelling in Cataract Cañon, are the least known, and the information furnished about them is therefore the more welcome. How much of what he records—of their folklore, for instance—is the result of Mr. James's own investigations is not made quite clear. His description of the practices of the Havasupay shamans offers nothing very new in fact. That their ways "are similar to those of fakirs in all lands and ages" is a very just remark, and incidents almost identical with those he relates on pages 256 and 257 are well known from many parts of the American continent. It remains to Mr. James's credit, however, that he has recorded them in the case of a tribe so little known.

To criticise the author for one or two errors in Spanish words and sentences would be unfair, since he makes no claim to knowledge of the Spanish language. That "tintero" is the proper term and not "tintaro" is self-evident, and also that we should read "desierto pintado" instead of "pintado desierto," as in the preface.

A History of Bethlehem, Pa., 1741-1892. By Joseph Mortimer Levering, Bishop of the Moravian Church. (Issued as a Memorial Volume by the Sesquicentennial Committee of the Moravian Congregation of Bethlehem.) Bethlehem, Pa., 1903. Pp. xvi., 810.

The Moravian Church, or, as it is known in Germany, the Brüderkirche, is the lineal heir of the preaching and work of John Hus. The Ancient Unitas Fratrum, preserved in the "hidden seed," literally in "dens and caves of the earth," driven by persecution emigrated in 1725 from Moravia, and sought refuge on the estates of Count Zinzendorf in Silesia. Here the enthusiastic Count organized the Renewed Unity of the Brethren, and included within it the Moravian exiles. This organization within the State Church of Germany had for its purpose the spread of evangelical teachings, and thus constituted itself a vehicle for missionary effort. In 1740, after having made a vain effort to establish a colony in Georgia, the Count determined to found a mission centre in Pennsylvania. At first, under the leadership of Peter Boehler, the Brethren devoted themselves to the construction and management of a school for negro children that had been planned by Whitefield on his lands in the barony of Nazareth. But as Whitefield and Boehler fell into dispute on doctrinal points, the Brethren withdrew from the scheme and moved ten miles south to the banks of the Lehigh River, where, on lands purchased from William Allen, they erected a log house, half living-room, half stable. On Christmas Eve, in 1741, came Count Zinzendorf, and in the midst of the evening worship, in a burst of his characteristic enthusiasm, he led the little band from the living-room to the stable, singing the hymn of Adam Drese:

> "Nicht Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem,
> Aus dir kommet, was mir frommet."

And thus the little settlement received its name.

Zinzendorf's plan was to form in Pennsylvania a union of all the numerous bickering religions and sects that were scattered over the State, and then to use the force of this union for the purpose of Christianizing the Indians. He did not wish to absorb all these elements within the Moravian Church (p. 84); but, rather, just as the Moravian Church formed a part of the Unity of the Brethren, so should all the religions and sects of the colony be united, each possessing its measure of identity, for the furtherance of greater effort. Bethlehem was planned as the centre of radiating energy. It became, and that quite naturally, the target for the hot shot of all sorts of opposition. The seven so-called Pennsylvania synods at which the plan was discussed augmented this opposition, but also stimulated individual effort, and when the overenthusiastic, if somewhat hasty and tactless, Count returned to Europe in 1743, his purpose had to some extent been accomplished, though in a fashion that he did not understand.

Zinzendorf's successor and agent in the management of the settlement, Augustus Spangenberg, gradually abandoned the Union idea, and devoted the energies of his people to the conversion of the Indians. The colony was constituted a General Economy of a type quite different from those developed later at Harmony and at Zoar. There was no community of personal funds, for there was no personal investment on the part of the settlers. Rather it was a community of support, since all of the original cost of the undertaking had been paid for with money accumulated in Germany, much of it being actually from Zinzendorf's private means. The aim was to make the most, for the moment, of insufficient funds, and the arrangement was never looked upon as permanent. By it half the workers were constantly available in the mission field, while the remainder maintained the farms and the trades. To save roofs, the various classes or "choirs"—the unmarried men, the unmarried women, the married couples, the children—were accommodated in separate buildings. This segregation remained in force until after 1762, when families were given the opportunity to erect homes for themselves on rented land.

The French war brought trouble for the settlement. Its neighbors distrusted the Moravians as having constant intercourse with the Indians, and it was only through the friendly mediation of Benjamin Franklin that this feeling was prevented from breaking out in an open attack upon the village. As it was, the work of the Brethren suffered severely from Indian raids. In the meantime the former oligarchical government had given place to one less paternal. The village had now, besides its Helpers' Conference, representing the European authority, its *Aufseher Collegium* (Selectmen); and before the end of the Revolution these latter were chosen in open town meeting, not always dominated by the Helpers' Conference. During the Revolution the influence of the oligarchy was exerted to keep the villagers in the position of non-combatants, though few of them were Tories. Here, again, immunity from the suspicions of their neighbors was purchased by the location, within the Brethren's House, of the General Hospital of the Continental Army.

While the village could not be accused of Toryism, the authorities in Europe looked with small favor on the democratic movement in America. Hence, when the war was over, John F. Reichel was sent to choke off the possible entrance of nationalizing forces, and a new close régime was inaugurated. Then for thirty years, until 1817, representation in the Council was by classes, and the Selectmen were identical with the Helpers. But the general era of prosperity that opened with the nineteenth century brought to bear a force from without that no "protection" walls could withstand. Business and society were making demands that had to be met. First, the women rebelled at the wearing of distinctive headgear (p. 617). Then the younger Brethren became unruly and had to be disciplined. Then the more important citizens openly denounced official demagogy, and refused to consider themselves insubordinate when reproved. Finally, the forces from without conquered and the close régime was abandoned. Slowly the last financial connections with the Old World were severed, the ground-rents were satisfied, and the close community of dependent factors became a village of some 500 individuals. It was after 1830 that land was freely sold to any buyer, and it was after 1852 that the

last link in the European chain was severed.

Bishop Levering's book is, perhaps, too bulky by reason of details that have been inserted to satisfy a certain class of local buyers. It contains a large number of half-tones of fair quality, most of them reproductions of old and rare paintings and drawings, and it is well indexed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Raymond Macdonald. Consolatio: A Memorial Ode. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. 50 cents.
Asser's Life of King Alfred. Edited by William Henry Stevenson. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 12s. net.
Barry, William. The Dayspring. (Fiction.) Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Belloc, Madame. In Fifty Years. (Verse.) London: Sands & Co.
Brastow, Lewis O. Representative Modern Preachers. The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Cone, John A. The Man Who Pleases and the Woman Who Charms. Hinds & Noble. 75 cents, postpaid.
Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. The Story of Susan. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Everitt, J. A. The Third Power. (Farmers to the Front.) Indianapolis: The Hallenbeck Press. Cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents.
Farquhar, Anna. An Evans of Suffolk. (Fiction.) Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Gardner, Edmund G. Siena and San Gimignano. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Hanus, Paul H. A Modern School. The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Konkle, Burton Alva. The Life and Times of Thomas Smith, 1745-1809. Philadelphia: Campion & Co. $4 net.
Kuhn, Julius. Glimpses into the Moral and Physical Labyrinths of Nature. Conshohocken, Pa.: The Natural Truths Association.
Leavitt, T. H. Facts about Peat. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1 net; postage 10 cents.
Lectures on Commerce. Edited by Henry Rand Hatfield. Chicago: The University of Chicago. $1.50 net.
Leupp, Francis E. The Man Roosevelt. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net; postage 10 cents.
Mackay, Katherine. The Stone of Destiny. (Fiction.) Harper & Brothers. $1.25.
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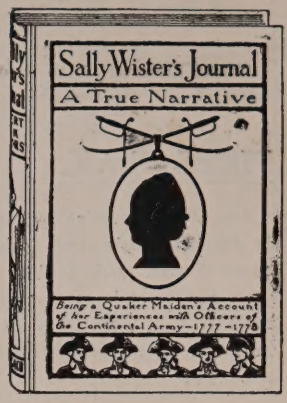
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1904.

The Week.

Have we an Administration shaken in the wind? On Wednesday week there was official announcement that a regiment was to be sent to the Isthmus. That looked splendidly prompt and vigorous. No nonsense; having seized the property, we were to enter at once into possession, and let daylight through any one who objected. But on Friday the news came that so many influential Republicans had gone to the President and warned him against dispatching troops to Panama that he had recalled his orders. Why all this vacillation and timidity? Have the Republican leaders suddenly become a lot of hysterical old ladies that they should thus beg their President not to go hunting for trouble? It looks like a studied effort to put Mr. Roosevelt under bonds to keep the peace during the Presidential campaign at least. That is not a bad thing in itself and as long as it lasts; but how, then, is the popular heart to be fired by the thunder of the captains, and thousands of votes won by parading bands of "Teddy's Terrors"?

It passes us why they should still be talking at Washington of a cloud on our Panama title. The legal question is, to be sure, before the French courts, but, if they do not decide in our favor, it would clearly be another "hold-up." That, of course, the President would endure from no man, be he tiny Don or hulking Mounseer. If France were to block our little game, we should at once set up an independent republic in Savoy, which never did honestly belong to France, anyhow. Furthermore, Secretary Hay would promptly write a note to M. Delcassé ventilating again his pretty doctrine of "inchoate rights." We do not see, therefore, that there is any cause for alarm. Our Panama precedents will give us ample warrant to cheat, oppress, and browbeat in any quarter of the earth where there is anything we want.

In burking the Isle of Pines treaty, the Senate has been about small business. It will be recalled that the Platt amendment left the status of this island contiguous to Cuba to be settled by special treaty. The discovery had been made that it was a pleasant land, containing marble, mineral springs, and abundant timber and fruit. Certain Americans had taken up large land holdings, on the theory that the doubt expressed in the Cuban act meant that the Isle of Pines was to be annexed to the United States Of course, these investors took merely a speculative chance, for the State Department, to its credit be it said, has never countenanced the idea of annexation. In fact, it would be as absurd to put the Isle of Pines out of Cuban jurisdiction as it would be to cede, say, Block Island to a foreign Power. But the American pioneers have had good friends in the Senate. Mr. Penrose of Pennsylvania has quietly had their interests in charge, and the expiry of the treaty under the time limit is largely due to him. The spirit of such an action is more disgusting than the action itself. The Senate does itself only discredit in qualifying its general policy of generosity to Cuba by tardiness at this point. It is like giving an immense quitclaim and then insisting that the beneficiary pay the postage. Of course, Secretary Hay will extend the treaty and give the Senate another chance to mend its diplomatic manners.

The Hague Tribunal has granted the blockading Powers—Germany, England, and Italy—exclusive rights to the 30 per cent. of Venezuelan customs set aside by the peace protocols of February, 1903. At first blush the decision is a disappointment. It seems to encourage the collection of debts by squadrons. It gives the three Powers that blustered in the Caribbean a privileged position, while it makes the Powers with claims as good wait till the quarrelsome creditors are paid. But these considerations should not be unduly urged; for, first, it is a good thing to have so ticklish a matter settled on any terms; and, second, the Hague Tribunal has evidently given a decision not in equity, but in law. By the protocols of February 13, and in spite of Minister Bowen's persistent efforts to the contrary, 30 per cent. of the customs collected at Puerto Cabello and La Guaira was appropriated not to the creditor nations as a whole, but to the blockading allies. The final May protocols made no change in the situation. Accordingly, the Hague Tribunal, acting as a court of law, merely passed on the existence and validity of this contract, not on its equity. It is unfortunate, we believe, that the case could not have been decided on its equity. In that case, we might have expected a very different outcome, and we certainly should have had a judgment on the general morality and expediency of the blockade. There is a lesson in the partial success of the present award: cases should, by common consent, come as wholes before the Hague Tribunal, so that its equity jurisdiction may have unhampered exercise.

The conviction of four of the postal thieves at Wasington on Friday is none the less gratifying because it is somewhat surprising. The attitude of the prosecuting attorney, Holmes Conrad, seemed to foreshadow the acquittal of Samuel B. Groff, but he falls with the other three conspirators. The trial was long and subbornly contested. This particular group of plunderers was headed by August W. Machen, a ringleader in the frauds; they joined in procuring the best counsel to be had; and yet, in spite of all, they are pronounced guilty. The verdict will indubitably help President Roosevelt politically, for, had these rascals escaped, the Democrats would have redoubled their cries that the big fish were breaking through the net. The sucessful outcome of the trial will, of course, strengthen the hands of the prosecution and encourage the hope that George W. Beavers, State Senator George E. Green, and the other chief offenders are not to escape the law.

Teaching history by promoting expositions is a royal road, but expensive. Is it worth $9,600,000 to the Government to have the youth of the country taught the date and details of the Louisiana Purchase? This question has already been settled to the satisfaction of the St. Louis managers, and it seems probable that Oregon will also get some hundreds of thousands of dollars from the general treasury to help impress upon the country next year the fact that a century has passed since Lewis and Clark crossed the Rocky Mountains. Afterwards will come the projected Jamestown Expostion in Virginia and the proposed tri-centenary jubilation over the discovery of the Hudson River. The Buffalo Fair, when the United States was called upon to settle bills amounting to half a million dollars, and the deficit of the Charleston Cotton Exposition are recent enough to suggest that the exposition habit is growing alarmingly. Yet Congress apparently finds it impossible to draw the line, and prefers good-naturedly to stand and deliver. It is just possible that a cheaper way to teach American history might be found; and the Old South historical leaflets could enter the bidding for funds.

Courts always avoid jurisdiction when possible, and it may be that the Supreme Court's refusal, on Tuesday week, to interfere with negro disfranchisement in Alabama was based upon a technicality which might be removed in a later case. Yet only slight hopes can, apparently, now be entertained of judicial relief. The court admitted "the gravity of the statements of the complainant, charging violation of a Consti-

tutional amendment which is a part of the supreme law of the land," but professed itself powerless to grant a remedy —at least, in the case presented. If this attitude of the Court is persisted in—that is, if the Supreme Court cannot expound and apply the supreme law of the land—the only effective resort is to that "political action" to which the opinion of the court refers, as it did in the previous decision in Giles vs. Harris. The injustice is admitted. That discrimination against negro voters exists in Alabama which is illegal even under the State law, is not denied. This cannot go on without leading to the most serious results. If a nation cannot be half free and half slave, neither can it be half a democracy and half an oligarchy.

Maryland Democrats, under Gorman's leadership, are determined to disfranchise every negro in that State, according to dispatches from Annapolis. They have not only adopted in caucus the more stringent of the two proposed amendments to the Constitution, but have made such changes in it as will leave the decision of a citizen's right to vote almost entirely in the hands of a board of partisan registers. Considerable doubt, it is reported, was felt as to the wisdom of that provision which gives no right of appeal, for this is retained even in the sweeping laws of States further South. But in Maryland there has been no disguising the fact that the movement is against the negro as a negro. It is not possible to pretend that he is in a majority, or that white supremacy at the polls is endangered. It is simply a scheme of the Democrats to assure to themselves the control of the State. Not content with this, the Maryland Legislature is now favorably considering two Jim-Crow bills, one of which applies to the entire State and the other merely to the "black-belt" counties. One of their novel features is that there is to be a division of the races on steamers as well as on railroad trains. Any violation of this law will subject the steamboat officials to a fine of not less than $25 and not more than $50 for each offence. All this is sad enough reading for those who believe in equality before the law; but what disturbs and discourages intelligent negroes most of all is the steady refusal of a Republican Supreme Court to take cognizance of the violations of the Federal Constitution in the matter of the suffrage.

Gov. Vardaman of Mississippi would not have the negro educated, but does not want to see him lynched, either. The Governor's energetic and successful efforts on Sunday to rescue with his own hands a negro murderer from the hands of a raging mob are worthy of the highest praise. They will do much to hearten others in resisting this form of savagery. We can well believe that Gov. Vardaman was spurred on to uphold the law, in this case, by the horror of a fiendish lynching which occurred in Mississippi only a few days before. The details, as given in the Vicksburg *Evening Post*, are almost unprintable for atrocity. If they be credible, white men were guilty of revolting torture, upon the persons of a colored man and his wife, which leaves the stories of Indian or Chinese ingenuity in torment far in the rear for devilish cruelty. If this thing cannot be stopped, the whole civilization of the South will fall into the pit.

Mr. Booker Washington has felt compelled to speak out against the renewals of this race barbarism. He writes to a Birmingham paper to point out that the recent burnings and torturings of negroes have been for crimes "not even remotely connected with the abuse of a white woman." That is, the old excuse is more and more proving to be hollow, and what we are seeing is a blood-mania driving people frantic at the sight of black men charged with any offence whatever, or even suspected of it. Where are these inhuman practices leading us? Plainly, as Mr. Washington says, to the destruction of white and black alike. Nor can it be denied that, as he maintains, the barbarous tortures inflicted upon negroes are "more disgraceful and degrading to the people who inflict the punishment than to those who receive it." The latter are, too often, men who have never been lifted above brute passion; but their tormentors have been instructed, have generations of ordered liberty behind them, yet cast every semblance of civilized beings away to join in bloody deeds that would disgrace a red Indian. This is what cuts thinking and humane men to the heart. They see their fellow-citizens in the South, under the horrible delusion that they are defending a superior civilization, really pulling down the whole fabric of our government, and leaving the world aghast at the spectacle of their inhumanity.

At last one Democratic newspaper in Kentucky has had the courage to speak out against the bill to kill Berea College. The Lexington *Herald*, edited by Desha Breckinridge, although not in favor of the co-education of the races on the sacred soil of Kentucky, still contends that, before the Legislature acts, "it ought to send a calm, able, unprejudiced committee to Berea and have a fair, full, just, impartial investigation and examination." The *Herald* then points out that excellent work has been done by Berea, and that its diplomas have always been received as evidence of competency to teach. "Many thousands of dollars," it continues, "have been invested on the faith of the charter and amendments granted by Kentucky and on the higher faith of the justice and charity of her people." The silence of the Kentucky authorities in regard to these gifts, if not their approval of them, the *Herald* believes, "ratified the conduct and maintenance of that institution on the recognized basis of the co-education of the races and the sexes." In conclusion, it asks whether it is "now fair to suddenly and without any real new cause attempt its destruction." The Grayson, Ky., *Tribune*, a Republican paper, is much more outspoken. It declares that the real object "is not so much to destroy the school as it is to bolster up 'the negro domination scarecrow' crowd and make a few votes." Fortunately, the constitutionality of the bill is seriously questioned, and it is likely to meet with greater opposition in the Senate.

Mayor McClellan's approval of the resolution of his Tammany Civil Service Board exempting from the civil-service rules some fifty-three deputy tax commissioners comes as a blow in the face to all who saw in him a second Abram S. Hewitt. Up to this time, those opposed to his election, both in and out of the press, have credited him with a desire to give New York an enlightened government. His sincere efforts to prevent a return of the "red-light" conditions, and to suppress gambling, have been handsomely praised by the newspapers most antagonistic to his candidacy. As a whole, the first two months of his administration have done him great credit. But that is now marred by his approval of an act which has no other motive than to provide more jobs for Tammany's place-hunters. Said Senator Plunkitt recently in a characteristic outburst to an *Evening Post* reporter: "We didn't go in for humbug civil service and all that rot. Tammany is for the spoils system, and when we go in we are goin' to fire every anti-Tammany man from office that can be fired under the law. It's an elastic sort of law, and you bet it will be stretched to the limit." Plainly, the Senator has unusual powers of prophecy, combined with very accurate inside knowledge.

The full report of the New York Commission on the Law's Delays is now for the first time available. It reveals a truly lamentable situation. The judicial statistics which are gathered prove that "the New York Trial Term of the Supreme Court is about three years behindhand." What does that mean? Of course, that thousands of our citizens have to suffer injustice without possible redress. This is especially the fact in mercantile cases. As Mr. Justice Gaynor said in his testimony before the Commission: "A commercial cause cannot live more than

three months; in three years it is as dead as a door nail. It has got to be tried speedily or it never will be tried." Yet this is the great city built up by commerce! In it, as things are to-day, a merchant may not be able to collect a promissory note in five years' time. In Brooklyn the courts are some two years behind; but the denial of justice is nearly as great as in this county. Only contrast this with the state of the case in other large American cities. In Philadelphia a new issue may be reached within six months. A jury case in Chicago may be reached in nine months, and an equity case in three. Baltimore enables a litigant to have his day in court within three to four months, and St. Louis within two to four. It is only in wide-awake and progressive New York that he has to wait three years!

No part of the Commission's report is more important—more truly startling—than its description, fortified by official figures, of the great cost of the existing referee system, and especially of condemnation proceedings. Besides heaping delay upon delay, they pile up expense mountain high. From the Comptroller's report it appears that the city of New York has paid $2,567,373 for real property acquired in the Croton watershed within the past ten years, and paid for the cost of condemnation $1,311,089—that is, 51 per cent. of the total award! This is more than huge extravagance; it is a public scandal. Behind it lies a system of political favoritism, under which fees as high as $40,000 are paid to individual commissioners, really for extending over years work that should be dispatched in a few weeks. To cut up by the roots such unparallelled wastefulness, it is proposed that all condemnation proceedings shall be turned over to the Supreme Court Commissioners named in one of the bills before the Legislature. It is to be their function also to hear all references, to try special cases without a jury by consent of both parties, and to act as English Mastery in Chancery in passing upon all the preliminaries of a case—sham defences, etc.—so as to bring a clear issue quickly to trial. The salaries of twenty of them at $10,000 a year would be but a trifle compared with the enormous sums now paid to referees and condemnation commissioners; while such a body would undoubtedly do much to remove our open reproach.

In appointing Mr. Ismay president of the International Mercantile Marine, or Shipping Trust, the directors have acted wisely. It may not be wholly palatable to those who defended this extravagant combination on the ground of patriotism, that the executive management should be transferred from an American to an Englishman; but the truth is now pretty well recognized that the theory of American control of the ocean through the Stock Exchange was mostly a dream of the stock-inflation period. The official title of the combination fairly states its character; the fleets controlled are international, as they were before the change in ownership, not only because of the ports between which they journey, but by virtue of the flags they fly, the governments to which they owe allegiance, and the crews and officers that man them. There are, in short, both English lines and American lines combined under the auspices of the Mercantile Marine, and it is obviously common sense to pick out for its management the best talent available. Aside from this international aspect of the matter, the selection of the successful head of the subsidiary White Star Line is a fresh illustration of the manner in which the logic of events has defeated the logic of the so-called new finance. It is not so very long since financial markets soberly affirmed that the mere fact of consolidation, on an enormous scale, was enough to ensure industrial success. Experience—a dear school, as usual—has since then been teaching very rapidly that the old commercial virtues which carried to success the enterprises absorbed into the Trusts and holding companies, are equally essential, if indeed not more so, to the management of the combination. The Steel Corporation had to learn this lesson, and it is hardly to be supposed that other creations of the "consolidation era" can continue blind to it.

The recurring Japanese attacks upon the Russian fleet at Port Arthur are plainly in the aim of keeping it in a constant state of alarm and anxiety. A really serious attempt upon it does not seem to have been made since the first one. Brief bombardments lasting fifteen minutes are in no sense anything more than reconnoissances in force. Apparently, there have been three successive appearances of the Japanese in the early morning hours, when the vitality of the besieged is at its lowest. And besieged the Russian fleet is. Any attempt on its part to make for the open sea would quickly demonstrate that the Russian "victories" of which St. Petersburg hears so much are due to the withdrawal of the Japanese after accomplishing their purpose. The latter have effectively "bottled-up" the Russians, even though their attempt to block the channel failed. It is altogether likely, too, that these frequent demonstrations mask the movements of troops and transports. The Japanese army has now been on the move for two weeks. Ten days hence something of its plans and progress should be revealed. Whether its objective is Vladivostok, Harbin, or Port Arthur, it is probable that the movement will display the dash and vigor which have marked all the Japanese military operations since 1895.

By the narrow majority of 51 the Balfour Government escaped censure on the Chinese ordinance for the Transvaal. Here are the conditions of the act: The Chinese laborer indentures himself for three years, at the end of which time he is to be returned to China; during that term he is bound to serve "the master who imports him, or such master to whom the first shall legally assign his rights." The contract laborer is bound to live in established compounds, which he may not leave without special permit "signed by a person authorized by his importer," nor in any case shall such liberty exceed forty-eight hours. Furthermore, any Chinese laborer caught out of his compound is subject to summary arrest, and any one who aids him to escape is subject to punishment. Finally, the contract laborer may not engage in trade, lease land, or do other work than such as his importer or assignee requires of him. This contract would not stand a moment in a civilized country, as between civilized persons; the system is simply, on a large scale, that peonage, sporadic cases of which our Federal courts are suppressing in the South; the transportation of these laborers is the notorious coolie trade, in which for forty years no American vessel has engaged except under peril of Federal seizure and forfeiture. It is an act repugnant to civilization, and especially abhorrent to English ideas of personal liberty.

How, then, has the Government dared impose such an ordinance upon the crown colony against the protest of the Boers, led by Botha, against the voice of Sir Gordon Sprigg, Premier of the Cape, without any other approval than that of Lord Milner's private council? Why, simply in obedience to this imperious necessity: the Rand mines must be worked. "The war was in a certain sense a miners' war," said Mr. Chamberlain, addressing an audience of British colliers; and if it was worth while to spend the blood and treasure of the late war for the mines, to sacrifice a little English principle, to introduce a qualified slavery, are now very small matters. For this purpose of working the mines, the Government, as a Liberal member pointedly said, will fill the Rand with "convict settlements, mitigated by the chance of forty-eight hours' tickets of leave." "We must underpin a temporary structure," said the Colonial Secretary. This was his main argument, and beside it descriptions of the beautiful home life in the compounds and professions of good faith in recruiting coolies in the Far East rung painfully hollow.

A HEDGING STRENUOSITY.

President Roosevelt is just now the most extensively explained man extant. Friend after friend of his rises up to deprecate, to elucidate, to propitiate. He is not the man you think him, they say plaintively. He is the Great Misunderstood. This man who has made publicity the breath of his nostrils, who has written and spoken himself to the dregs, has, it appears, been singularly misjudged by those who have observed him the most closely. Hence the necessity of one confidant and counsellor after another coming forward to enlighten a misled public.

The latest of these is the author of the anonymous pamphlet, 'Mr. Roosevelt and the Presidency,' which is being largely circulated in this city. It is one of those defences which are calculated to make their subjects writhe. The vindication reads so uncommonly like a confession! For example, our pamphleteer writes engagingly of the Panama *coup*, "I confess that I, for one, do not like it. I do not suppose that anybody likes it, *President Roosevelt least of all*." Call you this defending your friends? Then there is such wholesale recognition of distrust of the President, of opposition to him on the part of "scores of the most powerful men in this town." People will seize upon the indiscreet admission, and will forget the lumbering argument that we ought, after all, to "stop the drift of our opinions and feelings towards opposition to him." All these excuses by a friendly hand read amazingly like accusations.

In one sentence the author of this placatory pamphlet puts his finger on the raw. It is where he says that Mr. Roosevelt's "doctrine of the strenuous life is distinctly tiresome." The country is widely echoing the sentiment. People cannot live in a perpetual hurrah. We do not wish to be always "making things hum"; we long for a little time to think things over. It is very obviously the case that the nation has wearied of the President's strenuosity. At first we cheered it, then we smiled at it, finally we are all bored by it. Man shall not live by bounce alone.

Politically, the President's situation at present is not unlike Mr. Blaine's after his nomination in 1884. He had been the great exponent of the brilliant and the aggressive in politics. Especially in foreign relations had it been asserted by his admirers that he would display a bold initiative. He would "make them kings stand round," and fill all Americans with a delirium of joy at the sight of their flag at last respected abroad. But while this reputation did very well as a means of securing the nomination, it was found to be rather a discourager than a compeller of votes. Accordingly, we had throughout that campaign old and trusty friends of Mr. Blaine rising to explain that he was really one of the most cautious and conservative of men, and that, once in the Presidency, he would be a sucking dove.

The same sort of hedging is now going on visibly in President Roosevelt's case. With his nomination assured, he naturally begins to think of the desirability of getting elected, and the process of conciliating opposition is already under way. It mainly takes the form of protesting against the assumption of overstrenuousness. It is all a mistake, we are gravely assured, to suppose that the President is a hasty man. Do not be deceived by appearances. Why, this Hotspur, as you think him, is really a very Cavour for patience and slowly matured plans. It grieves him to have people think that because he has been rash in Panama he will also be rash in San Domingo. Does anybody suppose he dreams of mixing us up in the war in the Orient? Why, it is absurd—especially (as it was hinted in the Senate) since he has found out that his first notion of "showing a strong front" to Russia caused so much alarm.

Two difficulties confront the President's apologists. One is that they are in danger of making his boasted strenuousness of the past only a joke or all a sham; the other, that people will scarcely know what there is left in Mr. Roosevelt if all the qualities they have thought they saw in him are solemnly disowned. The truth is, that the President is embarrassed by his own success; his own acts are the shadows that cling to him still. He is not simply a candidate: he is a man in office, a man who has been tried. Why should he change simply after being elected again? There stand those three years of his record; if you admit that there is much in them to shake confidence, what warrant have you for denying that there will be still more in the next four? That is the great obstacle which the explainers and the soothers have to get over. And, besides, they have to create a satisfactory new Roosevelt in the room of the one they would obliterate. In the seventeenth century King Charles I. propounded an oath requiring acceptance of the government of the Church of England as laid down by "Archbishops, Bishops, Archdeacons, *et cetera*." But the people complained that they did not know what the *et cetera* covered. Similarly, Mr. Roosevelt's character has been impressed upon his countrymen as made up of Boldness, Impetuosity, Strenuosity, *et cetera*. But his apologists are now taking away all except the *et cetera*.

TORPEDOES IN THE EASTERN WAR.

The Japanese successes at Port Arthur are still too vaguely known to permit experts to reach any sound conclusions as to their effect upon the naval warfare of the future. Nevertheless, they already have given an impetus to the construction of torpedo boats of the surface and sub-surface types. In Washington there is reported to be a "general feeling" among naval officers that our own torpedo fleet should be enlarged. What is more significant is the action of the Navy Department in drawing plans for submerged torpedo-tubes in the battleships of the *Virginia* class now building. The omission of this form of armament from these ships called forth energetic protests several months ago from naval officers familiar with the torpedo service.

No officers who have given the subject much attention believe that torpedoes have reached the limit of their development. After hesitating for some years, the British Admiralty finally followed France's example and built a half-dozen submarines, rather in deference to public sentiment than for any other reason. But its experiments with Holland boats have now led it to enter upon a very extensive building programme. Just how many it will add to the nineteen it now possesses has not been revealed. It is significant, however, that it leans rather to the submersible type of boat than to the pure submarine, and it is known that its new craft are no longer to be solely for purposes of defence. In the opinion of the Admiralty, the time has come for the development of the offensive boat capable of leaving harbors and searching for the enemy in his own ports. It is a shrewd guess that its decision was hastened by the French efforts along offensive lines, that nation having recently laid down two 400-ton boats, double the size of any now in existence. Had the Japanese been in possession of some of these craft, they would have been capable of making effective use of them because of the comparative nearness of Port Arthur and other harbors to their own bases.

Failing them, the Japanese were forced to rely upon their surface boats, which they handled so effectively in the war with China. Whether their success was due to their own aggressiveness, their well-known contempt for death, to Russian slackness, or to favorable weather conditions remains to be seen. According to the dispatches, a second torpedo attack in a blinding snowstorm was less fortunate than the dash of February 9. In general, it has been laid down that moderately bad weather favors the attacking force. On the other hand, experiments at Newport have shown that it is more difficult for a battleship to "pick up" torpedo boats with their searchlights on moon-lit than on dark nights. The searchlight remains the chief defence of ships lying at anchor or under way. With the abandonment by the English of the crinoline-like torpedo netting and heavy booms, the only protection from torpedo boats is the strength of hull, the watchfulness of the

crew, the searchlight, and the rapid-fire gun. When squadrons are under way, an additional safeguard is afforded by the presence of torpedo-boat destroyers upon the flanks of each ship. Naval officers freely admit that these "remedies" are inadequate, and that well-handled torpedo boats attacking in force a fleet at sea would be altogether likely to reach their prey.

It is in regard to the question of defence, therefore, that official information about the Japanese achievements will be eagerly awaited. If it is now or subsequently proved that there is practically no safety for a fleet at anchor which has not a swarm of small warcraft about, the value of the cumbersome battleship will be largely decreased. Upon the extent of the damage to hulls and the power of the torpedoes will depend any attempt of naval constructors to strengthen ships against explosions. So far as can be read from the dispatches, none of the Russian ships went down at once, and most of those struck were kept afloat until they could be beached. Our own wooden vessels of the civil war generally went to the bottom like stones when damaged by mines or torpedoes. On February 5, 1895, after two unsuccessful attacks upon the Chinese by sixteen Japanese boats, three Chinese ships sank at once and a fourth went down shortly after.

So far as the torpedo is concerned, the weapon of to-day is far more efficient than that of seven years ago. Lieut.-Commander Lloyd H. Chandler of the United States navy, in a recent lecture before the Naval War College, laid great stress upon advances in the construction and use of automobile torpedoes, and expressed his belief in a coming turbine-engine torpedo of at least forty knots' speed for a run of 800 yards. In a joint attack upon a target in Narragansett Bay, Lieut.-Commander Chandler's fleet of seven boats fired fourteen torpedoes at a distance of 800 yards when steaming at from 20 to 23 knots. One torpedo jammed in the tube, the other thirteen struck between the flags on the target. For this greatly increased accuracy the gyroscope is responsible. It "enables the commanding officer of a torpedo vessel to point his ship at the point he desires to hit, and then, by electric firing, to discharge torpedoes from all tubes in the ship simultaneously, in such a way that they will run parallel to the course of the ship." The old trouble of a torpedo's diving or of its being deflected in firing has been done away with. The only task of the commander is to fire at the point where the enemy, if in motion, should be when the torpedo has finished its run.

Lieut.-Commander Chandler, be it noted, protested earnestly against the abandonment of the submerged tubes in the battleships of the *Virginia* class. Still, it is his opinion that the torpedo will not revolutionize naval warfare or lead to the abolition of certain types of ships. If there is to be such a revolution, it must result from the evolution of the submarine vessel. It is not at all likely that trustworthy news from Port Arthur will upset his belief, however much light it may throw upon the ability of torpedo boats to blockade a fleet and nightly terrorize its crew, while their own heavy ships are left free to roam the seas.

CHAMBERLAIN'S HOLD ON THE MIDLANDS.

The bye-election in South Birmingham seems to show that, in his own city, Mr. Chamberlain is as powerful as ever, whatever may be the case elsewhere. Lord Morpeth, who is an uncompromising supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's protectionist proposals, and was in January defeated at Gateshead, has been returned for South Birmingham as the successor to the late J. Powell Williams by a vote of 5,299 to 2,233 for his free-trade opponent. Before Home Rule split the Liberal party, all the seven divisions of Birmingham were safe Liberal seats. In 1885, the Liberal majority in the constituency which now returns a protectionist by 3,000, was upwards of 1,700.

It is doubtful whether, in a democratic community with a highly organized party system, the influence of a single man has ever been so strikingly exhibited as has been for the last nineteen years that of Mr. Chamberlain in Birmingham and its neighborhood. Until 1885, the Midland metropolis was a centre of aggressive dissenting radicalism. The overwhelming majority of its people were opposed to protection and to the influence of both the landed aristocracy and the Anglican Church. Nowhere was more bad feeling stirred up in the Liberal party by the enactment of Mr. Gladstone's Education Act than in Birmingham and its vicinity. So large was the Radical majority in the three counties of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Staffordshire that, in 1885, from their 39 constituencies no less than 31 Liberals were returned to Parliament. In 1886, Mr. Chamberlain and his followers still professed to be Radicals, and to be at one with their Gladstonian colleagues on everything except Home Rule for Ireland. Since that year, however, they have steadily supported the Tory Ministries of the Marquis of Salisbury and of Mr. Balfour. Their leader has himself been a member of a Cabinet which introduced and put through Parliament an Education Act by the side of which Mr. Gladstone's might almost seem to have been drawn by a committee of a dissenting synod.

Instead of all these things, so opposed as they were to all the lifelong prejudices and convictions of the Midland electors, provoking a Liberal reaction, precisely the opposite effect has been produced. The more Tory and reactionary the policy of the Unionist party has become, the stronger it seems to grow in the old-time Radical strongholds of the Midlands. At every general election since 1885, the number of Liberals returned from the three counties above mentioned has diminished, and in 1900 only six were elected where, fifteen years before, thirty-one had been successful. It is easy to understand how Birmingham might in 1886 have voted Unionist as, in 1896, New York city voted Republican. What is puzzling is, that there has been no swing back in the intervening seventeen years. It is as if, after 1896, New York had steadily and enthusiastically supported protection, Federal control of elections, and rigid legislative restriction of the sale of liquor. It is true that in Birmingham the Unionist Liberals have not been, as a rule, called on to vote for old-time Tories for Parliament, but have been given former Liberals as candidates, while the New York Republicans have adopted a much less shrewd policy. Still, the rule, that the Unionist candidates in constituencies with Liberal traditions should be Liberals was generally observed throughout Great Britain.

No such results as those attained in the Midlands followed elsewhere. It is impossible to doubt that Mr. Chamberlain's own personality must have had a great deal to do with what has happened where he has been most immediately in control. His home counties appear to stop at nothing for which he asks. Outside of the Midlands, the Liberals have carried every constituency in which they were successful in 1885, and in which there has been a bye-election since Mr. Chamberlain announced his new policy. In addition, they have gained two seats, namely, at Norwich and in the St. Alban's division of Hertfordshire, in which, in 1885, Conservatives were successful. During the same period there have been three bye-elections for Midland seats. In 1885, every one of these returned a Liberal. At the bye-elections the Unionists carried all three. In the outside constituencies there has been at the bye-elections, as compared with 1885, an average Liberal gain of 323 to a seat. In the three Midland constituencies there has been, on the other hand, an average Unionist gain of 2,319.

REGULATION OF PUBLIC ADVERTISING.

Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson's interesting article, "The Abuses of Public Advertising," in the March *Atlantic*, is virtually a report of the progress of the restrictive movement. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania have passed laws en-

larging the power of the State and requiring public property to be kept clear of posters. Chicago, Buffalo, Rochester, and other cities have limited the size of billboards. San Francisco has prohibited street advertising within the building line. New Hampshire attempts at least to protect her wayside trees against the bill-poster. In New York and New Jersey stringent bills before the Legislature at any rate attest a public interest in the cause. On the other hand, the Associated Bill-Posters of the United States and Canada have become an influential body, and are persistently hostile to all restrictive ordinances, testing them promptly in the courts. Still, all the indications are that the movement is not a fad, but a serious attempt to do away with generally perceived abuses. Mr. Robinson, who is no enemy to advertising *per se*, advises the Bill-Posters' Union to treat with the enemy, lest a worse fate befall.

The fact that advertising is to be restricted, and for æsthetic reasons, might as well be faced by those interested. When Parliament gave the town of Dover special jurisdiction in the matter, and certain monstrous signs on the chalk cliffs were ordered down, there was no pretence that these offending structures were deleterious to the public health or morals. The town authorities simply voted to protect their scenery. Similarly, the Massachusetts law, which the courts have sustained, is not based upon fire risk, sanitation, or any of the grounds usually alleged; but it permits the regulation of advertisements "in or near to or visible from public parks and parkways," simply because that right is "necessary for preserving the objects for which such parks and parkways are established and maintained." This is a clear expression of the principle that advertising is out of place in pleasure-grounds. A natural extension would be the assertion of a like jurisdiction over the immediate surroundings of public buildings and monuments.

We may expect a gradual advance of direct legislation, but Mr. Robinson points out suggestively that indirect means, under the present law, have not been exhausted. The Boston and Albany Railroad, for example, has in many places circumvented the advertisers by planting screening shade trees along its line. On many scenic routes this would be not only perfectly practicable, but excellent business. But the hideous file of "flats" on the Newark meadows could not be reached in this manner. Only restrictive legislation will save those noble stretches of marshland for the pleasure of the public. It is certain, also, that there is greater redress than is supposed in the ordinary law of nuisance. Chicago admits this principle by requiring advertisers in resident blocks to procure the consent of three-quarters of the householders concerned; and since the Massachusetts and English courts have recognized that a nuisance may affect the sense of sight, there is always hope that a suit in damages against offensive advertising would be successful in the courts. For it is certain that a man who advertises, say, "The Whiskey of his Ancestors" in heroic ugliness before your windows, perpetrates only a lesser nuisance than he who establishes a steam piano at your door. But the general easy-goingness stands in the way of this remedy, and probably more is to be expected from public-spirited societies than from individuals.

Merely enforcing the existing laws would do much to mend matters. For example, city ordinance 664 forbids the posting of any medical announcement, whether of physician or remedy; and yet Commissioner Pallas is cheerfully letting out billboards to patent medicines, and a gigantic fisherman with a codfish still remains, from Brooklyn Bridge, the tutelary genius of lower Manhattan. It seems, then, that the Municipal Art Society and similar bodies are doing good service in framing bills and in pointing the eccentricities of benighted public officials. All this keeps the matter in the air, but it is certain also that these societies have a large and promising field in searching the present ordinances and securing their enforcement.

Commissioner Pallas's decision to let out the Public Library fence to bill-posters has brought the whole matter urgently before the city. His predecessor had prevented that use of public property. Now Commissioner Pallas, against the face of many persons whose residences, shops, or offices look out on the Library site, has let the fence out for about one-tenth of its commercial value. All his explanations of this act bear the look of a studied ignorance. As a matter of fact, perfectly explicable and very discreditable reasons for his decision suggest themselves. It is an unpleasing commentary on New York that Pennsylvania absolutely prohibits all advertising on public property, and Boston assumes jurisdiction over all bill-posting within eyeshot of its parks, while we are at the mercy of every ignorant or corruptible commissioner. A certain gratitude is due, however, to Mr. Pallas for giving the young lions of municipal improvement something to sharpen their teeth on.

Even to these, conservatism may be safely commended, for the advertising interests are powerful, and more, perhaps, may be done by educating them than by opposing them. But it is evident that the bill-posters are already on the defensive. This suggests that it is good strategy, first, to clear up outstanding matters before a general advance. It may be that a reconnoisance of the present defences would show that the position of many classes of offenders is so weak that they may be summoned to yield at discretion. We are confident, for example, that the right of traction companies possessing no real estate, but only a right-of-way, to let advertising might profitably be challenged in the courts. Their charters certainly give no such privilege. In London the authorities even stripped the placards from the juggernaut 'busses. There is, in short, pending the great campaign, excellent skirmishing at hand for all champions of advertising reform.

THE CRIME OF BEING A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

The shortcomings of college presidents have always been a fruitful theme for discussion; the stern moralists of press and pulpit, burning with zeal for education, have never hesitated to point out the faults of our leaders in learning. Such chastisement the presidents themselves doubtless accept with gratitude, realizing that they are miserable sinners, deserving far more punishment than they get. The more recent indictment against them, in a magazine article, accuses them of cowardice about taking the unpopular side of a public question, of truckling to rich patrons, and of pretending that their young prize-fighters are their best students. In the face of such charges it may seem rash to offer any defence, yet something may be said by the devil's advocate in behalf even of the lowest of God's creatures. The pious mind which can find in every part of the cosmic order, in reptiles and in pestilence, some proof of divine benevolence, may trust that college presidents also shall share in the uncovenanted mercies of God. The wretches may, after all, be living up to their best lights.

The first count against them is cowardice. Some must plead guilty at the outset. Others excuse silence in political crises by urging that the burden of daily duties prevents such a mastery of political questions as would warrant them in posing as leaders and throwing the weight of their official positions on one side or the other. As private persons, they have strong convictions; but they hesitate at a step which in public opinion would commit the university in a partisan contest. To be involved in a political fight may seriously damage an educational institution, impair its usefulness in its legitimate field; and the president may therefore think twice before taking the stump, and yet not be exactly a poltroon. But ignoring the extenuating circumstances, we find that college presidents still compare favorably with the damned who suffer in the next circle above them in the inferno—United States Senators. For unhesitating courage, President Hyde of Bowdoin ranks with Senator Hale or Senator Frye; President Tucker of Dartmouth,

with Burnham or Gallinger; Eliot of Harvard and Harris of Amherst, with Hoar and Lodge; Faunce of Brown, with Aldrich or Wetmore; Hadley of Yale, with Platt or Hawley; Butler of Columbia and Schurman of Cornell, with Platt or Depew; Wilson of Princeton, with Dryden or Kean. Indeed, college presidents are not absolutely despicable when set against the most heroic figures in American life—newspaper editors. A detailed comparison here would be easy; but every man can make it for himself, beginning with President Hyde and the editor of the Portland *Argus*, and ending with President Wilson and the Newark *Advertiser*.

The second count is boot-licking for the sake of endowments. But the amount of actual begging which college presidents do is much exaggerated. Some chronic and shameless mendicants there may be, but there are a number of presidents who are neither highwaymen nor toadies. A college president who is reputed to be very successful in raising money lately remarked in private: "There are not half a dozen men to whom I ever said a word suggesting gifts to the university. The corporation has been very anxious to protect its executive from such tasks. The same thing is true of all the older colleges." Men in other callings are forced into much more begging. The average minister has more to do with raising money than the average president ever dreams of. Nearly every pastor in the country faces the financial problem, and has literally to raise his own salary by filling the pews with people who will pay it. More than that, every man who believes in philanthropy is a beggar for some good cause. No one ever condemns the layman who spends and is spent in behalf of our hospitals, settlements, and schools; on the contrary, the efforts of our merchants and bankers to get money from their friends for a noble undertaking are always counted to them for righteousness. People point to the late Gen. S. C. Armstrong, who secured so much for Hampton, as the ideal of a high-souled public benefactor. Booker T. Washington, in his 'Up from Slavery,' testifies that he has "always avoided what the world calls 'begging'." "I think," he says, "that the presentation of facts on a high, dignified plane is all the begging that most rich people care for." He adds that such work has given him an opportunity to meet "the best people in the world." Indubitably, he and the cause of education would have been the losers if he were able to remain shut within the walls of Tuskegee. No, it is not the filthy lucre that contaminates college presidents or other people, but the filthy spirit.

On the last count most of our college presidents can plead not guilty. A few of them may be stunned by the shouting of undergraduates, and a few may imagine that noisy young graduates express the mature views of the alumni; but such misguided men are uncommon. Indeed, our college presidents have, on the whole, offered the sanest and most caustic criticism of athletic excesses. They, if any, are in a position to note the disastrous effects of the craze for intercollegiate games, its inroads upon the true efficiency of a university. When we observe the hysteria of the daily and weekly press on the occasion of a football game between Harvard and Yale, when we listen to the chatter about muscular Christianity in which enthusiastic but short-sighted clergymen indulge, we can always turn to the reports of President Eliot and refresh ourselves with his calm indifference to the shriekings of the mob. He and his fellow-laborers are not yet deserving of utter reprobation.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MILITANT JAPAN.

TOKYO, February 3, 1904.

The delay of Japan to strike her menacing antagonist has caused much surprise in Europe and America. Besides the reasons usually assigned, there are others of great weight. If their import were grasped, the surprise would be vastly greater than it is. Two grounds for prompt action by Japan have been made clear. (1.) The relative strength of Japan, as compared with that of Russia, was at its maximum nearly one year ago. The last increment in the "post-bellum programme" was then added to the navy, while the army and the coast defences were as strong then as they are now. Russia has used the interval vastly to increase her strength on land and sea, while Japan was a quiet witness to the preparations of her antagonist. (2.) Armed conflict with Russia seems sooner or later inevitable. This is a logical inference from the growth, the aggressions, and the mode of procedure of Russia. To Japan, it was as clear a year ago as it is now. Japanese policy since 1896 has almost rested on it as a practical axiom.

Two other motives make a strong undercurrent drawing Japan in the same direction. Uncertainty heaps up economic loss for the nation. The extent of these losses cannot be accurately stated, but they are enormous. They are not measured merely by the disorders created since the critical situation began to develop nearly a year ago. For years, economic progress has had to carry the dead weight of a conscious peril. The ominous shadow of a possible conflict with Russia has, since 1896, and especially since 1900, chilled the ardor of initiative and enterprise in the whole nation—who knows how much? The nation has labored like a husbandman who clears the land and plants his vineyard under an impending avalanche. In the cheerful sunlight of the fertile plain, how much more "heart" would there be in his labor!

But, for nearly a year now, much more is lacking in the national labor than the mere element of cheer. There has been a positive and palpable slackening of the pace. Five years ago, the reaction after the war with China had ended, and a powerful economic momentum had been attained. It was only temporarily retarded by the "Boxer" troubles. Just when the momentum had been regained and every other condition seemed to favor increased impetus, Russia's action took a course opposite to that indicated by her professions and specific promises. The political situation transformed the economic conditions. In industry and trade, sluggishness and stagnation appeared. Of all this, the condition of the money market is a sufficient index. Since 1898, banks had paid 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. on current deposits, and were incessantly embarrassed by lack of funds. For the last year they have been embarrassed by a surfeit of funds. Rates of interest were repeatedly lowered, reaching 2 per cent. to 3 per cent. on current account. Each reduction of interest apparently aggravated, instead of relieving, the conditions. Extensive refunding of debts was effected, but vainly has the press urged the people to use the unprecedentedly cheap funds to open new enterprises and to extend the scale of existing operations. The people have been content to let their funds lie in bank or to buy the better securities and *to wait*. The cause being specific and known, economic loss and suspense are strong motives for immediate action.

Beyond all specific reasons why Japan should have promptly entered the lists against Russia, there is a strong general reason, viz., it was an opportunity at hand to gain a prestige which she covets, and which she believes can be gained only by martial victory over a Western Power. The existence and strength of this motive are best explained by a quotation (written several years ago) from Capt. Brinkley, who is perhaps the best authority among foreigners on such subjects:

"No one who should tell the Japanese of to-day that the consideration they have won from the West is due solely to their progress in peaceful arts, would find serious listeners. They themselves held that belief as a working incentive twenty years ago, but experience has dissipated it, and they now know that the world never took any respectful notice of them until they showed themselves capable of winning battles. At first they imagined that they might efface the Oriental stigma by living up to civilized standards; but the success they had attained was scarcely perceptible, when suddenly their victorious war with China seemed to win for them more esteem in half a year than their peaceful industry had won for them in half a century. The perception of that fact upset their estimate of the qualifications necessary for a place in 'the foremost files of time,' and had much to do with the desire they henceforth developed for expanded armaments. . . . Japan has risen to the headship of the Far East. Is that the goal of her ambition? One of her favorite sayings is, 'Better be the tail of an ox than the comb of a cock.' She is now the comb of the Oriental cock. That is not enough. She wants to be the tail of the Occidental ox. How is it to be done? Evidently by following the route that has already led her so far. She can not turn back. Her destiny forces her on, and there is no mistaking the signpost set up by her recent experience. She has been taught that fighting capacity is the only sure passport to European esteem, and she has also been told again and again, is still perpetually told, that her victory over China proved nothing about her competence to stand on the lists of the West. She will complete the proof, or try to complete it. Nothing is more certain, nothing more apparent to all who have watched her closely."

Japan is, therefore, among the nations whose civilization she has espoused, like

the "new" boy who must "prove his mettle" in order to gain standing in his new circle of associates. But it is not malice that prompts the fight. It is coercive sentiment. While war would be welcome to a great part of the nation, the Government has used every honorable means to preserve the peace.

In the face of such motives promptly to accept repeated challenges from Russia, why has Japan waited? Reasons for the delay have appeared in the foreign press, but over against the preceding facts they hang very light in the scale.

(1.) Cowardice is a reason actually alleged by many Russians. Whether they honestly believed it or not, Russians in the extreme Orient have persistently represented to Chinese and Koreans that Japan feared the colossal might of Russia, and hence meekly swallowed her repeated insults. Thus it is credibly reported that Fu Yu-fen, on his return from Port Arthur in December, told Prince Ching that Viceroy Alexieff and his staff officers had shown Fu the Russian fleet and fortifications; that they represented Japan as being helpless in the face of such preparations. The staff officers plainly said that, when Russia flatly rejected the Japanese demands, the Tokyo Government had humbly requested Russia to reconsider her resolution, and that such facts clearly showed that Japan had not the heart to fight. Russians at Port Arthur and Vladivostok even now hold the Japanese—soldiers and citizens, Government and nation—in absolute contempt. Certain it is that Russia long mistook the temper of Japan. But in no other quarter have Japanese patience and forbearance been construed as cowardice.

(2.) More plausible and more general is the belief that Japan fears, not to fight, but the fatal consequences of war. It is said that she sees little to gain through victory, and national greatness—perhaps even national existence—to lose through defeat. Immediate victory must, because of the colossal pressure and inexhaustible reserve of Russia, be followed by ultimate defeat. Immediate defeat must make national calamity in larger or smaller measure quick and sure. If victory can bring only "Dead Sea" fruits, and defeat must make ruin immediate and certain, would it not be wise to avert the conflict and trust to time, to new combinations, to possible disintegration of the Russian Empire, or to possible regeneration of the Chinese Empire, to deliver Japan from the paws of crushing fate? When threatening clouds lower all around, is it not best to follow reason and instinct alike towards the single ray of light? So Japan is picturesquely represented, and she is pitied for her seemingly relentless, grinding fate. But statesmen do not hang issues so heavy on hopes so slight. Daniel might hope for deliverance by miracle, but nations dare not. Japan has the situation to resolve, and she does not wait for a spontaneous solution.

The controlling motive of Japan is, in fact, regard for foreign favor. Her patience and self-restraint are intended to win the approbation, if not the support, of the outside world. She feels, as any Western Power in her place would feel, the pressure of the world for peace. In this, she has been especially susceptible to the influence of Great Britain and the United States—the former her ally, and the latter her traditional friend. But she has felt, in addition, powerful restraints which no Western Power in her place would feel. Her recent entrance into the comity of nations imposes restraints. Japan feels that, in the eyes of the West, she is still on probation. In the zeal of her youth, she was severely chastened. The coalition of three great Powers to clip her wings was a harsh disillusion, but the lesson was well impressed. She will now employ no means, pursue no course, and seek no end that disinterested nations might condemn. In short, the reasons for her self-effacing policy in connection with the "Boxer" complications now operate with magnified force.

Japan, again, will give no food to feed the Western fear of the "Yellow Peril." She recognizes that the crime of her color is still greater than the crime of her youth. She recognizes the existence in the West of a fear that she may teach the yellow race its power, and then lead it to its revenge. She has even seen a recent minister of the French Cabinet conjuring with this satanic wand; and she knows the sensitive superstition of his audience. She cannot afford to give the least ground to justify those fears. The fact of her having twice within ten years fought against China—once alone, once in coalition with Western Powers—did not remove this worst aspect of the "Oriental stigma." She must not, therefore, hasten too ardently to the seeming defence of a yellow race, not even with the express purpose to defend her own vital interests. Better fight more and harder battles later than suffer greater defeat in hastily winning easy ones. To assure this, however, she dare not strike till her conciliatory spirit, her remarkable forbearance, the very moderation of her demands shall have convinced her friends, if not all other nations, that she fights, not for territory, but for life; not for closing markets from the world, but for keeping them open for the world; not for the yellow race, but for the *human* race.

Japan is in a truly hard position. In her own heart she would desire only peace and space to breathe. Yet these are harshly denied her. She has cast her lot irrevocably with the West; yet among Western Powers she still finds herself in the position of a suspect. They distrust her capacity, and they mistrust her of sinister designs. By a strange irony of fate she is goaded to welcome war with a Western Power in order to prove her capacity. Yet she is restrained from accepting a direct challenge or even resenting bad treatment, because it might seem to justify the suspicion of sinister designs. But delay gives time for all to see the vital truth, viz., that the "Yellow Peril" is at most a remote contingency, a mere spectre, to escape which it would be folly to seek refuge under the approaching Russian avalanche.

E. H. VICKERS.

THE WHISTLERS IN EDINBURGH.

LONDON, February 17, 1904.

Edinburgh has been more prompt than Boston in paying a tribute to the memory of Whistler. The Exhibition organized by the Copley Society will open next week—will have opened before my letter can reach New York. But already a collection of Whistlers, as important in quality if not in numbers, has been arranged, and has been on view in the annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy since the 6th of February. Some account of it must be of interest at the moment when everybody will be going to see the collection in Boston, for one exhibition supplements the other.

Scotland, at least, has of late years done her best to make up for the indifference and contempt with which the entire United Kingdom always treated Whistler, and England—save for the International Society of which he was the president—until the very end. The "Carlyle," as everybody now knows, was bought by Glasgow—the only one of Whistler's pictures in any national or municipal British collection. The Scottish Academy, as everybody may not yet know, made Whistler an honorary member not so very much more than a year ago, while within even a shorter time the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow. I say nothing of the fact that, long before, Scottish collectors had begun to buy his pictures; for, after all, there were a few English collectors who from almost his earliest period showed the same good sense and who are among the most notable contributors to the present exhibition, though Scottish and English collectors both have recently displayed such a readiness to dispose of their Whistlers, at enormously increased prices, to American buyers that an outcry has been raised in the country that never thought of securing one when it had the chance—and has not yet. However, a few of Whistler's masterpieces still remain in the United Kingdom, and Edinburgh could easily fill the serious gaps in Boston. The "Mother," perhaps the greatest of all, has not been spared from Paris for either exhibition. But the "Carlyle" cannot be overshadowed even by the Luxembourg portrait, and the "Carlyle" has been sent from Glasgow, and there is nothing approaching it in importance in America—though it might be remembered that America could have had it, and that Whisler's portrait of his mother toured the country, vainly seeking a purchaser, for months.

I do not think I ever quite realized before the wonderful beauty of the "Carlyle." In the Glasgow galleries it has always looked, though I was hardly willing to admit it, flat and dingy. It impressed me more a few years since, when it hung at the Guildhall in London, and all the pictures of the modern men who are considered masters in England, including Mr. Sargent, faded into insignificance before it. But it impresses me most now at Edinburgh, where it has been excellently placed in the "Great Room," so there can be no question in my mind that the fault at Glasgow was in the lighting, and not in the picture. Where it is hanging at the Scottish Academy, not only the character in the face, and the pose, the decorative dignity, in the composition, can be seen, but the subtle harmonies that play all through it. Splendid as are many of the other Whistlers shown, I cannot help feeling that among them the "Carlyle" towers.

One of these others is the "Miss Alexander," no less famous, made no less familiar by frequent reproduction; by some people considered the finest portrait of all, excelling even the "Mother" and the "Carlyle." With this I do not find it easy to

agree, for it does not gain by being seen with the other portraits. I do not mean to say it is not fine. It is—one of the finest pictures painted in modern times. But it has not the distinction of the "Carlyle." The figure does not fill the canvas as faultlessly, as inevitably, as that of the old man who sits in the quiet room. Nor do the butterflies, the daisies, the detail of the floor, the cloak on the chair seem to belong as absolutely to the design as the few simple accessories in the "Carlyle." There is the same mastery of paint, the same unerring feeling for beauty, the same refinement; and it may be, too, that the picture would show to better advantage if it were cleaned and varnished. I do not want to be misunderstood. I would not venture to criticise so great a work of the master. It is only that I do not think Whistler, in it, reached quite the same height of perfection as in the "Carlyle." It is said that he had infinite trouble and difficulty with his subject, and so it seems; the little girl looks tired—tired out.

The second "Miss Alexander," which I had never seen before, is also here, gray like the "Carlyle," but, unfortunately, like many pictures left by Whistler—for instance, the beautiful "Tulipe: Rose et Or," now at the International—unfinished. And still another portrait I had never seen before is the "Mrs. Huth," a marvellous arrangement of black against black—and such blacks! Who but Whistler could have created them? The portrait of Irving as Philip II. I do know. But in the Grafton Gallery, where it was last, I believe, publicly exhibited, the light was bad, and half its charm disappeared. I understand, moreover, that the picture has been cleaned since then; certainly, now, one can enjoy not merely the fine swagger of the pose, but the delicate harmony in the color—the black cloak telling so splendidly against the black background—and the amazing way in which the decoration is put in. By the side of Velasquez's Actor, it would hold its own.

These portraits make an extraordinary group, and my regret is that they were not hung together, and their effect thus concentrated. And the Scottish artists who are represented must feel something of the same regret, for though no doubt the intention was to honor them by placing them next to Whistler, they suffer sadly from the compliment. In the comparison, the commonplace of their own vision is exposed, and the coarseness of their methods. Besides these portraits, there are a number of characteristic pictures: the "Valparaiso"—the upright one with the mysterious figures on the great pier (the other, for the moment, can be seen at the International in London); the "Old Battersea Bridge," so fine in tone, and the "Trafalgar Square, Chelsea," all of London in it—the painting that bewildered and misled the poor critic when it was first shown; "The Thames," painted from the same place from which the wonderful lithograph was made, and as wonderful in its way; the blue "Nocturne," one of the loveliest of them all. I should also mention Whistler's small portrait of himself, with the paint-brushes, the work of some thirty years or so ago—proof that he had developed and mastered his methods from the very beginning; several small heads of children; series of the little studies of the sea he was constantly making, giving to the subject a beauty of color no one before him had suspected; the little shops that he always discovered, no matter where he happened to be, inexhaustibly picturesque and suggestive in his eyes, though no other painter had ever looked at them in just the same way. All these are things that Boston cannot have, though the collection there, I suppose, will be much larger.

The water-colors have a no less prominent place; and who could, or can, suggest a great interior, or a quiet little village green, in this medium with such delicacy, such directness, such subtlety? And there are a few of his exquisite pastels as well. While a special point has been made of the etchings, there has been no attempt to get together so comprehensive a collection as that exhibited in the autumn by Messrs. Obach in London, or of seeking the sensation of forgotten plates and unknown states, as was done at the Leicester Gallery. But two of the finest and most characteristic series have been obtained—the work the artist prizes for its beauty, not the experiments which the amateur collects for their rarity. The prints of the Thames set, lent by Mr. Pennell, are unusually fine, and these etchings, almost his first, Whistler never excelled, though he may have equalled them; and, indeed, no more beautiful etchings were ever made by any one, anywhere. The Venice set comes from Windsor Castle; the prints are probably early ones, and therefore very interesting, but they are not as fine as many later impressions I have seen. These two sets are fairly representative of Whistler's work as an etcher; and as long as the collection could not be complete, a better choice could not have been made.

Altogether, the exhibition at the Scottish Academy is one that the student of Whistler's art cannot ignore. It may be that a still more exhaustive show will be arranged later on; but at the present moment, anybody who comes straight from Boston to Edinburgh will have an opportunity to study Whistler that has never been offered before. The show, which he superintended himself, at the Goupil Gallery (London) early in the nineties, had the additional interest of his approval—it represented him as he wanted to be represented; but the two exhibitions now open are wider in their scope and cover a longer period.

N. N.

THE WHISTLER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

BOSTON, February 25, 1904.

Whistler has surely come to his own at last, as far as Boston is concerned. At the present moment, besides the memorial exhibition organized by the Copley Society, there are two other Whistler exhibitions open here—an exhibition of reproductions, etc., at the Public Library, and an exhibition of etchings at a dealer's. Every one is talking and thinking of Whistler, and the opening reception of the Copley Society's exhibition was, as a reception, a brilliant success. Everybody who is anybody in Boston, socially or intellectually, seems to have been there, mingled with artists, critics, and connoisseurs from many other cities. Copley Hall was crowded to suffocation for several hours, while the street was blocked with carriages and the lobbies were thronged with arriving and departing guests. Under such conditions, it would have been impossible to see the pictures, even by daylight, and Whistler's work is less fitted than almost any other to be understood or appreciated by the glare of artificial illumination. One postponed consideration of the works which were the occasion of the gathering, and confined one's self to wondering what many of the people there really thought of the artist in whose honor they were assembled, and what that artist himself, could he have been present, would have thought of the manner in which the honor was conferred. One can imagine him delighted at his personal triumph, yet somewhat chagrined at the temporary eclipse of his art, and a little cynical as to the real value of the tribute.

Such memorial exhibitions of the work of a recently dead master, common enough abroad, are rather new in this country, and it may be said at once that the Copley Society has done extremely well. It was fitting that the exhibition should be held in Whistler's native country and native State, for, though he preferred to call himself "of Baltimore," he was actually born in Lowell, and probably more of his work is owned in this country than in any other. Most of this the Society has secured, and it has also borrowed some important and beautiful pictures from abroad. In spite of some inevitable *lacunæ*, the exhibition is thus a large and representative one—almost too large from one point of view. It contains more than eighty paintings in oil, and a hundred or more drawings, watercolors, and pastels, besides eighty etchings, dry-points, and lithographs. The exhibition is the outcome of six years of effort, for the Society was apparently prevented from holding it during Whistler's lifetime only by the artist's fastidious objection to large exhibitions. He preferred to show his works a few at a time, in carefully selected groups and in delicately chosen surroundings, so that each individual picture or etching might have its due of quiet contemplation. Undoubtedly he would have felt that in such an exhibition as this, however carefully arranged, some of the pictures must be sacrificed to others, and would have thought a part, even a small part, better than the whole. From the point of view of the impression to be made on the general public, also, it is doubtful if the exhibition is not too large. It contains many tentative efforts in directions which the artist found to be false routes, and soon abandoned; many works never really completed according to his own standard of completion—insufficient things which had not or should not have left his studio; some things which, though conceived on his own best lines and completed to the measure of his ability at the moment, are yet failures. If some of these things could be eliminated, the exhibition would be finer, and would give a better notion of Whistler's special gifts to a public that may possibly be puzzled and disconcerted by them, and may give them undue weight in estimating the value of his art.

For the serious student, however, these very pictures have a great interest, and such an one cannot wish them away. To know how a given artist attempted this or that before he found what he could do best; how

he attacked his problem, and his methods of beginning a work of art as well as the final result; how he failed as well as how he succeeded—all this is necessary to our understanding of him. For the student, then, the exhibition is none too large, and his only regret is that it could not have been a little larger—that it could not have included certain pictures of special interest from their date or their exceptional importance, such as "At the Piano," the earliest of the specifically Whistlerian Whistlers, the portrait of Carlyle, and that of the artist's mother which the world proclaims his masterpiece, or the "Miss Alexander" which his special admirers generally prefer to it.

If these pictures were, for one or another reason, unobtainable, the Society has yet been able to gather works fairly and worthily representing every phase of Whistler's artistic activity and every epoch of his career, and to display them in a creditable manner; endeavoring to follow, as nearly as possible, Whistler's own ideas of installation and decoration. The oil paintings (all but a few small ones which hang in a screened-off lobby within the entrance) occupy the main gallery, which is large enough to obviate any necessity of crowding the pictures together or of hanging them very high; so that while there is not all the amplitude of spacing which might be desired, there is yet a reasonable border of plain wall surrounding each work. This wall has been covered with a silvery gray grass-cloth, of Japanese origin, and woven with a faint striping or clouding in the color, which makes a very favorable background for most of the pictures, though its faintly violet or pinkish hue contrasts rather too sharply with such of the earlier works as have become, or always were, somewhat yellower or browner in tone than those of a later date. The lower part of the walls is broken with horizontal battens, while at the top, just below the cornice, are spaced certain golden butterflies designed, I believe, by the architect, Mr. Howard Walker, and extremely well designed. With the object of still further breaking the great height of the room, certain bits of bric-à-brac—brass plates and the like—have been placed here and there; and though one may think these unnecessary, they are not very obtrusive. A great white baldachin shades the middle of the room and concentrates the light upon the walls; and, of a bright morning, the lighting is adequate and agreeable. The stage of the hall has been screened off to produce a small room which contains the drawings and lithographs, while the watercolors, pastels, and etchings hang in certain side rooms. These smaller rooms are hung in white and yellow, and the amount of work shown has necessitated some crowding, so that it is more difficult to concentrate attention on particular pieces. Unless one has a great deal of time to spend upon the exhibition, this part of it is likely to leave a somewhat confused impression of mass; but this fault seems to be unavoidable under the circumstances.

Those in charge seem to have committed only one real error. The familiar-looking catalogues bear on their brown covers Whistler's mark, the butterfly, represented with the sting in its tail which he added when he was engaged in critic-baiting; and the same form of signature appeared on the cards of invitation to the reception. Whistler himself never used it on any work of art; and surely, in this memorial exhibition, it is with his art alone that we are concerned. Some day it will be necessary to consider 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies' for the light it may throw upon the character of its author; but for the present it is as well to forget it.

Though there are inevitable transpositions due to the exigencies of the hanging, there is something like a rough chronological order in the placing of the paintings; the pictures beginning at the left of the door being mostly early work, while those on the right wall are mostly late. After the middle sixties Whistler seldom dated his work, and there are few indications of date in the catalogue. Some help can be got from the varying forms of signature, though not all his important works are signed; some from evidences of style. From such sources and what one can pick up from owners and connoisseurs, one gains a notion of the development of Whistler's style and the stages through which it passed; and, in trying to give an idea of the contents of the exhibition, I shall follow something like the order of production.

There are some schoolboy drawings of Whistler's here, done when he was fifteen or sixteen years of age, which I confess I did not see, and some work, done under instruction at West Point, which has no value save that of curiosity, and shows no special promise. He began the serious study of art in Paris in 1856, and his earliest etchings were done in 1858 and 1859. Of about the same time must be the often reproduced portrait of himself, "Whistler with a Hat," No. 55. It is neither very good nor in any way characteristic of the artist, and is principally interesting because it shows unmistakably the influence of Courbet. Courbet was at that time the great revolutionary force in French painting, and it was his success that caused Gleyre, Whistler's titular master, to retire in disgust from the Salon; so that it is interesting to see that his influence was the first notable one brought to bear on the young artist. This portrait is also important as fixing a date, and as reminding us that Whistler goes back to a time preceding impressionism. He was only a year younger than Manet, and the development of the two artists was, for a time, almost parallel. With the later developments of impressionism Whistler had no sympathy whatever—indeed, his conception of art was radically opposed to that of the impressionists; yet the starting-point of both his art and theirs was the realism of Courbet.

"At the Piano," which I know only in reproduction, is supposed to have been painted about 1860, and its character would seem to have been a presage of Whistler's later style. Not so with the next picture exhibited in Copley Hall, dated 1861, the "Coast of Brittany," No. 42. This is an attempt at plain realism, and not a very successful attempt. It represents a huddle of rocks, all of one heavy brown, amongst which is a poorly drawn and painted figure of a Breton peasant girl; a strip of intensely blue sea beyond; and a rather commonplace and ugly blue sky. Nearly contemporaneous should be the "Interior" of a Breton cottage, No. 49, which is equally without special quality. The next year, 1862, produced three remarkable pictures, "The Blue Wave," "The Building of Westminster Bridge," and the "White Girl," Nos. 54, 34, and 71. "The Blue Wave" is a sort of sequel to the "Coast of Brittany." There is the same intense blue of the sea, the same or a deeper brown in the rocks, a greater vigor and a stronger sense of life and motion. But there is also a charm of beautiful arrangement, and a rich harmoniousness of color which the earlier work entirely lacked. It is already a Whistler, and a fine one, though with stronger oppositions of light and dark and of warm and cold color than his matured taste would have approved. The "Building of Westminster Bridge" appears to me a very great and impressive picture, but one which seems to announce a talent of an altogether different kind from that of Whistler. In subject it is connected with the early etchings of the Thames series, its *motif* being that of intricate line as shown in the timbers of the scaffolding. In painting it is vigorous, direct, and extremely skilful. Its color is warm and conventional, composed mostly of yellowish and brownish grays. But its most notable quality is an imaginative lift—a feeling of the conquering power of humanity over matter. From it one would expect that the painter was to develop into a great landscape painter, partly realistic, partly romantic, not like any one of the French romantic school, but with strong affinity for them all. "The White Girl," on the contrary, is unmistakably Whistler, and Whistler alone—the first of the "Symphonies in White," though that title was not invented until the painting of the "Symphony in White No. 2." It is warmer in color than those which succeeded it, and suffers a little from its present surroundings. It has probably turned a trifle yellow from age, but it must always have had a slightly browner tone than its later companions. Apart from this, it manifests nearly all the characteristics of its author, at least in germ—his hatred of rotundity and aggressive modelling, his love for delicate oppositions as of white on white or black on black, his beauty of spacing and pattern, his grace of line, and his carelessness of, or inability for, constructive drawing. The qualities it has not he never mastered; the qualities it has he refined on more and more, making them more prominent by the deliberate sacrifice of the others. But there is a youthful freshness and charm in this early work which makes one like it better than some more mature and masterly things.

In 1863 Whistler painted "The Thames," No. 70, a singularly dry and uninspiring production, and in 1864 "The Thames in Ice," No. 31, a vigorous sketch which seems to reveal, for once, the influence of Manet. But in these years, from 1860 to 1864, he must have been producing, also, a series of sketches, now belonging to Mr. Freer, which are delicious in themselves, and of extreme interest. They may easily be misunderstood if their date and purpose be not kept in mind. I gather from their present owner that they were hardly considered by Whistler as completed works of art, and that most of them never left his studio until his death. They were experiments, preludings, attempts to master new ideas of arrangement and a new key of color. They hang, all together, near the entrance to the gallery, and are numbered from 19 to 24. The "Venus" has no face

and no arms, and no legs below the knee, but the tone and color of flesh are exquisite. The others are in the nature of sketches of compositions, partly Japanese, partly Greek in inspiration; quite without specific form or detail, but admirably graceful in line and altogether lovely in delicate, clear color. No one that I know of had at that time done anything like them, though they remind one of what the art of Albert Moore was to be.

In 1864 Whistler made an ambitious attempt to carry out on a large scale a scheme of this kind in the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," which occupies a place of honor at the end of the gallery. The picture has been vastly admired, but does not seem to me successful. For once the painter missed the perfect harmony of color and tone which he sought, while the absence of firm representation is even more conspicuous than usual. The greatest merit in the picture is its grace of sweeping line. A year or two later (the picture once bore a date, but it has been painted out by the artist himself) came the "Little White Girl" or "Symphony in White No. 2" (No. 28 in the catalogue). It is an almost unequivocal success, a trifle edgy in its flatness, but perfect in its harmony of arrangement and of color. The girl's face and figure have been thought to reflect the temporary influence of Rossetti, and certainly they have a kind of beauty not elsewhere visible in Whistler's work. The face in the mirror is not so successful, but the picture is, as a whole, of a refined loveliness of which few artists have been capable. Of nearly the same period must be another delightful picture, Mr. Hecker's "Music Room," No. 15, almost as perfect a piece of art as exists, though it is somewhat enigmatic. One does not quite know what the woman in a black riding-habit is doing, or how the elderly lady at the piano comes to be reflected as she is in the mirror without being visible in the room itself; but one does not greatly care. The richness of the black, the Corot-like quality of the flesh, the ravishing beauty of color, the justness of value, and the wonderful lightness of execution—these are enough.

The next few years were those of Whistler's most abundant production, and in them he struck, in rapid succession, all the notes of his gamut. To the late sixties or the early seventies belong the portrait of his mother, the portrait of Carlyle, the "Miss Alexander," "The Balcony" (No. 37), and "The Ocean" (No. 74), and others betraying the Japanese influence, and the first of the later marines and of the nocturnes. The three great portraits mentioned are not here, but the "Rosa Corder" (No. 25) must be of about their time, and is an admirable picture, far more complete than any other of the portraits here shown. It is an arrangement of black on black, with a single note of brown in the hat which the lady holds in her gloved hand; and the tone is both full and subtile, while the pattern of line is delightful. The head is low in tone and with little modelling, but is finely drawn and beautiful in character. The picture is not only a fine work of art, but a sympathetic portrait.

From the time he was forty or thereabout, there seems to have been a lessened physical vitality in Whistler, and his work becomes less abundant and less complete. We have fewer pictures of a kind which require any sustained effort, his canvases become smaller and his handling grows slighter. He cares less and less for serious study of character in portraiture or for realization in anything, and his art approaches nearer and nearer to what he tried to prove all art should be—a pure matter of the arrangement of tones and lines, with no other meaning than its beauty. It is the time of "harmonies" and "nocturnes" and "notes"—a "symphony" is too ambitious and complicated. His best work in oils, during the last thirty years of his life, seems to have been confined to certain heads and certain sea and river sketches on canvases a foot or two square, or panels of a few inches in dimension—many of them painted at a sitting, others painted and repainted yet left, intentionally or unintentionally, with something of the vagueness of sketches. But if he has eliminated all but a few qualities of painting, he expresses those which he has retained with the greater perfection. If you will be content to ask for nothing but what he gives, he will give you such delicate sensations as you will get from no one else, as delicate as the odor of vanished flowers. I must be content to name a few of these things which seem to me to be among the finest of them, such as "Le Petit Cardinal" (No. 40) and "The Little Rose of Lyme Regis" (No. 43) among the heads; or "Blue and Silver—Trouville" (No. 51), cool and pearly; "Nocturne in Blue and Silver—Cremorne Lights" (No. 56), quite perfect; the nocturne of which the sub-title is "Bognor" (No. 65), and two of "Chelsea Embankment" and "Battersea Reach" (Nos. 61 and 63), which are wonderful suggestions of atmosphere and the mystery of night. Mention should also be made of "The Falling Rocket" (No. 64), which was one of the pictures so unsparingly censured by Ruskin, and of the similar, but somewhat less successful, "Fire Wheel," No. 66.

I shall not attempt, in the tail of this letter, to deal with the lithographs and etchings, nor do I feel particularly competent to do so at any time; but a word must be said of the pastels. They are the last word of slightness—a bit of gray or brown paper, a line of two of crayon and a touch or two of color—a kind of disembodied art, a hint, an insinuation of beauty; but they are so dainty, so graceful, so charming, that one understands the enthusiastic admiration of the true devotee of Whistler, and may even incline to wonder if they are not, perhaps, the best he had to give us. For, after all, Whistler's was a slender and fine talent rather than a great and robust one—a talent of nice discriminations and fastidious choice, of elegance rather than of strength; and his peculiar qualities shine the more clearly when all effort at realization has been abandoned, when the grosser elements of art have been purged away and painting has almost ceased to be representation. It was not for nothing that he chose the butterfly for his emblem, and these are the most butterfly-like of his works, as light and as evanescent—a hover of painted wings, a dip to the choicest flower, and gone again.

KENYON COX.

Correspondence.

NOTICE OF WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The answer authorities on international law would be most apt to make, in reply to the inquiry of your correspondent "Pacificus" as to "what, or whether any, preliminaries are necessary to a commencement of war," is that no preliminaries are essential. Preliminaries have usually taken one of two forms—that of a formal note presented by one of the belligerents to the other, or that of a manifesto issued by one state announcing to the world that a state of war exists between itself and another State. In the case of the manifesto, no time need elapse before the first blow is struck; in the case of the formal note, the first actual hostile act would serve equally well as notice, inasmuch as it is not the intention to warn the enemy in order that he may have time and opportunity to put himself in a state of defence. We have not yet come to that quixotic stage of development, and the most that can be said of either note or manifesto is, that they are a survival of the mediæval fashion of a fanfare of trumpets and a herald's voice in the opposing court, or, in modern phrase, to put one's self properly on record. There is no thought of giving the other party time to bolster up defences.

The practical futility of the formal declaration is shown in the three modern instances of its adoption. The Crimean war was opened by the observance of every formality; the war of 1870 was begun by a declaration handed to Bismarck by the French *chargé d'affaires*, and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 by the presentation of a dispatch to the Turkish *chargé* at St. Petersburg, and yet in each case no time was allowed for dissemination of the news before blows fell. In the latter case, Turkish territory had been invaded some months previous to the notice.

William Edward Hall, the eminent English writer upon international law, says, in his treatise on the subject:

"To regard a manifesto as the equivalent of a declaration, is to be satisfied with a fiction, unless it be understood that hostilities are not to commence until after there is a reasonable certainty that authenticated information of its contents has reached the enemy Government. The use of a declaration does not exclude surprise, but it at least provides that notice shall be served an infinitesimal space of time before a blow is struck. A manifesto, apart from the reservation mentioned, is quite consistent with a blow before notice. The truth is that no forms give security against disloyal conduct, and that when no disloyalty occurs, states always sufficiently well know when they stand on the brink of war. Partly for the convenience of the subjects of the state, and partly as a matter of duty towards neutrals, a manifesto or an equivalent notice ought always to be issued when possible, before the commencement of hostilities; but to imagine a duty of giving notice to an enemy is both to think incorrectly and to keep open a door for recrimination in cases, which may sometimes arise, when action, for example on conditional orders to a general or admiral, takes place in such circumstances that a manifesto cannot be previously published."

According to Holtzendorff's 'Handbuch' (1889, v. IV., §§82-4), neither declaration nor manifesto is necessary, though a belligerent ought, it is said, to give notice of some sort if he can do so consistently with his politi-

cal interest and his military aims, and De Martens ('Traité de Droit Int.,' III., 205) considers that neither proclamation nor diplomatic notice is obligatory, provided that the state of relations is such that hostilities will not be a surprise.

Lack of notice of hostilities is undoubtedly hard on those ships "homeward-bound in full security," but war-clouds do not gather in a day, and, when skies grow threatening, it's well to look out for a storm. Moreover, the object of war is to get the better of your adversary.

SARGENT HOLLAND.

No. 1120 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, February 27, 1904.

WORDS OF COMMENDATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are some things that give us much satisfaction when we realize their worth to us from time to time amid the activities of a busy life. One of them to me is the remembrance of the many years that I have been a constant reader of and subscriber to the *Nation*, and in all those years its unvarying adherence to high standards in its praise and criticism of public men and policies. Not always have I held to the same views, yet always has the standard been clear and elevated. To-day it is still an inspiration, amid untold causes and cases for discouragement; and while praise and eulogy for a distinguished Senator are still holding forth and overcome all who attempt to define or reason as to what is best or better, the *Nation*, with its usual thoughtful comment, holds up the man and his methods and the judgment that has been passed on all such, in spite of rank praise and intemperate ovation.

Here in Boston, one other paper has put forth bravely a discriminating estimate that will well compare. For a citizen and voter, it is well that such facts can be recorded and referred to in these days. If it has become the vogue to believe a patriot to be one who can estimate the worth of political parties in dollars, and who can establish the prosperity of a nation on a policy of inflated ideas that makes the average business man think white is black and vice-versa, do we not require such issues of public opinion from those who are brave enough to stand forth and declare them? Surely the average man to-day is a rank coward in his political opinions. He has no views except to shout for the best fellow. He does not recognize a principle in his political creed. It must all be based on the man and his ability to catch votes; and such a vote-getter is worth far more than principles, hath declared every one of our great leaders, and can be bought and measured with a price, while we cannot do this with a principle.

This is the doctrine established by the distinguished Senator just now departed, and by those not so distinguished who have not yet departed, but who still have control. I do not believe it is possible to prevent more or less of false principles or an entire lack of all principle in the control of parties or men, nor do I believe it is possible for this Administration to avoid the natural consequences of such effects to its policy in national affairs, when so manifestly under the leadership of men represented by the much-lamented Senator; but I do most earnestly believe that papers like the *Nation* go far in counteracting the influence of these ideas and methods, and in changing the results, so that men who believe, but do not always dare to stand up, who are strong, but do not have the voice or nerve to declare, can have a leader and a voice at all times among them.

It is such a voice and leadership that I know and wish to recognize now by giving this testimony as to the need and value of views and criticisms such as the *Nation* has always upheld and made clear.

BENJ. SPAULDING.

BOSTON, February 26, 1904.

MR. CHOATE IN ERROR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recently published address on Education in America, delivered at the opening of the summer meeting of the University of Oxford, Mr. Choate, our ambassador to England, has incorrectly stated the scope of the work of two of the foremost educational institutions of the United States.

After praising the Johns Hopkins University as a notable example of private endowment, Mr. Choate says that "it is mainly a post-graduate school, and maintains schools of Law, Medicine, Science, and Agriculture." This statement is partially misleading. Johns Hopkins has no school of Law or of Agriculture, but, in addition to the Scientific and the Medical Schools, it maintains flourishing schools for graduate study in History and Economics, in the Languages, both ancient and modern, and in Philosophy.

Mr. Choate terms the Carnegie Institute "the most signal advance in university extension yet made in America." As generally understood, university extension implies the extension of the benefits of mental culture conferred by a university to persons unable to attend the regular university lectures. This is accomplished by popular lectures, by prescribed readings, or by similar means. The Carnegie Institute is designed to aid trained specialists to carry on extensive research work, and also to aid in strengthening the work of universities already established. Hence it can in no sense be called an example of university extension. It may be noted that Mr. Choate has misused this term, university extension, in other instances. He refers to the founding of Harvard University as "the first and a most signal example of university extension." He also calls attention to the great increase in the technical schools of the United States, as well as to the increased prevalence of the elective system of study in the universities and colleges, as forms of university extension.

The address is, on the whole, an excellent one, and fully adequate to the demands of the subject. BEVERLY W. BOND, JR.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, February 25, 1904.

THE SPELLING OF "ALLEGHENIES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reviewing Vol. VI. of the 'Historic Highways of America' you speak as follows of the spelling of Alleghenies:

"The variety of spellings of an important geographical name almost calls for Federal interference. The river which in New York is officially 'Allegany,' becomes, by crossing the line into Pennsylvania, 'Allegheny,' while in the writings of Roosevelt and others the mountains are the 'Alleghanies,' Mr. Hulbert, however, prefers to call them the 'Alleghenies,' and the spellings found for both river and mountains in the authors whom he quotes are as numerous as those of the name of Shakspere."

When my publishers returned the proof of the volume in question to me, they objected to my spelling of Alleghenies with an "a" because it was contrary to the decision of the United States Board on Geographic Names. I stood corrected, and now have been taken to task for following that decision. I should like to have your opinion on the value of the authority which was followed in this case—the last report of the United States Board on Geographic Names. Is not that the "Federal interference" for which you plead?

Faithfully yours,

ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT.

ROME, ASHTABULA CO., OHIO, February 24, 1904.

[Only nominally; and our remark was playful. The Board has no authority to compel uniformity.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will shortly publish a First and Second 'Book for Non-English-Speaking People,' by W. L. Harrington and Miss Catharine J. Cunningham, who have experimented with their lessons in the evening schools of Boston.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, announce a 'Psychological Year-book,' compiled by Janet Young, and 'The Simple Home,' by Charles Keeler.

'The Socialization of Humanity,' by Charles Kendall Franklin, is soon to be issued by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

From Henry Frowde we may expect 'The Titles of the Psalms: Their Nature and Meaning Explained,' by J. W. Thirtle; 'Chronicles of Adam of Usk' (1377-1421), edited with a translation and notes by Sir E. Maunde Thompson, who edited the British Museum MS. in 1876, when it lacked the concluding quire, since found; 'Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company,' an episode in the establishment of British Trade with Turkey, edited with illustrations by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D.; and a fifth edition of W. E. Hall's 'Treatise on International Law,' brought down to date by J. B. Atlay.

A year ago, in noticing Gardner's 'Story of Siena and San Gimignano,' (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan), we foreshadowed its being reissued in handier form among the "Mediæval Town Series." This has now come to pass, with that companionable gain to the tourist which we also anticipated.

Prof. W. W. Goodwin has prepared an abridged edition of his 'Demosthenes on the Crown,' which has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. It is a volume of about 300 pages, of excellent typography, containing all the apparatus which the college student not a specialist needs for understanding and appreciating the speech. The notes are pointed and brief, though sufficient; the admirable historical sketch of the period is, substantially, retained, together with the analysis of the argument,

discussion of the legal questions, tables of dates, etc. The work is a model text-book for its purpose, in its neatness, finish, and freedom from surplusage. On page 276 the printer has transposed the figures in line 3, making the date 334 instead of 343 B. C.

The, with one exception, complete and unabridged selections in 'Modern Prose,' edited by Profs. Carpenter and Brewster of Columbia (Macmillan), will no doubt be welcome in the secondary schools for which it is intended. The modernity is vouched for by the extracts from Jack London, Hamlin Garland, James Lane Allen, and Maurice Hewlett, in a line stretching from Gibbon down. Ruskin, Carlyle, Thackeray, Stevenson, and Lincoln are doubly exhibited. The variety is still very great; but, to say nothing of the doublets, the living names we have mentioned might all have gone unrepresented in favor of a master of English prose who is not more an Englishman than an American, and to be honored as such. We mean Goldwin Smith. We would also gladly exchange Jack London for Thomas Paine.

The second number of the "Newnes Art Library" (London: George Newnes; New York: Frederick Warne & Co.) deals with 'Velasquez,' and has much the same faults and merits as the first, which was devoted to Reynolds. In this case there are no reproductions of old mezzotints, because, fortunately, no such mezzotints exist. The sixty-odd plates are a liberal allowance—too liberal in some respects, for they include pictures almost certainly not by Velasquez. The "List of Principal Works," which is by no means brought up to date, states that the allegorical figures in the background of the Uffizi equestrian portrait of Philip IV. are "attributed to another hand," but does not notice that the horse and rider are as utterly unlike Velasquez's work as are these figures. The picture answers in every respect to the descriptions of the portrait painted by Rubens in 1628, except that the King is too old for that date. It would seem to be a copy of Rubens, with the head altered to suit the time when it was painted. The portraits of Philip III. and Margaret of Austria are given with no intimation that they were only retouched and altered by Velasquez, who never saw the originals of them and was incapable at any period of the wooden workmanship of the figures. The frontispiece is the early portrait of Don Carlos, brother of Philip IV. (an odd selection), and this is labelled, under the picture itself and in the list of illustrations, "Don Balthasar Carlos," a misnomer which the style of the work should have rendered impossible. This same portrait, by the way, is given in the edition of R. A. M. Stevenson's 'Velasquez' published in the Bell-Macmillan "Great Masters" series as "Philip IV.," a more excusable blunder in that it involves no impossibility of date. The brief biography by A. L. Baldry seems accurate enough as far as it goes, but one would have preferred some pertinent statement of the character of Velasquez's art and of its place in the art-history of the world. Finally, the plates, though somewhat better executed than in the 'Reynolds,' are far from satisfactory.

'The Chemistry of India-Rubber' (Lippincott), by Carl Otto Weber, is a valuable contribution to the rather scanty and untrustworthy literature of this subject. Its 300 pages contain a very satisfactory discussion of the results which have been obtained from the chemical investigation of rubber and its substitutes, as well as of the processes of vulcanization, with a full and carefully considered chapter on the physical testing and chemical analysis of rubber articles. The author writes from an intimate personal acquaintance with his subject, and contributes much valuable material from his own researches. Manufacturing processes as such are not treated. The india-rubber industry has been developed and is still largely developing on empirical lines. Dr. Weber points out that there is a wide field here for scientific investigation, and that the rubber industry of the future will belong to the country which takes the lead in such investigations. This book was avowedly written with the "hope of arousing the interest of chemists and technologists alike to the study of the remarkable class of substances known as india-rubber, the very name of which would seem to suggest that our present-day knowledge of them consisted chiefly in the fact that they may be used for erasing pencil marks"; and it seems admirably conceived to serve this purpose.

'The Art of Illumination,' by Dr. Louis Bell (McGraw Publishing Co.), is a thorough and interesting study of the problems connected with the best utilization of artificial light. The first three chapters give a very readable and instructive discussion of the physical and physiological principles which are involved, and are followed by a detailed description of the various means employed for illumination, with comparisons of their efficiency and economy. The lighting of houses, of large interiors, outdoor and decorative lighting, form the subjects of succeeding chapters. The high intrinsic brilliancy of the incandescent electric and gas lights is a menace to the eyes unless the sources of light are properly placed or screened; while the command we have of intense radiants leads to the temptation of lighting too brilliantly, with injury not only to the eyes but to the artistic effect. Dr. Bell finds, however, that the steady tendency is towards a more and more complete subdivision of the radiants, and subordination of great brilliancy to more perfect distribution. "The true criterion of effective and efficient lighting is not simple illumination, . . . but visual usefulness which takes account of the physiological factors in artificial lighting." The book is thoroughly practical, and abounds in facts and suggestions of great value to all who install or who use artificial light.

Mr. Harold Hilton's 'Mathematical Crystallography and the Theory of Groups of Movements' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde)—"movement," by the way, is an ill-chosen word, since there is no continuity in the transformations considered, and reflexion in a plane is one of them—is a book supplementary to the treatises on crystallography. It is divided into two parts. Part I. is mainly occupied with proving mathematically that the thirty-two classes of crystals with which the reader will be familiar are, upon certain hypotheses sufficiently probable, the only classes possible. What are called "forms" of crystals are not, in this part, seriously considered. On the other hand Part II. may be regarded as an attempt to explain, by further hypotheses, the geometrical nature of crystal-forms, and to show that they are 230 in number. It is an account of recent strictly geometrical studies of possible regular displacements of regular arrangements of molecules in space. No dynamical considerations are introduced; but there is little room for doubt that the results here developed must be the foundation for any future dynamical theory of crystals. The whole is presented with the utmost clearness, and, being very easy to read for a mathematical book, must be studied by every student of crystallography who can make any pretension to thoroughness.

Mr. John Edward Campbell's 'Introductory Treatise on Lie's Theory of Finite Continuous Transformation Groups' (H. Frowde) is the first book presenting in our language an account of perhaps the most important mathematical theory that has had birth in our time; Burnside's 'Theory of Groups' covering the subject only in a general way. Although the omission by Mr. Campbell of the important matter of possible types of group-structure is to be regretted, the student will find this volume by far the best introduction to its subject in any language; for the presentation is fairly abreast of the day, and the theory has been developed in sufficient detail with very considerable ability. There is a convenient index.

The old Spanish poem on the career of Fernan Gonzalez is not a highly interesting literary document; Fitzmaurice-Kelly dismisses it in a single sentence, Ticknor in a couple of lukewarm pages. But Menéndez y Pelayo has recently called attention to its historical significance in the eleventh volume of his "Antología de Poetas Líricos Castellanos," and Prof. C. Carroll Marden has done well to edit it in the spirit of the latest philological sobriety, in his 'Poema de Fernan Gonçalez, texto crítico, con introducción, notas, y glosario' (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press). The editor has had access to much new material, including unpublished fragments of the poem itself and manuscripts of the several prose chronicles based on the poem. As a result of this, he has restored the language and metre to their original thirteenth-century form, and has supplied several passages lacking in the current versions of the text. It is a pity, perhaps, that the American interest in Spanish literature should be so largely limited to textual or philological research; but since it is so, a critical text like this—dedicated to Menéndez Pidal, and worked out in a manner not unlike his own—is worthy of respect.

Students of Dante and of early Italian literature will welcome the illuminating study of Prof. Karl Vossler on 'Die philosophischen Grundlagen zum *süssen neuen Stil* des Guido Guinicelli, Guido Cavalcanti, und Dante Alighieri' (Heidelberg: Carl Winter). Professor Vossler has attempted to connect the lyric of the *dolce stil nuovo* with the contemporary philosophy to which it owed so much—an essential propædeutic to the study of this period, considering the highly abstract and symbolic character of the verse. This is brought out more forcibly by focussing attention on the three problems that particularly attracted the members of Dante's school—to use Professor Vossler's terminology, the *Adelsfrage*, the *Liebesfrage*, and the *Erkenntnisproblem*. Few monographs with so broad an outlook

come these days from the German centres of research.

The publisher Loescher of Turin has entrusted to two distinguished scholars, Prof. Francesco Novati and Prof. Rodolfo Renier, the editorship of a new periodical devoted to mediæval studies, in succession to the recently suspended *Studi di Filologia Romanza*. The new *Studi Medievali* will appear twice a year, at a biennial subscription rate of 30 lire, and will include every phase of the study of mediæval literature, both in the vernacular and in Latin, with the sole exception of purely glossological studies. Its chronological scope will extend as far as the end of the thirteenth century in Italy, and the end of the fifteenth in France and Spain since in transalpine lands the mediæval tradition survived a century or two later than in the true home of the Renaissance. The two editors already control a magisterial review, the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, and their new venture is assured of success in advance.

In the "Patagonian Andes," the opening article of the *Geographical Journal* for February, Sir T. H. Holdich gives his impressions of the country received while serving on the Chile-Argentine Boundary Commission. He remarks on the wonderful beauty characteristic of its lake and mountain scenery, its magnificent climate, and is hopeful of its future as an agricultural and grazing country. The introduction of cattle on the pampas has brought to light a curious and unexplained fact, that the native wiry tufted grass is supplanted by a "matted growth of the richest grass that is known in the world of pasture land." He attributes the "successful attainment of the boundary settlement to the firmness and statesmanship of the Presidents of the two Republics, who were unanimous in their efforts to secure peace and good will between the two countries. . . . Probably no country in the world's history has made such strides in material advancement as Argentina under President Roca's administration." Prince P. Kropotkin contributes a paper, with several charts, on the orography of Eastern Siberia, the result of personal investigations during a five years' stay in that region, and Drs. O. Nordenskiöld and Andersson tell of the scientific work of the Swedish Antarctic Expedition. There is also an abstract of Baron F. von Richthofen's inaugural address as Rector of the University of Berlin upon "the impetus and direction of geography in the nineteenth century," and a description, by Prof. J. D. Everett, F. R. S., of a "flat model which solves problems in the use of the globes," containing facts of interest especially to teachers.

The Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Records, Mr. Robert T. Swan, has, from the moment he took office, been an efficient advocate of the divorce of politics and public service. His sixteenth report is a fresh argument to this end. Thanks to his recommendations, the term of office of city clerks has been extended to three years for such cities as voted in favor of accepting the act—and they all had to vote yea or nay. Six cities held out in favor of the annual clean sweep, but by small majorities, and they are amazed that the Commissioner advises the necessary special legislation to enable them to reconsider. Other matters of general interest in this report are the exposition of the change from Old Style to New Style, the list of typewriting ribbons and pad approved as durable for records (with a curious illustration from a fire test), and the discussion of the sifting of public papers whose accumulation acts as a deterrent to fire-proof accommodation. The librarians who behold their granaries bursting with obsolete and worthless works, might find a hint in this section.

'Drainage Modifications in Southeastern Ohio,' by W. G. Tight (professional paper No. 13, United States Geological Survey), offers a remarkable illustration of the wholesale manner in which large rivers may be provoked to change their courses when their discharge is obstructed by the advancing ice sheet of a glacial epoch; and this comes as an important lesson at a time when rivers were gaining a reputation for long continuance in ancient paths. Professor Tight shows that the present Ohio River and its chief branches in the district studied are not of geologically ancient origin, as had long been supposed; they are the new drainage courses taken in geologically modern times, after the rivers of an earlier period, which thereabouts flowed northward, probably to the basin of Lake Erie, were blockaded by the ice sheet of the first glacial epoch. The courses of the earlier rivers are recognizable as flat, well-developed valley-floors, more or less clogged with gravel and silt, and standing 100 or 200 feet above the level of the present rivers. Several series of the abandoned, high-level, wide-open valleys have been traced. When they were the drainage paths of the region, its relief was much less than it is now. The present valleys depart most irregularly from their predecessors; they are commonly narrow-floored and rather steep-sided; and, owing to their deep erosion, the region is much more hilly than it used to be. The Ohio River, along the southeastern border of Ohio, is generally transverse to the older valleys.

The first international congress for school hygiene has been called to meet in Nuremberg in the first week in April. Papers by Professor Cohn of Breslau; Axel Johannsen, of Christiania; Lagandre, of Paris; Liebermann, of Buda-Pest; Hüppe, of Prague; and Eulenburg, of Berlin, are on the programme. The congress has been divided, for its work, into ten sections, and practically all the leading questions of school hygiene will be discussed by specialists. Local committees have been established in many educational centres. The attendance at the Nuremberg meeting promises to be exceptionally great.

A call has been issued for the Second International Congress for the Universal History of Religion (*Allgemeine Religionsgeschichte*) to meet in Basel from the 30th of August to the 2d of September of the current year. The first congress of this kind convened in Paris during the Exposition of 1900, and the coming convention is called in accordance with the decision of the Paris meeting. At the Basel congress there will be eight sections, viz., on the religion of the so-called "Nature races," including Peru and Mexico; the religion of the Chinese and the Japanese; the religion of the Egyptians; the religion of the Semites; the religion of India and Persia; the religion of the Greeks and the Romans; the religion of the Teutons, Celts, and Slavs; the Christian Religion. A contribution of 20 francs insures a copy of the transactions of the Congress. The call is signed by a local committee, headed by Professor Orelli, of the University.

—The March *Century* opens with a lively account of the Paris Bourse and its curbstone appendages, written by Cleveland Moffett and illustrated by Castaigne. The official character of the Bourse, its legal restraints, and the relation of these facts to the development of outside brokerage, are clearly set forth. The article of most intense interest in the number is an account of a visit to Prince Bismarck by the late Henry Villard, only a few months after Bismarck's resignation, and while his resentment was still at white heat. During an afternoon drive over his estate, the Prince poured forth in good English (that the coachman might not understand) a torrent of resentment so violent that in Mr. Villard's opinion to repeat it would only invite doubt as to its reality. After it was over he remarked: "It was quite a relief to me to have this opportunity to speak without restraint to a gentleman who, I am sure, will honor my confidence." This, however, was but an incident in a visit of two days, during which the conversation took a very wide range over topics of general importance, political and otherwise. The closing instalment of the Thackeray-Baxter letters gains a special interest from references to the civil war, though the fact that the Baxter family had representatives both North and South put Thackeray under some restraint in the expression of his views. He looked upon peaceable separation as better than war for the Union, and urged the argument that the separation of the American colonies from the mother country had proved the best for both. The Rev. Arthur Judson Brown has a short but very suggestive paper on economic changes in Asia, as a result of the intrusion of foreign influences. The chief point touched is the rapid rise in the cost of living to the native, unaccompanied as yet by a corresponding rise in earning power by which to meet the new conditions.

—In the March *Harper's*, Julian Hawthorne presents copious extracts from his father's correspondence with W. D. Ticknor, chiefly during the years 1853-1860, while Hawthorne was in Europe. The letters are, of course, very interesting, but an intelligent regard for the fame of the writer would have had left much of their contents to the privacy for which they were intended. The bits of literary criticism which they contain are not always felicitous, as, for instance, the warm praise of "Hiawatha" on the score of originality, and the suggestion that Longfellow "seems to have caught the measure and rhythm from the sough of the wind among forest boughs." The ill-natured flings at female authors, in particular and in general, might well have been spared. The kindlier side of Hawthorne's nature appears to advantage in his insistence upon loaning $3,000 to his friend Bridge, whether adequate security should be offered or not. One is reminded here of Thackeray's letters to the Baxters, in which he insists that they shall draw upon him if the civil war has occasioned them any financial embarrassment. The loan of Bridge was fully repaid, though Hawthorne fared not

so well in furnishing funds to secure the publication of Delia Bacon's Baconian theory of Shakspere. One may take his choice here whether to pity him as the victim of excessive kindness, or to regard the loss as a fine instance of deserved retribution. It is characteristic of Hawthorne that Miss Bacon was not allowed to know at the time that his favor in writing the preface to the book was supplemented by financial aid. Prof. John Bassett Moore gives a detailed account of American diplomacy during the Revolution. Dr. Charles A. Eastman relates his early impressions of the white man's civilization. One would search long in his well-written paragraphs for any indication that the civilization which he manifests is a borrowed and not a native product. As his Indian lineage is unquestioned, however, his achievements cannot be discounted on the score of mixed blood, the stock explanation by which anti-negro sentiment seeks to discredit the accomplishments of the African race.

—A large share of the March *Scribner's* is devoted to the continuation of "The Undercurrent," the correspondence of Mrs. George Bancroft, and Capt. Mahan's "The War of 1812." Captain Mahan, of course, finds in his theme ample material for censuring the policy of economy in military and naval expenditure which characterized the administrations preceding the war. Even the lamentable failure of General Hull's campaign in the Northwest must be traced further back than the incapacity of the general: "The true authors of the national disaster and its accompanying humiliation are to be sought in the national administrations and legislatures of the preceding ten or twelve years." Captain Mahan touches but one side of the problem. Another and not irrelevant side is the fact that the policy of economy stimulated a rapid growth in wealth and population, thus furnishing a firmer background for resistance when the crisis came. Financial and numerical growth would have been heavily handicapped by the maintenance of a large army and navy from the start, England would have been stimulated by our course to greater exertion in the same line, and the struggle might conceivably have ended in her favor. On the whole, the most effective and invulnerable historical arguments for unlimited armies and navies are to be sought in the future rather than the past. James Huneker contributes a highly laudatory paper on Richard Strauss. He has given back to instrumental music its rightful sovereignty, relieving it from further fear of the encroachments of the music-drama, "at the best a bastard art." He has enormously intensified the eloquence of the modern orchestra, increased its capacity for rare, subtle beauty tenfold, and enfranchised it from operatic bondage. He makes of it a vibrating, dynamic machine, a humming mountain of fire; he takes us near the realm where madness lies, gives us glimpses of vast orphic vistas where Dissonance may be King, iron twilights tenanted by enigmatic figures of another world, moons glowing from blood-red skies upon icy landscapes; and yet the sacred bounds of his art are never quite overstepped.

—In Volume VIII. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), covering the years 1591-1593, we have a continuation of the details of Spanish administrative activities, mainly controversial, to which the two preceding volumes of this series have introduced us. The stage-setting and actors are also the same. It is the old Bishop Salazar (he is too fiery to be called venerable) against Governor-General Perez Dasmariñas in the centre of the scene. The question of collection of tributes is the main theme, but it becomes more plain how the real issue involved is as to whether or no the civil authorities shall knuckle once and for all to the ecclesiastical, and confine themselves within the general policy and the lines of activity which the Bishop and those of the friars addicted to him shall lay down. Incidentally, some further insight is afforded into the Spanish-Portuguese contest for the trade of China, and into the essentially perennial nature of the ruinous competition the Chinese are capable of giving to the Filipinos if allowed a free hand in the archipelago.

—Statistics furnished to the King by Perez Dasmariñas in 1591 show a population of 667,612 Filipinos subject to Spain, on the basis of four people (including women and children) to each tribute-payer. These people were commended to 236 individual *encomenderos*, while 31 *encomiendas* were reserved to the king for the support of his higher officials. Spain had only 12 *alcaldes-mayor* out in the provinces (the *alcalde-mayor* was a judicial-executive officer). There were in all 140 friars, or one to nearly 5,000 people tributary to Spain. As a matter of fact, less than half the people already tributary to the civilian conquerors were being reached by missionaries at all, and the Governor-General called for 160 more friars at once. These figures are worth examining, in view of the constant assertions of recent writers on Philippine matters (particularly in Spain) that the friars everywhere preceded the lay conquerors in the pacification and settlement of the Philippines. Again, we are regularly asked to believe that the population of the Philippines increased under Spain from less than half a million to nearly nine millions. Figures frequently quoted for this purpose are the Philippine parochial registration of approximately 375,000 in 1583 (a large part of them unbaptized), and the parochial registration in 1897 of about 7,000 000. A very slight examination of the statistics of 1591 of Perez Dasmariñas will show what a margin of exaggeration careless Spanish writers have allowed themselves. The southern extremity and all the mountainous north central part of Luzon were then unreached by Spanish authority, which was as yet not any too well asserted over the Cagayán valley, the Ilocos provinces, Pangasinán, Zambales, Bataán, southwest Cavite, Batangas, and the Camarines. Cebú was but fringed, and the merest beginnings made in Sámar, Leyte, and Bohol. Of all the great island of Panay, only its southeastern part was really known to the Spaniards. Negros, Paragua, and Mindoro were *terra incognita*. Moreover, so was Mindanao, by which corner Magellan entered the archipelago, and we have no estimate of the population at all in Dasmariñas's figures. Yet they give an approximation to three-quarters of a million people. The population of the archipelago may have been no more than a million at the time of the Spanish discovery, and it also may have been as much as two millions and a half.

—Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia, publish in two handsome volumes 'George Fox; An Autobiography,' an abridgment of George Fox's 'Journal,' properly esteemed one of the company of great religious autobiographies in which St. Augustine's 'Confessions' takes the highest rank. The abridgment and editing are by Rufus M. Jones, professor of philosophy in Haverford College, who, though evidently himself one of "the people called Friends," makes no exorbitant claim for Fox, and in his notes and introduction exhibits a degree of detachment that deserves remark and praise. The introduction is happily conceived, and the notes convey, in almost every case, information that illuminates the text. This appears to have been abridged from the edition of 1694 in a judicious manner. That edition, while passing for a complete reproduction of the original manuscript, which is now owned by Charles James Spence of North Shields, England, failed of exactness in various particulars. It improved Fox's spelling and diction, and it omitted some of the franker and more startling passages. Professor Jones writes as if acquainted with the manuscript, which he describes as "a little livelier, fresher, and more graphic than any published edition"; but he makes no claim of having based his own text upon it. He does not overrate the value of the Journal as a picture of English life, with all its sects and schisms in a great and stirring time, with glimpses of Cromwell and Monk, and of the battles and sieges of the civil war. Perhaps some exception may be taken to Prof. William James's "well-known fact, that religion must be studied in those individuals in whom it is manifested to an abnormal degree." The frontispiece portrait of "George Fox in Ecstasy" is not reassuring at this point. The illustrations generally are a very real addition to the book. For the most part, those of houses and churches represent buildings which have suffered little change since Fox's time.

—Members of the legal profession have long wanted an adequate and imposing portrait of Chief Justice John Marshall. In response to that demand, Mr. Gustav Kruell has undertaken to reproduce on wood, in his unparalleled series of engravings of great men—mostly great Americans—the oil painting by Inman in the possession of the Philadelphia Bar Association. The block is 8x11, and the bust, nearly to the waist, is well set in an oval. The engraving is remarkable for its rich color, and the flexible technique is most instructively exhibited in a variety of ways—in the exquisite silvery hair, the flesh, the lawn kerchief, the costume, and the background. Of the likeness we cannot speak from acquaintance with the original Inman, but are ready to take on trust the combined product of the camera and of Mr. Kruell's rare gift of interpretation of character. This print—on Japan paper, as usual—is worthy to rank with the best of its predecessors; and one who should hang the Marshall beside the same artist's engravings of Webster and Lincoln, brother lawyers and statesmen, would possess three as remarkable examples of black-and-white, on wood or in any other medium, as the range of art can show, and at the same time illustra-

tions scarcely less extraordinary of versatility and development of treatment in the hand that wielded the graver for all. The proof impressions may be had of Mr. Kruell at No. 14 North Maple Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

NERO IN WHITEWASH.

The Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero. By Bernard W. Henderson, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, etc. With maps and illustrations. London: Methuen & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903.

The attempt to rehabilitate the reign of Nero before the court of public opinion betrays no moderate degree of courage. Even Tiberius offered a hard problem, but it must now be admitted that the scholarship of a half-century has radically softened the verdict in his case—a verdict based too much upon the general tone of the Annals of Tacitus and too little upon a careful study of the facts there recorded. Were it not for the last few years, about which serious difficulties still confront the rehabilitator, Tiberius might easily stand among the most sensible and efficient of Roman Emperors.

But Tiberius has to his credit a period longer than Nero's entire principate during which it can be shown, even from the unfavorable pages of Tacitus, that he was an efficient and economical executive and fairly correct in his personal habits, whatever may have been true during those gloomy years after the baleful rise and fall of Sejanus. If Nero, too, had his bright period, the circumstances were radically different. Tiberius came to the throne at the age of fifty-five, in the strength of a vigorous manhood. He had seen many years of creditable service in responsible positions under Augustus. He had the training necessary to a fairly independent career, and we do not learn that he had about him ministers of such dominant character and influence that his acts, whether good or bad, may in any important degree be ascribed to them rather than to him.

Nero entered his principate a mere boy in years, and already a pretty badly spoiled boy in certain important traits of character. He had had no opportunity to fit himself for rule by practical experience, military or civil, and he came to the purple accompanied by an adviser of strong influence who had sustained to him the close relation of tutor since his eleventh year, the philosopher Seneca. Burrus, a sturdy and capable soldier, was in the important position of Pretorian Prefect; and these two men were backed by the influence of an imperious mother, who, whatever her faults in other directions, was certainly ambitious that her son should enjoy an efficient and successful reign. Would one naturally expect a youth of sixteen, coming to the throne under such circumstances, to break his leading-strings and make the administration of a great empire essentially his own within the first five years? But the fairly beneficent portion of the reign is confined within its first five years, while the power of Seneca and Burrus was still unbroken. When we take into consideration all that Mr. Henderson is obliged to admit concerning the remaining years, there is certainly more Neronian bias than historical probability in the conclusion that Nero is personally entitled to the credit for the better features of the famous "quinquennium."

We have not overlooked Mr. Henderson's explicit assertion that he holds no brief for Nero. Explicit assertions, however, cannot go very far against the general tone of a book itself. Tacitus just as strongly asserts his impartiality in dealing with Tiberius, Gaius, Claudius, and Nero. Mr. Henderson is not another Tacitus, but his tendency to put upon his facts an interpretation favorable to Nero is as strong and as constant as that of Tacitus in the opposite direction. Is Nero entitled so uniformly to the benefit of the doubt? We can appreciate the position of those who regard it as well-nigh impossible to believe that Tiberius plunged into a career of monstrous debauchery after living a fairly regular life to his seventieth year, although we cannot regard such a moral catastrophe as unthinkable when we consider the basis of Roman morality at the time, and the tremendous mental and moral shocks to which the aged Emperor was subjected. We must at least stop short of Tacitus and refuse to make the crimes of these few years of senile mental and moral degeneracy the basis of a belief that the regular habits of preceding years were a mere cloak of hypocrisy over a nature essentially depraved. But Nero! Where in his life is the period of established character, administrative industry and ability, to form a rational basis upon which to decide every questionable point in his favor?

We have read Mr. Henderson's book with care, and we do not find that he has presented any such basis. The admissions which he feels obliged to make are too numerous, too damaging in their character, and cover too nearly the whole of the reign. There is no attempt to deny Nero's monstrous career of unnatural vice, nor will the author allow even the partial palliation that might be found in attributing this in any important degree to mental insanity, since this would undermine his basis for considering the emperor a sagacious ruler, despite the enormity of his personal habits. Like Tiberius, Nero had a terribly imperious mother; but Tiberius suffered underneath the rasp, with no thought of securing relief through matricide. Nero cut the galling apron-string by a deliberate, though stupidly contrived, murder. Some have refused to believe the story because of the very stupidity of the plot, but Mr. Henderson distinctly accepts the tale as it has come down to us, after full discussion. "The undoubted slayer of brother, mother, wife, and of any who could threaten his possession of the imperial power," is the verdict of the closing paragraph, so far as this feature of his reign is concerned. It is as freely admitted that in his later years (and his "later" years began early) he was "tyrannical to the extent that he would show no mercy to any form of opposition." This spirit, shown preëminently after the conspiracy of Piso in "an outbreak of imperial wrath and suspicion directed against all sorts and conditions of men, and resulting in a series of executions and suicides which indeed make but a dull monotony of horror of the record," Mr. Henderson rightly enough explains as growing out of the conspiracy; but his disposition to throw the moral responsibility upon the conspirators rather than upon Nero, will not bear examination. Similarly, he would charge the many months of bloodshed and disorder that followed the death of Nero to the moral account of those who conspired to dethrone him; but the woes of that pitiable period were possibly as largely due to the fact that Nero had lived and reigned as to the fact that he had now ceased to live and reign.

The somewhat extended attention given to Nero's career as a poet, actor, harpist, vocalist, athlete, and what not else, must have upon the average reader an effect seriously damaging to the author's main thesis. The giddy tour of Greece, the return to Rome in triumphal procession with his one thousand, eight hundred and eight crowns won in artistic and athletic contests, the crown of wild olives upon his head, and the Pythian laurel in his hand, smoke of sacrifice and scent of saffron filling the streets, voices shouting, "Hail, Victor of Olympia! Nero Apollo! Nero Hercules! the One and Only Lord! Augustus! Voice Divine!"—is it anything else than degenerate vanity swollen to the point where intellect and common sense must suffocate beneath the pressure? Mr. Henderson, of course, agrees with modern competent authorities that there is no sufficient evidence upon which to convict Nero of the burning of Rome, but he is quite ready to accept as historic fact the story that he stood upon the tower of Mæcenas and chanted his poem of the Sack of Troy as he watched the flames raging beneath. "The scene was a temptation which no impressionist artist could easily resist, and the young artist emperor least of all." The mob would inevitably argue from the song the guilt of the singer, and "thus Art and Drama revenged themselves upon the artist."

But, along with inordinate vanity, indescribable debauchery, fratricide, matricide, uxoricide, and all else that the author admits, was there still a wise and successful ruler in this youth? We think that the average reader, basing his estimate upon Mr. Henderson's book alone, must be impressed with the extreme improbability of such a conjunction. We must, of course, admit upon due evidence even the extremely improbable; but so much of good government as may be shown to have existed during the period in question can be explained upon other and more reasonable grounds than the initiative of a Nero. Let us go back a little. For forty-five years after the battle of Actium, the genius of one of the world's greatest organizers had applied itself earnestly to the systematization of the new empire. A vast governmental machine was thus perfected and set into operation. For fifteen years more, at least, Tiberius considered it a sacred trust not to interfere with the working-gear of this machine. It was a machine that left no room for genuine political liberty, a machine that could lend itself readily to heartless oppression in the hands of a tyrant; but it was also a machine capable of orderly and effective administration, of the Imperial stamp. And such a machine, as history has repeatedly shown, may grind out on the average what the world is willing to class as very good government, even though it have a tyrant, an incompetent, or an imbecile as the nominal head. Was there any excess of order and efficiency under Nero beyond what might have been expected of such a system under the circum-

stances? If so, Mr. Henderson has not made it evident. If Domitius Corbulo carried on the military operations of the Empire in the Far East with brilliant success, it is not to be forgotten that he received his appointment when Nero was but seventeen, and Burrus and Seneca were at the height of their power; the next important appointment for the East came when the influence of these veteran advisers was waning, and the incompetence and cowardice of Cæsennius Pætus came near ruining all that Corbulo had done. Britain was the scene of misgovernment not far surpassed by the worst conduct of the rapacious aristocrats who harried the provinces in the days of the expiring republic. Seneca had his millions out on usury there, and exacted his dues with a rigor very similar to that of Brutus in the East, a century earlier. "Under the grievances of the loss of liberty, and an alien rule, of greed, extortion, eviction, debt, the province fretted ominously." When the King of the Iceni died, bequeathing his sovereignty and a share in his estate to the Emperor to secure the safety of his family, "his kingdom and his house alike were treated as the spoils of war. Centurions governed the kingdom. Slaves lorded it in the house. The Queen was scourged; her daughters were outraged. . . . The chief nobles of the tribe were robbed of their ancestral estates. The kinsmen of the dead king were thrown into chains." All this describes a condition existing six years after Nero came to the throne. Evidently good government was not universal. And considering the fact that the provincial subjects of the Empire did not, as a rule, have their condition faithfully recorded from their own point of view, one may be pardoned for raising the question whether the lot of the provinces under the Cæsars was, on the whole, quite so roseate as it is sometimes painted.

We cannot agree, then, that the position of either Nero or his principate has been materially altered by Mr. Henderson's labors. But he should not let himself believe that the Nero of Christian tradition in the Middle Ages is the Nero of popular opinion to-day. The endeavor to restore him "from his position of terrible isolation as the Abomination of Sin upon this earth into the ranks of common humanity" is an endeavor to do what is already substantially done, so far as the classes likely to be reached by this book are concerned. But "the ranks of a common humanity" descend pretty low, and Nero's place therein is far down. If the cause of Imperialism, in Roman times or any other, needs the rehabilitation of such an Emperor, so much the worse for the cause.

HUMANISM.

Humanism: Philosophical Essays by F. C. S. Schiller. The Macmillan Company. 1903.

Quite recently the word "pragmatism," first used thirty years ago by our American philosopher, C. S. Peirce, has become fashionable as the designation of a novel way of looking at the mind's relations to reality. Throughout almost the entire past both Science and Philosophy have been accustomed to suppose that "Truth" must needs consist of a hard-and-fast system of propositions, valid in themselves and eternally, which our minds have only to copy literally. Logic and mathematics had always seemed to constitute such systems, and the entities and laws of physics and chemistry, just as our text-books formulated them, were supposed to be equally "objective."

But three influences have at last conspired to dissolve away this appearance of absoluteness in such facts and truths as we can formulate. First, philosophic criticisms like those of Mill, Lotze, and Sigwart have emphasized the incongruence of the forms of our thinking with the "things" which the thinking nevertheless successfully handles. (Predicates and subjects, for example, do not live separately in the things, as they do in our judgments of them.) Second, not only has the doctrine of Evolution weaned us from fixities and inflexibilities in general, and given us a world all plastic, but it has made us ready to imagine almost all our functions, even the intellectual ones, as "adaptations," and possibly transient adaptations, to practical human needs. Lastly, the enormous growth of the sciences in the past fifty years has reconciled us to the idea that "Not quite true" is as near as we can ever get. For investigating minds there is no sanctity in any theory, and "laws of nature" absolutely expressible by us are idols of the popular-science level of education exclusively. Up-to-date logicians, mathematicians, physicists, and chemists vie with one another as to who will break down most barriers, efface most outlines, supersede most current definitions and conceptions, and show most skill in playing about the old material in new ways, limited only by the one rule of the game, that the new thoughts must dip into and coalesce with the material at more than one point of sensible experience.

Thus has arisen the pragmatism of Pearson in England, of Mach in Austria, and of the somewhat more reluctant Poincaré in France, all of whom say that our sciences are but *Denkmittel*—"true" in no other sense than that of yielding a conceptual shorthand, economical for our descriptions. Thus does Simmel in Berlin suggest that no human conception whatever is more than an instrument of biological utility; and that if it be successfully that, we may call it true, whatever it resembles or fails to resemble. Bergson, and more particularly his disciples Wilbois, Le Roy, and others in France, have defended a very similar doctrine. Ostwald in Leipzig, with his "Energetics," belongs to the same school, which has received the most thoroughgoingly philosophical of its expressions here in America, in the publications of Professor Dewey and his pupils in Chicago University, publications of which the volume 'Studies in Logical Theory' (1903) forms only the most systematized instalment.

Last year the volume 'Personal Idealism,' a collection of essays by Messrs. Sturt, Schiller, and other Oxford teachers, announced the pragmatist doctrine radically to English academic circles; and now Mr. Schiller publishes his own scattered essays to the same effect, dropping the term "pragmatism" altogether, and boldly describing as "Humanism" the philosophy of which he is so far the most vivacious and pugnacious champion. No one can ever foresee what terms will succeed in the struggle to gain currency. "Pragmatism" (*i. e.*, practicalism) is certainly somewhat blind. "Humanism" is perhaps too "wholehearted" for the use of philosophers, who are a bloodless breed; but, save for that objection, one might back it, for it expresses the essence of the new way of thought, which is, that it is impossible to strip the human element out from even our most abstract theorizing. All our mental categories without exception have been evolved because of their fruitfulness for life, and owe their being to historic circumstances, just as much as do the nouns and verbs and adjectives in which our languages clothe them.

The ancient phrase, "man the measure of all things," was, it is true, originally used skeptically: the human view was by Protagoras contrasted with a possible superhuman view which would be truer. But this contemporary humanism is so radical that it "falls on t'other side," and creates a new standard of sincerity and veracity. There is no possible superhuman view, it seems to say, to act as a reductive and falsifier of "merely human" truth. Experiences are all; and all experiences are immediately or remotely continuous with each other. As surely as we have thoughts, so surely are some of them superior. They are *experienced* as superior—other way of "being" superior there is none. And the experience consists not in their copying independent archetypes of "reality," but solely in the fact of their *succeeding better*, and connecting themselves more satisfactorily with the residuum of life. Truth, in short, lives in the actually felt relations between experiences themselves. It is *in rebus* and not *ante rem*. Error and truth are neither more nor less different than are our happinesses and unhappinesses; and a more "real" difference than that, it is impossible to conceive.

Mr. Schiller expresses all this in an admirably lucid and profound essay, "On Preserving Appearances," which forms both a constructive statement of the humanistic doctrine, and a telling criticism of the universal skepticism which Mr. Bradley uses his fantastically useless "Absolute" to support. In spite of the fact that humanism harmonizes so well with the surface of the sciences and with the psychology of our thinking activity, it is sure to repel those who hear of it for the first time, because it seems to leave us with a reality so foundationless and restless. An eternally fixed order of things, both physical and moral, appears to be instinctively demanded by men's imagination. Without it the universe feels flimsy in the mind, and as if purely accidental. Finite judgments such as Humanism composes truth of, can give no anchorage, for they are always liable to revision. Finite goods have no stability—they turn to ashes as soon as we possess them; and the world without a fixed Absolute of some kind behind it resolves itelf into an endless chase after novelty. Can such a chase be all? Is there nowhere any *terra firma?*

This to most persons seems a serious charge, and Mr. Schiller meets it in a most original manner. Reëxpounding Aristotle's idea of an "unchanging energy," he sets up the purely empiricist notion of an "Ultimate" in time as a substitute for the transcendentalist idea of an Absolute in eternity, and thus equips his humanism with the desiderated element of a standard of fixity in values. According to the current doctrine of "rel-

ativity," if an ultimate kind of experience were ever reached as the result of progress, consciousness would have forthwith to cease, no matter how satisfactory it were in quality, for its existence depends on change, and change is incompatible with being "ultimate." But Mr. Schiller denies *in toto* the truth of the doctrine of relativity. He criticises it effectively, and shows that an intense but changeless consciousness of its perfected satisfactions might quite well be the final condition of a world that had evolved itself successfully.

Obviously, this notion of an ideal Ultimate is capable of furnishing empiricism with a definite religious background, and of stopping the mouths of those who accuse it of turning reality into a set of magic-lantern shapes that come and go. If Mr. Schiller's notion of a changeless consciousness prove credible, it will amount to a decisive step forward in the history of empiricism. But humanistic empiricism will have many other steps forward to make before it conquers all antagonisms. Grant, for example, that our human subjectivity determines *what* we shall say things are; grant that it gives the "predicates" to all the "subjects" of our conversation. Still the fact remains that some subjects are there for us to talk about, and others not there; and the farther fact that, in spite of so many different ways in which we may perform the talking, there still is a grain in the subjects which we can't well go against, a cleavage-structure which resists certain of our predicates and makes others slide in more easily. Does not this stubborn *that* of some things and not of others; does not this imperfect plasticity of them to our conceptual manipulation, oppose a positive limit to the sphere of influence of humanistic explanations? Does not the fact that so many of our thoughts are retroactive in their application point to a similar limit? "Radium," for example; humanistically, both the *that* and the *what* of it are creations of yesterday. But we believe that ultra-humanistically they existed ages before their gifted discoverers were born. In what shape? There's the rub! for we have no non-humanistic categories to think in. But the *that* of things, and their affinity with some of our *whats* and not with others, and the retroactive force of our conceptions, are so many problems for Humanism over which battle is sure to rage for a long time to come.

Mr. Schiller has but skirted some of these problems without entering into them deeply. But he has gone profoundly into others, and his style is as clean and clear and lively English, as his thought is strong and original. His ideas are sure to form the storm-centre for the philosophy of at least the next decade. Rather than give an analysis of the separate essays of which his book is composed, we have thought best simply to describe their purpose in general terms, and to call the attention of our readers to their great ability and importance.

William Makepeace Thackeray. By Charles Whibley. Dodd, Mead & Co.

It is just fifty-seven years since the first number of 'Vanity Fair' appeared in a yellow cover, and forty since its author died. Hitherto, Thackeray's critics have been troubled by his fame—more concerned to justify or depreciate that than to examine the work on which it rests. Mr. Whibley has thrown off the trammels, or, perhaps, is young enough never to have been inconvenienced by them. He approaches his subject without nerves and very much in the spirit of his own time, which happens to be a time when English literature is less insular than in the middle of the nineteenth century, and, with both loss and gain, more cosmopolitan. The present generation of English writers has been influenced by foreign theories of literary art; and, in regard to the novel, since Thackeray's day, there has been a revolution of opinion not only about what may be said, but also about the form in which it must be said. It almost follows that a critic attached to the theories of the moment cannot sympathize deeply with an early Victorian.

Mr. Whibley is very well informed about early Victorian times, but he doesn't admire them; so his judgment of a novelist who stands preëminently for his period, his country, and his class falls short of comprehensive fairness. The general tendency of his criticism is to consider most of that which in Thackeray's work expresses temporary conditions as unessential, and, thus denuded, to exhibit its permanent value. He performs the operation skilfully, and probably with no suspicion that a reader who should take his book as an introduction to Thackeray might wonder why on earth he had ever come to be so famous. This, not because Mr. Whibley is deliberately unjust, but because he does not sympathize, and because his point of departure is, we think, the wrong one for arriving at a true estimate of an English novelist.

Most novelists of all nations have chiefly occupied themselves with transient aspects of life, and the great Victorians, with one exception, never seriously thought of looking beyond. We incline to the opinion that novelists who render the transitory with fidelity and vivacity are good novelists, and that, given (like Thackeray) "literature in the blood," their greatness may somewhat depend on the closeness with which they are bound (as Mr. Whibley truly says Thackeray was) to the superstitions of their age. He only aspired to record the manners and reflect the temper of his time, and, when he took a higher flight, we know that he surprised himself. When Englishmen with literature in their blood (the phrase is Mr. Whibley's) have also fine ideals, and strong emotions and perception of universal truth and beauty, they become poets, not satirical novelists or easy-going, picturesque, fluent journalists. To disparage Thackeray because he was not Balzac is hardly more pertinent than to find fault with him because he was not Shakspere or Shelley. This is not to excuse him for sneering at Balzac and for being inexpressibly shocked by Shelley. Some one has recently collected evidence that he liked best second-rate books; but he might be so benighted if he were living to-day, in which case he would never be at a loss for reading agreeable to his taste.

Still, let it be granted that he fell upon evil days, and that, if he had more often and more continuously soared beyond, we should now be able to derive from the whole of his work such pleasurable satisfaction as a large part always yields. No doubt he was always being pulled one way, towards ironical representation, by his mind, and another way, towards sentimental edification, by his morals, which were absolutely the professed morals of the British middle class. There is evidence scattered all through his work that the shackles chafed, but, on the whole, he believed that they were for his good and the world's good. When he was estimating the work of eighteenth-century writers, he went splendidly free, but when it came to the personal character of many of them he wrapped himself in his sacred conventions. He denounced some mighty men with an air of moral impeccability that can only be associated with the early Victorian paterfamilias standing, with coat-tails spread, admonishing a subservient wife and daughters from the vantage of the domestic hearth. Mr. Whibley repudiates vigorously slanders that have lived too long. His pages in defence of Swift display considerable passion, and he concludes that Thackeray entertained a kind of personal hatred for Swift, and that the "lectures on the Humorists is the worst blot on his literary reputation." We cannot feel that he hated any of the Humorists, but only that he felt it his duty to appear as if he did. So skeptical was he of the existence of virtue in any other time and place than in the Victorian home, that he nailed his faith to that; and as often as he found himself cutting loose from the home deities, he pulled himself up sharply and poured out expiatory oblations. When in that mood he could be reckless in defamation; he could deny truths proclaimed by his own creative genius—even his humor and sense of humor forsook him. This conflict of character enfeebled his work, for, as Mr. Whibley says, it produced a kind of uncertainty, and justifies Carlyle's admirable comment: "A beautiful vein of genius lay struggling about in him. The genius never overcame the struggle."

This sheer genius of constructive characterization and satirical representation of life had a good deal to struggle against besides a declamatory passion for morals. Thackeray had no idealism. He never imagined the spirit looking before and after and pining for what is not; he took no cognizance of the desire of the moth for the star, of the night for the morrow. Mr. Whibley errs, we think, in calling him a philanthropist. He was not, like those other great Victorians, Dickens and Charles Reade, deeply concerned with the miseries and wrongs of the people. He saw only the great world, the would-be-great, and a horde of sycophants and flunkeys. His genius had to work for the most part on what might be seen and heard in clubs and in more or less genteel homes. But of this meagre material it wrought beautiful visions of love and friendship, of common joy and sorrow, and sordid pictures of struggles for money, social position, or even for a good dinner with claret (the favorite beverage) flowing. In the representation of snobs and snobbery, the genius triumphed, unconscious of its shame. 'The Book of Snobs' (1846), says Mr. Whibley,

"touched the popular fancy, and made Thackeray famous. It achieved more than this: it profoundly influenced its author. Thackeray once told Motley that 'the Snob papers were those of his writings he liked the least,' and we can easily believe it. None the less he never shook himself free from its bondage. Henceforth he was more often than not a chronicler of snobs, and it was only when his imagination carried him

back to the eighteenth century that he forgot the twisted standard of life he had set up for himself. It is not uncommon, this spectacle of an author enslaved by his own book; but the slavery dimmed Thackeray's outlook upon the world, and it is impossible to observe without regret the complacency wherewith he answered the too urgent demand of the people."

It is not necessary to accept this explanation of Thackeray's life-long preoccupation with a mean subject in order to share Mr. Whibley's regret.

It is to be expected that Mr. Whibley would think 'Esmond' the best book, for several reasons—the chief one being that the style has sustained distinction, and that here "Thackeray proved that he could write if he would with perfect artistry." His preference involves modern disapprobation of the disregard for form characteristic of the Victorian novelists. But they called themselves writers, not literary artists, and they relied for effect on the vitality of their creative force and the extraordinary energy and variety of their faculty of expression. While recognizing the artistic superiority of 'Esmond,' both 'Vanity Fair' and 'The Newcomes' seem to us greater books; the one because of the presence of Becky Sharp (a portrait of a universal type so brilliant and penetrating that time cannot wither it), and the other because it is drenched in the atmosphere of the period. In discussing 'The Newcomes,' Mr. Whibley remarks that "in half a century the unessential has been winnowed from that which matters, and we may look upon what appeared the masterpiece of all novel-writing with a less partial eye." There are some unwinnowed volumes of 'The Newcomes' still extant. This is indeed a fortunate circumstance for those persons who now or hereafter may care for a living picture of English society in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Whibley is as much a man of his own time as was Thackeray, and the best of his book is in his candid expression of a modern view, and in the sketches of personages from whom some of Thackeray's characters are supposed to have been drawn; the worst is the scant, even grudging commendation of his author. In exclaiming, "What an essayist was lost in the author of 'Vanity Fair'!" he betrays a lack of sense of humor which may well excite a doubt about his competence to criticise a humorist.

Russian Orthodox Missions. By the Very Rev. Eugene Smirnoff, Chaplain to the Russian Embassy in London. London: Rivingtons. 1904.

Answers may be found in this book to various questions concerning the missions of the Russian Church. The compiler begins with a brief account of the colonist-monks, the missionaries of the primitive Russian Church, who did wonderful work in converting and assimilating the Finnish and other alien races, and continues his historical account of varying methods down to the present day. It is interesting to note that, in the more recent past, Russian missionaries have Christianized the country progressively eastward, beginning with the Tatars of Kazan immediately after the conquest in 1555, sending representatives to Kamtchatka in 1705, to Yakutsk in 1714, to Pekin in 1714, to Alaska in 1793. Most of these missions were intermittent in character until the introduction of "the Kazan system." More space is devoted to the originator of this system and to the system itself than to any other topic in the book. Yet, possibly because of the author's strong tendency to tautology and a laborious style, possibly because he has imperfectly collated different accounts of the system, the result leaves the reader puzzling over several statements. The Tatars had been converted *en masse* before Mahometanism became a serious competitor. This conversion was merely outward and ceremonial, it is admitted. Then came a falling-away, also *en masse*, not only among the Tatars, but among the Finnish tribes along the Volga. The missionaries were unable to use the translation of the Scriptures into the literary Tatar language of the mosques (made by the Bible Society about one hundred years ago), because the baptized Tatars did not understand it. The Orthodox priests did not know enough Tatar to translate the most necessary prayers. One wonders how the Tatars got converted and baptized. The next step was to introduce Tatar into the course of instruction at the Ecclesiastical Academy of Kazan. One of the graduates, N. I. Ilminski, who remained as lecturer in Tatar and Arabic, was placed at the head of a committee for translating the sacred and ecclesiastical books. Ilminski labored eleven years at this task, employing the Tatar of the Koran and the mosques, only to discover, after a residence of two years in Cairo for study, that the popular or conversational language was entirely independent. Again one is puzzled, and inquires, Why was not this simple discovery made long before, as Kazan has a very large Tatar population?—particularly when, on the very next page, the statement is made that the Tatars effected their alarming propaganda of Mahometanism through the medium of precisely that language of the Koran and the mosques. Ilminski's "system," as gradually worked out, consisted in using exclusively the colloquial Tatar language, printed in Russian characters. His able assistant, a baptized Tatar, in an accidental manner completed the system by organizing a school, on very simple, rational lines. Ilminski's translations are now used as the basis of translations into numerous other colloquial dialects, all printed in the Russian characters, and schools are established for the children. This constitutes the Kazan system which has revolutionized the missionary work of the Russian Church, and results in the preparation of native priests and teachers.

The narratives of the Siberian missions, with their hardships, vast extent, and difficulties of every sort, are of great interest, as is also the biography of the Christianizer of Alaska, afterward metropolitan of Moscow, a most remarkable man. In some cases the missionaries have to deal with languages which have never been studied, and in many cases contain no equivalents for the necessary words. Thus, for instance, "Be ye wise as serpents and simple as doves" was, perforce, translated in one case: "Be ye wise as ermines and simple as seal cubs." The mission in North America is dealt with briefly; so is the mission in China. Perhaps the most curious and interesting passage, at the present moment, is that which refers to the mission in Japan. Founded in 1860 by the monk who has since become bishop and is still at the head of it, it had, in 1900, 231 communities, 25,231 orthodox Christians, 33 ecclesiastics in addition to the bishop, 16 readers in minor orders, and 152 catechists. All of these, with the exception of the bishop, one priest and one deacon, are Japanese. An ecclesiastical seminary with sixty-four students (all figures refer to the year 1900), a catechetical school with ten students, and a girls' school with seventy-four pupils and thirty-eight teachers, five of whom had received their higher education in the ecclesiastical academies of Russia, are enumerated. Statistical tables are given for the various divisions into which circumstances have split up the mission fields in general, and the little handbook has its interest for those who take a broad view of missions, as well as for the experts.

English Literature: An Illustrated Record. By Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse. Vols. II. and IV. Macmillan Co. 1904.

We have already noticed Volumes I. and III. of this sumptuous work, but the two remaining volumes, which have since reached us, are of sufficient importance and independence to deserve individual mention. Volume II., to which both editors contribute, covers a space of about seventy years from the accession of Elizabeth in 1558, including the period of the most splendid poetry and the most artistic prose. While all the literature of this extraordinary time is reviewed with appreciative judgment, and as fully as the design of the work admits, most stress is naturally laid on those two great, and we might almost say mutually complementary, personages, Bacon and Shakspere.

Dr. Garnett's study of Bacon, as man and as philosopher, gives a vivid picture of a powerful mind guided only by the dry light of pure intellect, and regarding the affections and emotions as perturbing forces, to be minimized since it is not possible entirely to get rid of them. The only critical remark we have to make upon this part of the work is to note that, while recording the extreme severity of the penalties imposed on Bacon at his condemnation, the fact that they were to a great extent remitted by the King is not mentioned.

The treatment of Shakspere's work is full and judicious, but that of his life is not quite so satisfactory. While the author of a separate biography of the poet may feel it his duty at least to mention every apocryphal tradition and absurd mare's-nest that gossip has handed down or conjecture invented, one would think that a work like this would keep soberly to the ascertained facts and to probabilities only just short of certainty, and, where there are gaps in the record, let them be gaps, without trying to fill them up with brain-cobwebs. Here, apropos of the fact that we do not know certainly what Shakspere was doing between 1585 and 1592, Dr. Garnett not only expresses his belief that in these years he was enlarging his knowledge of books and men, but also that he travelled extensively on the Continent. The French scenes in "Henry V.," we are told, "indicate" that the poet had visited France; his description of a fleet setting sail, and his use of military phrases, that he accom-

panied Leicester on his expedition to the Low Countries; and the editor strongly inclines to the belief that the poet's knowledge of Elsinore and Venice shows that he had visited both those places, though he reluctantly admits that "there is not sufficient evidence." If lively description is proof of personal experience, we may confidently set down that Shakspere was once at least shipwrecked in a storm, that he was present at a pitched battle and a siege, and that at some time in his life (probably in his wild youth) he was ducked in a river.

More subtly penetrative is the reasoning (not devised by Dr. Garnett, but approved by him) which proves that Shakspere was forty-eight years old when he wrote "The Tempest." *Prospero* asks *Ariel* the time of day, and is told that it is two in the afternoon. Now assuming the natural day of twelve hours to symbolize the seventy-two years of human life, since two-thirds of the day has passed at two o'clock, we have the proportion 12:8=72:48. Q. E. D.

Among the portraits which greatly enhance the value of this volume, we have the three which (whether like him or not) were certainly meant for Shakspere: the bust, the Droeshout engraving, and the oil painting held by many to be the original of the latter. To these the editor has added the Chandos portrait, but not the Jansen.

Volume IV., which is the work of Dr. Gosse, and which includes the writers of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and virtually the whole of the nineteenth, will probably be to many readers the most attractive of all. These men lived in our own atmosphere; the problems confronting us confronted them; they took up the burden that we are still bearing. For the lives of these writers abundant details were at hand, and the editor has used them so as to seize the illuminating points. The literary criticisms show discriminating judgment, catholic appreciation, and delicate taste. The profusion of portraits, views, and facsimiles gives this volume especial value and interest.

An appendix furnishing translations and transliterations, and a very full index, fittingly complete a work of which, as a whole, we may say that it is a worthy history of the grandest body of literature in any modern language.

The Man Roosevelt: A Portrait Sketch. By Francis E. Leupp. D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Leupp's book has an undeniable interest apart from the immediate appeal of his subject. His pen is one long trained in the art of picturesque presentation, and its cunning does not fail him here. The various elements of the "portrait" he draws are skilfully pitched upon, and if the total result looks too much like a composite photograph, dim feature warring with dim feature, that is the necessary defect of his method, which is the journalist's *chose vue*. That the book is as far as possible from a full and measured estimate—to say nothing of a final estimate—of President Roosevelt, Mr. Leupp would be the first to admit.

Some one expressed surprise to Pitt that a man of so little character as Fox should have had so compelling an influence over so many men. "The remark is just," replied Pitt, "but then you have not been under the wand of the magician." Mr. Leupp clearly has been. Strive as he may to conceal it, the spell is clearly upon him—the spell cast by a virile and spontaneous nature which fascinates its thousands. We do not forget Mr. Leupp's occasional protests that he judges the President impartially, or condemns certain courses of his. But these relate to minor matters. The author shows us Mr. Roosevelt's exuberance running unconsciously into exaggeration, so that all his little fishes talk like whales. Nor is the frequent bathos of the Presidential style forgotten. Admission is made that Rooseveltian impetuosity often swells into a fault. Other abatements of admiration occur; but, as a whole, the book is clearly of the "Friendship's-Tribute" order. One explanatory defence reads queerly. Mr. Roosevelt has been criticised—notably by ex-Secretary Long—for having urged that the Spanish ships en route to Cuba, long before the war broke out, should be attacked and sunk at sea. This has been invidiously adduced as a good example of the President's original ideas on the subject of international law. But it is all based on a misconception, elucidates Mr. Leupp. He has notes jotted down in 1898 which prove that Mr. Long omitted "one essential feature of the story"—namely, that Mr. Roosevelt proposed, as a preliminary, to have Spain notified that the sending of her fleet "would be considered an act of war." That was to make all regular! To serve notice upon a friendly nation that the moving of ships from one part of her territory to another would justify us in "smashing" them is enough, as a cowboy friend of the President's might say, to make Puffendorf puff worse than ever.

Mr. Leupp refers to a mysterious moral struggle through which Mr. Roosevelt had to pass years ago. It practically came down to this: Should he support for the Presidency a party nominee whom he thought morally unfit? Also, should he give up for party his belief in free trade? Mr. Leupp admits that it cost Mr. Roosevelt a temporary pang to do both these things, but the doctrine of the "larger good" carried the day. That is, Mr. Roosevelt was persuaded that he could do more good by "acting with his party." But, obviously, what he really meant was securing office from his party. Anybody can "act" with any party. A party will welcome, in a campaign, the most chronic "kicker," and accept his advice and his vote with the greatest pleasure. But office-holding, of course, is reserved, as a rule, for the "regular"; and it is plain that office-holding was what Mr. Roosevelt had in mind. The principal difference between him and more frankly partisan aspirants is that the latter do not execute a moral flourish over their ambitions. We can understand the attitude assumed by Mr. Roosevelt, but we see no reason for trying to throw an ethical glamour about it. The perils involved, all men can see. When you say, with a sigh, as Mr. Leupp represents President Roosevelt as saying, "I am a Republican first and a free-trader afterwards," you may yet find yourself saying, "I am a Republican first and an honest man afterwards."

International Exchange. By Anthony W. Margraff. Chicago: Fergus Printing Co. 1903.

During the Mexican War, the late Mr. August Belmont surprised his fellow-bankers in Wall Street by undertaking to place Government funds in Mexico for the modest commission of 3 per cent. Inasmuch as the steamship companies charged about this rate for freight on specie, the other bankers could not understand where the profit came in; but Mr. Belmont arranged an arbitrage operation in exchange, which was then an unusual, though it is now a very common, transaction, and no doubt reaped a handsome profit in consequence. This was in the early days of a business which has since become a striking example of what economists call the tendency of profits to a minimum. Up to some thirty years ago bankers expected to make at least a half of one per cent. on their exchange operations, and the business was decidedly profitable; but nowadays, according to Mr. Margraff, they aim to make only one-twentieth of one per cent., which is certainly not enough to cover the inevitable risks—except, perhaps, when times are very prosperous.

Any one who is desirous of taking up this unprofitable business will find in the book before us a most elaborate account of modern methods of conducting it. The figures given are quite correct, and no important species of operation has been neglected. The reader, however, will meet with one unexpected difficulty, in that Mr. Margraff writes in a strange language, which we take to be Chicago English, and which we find exceedingly puzzling. Not satisfied, perhaps, with his own skill in the use of this singular tongue, Mr. Margraff has obtained the assistance of his publisher, Mr. R. C. Fergus, who contributes a sort of double-barrelled introduction, which appears to be slightly explosive, but not otherwise dangerous, as far as we can understand it. From this introduction we quote a sentence, neither better nor worse than others, in order to show that our difficulties are not imaginary:

> "The first point presented by the author is the proper training of young men to a thorough knowledge of the subject-matter of a vocation in the International Department through the school, first of a text-book leading to the classroom to be established, and in so doing prevent the exception of an educational institution for the personnel of the American Foreign Banking Department."

What this is all about we do not pretend to know, but we cheerfully concur in Mr. Fergus's final sentence, because we feel satisfied that it does not portend any bodily mutilation for Mr. Margraff: "Happy is the thought that the space of years allotted to man will permit of other fragments from our American financier."

The Nile Quest: A Record of the Exploration of the Nile and its Basin. By Sir Harry Johnston. Illustrations and maps. F. A. Stokes. [The Story of Exploration.] Pp. xv, 341. 8vo.

Sir Harry Johnston has done more in this book than simply tell the story of the exploration of the Nile—a story which began some three thousand years ago and is not yet finished, for there is still a stretch of some two hundred miles of the basin of the Mountain or White Nile which is practically unknown. In addition to a narrative of the various attempts to solve the mysteries of the Nile sources, he displays

the latest theories as to the origin, affinities, and migrations of the negro races inhabiting northeastern Africa, along with much information about the physical features, fauna and flora of the region in which the river takes its rise. These are subjects which he had special opportunities for investigating while organizing the Uganda Protectorate.

The early explorers, from Herodotus down to the Portuguese missionaries in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, left few records, and the first chapters have no personal incidents to enliven them. The interest of the book to the average reader begins with the narrative of the remarkable achievements of the Scotchman, James Bruce, who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, followed the Blue Nile from its source in the Abyssinian highlands to its junction with the main river at Khartum. It culminates with the account of Speke's adventurous journey from the Indian Ocean to the summit of a hill "when the vast expanse of the Nyanza burst suddenly upon my gaze." Another historic moment was when, after the lapse of nearly twenty centuries of doubt, the Mountains of the Moon were found to be a reality, not the figment of Ptolemy's brain, or, more accurately, that of Diogenes, the Greek merchant, his authority for the statement of their existence. Stanley was encamped near Lake Albert Nyanza, in his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, when, he says,

"My eyes were directed by a boy to a mountain said to be covered with salt, and I saw a peculiar shaped cloud of a most beautiful silver color, which assumed the proportions and appearance of a vast mountain covered with snow. Following its form downward, . . . I became for the first time conscious that what I gazed upon was not the image or semblance of a vast mountain, but the solid substance of a real one, with its summit covered with snow."

To the achievements of these three explorers and of Schweinfurth and Sir Samuel Baker the most space is given. Baker would have accomplished more as an explorer had not his task been largely to free the region of the Upper Nile from the slave-raiders. His reward, however, is greater, for he "is, in the remembrance of the old people, the one heroic white man they have known; terrible in battle, scrupulously just, at all times kind and jovial in demeanor among friends; a born ruler over a savage people." The travellers of recent years have been so numerous and their discoveries so relatively unimportant that little more than a bare reference to them was possible in a small volume. It is interesting to note that the aim of the last of the seventy-seven (men and women) who constitute Sir Harry's "Roll of Fame," Sir William Garstin, was not geological research, but to discover where irrigation works could best develop the natural resources of the Sudan and Egypt. In the series of maps prepared by Mr. Bartholomew, the progress of the quest is graphically shown, as well as the extent and minuteness of our present knowledge of the Nile Basin. There is an inconsistency between the spelling on the maps and in the text which should have been avoided. The journey of Bruce began in 1768, not (as stated on p. 77) in 1786; and Cancer should be substituted for Capricorn on page 298. The illustrations are portraits of explorers and scenes on the upper river. An excellent index meets the need of reference.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bartlett, Frederick Orin. Joan of the Alley. (Fiction.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Berliner, Jahrbuch für Handel und Industrie. 1903. Band I. Berlin: George Reimer.
Brady, Cyrus Townsend. A Little Traitor to the South. (Fiction.) The Macmillan Co.
Caird, Edward. The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers. 2 vols. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 14s. net.
Eliot, Charlotte C. William Greenleaf Eliot. (Memoirs.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Fiske, Amos Kidder. The Modern Bank. (Appleton's Business Series.) D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net; postage 12 cents.
Four Compilations. Friendship, Happiness, Success, Nature. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.
Herter, Christian Archibald. The Influence of Pasteur on Medical Science. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
Kufferath, Maurice. The Parsifal of Richard Wagner. Translated from the French by Louise M. Henermann. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Louthan, Hattie Horner. In Passion's Dragnet. (Fiction.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Lucas, E. V. Highways and Byways in Sussex. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 6s.
Miller, Olive Thorne. With the Birds in Maine. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Moule, H. C. G. From Sunday to Sunday. (Bible readings.) A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Raper, Charles Lee. North Carolina. a Study in English Colonial Government. The Macmillan Co.
Stephen, Leslie. English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.
The Song of Roland, translated into English prose by Isabel Butler. (Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Todd, J. C. Politics and Religion in Ancient Israel. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 6s.
Tunison, J. S. The Graal Problem. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. $1.25 net; postage 7 cents.
Webster, Henry Kitchell. The Duke of Cameron Avenue. The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.
West, Julius H. Hie Europa! Hie Amerika! Berlin: Franz Siemenroth. 1m.
Wheelock, Irene Grosvenor. Birds of California. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1904.

The Week.

Senator Hale well brought out on Thursday the military weakness entailed upon us by the Philippine Islands. "We have got to have ships in the Philippines," he said, and added: "In case of war we should have to spend hundreds of millions in the Philippines." This is the final touch to that lovely picture of our Imperialists in which the archipelago, like Hawaii, was to be a bulwark for attacks from the East aimed at Bunker Hill or New Orleans. But Mr. Hale did even better service than that. He had the courage to state that he proposed to discuss the navy without regard to charges of lack of patriotism. Never in time of peace has this cry been so effectively used to cut off debate as at present. As a whole, the Democrats have been ready to subordinate convictions to the fear of being called unpatriotic. So it was left to Senator Hale to bring out the fact that our large-navy boomers have arrived at one of their goals by outstripping every nation save England. Next we shall be told that we must surpass England, too, and then England plus Russia, etc., and the dangers of a German and English alliance will be dwelt upon. Another truth uttered by Senator Hale was his statement that the American naval officer "is the naval officer, pure and simple, and the American navy bounds his complete horizon. To him the navy is everything, and the Naval Board is run too much in the direction of enormous ships. In some respects, the naval officers are like the farmer who wants to raise the biggest pumpkin."

Secretary Taft's speech at the Ohio dinner on Saturday was the manly, straightforward utterance the public has come to expect from him, and will remain the ablest defence of the Administration's course in the islands. In so far as it breathed a spirit of friendliness for the Filipinos, exemplified his intense desire that they primarily shall profit by the development of the archipelago, and related the substantial progress already made, Mr. Taft's remarks will be heartily applauded by every American, irrespective of party. If he and others like him could have the complete supervision of the destinies of the Filipinos during the next fifty years, unhampered by party considerations and by neglectful or selfish Congresses, we doubt not that the result would be most creditable to the United States. Unfortunately, times and parties change, and the assurances of a Taft regarding American unselfishness will have but little value after he and his co-workers have passed from the political scene. There is but one safeguard, and that is that some expression of our national good faith and unselfish purposes in respect to the Philippines shall be put on record in a binding form, similar to the Teller resolution in regard to Cuba.

The postponement of the Frye Shipping bill until the tariff shall have been removed from Philippine products is in accordance with the do-nothing preelection policy. It is an advantage, of course, not to declare Filipino-American trade coastwise traffic until there shall be enough American ships to carry the goods and enjoy the monopoly; it will be advantageous to the Filipinos to obtain free entry at our ports, but Congress is surely doing nothing to win the gratitude that redounds to a quick giver. Mr. Roosevelt and Gov. Taft have pleaded for free trade with the islands, have emphasized the pressing need of opening our markets, and now Congress says, "Yes, we recognize the need; the islands are sadly cramped for want of trade facilities, and in a year or so we will do something about it." Even such a grudging admission is worth something, for it is hardly possible that after a Presidential campaign quite so plausible a reason for standing pat upon folly and wrong can be found. But certainly the policy of delay in a matter of simple justice and expediency can do little to win good will in the islands, or, here, to attract votes to "a party that does things."

Government by commission, we are told, is to be extended from the Philippines to the Panama Canal zone. It may be the best way of administering that anomalous holding; in any case, it seems less objectionable than a military government. But consider the resultant political mosaic on the Isthmus. There will be a quasi-republic separated into two parts by a ten-mile strip under foreign control. This strip of practically alienated territory will contain the capital and the chief commercial city of the quasi-republic, besides all its means of communication. Recall, also, that the possessors of this strip are at liberty to intervene at their discretion anywhere else in the republic. It will be seen that the Republic of Panama is very much like an Æsopian ape, let us say, who has bartered away his stomach, heart, "lights," and liver, but has received a solemn certificate of possession for the remainder of his anatomy. One can see the end of a distribution of that sort. Already the Panama Republic has a very pretty race problem of its own in the rivalry between the Spaniards in control and the negroids who make up the bulk of the population. The present Government need not last any longer than it takes the Junta and its adherents to divide our $10,000,000 and any contingent *douceurs* from the French Panama Company. Annexation is already the cry of those who have not come in for the "divvy." And, indeed, annexation was always the logical policy of an Administration which has gratuitously involved itself in such diplomatic hypocrisies as the present protectorate is continuing *ad nauseum*.

Our old friend, "Loomis, Acting," off for a first-hand inspection of San Domingo, speaking for the Administration in last week's *Independent*, proposes, first, to intervene to "quiet the disturbing elements" in San Domingo. We are to make the people "return to the industries which are, at present, utterly neglected." Mr. Loomis affirms that "obviously" the time has come for us to "do something." This may be obvious to him, but what others will think obvious is that the Administration has been at last lured into taking, in San Domingo, the first step that costs. The Dominicans have been openly playing their game. Ever since the unhappy Panama precedent was set, the idea has spread that Uncle Sam is an "easy mark" for people with revolutions to unload upon a confiding old gentleman. Almost ostentatiously have the struggling factions in San Domingo aimed at getting the United States to give them, as Gen. Sanchez innocently puts it, "a little assistance." He will alarm the "stand-patters" by his further intimation that one thing wanted is the free importation into our markets of Dominican sugar But Mr. Loomis is thinking of a treaty "bringing San Domingo under the Platt amendment" as affecting Cuba—in other words, setting up an American protectorate. He calls it "friendly protection." Now there is nothing unexampled in the Dominican situation. It is the same old story of revolution. We have dealt with it for years in the time-tried methods. Why abandon them now? Insist upon the protection of American citizens. Demand redress for every outrage. But "police" San Domingo? Mr. Roosevelt has plenty of other ways of making himself absurd. This sort of nonsense he should leave to Sancho Panza in Barataria.

Mr. Williams, the Democratic leader of the House, is generally pretty sure of his facts, but last week he had to make a retraction. He told the tariff "stand-patters" that if they could have their way, this country would not have any imports

at all, except in non-competing products. What are the articles, he said, the like of which cannot be raised in the United States? Polar bears, guava, breadfruit, and a few things of that sort. That was where he was weak, as he himself soon discovered; for the next day he announced to the House that, on further thought, he did not believe these articles could be so regarded. The fact is, he discovered that the principal product of our fine new dependency, Guam, is breadfruit, and Porto Rico and our other tropical colonies raise both breadfruit and guava. And as for polar-bear skins, are we not getting them from Alaska? Mr. Williams raises a very important point here. Any one can figure out for himself what a great thing Imperialism has been for our infant industries. Under our policy of expansion we have sampled about every kind of soil and climate known to this earth. There is hardly a product of the arctic, temperate, or torrid zone that could not, by legislative hothousing at least, be produced somewhere within our jurisdiction.

"The only motive," said Representative Overstreet in defending the Congressmen involved in the postal scandals—"the only motive was to promote the interest of their constituents." "And," he added, "there has been a complete exoneration of members of the House; instead of there being a reflection upon them, their honor and respect will be enriched." But nobody who dwells outside the mephitic atmosphere of politics can entertain any illusion as to the nature of the transactions in which these statesmen were engaged. Senators and Representatives inevitably have a powerful influence over executive officers, and often view them as mere servants. When a Congressman has "landed" his man in the Post-Office Department, he looks for favors in return, and if he does not get them he bestows his august patronage upon some one who is more pliant. In practice, the system works exactly as might be expected. One example, that of Congressman (now Judge) Warren B. Hooker, is enough to reveal the method. In October, 1901, the Government leased for a post-office a building in Dunkirk, of which he was part owner, at $1,350 annually, for a term of ten years. The next January—through the kindness of George W. Beavers, now under indictment—the rent was increased to $1,500; and in May the ten-year lease was cancelled and a new one drawn at $2,000. In this particular case the Congressman happened to be a direct beneficiary of the fraud; but the principle is the same whether the money goes to the Representative, to a henchman, or to some constituent whom he wishes to lay under obligations; the principle is that of robbing the Government.

Monday's revelations go far to explain the rottenness of the postal and other departments. The Legislature and the Executive are theoretically acting together in an effort to conduct public business as efficiently and cheaply as possible; they have in reality struck hands in an endeavor to secure the minimum of efficiency and the maximum of expense. Mr. Payne's report contains many cases of grants for clerk hire for which the business of the office and the rules of the department offered not a shadow of pretext. When men of the standing of Congressman Hill of Connecticut, Senator Cullom, Speaker Cannon (that watchdog of the Treasury), Congressman Payne of New York, and Hepburn of Iowa are taken red-handed, no one can marvel that Beavers, Machen, and the small-fry of department subordinates rush for loot, with the cry, "Now or never!" These petty frauds are convincing evidence that it is practically impossible to conduct our Government economically; and they give us pause when enthusiasts press for enlarging the scope of administrative activities.

The findings of the special investigators for the Interior Department, Charles J. Bonaparte and Clinton R. Woodruff, seem to confirm the gloomiest view of gross laxity in the conduct of affairs in the Indian Territory by the "Dawes Commission." What was justly regarded ten years ago as a Governmental missionary body has been struck by a kind of dry rot that has destroyed, not only the philanthropic impulses which actuated the original members, but the instinct of official rectitude in their successors. There is a pie to be cut, and the men with the widest pie knives are found to be those who should be beating back the hungry looters. Ten years ago Commissioner Armstrong went from town to town among the Five Tribes begging on street corners to be heard. In substance, he declared that it was the Commission's purpose to save the tribes from the flood of aliens pouring over the borders and seizing, by lease, the best of the Territory lands. He preached allotment effectively. Now, with Senator Dawes a memory and Commissioner Armstrong out, the Commission's chairman, Tams Bixby, is spoken of as a menace to the Indian population of the Territory. The conditions that he helped to create and openly defends are officially called discreditable to the United States. Truly, times have changed, and the suggestion of Representative Curtis, that the Commission, which has become unduly expensive and inefficient, should also change and give way to a single agent, might now be seriously considered.

Naval circles are tremendously stirred up over the recent accident to the *Iowa's* guns. The fatal mishap of last year on that ship as on others had made the service uneasy; but this last blowing off the muzzles of two of the *Iowa's* guns has created positive alarm. The *Army and Navy Journal* characterizes the situation as "very deplorable, if not alarming." It speaks also of "the failure of several boards to find any sufficient cause for these accidents," and of the "depression noted both among officers and men who have to deal with these guns." But it becomes positively excited in discussing an order issued by the Bureau of Ordinance on February 8, which reduces the muzzle velocities of guns on board ships at navy-yards and at the naval proving-grounds. This order, which was admittedly issued because of the latest accident on the *Iowa*, shows that even in the sacred precincts of the Navy Department confidence in our naval weapons has received a great chill. The *Journal* terms this an "almost incredible order," a "fatal blow to the efficiency of the fleet," and proceeds to recall the fact that the *Iowa's* guns were built of forgings which three boards of officers, after careful examination, had rejected. The latter is a most astonishing allegation and should be promptly investigated. Since the effect of the Ordnance Bureau's order is to make all our navy weapons 30 per cent. less effective than similar European guns, there is naturally much shaking of heads in the navy.

Circuit-Attorney Folk is having no easy time of it in his campaign for the Democratic nomination for the Governorship of Missouri. Not only are there four or five other candidates in the field all bent on opposing him and confusing the issues, but also he has the open opposition of the boodlers he has been prosecuting. Above all, the Republicans are trying to cast doubts upon the sincerity of his reform promises by calling upon him to smash the Democratic machine, or at least to attack it more vigorously. Thus, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, not content with his never-ending denunciation of the corrupt Democratic legislatures, insists that Folk ought also to denounce all previous Democratic administrations as well. "Whether Folk is nominated for Governor or not," remarks the *Globe-Democrat* grandiloquently, "the Republicans of Missouri intend to put him on the stand as their main witness against the party with which he has been acting in this State." This, of course, is the true way to do justice to the bravest and most devoted public servant St. Louis has had in the memory of man. It is also the way to build up that strong and pure Opposition party which Missouri needs as badly as many other States. Meanwhile, Folk has been listened to by thou-

sands in his tour of the State, and his demands for pure government at Jefferson City are heartily applauded. There is little doubt that a vast majority of the Democrats of Missouri want him.

One hundred and five of the leading lawyers of Philadelphia have sent to their brethren of the bar throughout the State a circular letter asking an opinion of the proposed nomination and election to the Supreme bench of Gov. Pennypacker. "As the disapproval of the profession seems to be universal," says the letter, "it is thought desirable to get the whole body of the Bar of Pennsylvania in touch upon the subject." When shown this letter, Gov. Pennypacker, who seems to have thrown away conscience and dignity on taking office, said that he saw nothing wrong in getting such an expression of opinion. But he knows very well that the result will be an overwhelming vote against him, although he was, less than three years ago, one of the most respected jurists in Pennsylvania. To-day the bar, without distinction of politics, looks upon his candidacy as a menace to a pure judiciary that ought to be averted at all hazards. Its one hope of success is to drive him into withdrawing. But if his cousin "Matt" Quay insists upon nominating him, the bar may rage as it pleases. Unless the heavens should fall, the machine, which Senator Penrose praised so extravagantly the other day, will do its boss's bidding, and would do so if he nominated the worst shyster in all Philadelphia instead of an official who has broken his pledge to the people.

The State Civil Service Board has promptly disposed of the Tammany plan to place the sixty deputy tax commissioners in the exempt class of municipal employees. But the Board rebuked the Mayor and the local Civil Service Board in still other ways. It refused to exempt the superintendent of ponds and conduits, and blocked the effort to place all laborers in one general class. For this humiliation the Mayor has only himself to blame. As in the case of Commissioner Pallas, he is paying a large price for having selected officials whose theory of office-holding is Tammany's. The State Board has put him in the position of having been thwarted in an inexcusable attack upon the civil serivce. There was no attempt whatever to show that satisfactory examinations could not be given to candidates for deputy tax commissioners. Indeed, if any employment calls for definite information, it is the assessing of real estate, and a man's fitness for it can be ascertained by an intelligent board. The Mayor tried to hand these offices over to Tammany by quoting some decisions of the Court of Appeals which did not bear upon the question. Fortunately for the public, the State Board saw through all this, and knew where the merits of the case lay. Thus the Mayor, professing his ardent desire to aid the Democratic party by giving a high-toned administration, has the mortification of seeing a Republican Board get all the credit in this affair.

That the money, time, and energy nowadays devoted to athletics is excessive, has just been shown by the New Haven correspondent of the *Evening Post* who analyzed the expenditures at Yale. He showed that the receipts from athletics are now a round $100,000 a year, a sum which, "treated as income, would pay the present salaries of about forty Yale professors," and which is "nearly as large as the income derived from invested university funds." The increase in expenditure in the four leading branches of sport is shown by the following comparison of outlay six years ago and now:

	1896-'97.	1902-'03.
Football	$13,004	$28,471
Baseball	11,357	14,712
Boating	10,512	16,167
Track	4,228	9,746
Total	$39,101	$69,096

These figures, an increase of about 77 per cent., relate in general to "operating expenses," and not cost of maintenance or building up of athletic plant. This large sum has gone to extravagant training-tables, to the best rooms at hotels, to parlor cars, and to countless other luxuries demanded by the players and their coaches. This prodigality, our correspondent writes, "tends both to perpetuate itself and to expand." The figures quoted are for Yale; but an examination of accounts from other Eastern colleges would yield results that are similar and perhaps even more disheartening. As to the waste of time and energy, we have the testimony of President Eliot in his last annual report. He complains sharply of "the breaking up of college work for the individual student by frequent absences to play games at a distance from Cambridge"; and he adds: "It is a greater evil than formerly, now that intercollegiate games take place all the year round—that is, in winter as well as in spring and autumn."

For a good many months now the tendency of wages has been in a downward direction. Employers of labor have emphatically asserted that they could not pay the old scale and make money enough to keep their plants in operation; and their point of view has been generally accepted by the labor element. But to-day there are indications in certain quarters, notably among the bituminous coal miners, that the working classes are less disposed to take the employers' view of the situation. What is the reason? Why, simply this: while wages have been sagging, the cost of living has kept on increasing. The average of commodity prices is higher than a month ago, and higher than a year ago, when the cost of living was regarded as unusually high. The speculation in foodstuffs and cotton has been paid for by the masses, as is always the case. Meats have risen somewhat lately, but the most striking feature has been the advance in bread. Early last week the New York bakers began to mark up buns and rolls from 10 cents a dozen to a cent apiece, loaf bread remaining unchanged. But later came the news that the Chicago bakers had advanced the price of a loaf a full cent. The ordinary man may be able to ignore other signs, but dearer bread is sure to make him feel like the worm at bay.

Sir William Harcourt's retirement from public life removes a picturesque and potent figure from English politics. A sledge-hammer speaker, a guardian and exponent of the old Parliamentary tradition, a militant Liberal, he will be sorely missed. Though a hard hitter, he fought fairly, and won the respect even of his opponents. In fact, many of his warmest personal friends are in the ranks of the Conservative party. Mr. Balfour himself has said that he regards Sir William as the "last living captain of the Old Guard of Parliamentarians." Regret will be the deeper that the veteran has been compelled by failing health to withdraw from the scene, on the eve of what appears to be the destined triumph of the principles in behalf of which he has struck such ringing blows.

While, technically, the Dreyfus case is now before the French courts only in the form of a motion for a new trial, there is good reason to believe that the whole frightful injustice is about to be set right. The application to the Court of Cassation sets forth clearly the "new fact" requisite for a revision, and that new fact is, of course, the discovery of more old forgeries in the documents on the strength of which the unfortunate officer was found guilty at Rennes. A fine indignation marks the official report in which these iniquities of the Dreyfus prosecution are at last laid bare, and we must believe that all France will rejoice when the tardy reparation is made, as it seems inevitable now that it will be, and the condemned and martyred officer not simply cleared, but restored to his rank in the army. The lull since Rennes has not been without its use. Passion has subsided. The French people now see that it is not a case of gigantic treason, or plots against the army, or a scheme to rend France in twain, but a mere matter of justice to a man wrongfully accused and persecuted fiendishly. We may hope, therefore, that the whole fabric of fraud, forgery, and falsehood will speedily be thrown to the ground amid universal acclamation.

IRREPRESSIBLE INDEPENDENCE.

After being dismissed for the hundredth time by the Imperialists as impracticable folly little short of treason, independence for the Philippines again comes forward as a political issue. This time it stands clear of party, and drops old controversies. The name Anti-Imperialism it lays aside, the better to urge its great plan without prejudice. To-day we have a committee formed for the single purpose of securing independence for the Philippines at the earliest moment. Its immediate method of work is to circulate petitions calling upon the National Conventions of both parties to adopt resolutions pledging to the people of the Philippines independence upon terms similar to those under which Cuban independence was established. That our readers may judge of the great weight of the men who have given their names to this movement, we subjoin the full list of members of the "Philippine Independence Committee":

Charles F. Adams, Massachusetts.
Dr. Felix Adler, New York.
President Edwin A. Alderman, Louisiana.
James M. Allen, California.
W. H. Baldwin, jr., New York.
Gen. R. Brinkerhoff, Ohio.
George Burnham, jr., Pennsylvania.
Andrew Carnegie, New York.
President George C. Chase, Maine.
R. Fulton Cutting, New York.
President Charles W. Eliot, Massachusetts.
Philip C. Garrett, Pennsylvania.
Judge George Gray, Delaware.
President G. Stanley Hall, Massachusetts.
Chancellor Walter B. Hill, Georgia.
W. D. Howells, New York.
The Rev. W. R. Huntington, New York.
President William DeW. Hyde, Maine.
Prof. William James, Massachusetts.
President David Starr Jordan, California.
President Henry Churchill King, Ohio.
Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, Illinois.
Charles F. Lummis, California.
Hon. Samuel W. McCall, Massachusetts.
Wayne MacVeagh, Washington, D. C.
Bishop W. N. McVickar, Rhode Island.
The Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, New York.
Gen. William J. Palmer, Colorado.
George Foster Peabody, New York.
Bliss Perry, Massachusetts.
Bishop Henry C. Potter, New York.
Hon. U. M. Rose, Arkansas.
President J. G. Schurman, New York.
Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman, New York.
President Isaac Sharpless, Pennsylvania.
Hon. Hoke Smith, Georgia.
Judge Rufus B. Smith, Ohio.
Bishop J. L. Spalding, Illinois.
Prof. W. G. Sumner, Connecticut.
Robert Ellis Thompson, Pennsylvania.
Prof. Henry Van Dyke, New Jersey.
Horace White, New York.

Evidently, it will not do to try to sneer away these men as a set of fussy and fantastic meddlers. Here are nine college presidents, from Harvard to Tulane, from Bowdoin to Leland Stanford, besides eminent professors; here are two Bishops of the Episcopal Church, with the famous Catholic prelate, Bishop Spalding, together with other distinguished clergymen; here are men known for remarkable achievement in law and letters and business and philanthropy, whose reputation for patriotism and sound judgment is beyond cavil. To employ again the old contemptuous flings in speaking of these gentlemen would be to write one's self down either fool or knave. They are a body of men whose endorsement any philanthropic or financial or political project in this country would be proud and delighted to get. It is, taken by and large, a list of famous Americans, and it is they who are standing for Philippine independence.

Their appeal and petition are convincing proof that the best mind of America has not been deceived by Imperialist sophistry, and that our most sensitive consciences have not been lulled to sleep by the bribes of the exploiter. American ideals are not dying at the top. Our intellectual and moral leaders still feel the painful wrench away from a past of liberty for all and opportunity for all, involved in this continued domination over a distant people. They see that it is at once bad business, bad morals, and a most wofully mistaken patriotism. Already the reaction upon government at home is visible. The growing impatience of law—freshly illustrated in the announced determination of the President to dig the Panama Canal, "title or no title"; the tendency to substitute military methods for those of courts and legislatures; the spreading contempt for the rights of an "inferior race"—all these things have a very direct connection with our six years of arbitrary rule in the Philippines. Poison in the system at the extremities is sure to make its malign effects felt in the head. Besides, we are not yet so callous and shameless that we can forget all our historic protests in behalf of the right and the advantage of self-government. When we trample upon the demands of the Filipinos, we really tread our own past in the dirt.

It is clear that Secretary Taft must have got wind of this new agitation in favor of Philippine independence. His speech on Saturday night was, in part, an almost pathetic appeal not to utter the word "independence." He thought it would do incalculable harm in the Philippines. We might cherish the sentiment of ultimate independence, but it would never do to mention it above a whisper. Now to this we say that it is ridiculous to imagine that any such policy of hush can be carried out. The mails are open; the wires are working. Mr. Taft's own speech will speedily be read in Manila. He himself uses the word independence; he makes it evident that many in this country wish to give it to the Filipinos; President Roosevelt himself has publicly spoken of the possibility of Philippine independence—how absurd, then, to suppose that all this can be kept from the knowledge of the people most affected! Furthermore, Secretary Taft seems to imply that we must not trust to ordinary human motives in dealing with the Filipinos. The professed aim is to train them to self-government, but of its great stimulus and crowning reward they are to be kept in studied ignorance! Nowhere else do we so proceed. To children, to striving inferiors, to the ambitious in any sort, we always hold out the promise that attainment shall carry privileges and recognition with it; but to the Filipinos, in whom the feeling of nationality is so strong, and whom it is so urgent a duty to fit for an independent national life, we are told that we must deny any pledge of the success that follows effort. This is simply to bid defiance to human nature, and to make our policy seem either fatuous or insincere.

In any case, the irrepressible issue is once more upon us. It comes in most practicable form. The demand is that the national parties, one or both, shall declare independence to be the national policy. Is the Republican party, boasting still of being the party of intelligence and moral ideas, going to despise the counsels of these citizens whom it must confess to be among the ablest and most disinterested? Will the Democratic party, failing action by its rival, seize the opportunity to strike a blow for freedom? The conventions at Chicago and St. Louis must answer.

FREE AGENTS IN THE SENATE.

It would seem that the exact aim of the Senate investigation of Mr. Smoot has not been clearly understood. Some have thought that a moral protest against Mormonism was contemplated. Dread of contamination by a friend of polygamists—though not himself charged with polygamy—has been imagined to be the motive of pure-minded Senators. But this is all a mistake. It was made perfectly plain a week ago that the real objection to Senator Smoot is that he would not be free to vote in the Senate as his judgment and conscience might dictate, but would be controlled by men, or an organization, outside. This was brought into high relief when the counsel against Smoot, Mr. Tayler, was asked what relevancy all the testimony about polygamous practices had to the inquiry in hand. He replied:

"I expect to prove that Mr. Smoot could not by any possibility put himself up against his associates in his actions."

"Not even in his vote as a United States senator?" asked Mr. Beveridge.

"No; not even in his vote as a senator," responded Mr. Tayler.

We see, then, that the plan is to purge the Senate of members who are not free to think and say and vote the thing they will. Senator Smoot was admitted on his *prima-facie* credentials. He is to be turned out, if at all, because the Sen-

ate discovers that a body of men in Utah, holding no public office, tell him how he must vote. This is his great offending. He is not a free agent. Ostensibly an untrammelled Senator, passing upon matters of great public concern with open mind, he is in reality the bond-slave of an organization. It is this which leaves the noble Beveridge aghast. "Not free to put himself up against his associates, even in his vote as a Senator of the United States"! Abundant grounds for expulsion in that.

Now we sympathize heartily with this attempt to make the Senate an august assembly of free men. Its debates would be vastly more earnest and effective if its orators knew that the vote would go according to the weight of argument. As it is, there are too many melancholy cases of a Senator going to a colleague to congratulate him on his magnificent speech, and to add, "You have thoroughly convinced me, but you can't have my vote." It is not only the Mormon Church that has power to bind and loose nominally independent Senators. An "Apostle" dictating Senatorial votes is a more novel figure than a Boss who does the same thing, but really no more fearsome. Logic is logic, that's all we say; and if the Senate is going to turn out a member for submitting to outside dictation, Senators might well look at each other in alarm, and ask, "Which of us is safe?"

It would be easy, for example, to set on foot a rigorous Senatorial investigation of the Sugar Trust, on all fours with that of the Mormon Church. Are the Trust's Senators any freer than the Mormon Apostle? Will the directors of the Sugar Trust allow their representative in the Senate any greater liberty than the Apostles of the Mormon Church concede to their delegate? A committee bent on ascertaining the truth about this could bring out some sensational facts. Its inquiries would be of deep interest to Senator Aldrich, and he would naturally be as stern in calling for the expulsion of a Senator who took orders from the Sugar Trust, as of one under the domination of the Mormon Church. Simply to take another example by chance, how would Senator Depew fare under a close cross-examination on this point? How is his "vote as a Senator of the United States" determined? Do the railroads have anything to say about it? Does he first have to ask Platt? Is his freedom as a Senator too much of the nature of the theological moral freedom of an unregenerate man—freedom to do wrong, but not to do right? We ask the questions in no invidious spirit. Mr. Depew is not a sinner above all who dwell in the marble room. Indeed, we fear that if even Senator Hoar were required to go through the Smoot ordeal—to say, that is, whether he dared vote against his "associates"—the result would be to leave the absolutely disinterested, the entirely moral and free representation of Massachusetts in the hands of Senator Lodge alone.

It is far from our wish to disparage the anti-Smoot movement. Behind it is a great body of the most respectable sentiment in this country. It sees in the Mormon Senator a slight cast upon a pure family life—the foundation, certainly, of all our public virtue. This sentiment seems to us to be striking a little wildly at Mr. Smoot, and not to have clear legal warrant for demanding his exclusion from the Senate; but that does not prevent us from perceiving the excellent motives which have led honorable women not a few to interest themselves so deeply in this case. Our only point is that if the Senate, in casting about to find a reason for expelling Smoot, shall decide that he must go becouse he is not a free agent, it will have accepted a principle which, if logically applied, would decimate its membership even more rapidly than the process of indictment by grand jury.

"AT THE MERCY OF ARCHITECTS."

"I have an impression that public buildings outside of the city of Washington are being placed at the mercy of architects who are bidding upon them," said Mr. Gallinger in the Senate on Monday week. The debate was on the appropriation for a State-Justice-Commerce building, and Mr. Gallinger had moved an amendment to the effect that the architect's fees should be limited to 2½ per cent.—half the customary commission. For an hour or more the Senate was very much at the mercy of architects; and Mr. Dryden, Mr. Newlands, and Senator Hoar were kept busy explaining that the architectural profession is not a cabal to plunder the Government. There were curious ignorances to be enlightened. "The architect is intrusive," said Senator Hale. "He says, 'You cannot get a good building without me.'" To disprove this arrogant pretension, Mr. Hale cited the case of the Congressional Library, to build which "we dropped every architect, and Gen. Casey did it." Mr. Hale also bid the Senate remember that in the Hall of Records bill had been happily inserted "a clause shutting off architects."

But the debate reached a higher eloquence when Mr. Gallinger revealed the revolting fact that a New Hampshire building was waiting upon the convenience of a Boston architect. Senator Gallinger, feeling that he had been undone in his own State, complained pathetically, "It is very evident that the plans of that little building, costing $90,000, are in the hands of an architect in Boston, who is making those plans and receiving compensation." At this Mr. Hale cried aloud that the Federal Supervising Architect was "giving way to outside architects," and Mr. Tillman asked by what authority a Massachusetts man got a New Hampshire job, inquiring. "Have you not some people in New Hampshire who are architects?" Senator Gallinger could not deny that this superfluous and rapacious class did exist in his State. Indeed, a little later he was very willing that New Hampshire architects should get all the Government jobs in that State. Incidentally, the old grievance of Mr. McKim's White House extension was aired anew. Senator Cockrell declared the modest structure to be unfit for "a second-class lawyer" in Missouri. Yet the battle raged chiefly about the Boston man with a New Hampshire job.

It was discovered, to the chagrin of Senators Hale and Gallinger, that there is a law—the Tarsney act—under which the Supervising Architect may invite competition from five firms, reimbursing the losers for their actual outlay. The Boston architect was merely the winner in such a competition. For a moment it seemed as if the machinations of the most sordid of the artistic professions had been uncovered. "Compensate an architect for merely competing!" was cried in various directions. And to quiet these suspicions required Mr. Newland's explanation that compensation in these cases is necessary, that it merely covers actual disbursement for draughting, etc., leaving the architect without reward of any kind for his personal services, and that firms of standing will naturally not enter competitions under the terms of which they may be considerably out of pocket.

From this point the debate began to go the way of the architects. It appeared that Gen. Casey had, after all, not planned the Congressional Library out of his general engineering "experience and good taste." The buildings which Senator Gallinger had selected as convincing examples of a blessed pre-architectural era, turned out to have been planned by the best architects of the time. Mr. J. K. Taylor, the Supervising Architect, defended, by letter, the customary commission of 5 per cent. Senator Newlands even spoke in defence of "that man McKim," asserting that "we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. McKim, if for nothing else, that he decided to hold to the individualized White House as it existed for a hundred years, not changing it or altering it at all, but completing it according to the original plans." Senator Dryden, who has built great office buildings, maintained that the architect is worthy of his hire, and that the worst place to economize in any building, and especially in an expensive one, is on plans, specifications, and supervision. Mr. Newlands cited happily the ugly and costly plans made for an enlarged, and disfigured, White House by an army engineer. Had these plans been accepted, "you would have saved in the architect's fees, and

you would have lost in the great expenditure for the building. That is what I say is the advantage to be secured by getting these men of training and experience. You not only get art, you not only get efficiency, you not only get perfect construction, but you also get the most economical construction."

In some ways it seems a pity that such elementary instruction should be needed in the most dignified legislative body in the world. Time spent in proving that architects are not deliberate looters of the Treasury seems stolen from more important affairs. And yet Mr. Dryden and Mr. Newlands did a good service in showing that architects, like other citizens, render a service for the pay they receive, and are not banded to thwart Senatorial jobs or to hold up the Government. It was also something for Mr. Hale and Mr. Gallinger to learn not only that architects do not build, but that builders give a better value when they are supervised by an architect in the owner's interest. If there are honorary memberships for laymen in the architectural societies, it is easy to see where two might gracefully be disposed. The presence of an honorary architect or two on the floor of the Senate would at least extend its proverbial courtesy to a profession that needs it, and would surely prevent the ignorant imputation of dishonesty to gentlemen who, more than any other class, perhaps, are making our cities better to look at and better to live in.

RUSSIA'S INTERNAL CONDITION.

What does the present war mean as regards the internal condition of Russia? Even if she is successful in the end, her present financial burdens make the cost of the war a matter of great anxiety. But if she should find that she had met her match in Japan, there could, in the opinion of many, be no telling what the effect would be on her internal policy. Thus, a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* says that, "internally, Russia is not strengthening, but is weakening"; and he adds that "her internal condition means that defeat would involve perils without limit." In a word, there is a general belief that the material situation is worse than appears on the face, and that the wisdom of M. Witte's vast expenditures for internal development is open to sharp questioning.

In recent numbers of the *Yale Review*, Mr. N. T. Bacon has been presenting his ideas of the present condition of Russia. He appears to have studied the facts at first hand, and his picture is a very black one. He began his articles before M. Witte had been displaced from the Finance Ministry, and has not yet told us how far the recent "bumper" crop in Russia has caused him to modify his conclusions. The general impression which one obtains from Mr. Bacon's presentation is that about everybody in Russia is looking for a revolution. He says that "After us the Deluge" seems to be the feeling of the nobility in Russia at present. It looks, he adds, as if, with the constant recurrence of famines, the same result must follow that followed the famines in France from 1788 to 1790. The stock argument in Russia against "the coming revolution, by the few who think it will not come," is that the peasantry are too unorganized and too ignorant to rise; but there is an undeniable ferment, as Prince Kropotkin has explained, in factory towns. And Mr. Bacon says of one of the Czar's ministers that "this minister was the only man whom I met in Russia who was not looking forward to a revolution inside of fifty years, the furthest limit set by any one with whom I talked."

The first thing that attracted Mr. Bacon's attention was the enormous increase in the Russian public debt. In 1900, when the figures were smaller than now, there was an admitted bonded indebtedness of the national Government of $3,233,000,000—an increase, according to the Official Intelligence of the London Stock Exchange, of $764,000,000 since 1889. This increase was practically incurred in a time of peace. But on top of this the Government had guaranteed interest or dividends on railroad securities of a par value of $675,000,000, and had also guaranteed the mortgage bonds of various land-credit institutions to the extent of about $335,000,000; these institutions being very much like our farm mortgage companies, which collapsed so disastrously prior to the panic of 1893. So that, in all, the Government was responsible for about $4,243,000,000. The railroads have profited quite largely from the guarantee, and in the last two years there have been immense defaults by original mortgagors to the land-bank companies, making these in turn unable to meet their obligations. Within about a year and a half vast amounts of land belonging to the nobility have been foreclosed on, but it has generally been impossible to sell them for more than a mere fraction of the face of the mortgages.

The external debt of Russia is still largely held abroad. The internal debt was placed in Russia. About $300,000,000 of it went originally to the nobility, as indemnity for lands taken at the liberation of the serfs, but many of these bonds are now owned outside of Russia. During the last ten years hundreds of millions of foreign capital has been invested in Russian industries, and, in addition, much foreign banking capital is employed in the empire, where interest rates are comparatively high. Mr. Bacon figures that the external debt, plus one-half of the internal debt, together with the foreign investments in industrial pursuits, would probably bring the sum of what Russia owes abroad to about $3,200,000,000, with an annual interest charge of about $135,000,000. The significance of this last fact is shown by a table indicating the Empire's excess of exports for a great many years. From 1892 to 1901 inclusive, the excess ranged between $42,000,000 and $90,000,000. In 1902 there was a nominal surplus over the foreign interest charge, which was considerably smaller than at present. But the Government has continued to offer large amounts of new loans abroad, "which shows that all is not well with Russian finance." In short, while M. Witte would not admit that he was obliged to sell bonds to pay his interest, he did acknowledge that he had to do so to prevent gold exports; but Mr. Bacon says that it comes to about the same thing.

Mr. Bacon finds that the Russian railroads are heavily overcapitalized; he thinks that about three-quarters of their cost has been caused by plundering the Government in one way or another; and he takes the heavy appropriations in recent budgets for "supplementary rolling-stock" to mean that the roads have not been charging sufficiently to depreciation. He considers Russian agricultural conditions the most degraded he has ever seen, and holds that they are growing worse. The money-lender abounds in Russia, and practically absorbs all the profits of agriculture. The population is increasing rapidly, but so are the national expenditures. The striking fact is, that while the Imperial domains in Russia theoretically may be counted as an offset to the existing debt, as may also the great iron works and mines, such ownership by the Government actually means the impoverishment of the country. Superficially, the Government has been getting richer, but this has been at the expense of the population, as a result of the greatly increased taxation instituted by M. Witte to carry out his magnificent programme "for developing everything in all directions at once."

"HECKERISM" BEFORE THE ITALIAN COURTS.

Renewed interest in what is variously known as "Heckerism" and "Americanism" in Roman Catholicism has recently been aroused by an action brought in the civil tribunal of Rome against the head or General of the Jesuit Order. The action appeals to Americans not so much because of the questions in controversy, as of certain arguments and statements relating to American conditions which are to be found in the learned brief filed by the plaintiff's attorney in support of his client's contention. It is brought by one Olinto L. Spadoni, professedly an archæologist of distinction and the Roman correspondent of various English and American newspapers,

against Lodovico Martin, the General of the Jesuits at Rome. The cause of action is for the recovery of the expenses alleged to have been incurred, and the services alleged to have been rendered, by Spadoni in destroying the separatist movement of the Catholics in the United States under the alleged leadership of Archbishop Ireland and the Paulist Fathers. Such services, the plaintiff avers, were rendered with the approval of the General of the Jesuits and upon his promise to pay for them.

It is interesting to trace the growth of the separatist movement as described in the plaintiff's brief, containing, as it does, some rather surprising statements about our country. The attention of the court is called, with Latin rhetorical flourishes, to "the reactionary movement by a shrewd sacerdotal phalanx organized in the United States under the name of the Paulists," whose object was to take away ten million American Catholics from the jurisdiction of Rome It tells of the unsuccessful attempts by the Jesuits to oppose this movement until the plaintiff's "stupendous project" had been put into execution. And here we come upon some decidedly novel views of the development of Americanism as presented by the plaintiff's attorney. It was not, he says, "the God of liberty and of national independence" that armed American citizens "and made them drive the foreigners from their land" at the time of our Revolution. It was rather the economic system of the balance of trade engendered by the policy of the times, which was directed towards "preserving and developing national wealth by increasing the exportation of home products to a maximum, and reducing the importation of foreign products to a minimum." "Interests, as well as life and customs, had to be nationalized in favor of the mother country." "Thus the monopoly of the national commerce having been raised to a system of political government, the doctrinaire Monroe was the first to declare the liberty of the individual in the exercise of economic rights, . . . and democratically to nationalize everything by the celebrated motto, 'American life, American conscience, and American faith.'"

We hope this was made clear to the court. The next step was to extend the influence of such Monroeism "to the practice of the Roman Catholic faith." "Various priests and their followers accepted the reform movement inspired by the spiritualism of the so-called Paulists, who preached direct relations between God and man, without any priestly intervention." The brief proceeds to state how the Paulist movement aimed at the independence of American Catholics upon the Roman See, and hoped for "a great national victory over foreign influences, especially those from decrepit Europe." This religious movement became political also through the power exercised by the reformers by means of the great financial resources at their disposal and "the support of the Federal Government, headed by President McKinley." This politico-religious reaction reflected the motto of "America for Americans, . . . and became known as Americanism."

At the height of the movement, which threatened the Church with the loss of ten millions of the faithful, and against which the Jesuits seemed powerless, appeared on the field, as a sort of Knight Templar, the aforesaid Signor Spadoni, "a noted Roman publicist, founder and proprietor of the *Roman Herald*, and Roman correspondent of the famous newspaper, the New York *World*." "With his wide knowledge of American questions," Signor Spadoni "perceived the grave danger to the Holy See from such Americanism" as the Brief outlines, and the necessity for prompt action. "The moment was propitious for putting into execution a plan evolved in defence of the Roman Church, and for gaining thereby a reasonable compensation for the work to be done." "Through agents in America and Italy, and through valuable correspondents and secret information, he [Spadoni] became convinced that he was abundantly able to conduct a campaign against Americanism through his personal relations and his high office as publicist." Thus armed, Signor Spadoni, in November, 1898, interviewed Father Martin of the Jesuits, to whom he explained his plan of action, which included the coöperation of the Jesuit Order, though only to the extent of inducing the Pope to issue an encyclical against Americanism, and to discipline Archbishop Ireland, "the leader of the reform ideas." Signor Spadoni, meanwhile, was to endeavor to induce his American correspondents to censure the Papal attitude, which he would defend through a newspaper to be specially published in Rome and disseminated in America.

Upon this summary statement of facts, the plaintiff claims an implied contract to pay for his services. The evidence adduced, judged by American standards, seems to show that the only testimony in any way bearing on the alleged contract was a statement made by Father Martin in his interview with Spadoni: "There are good deeds that we compensate." On February 4, 1889, Spadoni issued an Italo-English paper called the *True American Catholic*, which he asserts he distributed widely. As we know, the Pope issued his encyclical against Americanism in the January following, and this is adduced as further evidence of the agreement alleged to have been made by Father Martin. "The hydra of Americanism was crushed; the victory of the Holy See was complete, Spadoni's programme triumphed."

The result of this action will be awaited with curiosity. The defence denies most of the relevant facts alleged, except that it admits the interview had between plaintiff and defendant. To us, from a distance, it must appear that the plaintiff has a hard case to prove. And if, under Italian law, the burden is on him to establish his allegations about "Monroeism," we fear Signor Spadoni has undertaken a task before which even a "noted publicist and Roman correspondent of the famous newspaper, the New York *World*," may well tremble.

THE ATHLETIC IMBROGLIO AT BROWN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 4, 1904.

On the 18th of January the board of directors of the Brown University Athletic Association, by a vote of seven to two, repealed the rule debarring students who had ever engaged in athletics for money outside of the University from representing Brown in intercollegiate games. The announcement of this action, on February 5, while not unexpected to the few who knew of the discussion which for some time had been going on in the board, came as a startling surprise to the University as a whole and to the public, and immediately precipitated a discussion which thus far has quite overshadowed every other University interest. The air was not cleared as the history of the vote became better known, nor have subsequent events tended to heal the breach thus suddenly created. It shortly appeared that the action of the board in opening athletics at Brown to professional players had been taken, not only without consultation with the authorities of the University, but in disregard of direct adverse opinion from those sources as well. The objections of the President of the University, communicated to members of the board in advance, were ignored. A request from the Faculty for delay, made three days before the publication of the action of the board, was of no avail. A decidedly adverse vote of a meeting of class secretaries had had, apparently, no weight, while the practically unanimous condemnation of the step by the press of the country, and the protests of influential alumni, seemed only to fix more firmly the determination of the board to persevere in its chosen course. The executive and advisory committee of the Corporation, at a meeting held on the afternoon of the day on which the announcement appeared, refused to accept the resignations, promptly tendered, of the two minority members of the board, and condemned the action of that body "in repealing certain important rules without previously submitting such action to the Faculty, Corporation, or students of the University"; the Faculty shortly requested the board to suspend the operation of its vote until the University could be consulted; but neither Corporation nor Faculty could bring about a change in the attitude of the athletic directors. Finally, on February 26, the executive committee put a temporary stop to what was rapidly becoming a scandal by directing the board "to allow no games under changed rules until action shall have been taken by the Corporation at its annual meeting in Septem-

ber, 1904." Four days later, the majority members of the board resigned.

This extraordinary episode, most regrettable, I can but think, from every point of view, raises some questions of more than local interest. Much has been said throughout of the powers of the board of directors. The board, created by the Corporation on the recommendation of the Faculty, consists of nine members. Three of the members are elected by the undergraduates, and the remainder are appointed by the Corporation—three from the Faculty, and three from the alumni. As directors of the Brown University Athletic Association, an incorporated body, the board has entire control of athletics in the University, save as regards the scholarship and standing of members of the teams, in which latter respects the control continues to vest in the Faculty. Throughout the controversy, the majority members of the board have insisted on the right of the board to act as it did, even in the face of protest from those to whom the interests of the University as a whole have been committed, or who for any reason feel particular concern for its welfare. The board, in other words, asserts its virtual superiority to President, Corporation, Faculty, students, or alumni in a very important department of the University life. It must be tolerably clear, however, not only that such a claim is merely technical in its foundation, but also that it puts the emphasis on the wrong point. The board represents the University as well as the Athletic Association, but it appears to have forgotten that, in a matter involving a radical change of policy, jeopardizing the good name of the institution, and opening the way to damaging criticism, there is need of a sounder defence than alleged technical right. The relations between the different parts of a university society ought in practice to be regulated by comity rather than by appeal to the letter of the law, by courtesy and confidence rather than by definition; and any attempt to stand on technicalities in such matters raises a presumption not only of unsoundness in the position itself, but also of intentional disregard of the interests of others.

Not less serious is the charge which the board brings against the student body, here and elsewhere. The eligibility rule cannot, it is said, be enforced at Brown, and is no better enforced at other institutions than it has been here. And why? Because the students will not assist the board by giving the evidence necessary to disqualify a candidate, even though they have such evidence in their possession. Everybody knows, we are told, that the rule is regularly evaded. Everybody knows that men play on the teams at Brown and elsewhere who have violated the rule against "summer ball"; but the receipt of money for summer playing is concealed by various devices, while "any attempt to obtain proof of the rule's infraction [*sic*] in individual cases," says the board in its labored defence, "has at last come to be met, on the part of Brown's athletes, by a polite but frank refusal to answer questions that might incriminate themselves or their fellows." This, of course, is only another way of saying that Brown students are dishonest, and uphold their athletes in dishonesty. Personally, I have formed no such low opinion of university men, either at Brown or anywhere else; but if the statement of the board is true, then the situation seems to me to be one which cannot too soon receive the serious consideration, not only of university authorities, but also, and particularly, of the honest and intelligent public by whose favor the universities live. If a generation of great concern about athletics has so debased the morals of young men that whole communities of them will systematically cheat and lie, the sooner we find a substitute for athletics the better. Fortunately, however, there is little difficulty in placing the blame where it chiefly belongs. The protestation of an athletic board that it has in all sincerity tried to enforce a rule, when taken in connection with its frank admission that it is known by undergraduates not to believe in the rule, is not convincing: moral standards in any department are usually not well maintained by men who do not believe in them.

We have here, I think, a peculiarly striking illustration of certain tendencies which have characterized the administration of college athletics everywhere in this country. There are few institutions, I fancy, which do not suffer from the tendency of athletics to dominate over the other interests of the university, few where the athlete is not more highly regarded by the mass of the students than the scholar, few where special favors and different standards for members of the teams have not come to be expected. Instead of becoming a vitalizing element in student life, I can but think that athletics have too often proved a divisive force, developing a class of men who are in the university but not of it, and whose sense of the fitness of things is likely to undergo for three or four years almost total eclipse because of the extraordinary attention paid to them. Along with this magnifying of the athletic office has gone also, unfortunately, a growing willingness on the part of a certain element to view college sports as essentially professional. So long as wealthy alumni are ready to pay students to play ball in college, so long as athletic associations pay men not to play ball in the summer in order that their eligibility may not be brought in question in the fall, it is not easy to develop a vigorous moral sentiment in favor of the strict enforcement of a rule like the one now in controversy at Brown. So far as my observation goes, it is the younger alumni rather than the undergraduates who are chiefly responsible for the lowered tone of university athletics in these directions.

As to the merits of the eligibility rule itself, there is at Brown, as elsewhere, diversity of opinion, although the recent discussion of the question has been clouded by what seems to me radical confusion of thought. In and of itself, there seems to be no reason why a university student should not, if he wishes, earn money by playing ball in the summer. There seems to be every reason, however, why he should be asked to choose definitely between this sort of professionalism and true sport. And it can hardly need pointing out that, between enforcing the old rule, irritating as it may seem to the few who wish to eat their cake and have it too, and putting university athletics frankly on a professional basis, there appears in practice no middle course. Explain it away as one may, the public draws a pretty sharp distinction between amateurism and professionalism, work and play, sport and business. I cannot frame a definition of a university so as to include among the proper functions of such an institution the maintenance of hired gladiators. The point much debated at Brown, as to whether the board ought not to have waited until joint action with other colleges could be secured, seems to me to beg the question: the real issue is professionalism, not the method by which professionalism shall be introduced.

For the difficulty into which the board of directors of the Brown University Athletic Association has plunged the University, there seems at present to be but one straightforward solution: that is, to maintain the old rule, and to place the administration of it in the hands of men who believe in it and are not afraid to enforce it. There are many, both within and without the University, who believe that the rule can be enforced to the letter, and that, too, with the ultimate approval of the whole student body. To the objection that this could be done only by the rejection of candidates on suspicion rather than on evidence, and that in consequence there would be no teams, it may be replied that athletic teams are not absolutely essential to a university, and, indeed, could well be dispensed with for a season or two for the sake of attaining honest amateurism. With this, however, will have to go, I am convinced, a drastic treatment of the money aspect of the case if the difficulty is to be quite done away with. So long as intercollegiate athletics continue to be maintained at their present enormous financial cost—not to speak of the debilitating favors and concessions to players in other ways—the temptation to fraud and deceit will embarrass the administration of any rule. It will be some compensation to Brown for the present disturbance of its athletic peace if the settlement of the pending controversy shall be such as to contribute to reform along both of these important lines.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

SICILY.

PALERMO, November, 1903.

Sicily, which has often been compared to Ireland in respect of its economic misfortunes and social antagonisms, does resemble Ireland in this very different point—that it has got a beautiful seacoast with a dull interior. The inland regions of the two isles are, however, unlike, for while that of Ireland is level and wet, that of Sicily is hilly and dry. Nearly the whole of the interior of Sicily is covered with mountains, which in the north form a high range, mostly of old crystalline rocks, and in some places keeping fragments of the ancient forests. Their tops are covered with snow through the winter, and through the summer there is verdure on the upper slopes. Though the mountain lines are seldom striking, the summits, some of which exceed 6,000 feet, have a sort of Alpine dignity when they form the background of a view. To the west the forms are bolder, for the limestone often rises in isolated peaks or jagged teeth of rock. But, taken as a whole, the inland part of Sicily is dreary, especially in the late summer and autumn, seeing that it is bare, arid, dusty,

with scarcely a stream, scarcely a tree, not a blade of grass, and few farmhouses; for though most of the available land is cultivated, the bulk of the inhabitants live in towns perched on the tops of rocky hills, and one sees few villages and clusters of houses.

The coast, on the other hand, has an almost unbroken line of striking landscapes to show. The southeastern and southwestern corners of the island are, though often pleasing, comparatively low and tame, but everywhere else steep hills or craggy mountains rise from the sea, and bold promontories stand out between great sweeps of bay, with here and there the glittering white houses of a town. Where all is beautiful, it is hard to make a choice. A succession of splendid mountains guard the northwest extremity between Palermo and Trapani, sometimes falling in precipices to the deep blue waters. All along the north coast from Palermo to Messina romantic glens descend from the Madonian range, while seaward the volcanic cones of the Lipari Isles rise on the northern horizon, more beautiful in the blue of distance than when one draws near to their gray, ash-strewn sides. In a softer and broader style, nothing can be finer than the superb bays behind which Girgenti and the ruins of Selinus stand. But, on the whole, the palm of varied loveliness belongs to the sixty miles of eastern coast that lie between Catania and Messina. Here long tongues of lava, alternating with cliffs of limestone, stretch down to the sea; a wealth of vines and olives, of lemon and orange groves, clothes the slopes; the gray walls of ancient fortresses stand out upon the heights, and, behind all, the majestic mass of Etna rises in a long, gentle line of woodland and pasture to the point where its cone of snow starts abruptly up into the air.

The coast strip seems to be much moister than the inland region; it is at any rate much greener and more attractive to a northern eye than the bare brown hillsides of the interior. No country seems less fitted than Sicily to have been the birthplace of pastoral poetry, for even along the seashore it is rather the splendor of the wide landscape that charms the eye than any smaller beauties of detail that tempt one to linger on the paths. Proserpine gathered flowers in the vale of Enna, and down to Mrs. Hemans poets and poetesses have talked of "Flowery Sicily." Theocritus lured the Muses to his island, and by their help made it the classic land of rural delights. But throughout the greater part of Sicily, as one sees it now, one finds no brooks, no springs, no shade, because no trees, but only thorny bushes; no grass, no mossy banks, no cool caverns, no songs of birds, no green leaves through which the soft wind may whisper—none, in short, of the recognized elements and appliances which pastoral poetry has been wont to use. Was this always so (in which case Theocritus was a still greater imaginative artist than even his admirers have deemed him)? Or has Sicily itself changed by losing with its forests its streams and birds and mosses? Doubtless the land is drier than it was in the old days; but when one reads Theocritus in Sicily—where, indeed, it is almost impossible to procure a copy of his poems—one notes that his landscape is not the sort of landscape which rises to our minds when we think of rural beauties. It is not even the landscape of Virgil's Eclogues, which, though they are largely imitations of Theocritus, have here and there a northern touch about them.

If the Sicilian landscape has in certain respects suffered since the days of Theocritus, it has also gained something in the orange and the lemon, whose deep, glossy green makes the beauty of many a view, relieving the gray of limestone rocks or the brown of a dusty hill. Long after the orange and the lemon, there came in our own time the Australian gum or eucalyptus, which, growing fast, has already become a conspicuous object in many places. It is not a lovely tree, and one feels it to be a stranger; but it is better than mere bareness, and it is said to lick up moisture from malarious hollows.

Such changes as the aspect of Sicily has undergone are, however, as nothing to those which have passed upon her population. There can hardly be anywhere in the world so great a mixture of diverse races. Three peoples inhabited the isle before either the Greeks or the Carthaginians came; and since the Roman conquest many others have entered, not to speak of the vast mass of slaves, war captives and kidnapped barbarians, who for a long time may have formed the largest part of the inhabitants. So now in Sicily one sees an extraordinary variety of types of face and figure. There is no Sicilian type, even in color, for dark complexions do not predominate. There are now and then Greek faces, yet hardly more often than in southern Italy. Both men and women are rather short of stature and seldom broad or stalwart. Few are handsome, though few are ugly; when beauty is seen, it is most frequently in the children. So, too, in pictoral art and in architecture there is little that one can call distinctively Sicilian. In the great days of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the Tuscan, Umbrian, and Lombard schools were in full life, Sicily produced little of high artistic merit. In the seventeenth century some painters of eminence arose, working under Spanish and Neapolitan influences; but the best of them, Pietro Novelli, died young, and he cannot be said to have reached the front rank. Several of the cities of northern Italy, even cities smaller than Venice or Florence, have left a larger body of fine work than did all Sicily in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Nor is there any specifically Sicilian style of architecture. Interesting, indeed, many of the buildings are. Those of the twelfth century, especially the cathedrals of Cefalú and Monreale and the exquisite little Cappella Palatina in the Castle at Palermo, are among the most striking pieces of Norman-Romanesque that remain in Europe. But their interest lies in the singular mixture they exhibit of different styles and influences. They are partly Byzantine, partly Saracenic (or rather Mussulman), partly Italian; and the wonderful mosaics which adorn them were probably designed, possibly executed, by Byzantine artists.

In studying the mediæval remains of Sicily, one is constantly struck by the fact that it was a meeting-point of different streams coming from different quarters. It is like one of those moraines at the foot of a glacier where one finds fragments of different kinds of rock from all the mountains that have sent down stones from their crumbling cliffs to the surface of the moving ice mass. After the Middle Ages, the dominant influence was that of Spain or of Naples, itself half Spanish; yet the work is inferior to that of Spain in its best period. The grasp of Spain is perhaps most plainly felt in the street architecture of the cities and in the heavy interiors of the churches restored or erected from the days of the Emperor Charles the Fifth till the coming of the Bourbons. They are perhaps less gloomy than the churches of Spain, but they are just as dull and just as tasteless in the ornamentation wherewith they are loaded. Neither in art nor in literature did the finer flowers of the Renaissance bloom in Sicily; and for this, as well as for ecclesiastical domination, Spanish influence may be largely to blame.

No part of southern Europe gives a stronger impression of the immense power of the priesthood before the Revolution than does Sicily. Every city is full of large churches, with space for far more than all the inhabitants the city can ever have counted. Most of these churches are now closed. Some have been turned into barracks, or are used for some other public purpose. The sums of money spent upon them must represent an enormous capital, far larger than was expended upon all public works, whether civil or military, ever since Sicily was recovered from the Mussulmans. Nowadays, although the people do not seem to be less of church-goers than are those of middle and northern Italy, there are very few shrines along the roads, and few signs of any general interest in religion. The island might seem to have given so much more than enough to the Church during Spanish and Bourbon centuries as to feel no need to give anything now. Yet the blight of the Inquisition, whose grim palaces frown upon the traveller so often in the cities of Spain, has left fewer traces here, and does not seem to have ever struck deep root.

Singular places they are, to an American or English eye, these old cities of Sicily, now half deserted, but with houses built so solidly of stone that they stand as if they might continue to stand for centuries to come. Sometimes, as in Monte San Giuliano (the ancient Eryx), on its mountain summit, two-thirds of the houses are tenantless. Sometimes, as in Castrogiovanni (the ancient Enna), the city, though planted on the long ridge top of a hill 2,600 feet above sea level, is still tolerably well filled with inhabitants, who seem to have nothing to do but stand about and talk to one another. From the cats and the children upwards—Sicilian towns swarm with cats and children—everybody lives in the open air, and nobody seems to feel the need of work. Lodging is cheap, a little clothing goes a long way; and these southern people, content with scanty and simple food, take no thought for the morrow. As the Irish got a bad name from the former prevalence of agrarian troubles, so, too, the Sicilians have got a bad name owing to the prevalence of brigandage, itself the fruit of agrarian difficulties, and from the power of the secret society called the Mafia. Brigandage is to-day nearly extinct; and though the Mafia is still strong, one can find out little that is authentic about it.

On a traveller the people make an agreeable impression. They are cheerful, friendly, polite to strangers and to one

another. They have a certain taste for art, and especially for color, as appears by the pains they take in decorating their carts with paintings, representing all sorts of subjects, not only religious, but adventures in history, or in tales of chivalry, or scenes of modern life, even to midnight meetings of the Mafia and popular ballet dancers. They have a quick intelligence, but not much solid power or originality—at least if one may judge from the fact that the island has produced, since it became a Roman province, no man of the first rank, and very few of conspicuous gifts. In the last century it claims Bellini, the composer, and Francesco Crispi, the prime minister of Italy. But whereas in early Greek days its annals were illustrated by such names as those of Stesichorus, Empedocles, Timæus, Gorgias, Philistos, Epicharmus, Theocritus, it has had no Sicilian of unquestioned greatness since Archimedes, who fell with the independence of his country twenty-one centuries ago.

As it is by far the most interesting of the Mediterranean islands, so Sicily has had by far the most interesting history. Sardinia, its near neighbor, is about as large and not less fertile. Yet Sardinia has had practically no history; that is to say, it has never figured in the annals, the wars, or politics of Europe, has never been the scene of any remarkable events. Placed between Italy and Africa, looking on its eastern side to Greece and on its western to Spain, Sicily has been the battlefield of diverse races and hostile powers. Never once in its long and chequered history has it been the dwelling-place of a nation. It came nearest to this in the days of the great Greek tyrants of Syracuse, who had nearly reduced the whole island under their sway, and who, could any one of them have founded a dynasty of strong rulers, might have made a country so rich and populous into a powerful State which would soon have become wholly Greek in language and culture. The First Punic war destroyed the last chance of any such development, and Sicily has since then passed from one foreign master to another, often more wretched in peace than she was in the days when the fierce and constant strife of Greeks and Carthaginians was drenching her soil with blood.

Correspondence.

THE EMPIRE OF THE SEAS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not the least cause of these international troubles present or to come seems to be the pretension of Great Britain to the empire of all the seas, notably of the Mediterranean, which she treats as a British lake. The fact that she has scattered possessions cannot warrant such a claim on her part, or render it otherwise than offensive to the world in general and dangerous to herself. That she is already overstrained, the enormous amount of her naval estimates shows.

Russia, a great inland empire, struggles for access to the open sea. Great Britain is resolved that she shall not have it. She is blocked at the Dardanelles, warned off the Persian Gulf; and, lest at any time she should reach the Eastern Mediterranean, Cyprus, otherwise perfectly worthless to Great Britain, is annexed. Naturally, she turns eastward and tries to establish herself on the Pacific. Her presence there is not in itself more offensive than that of Great Britain, who holds points on the coast of China by no title but that of the strong.

Some years ago there was an outcry in England that British ascendancy in the Mediterranean was insecure, and a meeting of merchants implored the Admiralty to increase the Mediterranean fleet. Voices less loud in favor of a different course were heard, and among them was said to be that of the first military authority of the time.

Pacificus.

THE LAW'S DELAYS IN CHICAGO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I regret to be obliged to call your attention to the report of the work of the courts in Cook County, in which Chicago is situated, contained in to-day's issue of the Chicago *Record-Herald*, a copy of which I enclose, because it shows that your statement on page 161 of your last issue is incorrect.

Aside from the temporary causes for delay in the congested condition of the criminal calendars, which required six judges to abandon the civil dockets to afford relief and to prevent the discharge of criminals without trial under the statute, and the difficulty of working a newly instituted method of calling cases, the chief difficulty in reaching the trial of ordinary civil suits seems to be the fact that 75 per cent. of the time of the trial courts is taken up with the hearing of personal-injury cases, all of which are long-drawn, hotly contested legal battles, and prevent the hearing of ordinary commercial and other civil cases.

The disregard for life and limb under corporate management, especially railroad management, the multiform accidents resulting from the increased use of electric and other machinery in recent years, the pernicious activity of legal and extra-legal "ambulance-chasers," have become a distinct social and legal evil, the effect of which is plainly manifested in the congested condition of court dockets throughout the country. I imagine New York has its full share.

A permanent remedy will not be found in increasing the facilities or personnel of the courts of justice, but rather in a reform of business methods in the corporate and other employers whose stockholders are finally the chief sufferers from the evil. The use of accident-insurance companies, and the consequent division of responsibility between corporate officials and treasuries on the one side and those of these companies on the other, have increased the evil and delayed the remedy.

The incidental suffering and the practical denial of justice to all others in the community which have resulted, may bring about the necessary reform in the revival of the employer's conscience, who will be made to feel by the complaints of his fellow-men and the inroad on his pocketbook that "Thou shalt not kill," or maim, is the law of corporations as well as men.

Very truly yours,

Eugene E. Prussing.

Chicago, March 5, 1904.

COLLEGE SALARIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What sort of outrageous nonsense is this letter anent instructors' salaries by "A. Grocer"? And why this nom-de-plume? Surely, no grocer would describe his trade as "catering merely to the beast in man." Has A. Grocer forgotten the fable of the belly and the members?

And what sort of argument for a uniform wage scale for different instructors is the uniform price of two copies of the same paper? What A. Grocer should ask is whether any sane man would object to paying three cents for the *Evening Post*, for example, however many "shrilly voices" cried yellow *Journals* for a cent. Can any thinking man doubt the depressing effect on energy and initiative of any system that fosters a uniform wage scale? Are we not all familiar with the union labor cartoon appearing from time to time in different dress, but showing always the sad-faced, intelligent mechanic shackled to the incompetent loafer? Does not every college man know the vast difference in the energy, brains, and devotion to duty—in the money value to the college, in short—of the members of a faculty? Why, only recently the president of, perhaps, our greatest university was heard to say that he recognized so clearly this difference in the money value of his teaching force that he thought some of his professors had a "negative" value—meaning that they ought to pay the university for the privilege of burdening it with their mediocrity.

No parallel can be drawn between a college and a business house. Yet, since the attempt is often made to justify the management of the one by the methods of the other (I have heard of a trustee who deplored, at an alumni banquet, this cry for an increase in professors' salaries, because he hadn't a man in his employ who didn't work longer hours with less pay!), it may be permitted us to doubt whether a good business man ever lets an energetic, valuable employee know that he can never hope for a "raise." Is it not, then, an anomaly that the keen business men of which our boards of trustees are for the most part, and for obvious reasons, composed, should deliberately chain the earnest, energetic worker to the sloth, to the man of "negative" ability, whose work for the college is over when he leaves his class? The present tendency unquestionably is to equalize professors' salaries even though such equalization necessitates reducing the pay of the fortunate few who have been drawing more than the present limit.

The *Nation*, always moderate in tone, is disposed to look on the bright side of the situation. "In New England," it tells us, editorially, "the conditions are not yet actually painful"; "frugal families manage to lead a tolerable existence." There's a goal for ambition! But the professor must not mind this frugal existence, he should be superior to the ordinary creature comforts that go to make life worth living, and then he can "quicken his mind by travel." On what? On a professor's pay? Not unless he leaves his wife and children at home. But is not his wife an equal? Does not her soul, too, need quickening? Or shall the women, whose influence for good in this society of young men should be incalculable, be reduced to mere household drudges

whose one preoccupation is how to make both ends meet? How can you have the "choicest society in the world" if the women are neglected; if they haven't the money to travel or entertain, the time to visit or to read? Nor is it quite true that one of the compensations of the professor's life is his freedom of speech. If he has outgrown his early creed, he had better keep the fact to himself. On account of the younger students it may be better so; but it is so, unquestionably.

What young man of first-rate energy and ability, of scholarly tastes, but human—there is no essential connection between scholarly tastes and long-haired, emasculated, poverty-stricken pedantry—what man of scholarly tastes, but without private income, will become a professor if he knows (and if his professor is honest he will tell him) that not only he but the woman of his choice and their children will be forced in their youth to live, I do not say without the comforts, but without many of the necessaries of life, and in their old age in abject poverty, or, if haply the excellent Harvard plan is generally followed, on the bounty of the trustees? If education is worth while at all, will men of means be willing to confide the education of their sons to second-rate men rather than pay a living wage to the best? Shall the noble profession of teaching be given over to mediocrity, celibacy, or wealth? Shall we endorse Matthew Arnold's definition of the profession—"that most perfidious refuge of men of letters"? M. T. ENAR.

Notes.

In April the Macmillan Co. will have ready 'The Faith of Men, and Other Stories,' by Jack London.

'Impressions of Japan,' by G. H. Rittner, with the author's own photographic illustrations, is about to be brought out by James Pott & Co.

From Harper & Bros. will issue 'The Standard of Pronunciation in English,' by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury; 'Memoirs of a Baby,' by Josephine Daskam; and 'Breaking into Society,' more fables, by George Ade.

Spring announcements of the Grafton Press are a 'Handbook of Princeton, New Jersey,' by John Rogers Williams; a 'Handbook of Columbia University, including Barnard College and the Teachers' College,' by George H. Butler, jr.; 'Along the Nile with General Grant, with an extended account of Ancient Egypt,' by Elbert E. Farman, LL.D., then United States Consul-General to Egypt; 'Our Political Degradation,' by General Rush C. Hawkins; 'Echoes from the Glen, in Divers Keys,' verse by William Page Carter; and 'Underneath the Bough,' by George Allan England.

The well-known book and art-publishing firm of Gerhard Stalling of Oldenburg is preparing for the St. Louis Exposition a unique 'Goldenes Buch der Deutschen,' which will contain a collection of signatures of the German Emperor, the leading German rulers and princes, the mayors of the free cities, and hundreds of prominent savants and artists. After the close of the Exposition, the book is to become the property of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, "as an abiding memorial for all the Germans in America and their descendants." A second copy of the book will be on exhibition in the German House in St. Louis, and all the Germans who visit the place are expected to enter their names. This copy—as it were, "a monster pedigree-book of the Germans in America"—is to be presented to the German Emperor.

The Eastern contest naturally gives a fresh interest to works, already issued, even remotely connected with it. Mr. Meredith Townsend's 'Asia and Europe' (Putnams), which, as we pointed out three years ago, is a bundle of Review essays in the nature of generalizations on the differences between Western and Eastern natures, is not largely or weightily concerned with Japan. Indeed, the name does not appear in the table of contents, which yet has two chapters on "The Future of the Negro" and "The Negro Problem in America." Still, what we are witnessing in Asiatic waters is, as we have recently declared, a conflict between two civilizations, and Mr. Townsend's book may well make part of our general reading at this hour.

The appearance of a fourth edition of Mr. Alfred W. Pollard's 'English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde) indicates the solid and enduring qualities of this annotated collection of specimens of the pre-Elizabethan drama. Revision and addition in the light of the latest scholarship enhance the value of the current issue, as well as a liberal number of illustrations from fifteenth and sixteenth-century sources. "Everyman," we remark, is one of the pieces in this book.

A work of similarly approved excellence is Col. A. A. Woodhull's 'Notes on Military Hygiene, for Officers of the Line'—but also for a much wider class, as we observed in an early notice—is just put forth in a third edition by John Wiley & Sons. It has been considerably rewritten.

Finally, the late Prof. George M. Lane's 'Latin Grammar' has been reprinted, with changes and corrections, and the chapter on Sound both rewritten and extended by Professor Oertel of Yale (American Book Co.). One wishes that so much valuable matter could have been less compacted by the use of small type and close lining.

The well-known 'Memoirs of Madame Vigée Lebrun,' in a slightly abridged form (translated by Lionel Strachey), have been brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co. The abridgment is for the sake of making the book uniform with the 'Memoirs of the Countess Potocka' and 'Memoirs of a Contemporary' published by the same firm. The volume contains a great number of pleasing reproductions of Madame Lebrun's paintings.

Roger Ingpen's title, 'One Thousand Poems *for Children*' (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.), affords ground for discussion in detail, but still more the subtitle: "A Choice of the *Best* Verse, Old and New." Since the selection includes nursery rhymes, fables, and riddles, a high quality cannot be predicated of it as a whole. Yet it is not to be despised, and its comprehensiveness will recommend it to many parents as a thesaurus for reading aloud at least. The classification is not quite scientific, as the section "Insects, Birds, and Beasts," for example, could be reinforced from other divisions, especially the opening one called "Rhymes for Little Ones." Here will be found the whole of "John Gilpin," of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," Gray's "Elegy," and other longish pieces. There are Ballads, and Hymns, and Humorous Verse, in which we might have looked for Dr. Holmes and certainly for Lewis Carroll, but they are unrepresented. Longfellow yields more than any other American poet. Poe surpasses Lowell and Emerson. Whittier has but one extract, and this is fairly significant of the difficulty of making children's reading of him. We have observed no carelessness in the reproduction, but the typography is second-rate.

Colonel Arthur L. Wagner, Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. A., publishes in a thin volume (Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co.) a lecture upon 'Strategy' which he has delivered at recent encampments for manœuvres of the officers of the regular army and the National Guard. He defines strategy as "the art of moving an army in the theatre of operations, with a view to placing it in such a position, relative to the enemy, as to increase the probability of victory, increase the consequences of victory, or lessen the consequences of defeat." To illustrate and emphasize his definition, he refers freely to the campaigns of the civil war in the Middle West, notably those of Sherman, and gives especial attention to the new conditions of modern warfare introduced by railroads, telegraphs, newspapers, and smokeless powder. The discussion is simple, clear, and interesting, excellently suited to the needs of officers of the State Guards, and calculated to incite hearers to the study of military history.

Prof. James Orr's 'David Hume and his Influence on Philosophy and Theology' (in Messrs. Scribner's "World's Epoch-Makers") will have its uses, although it by no means fills the corresponding want. It does not explain the state of opinion in England when Hume's Treatise was written nor when his Essays appeared, while the criticisms with which half a dozen chapters are filled, written as if Hume were a writer of yesterday instead of being separated from us by half the breadth of modern thought, are somewhat unprofitable. Really, if we say the book is not quite useless, it is the most we can say.

The fifth edition—largely altered since the third—of D. K. Clark's 'Mechanical Engineer's Pocket-Book' (D. Van Nostrand Co.) is a painstaking and meritorious work, containing some information not elsewhere easily found. It is an amazingly handy little volume, whose dimensions of 6x4x1 inches embrace 692 beautifully printed pages. Unfortunately for use here, it is adapted to practice in England.

'The Mechanical Engineer's Reference Book,' by Henry Harrison Suplee (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is a new book intended for American use. It measures 7x4¼x1¼ inches, and contains 837 well-printed pages. Its contents have been made up with excellent judgment, and we should incline to believe it the most practically useful of its species. But a new compendium, unless extraordinary pains have been taken with it, and especially with the proofreading, is liable to vex its user with occasional errors. Here, for example, on page 67, one hundred U. S. gallons are said to equal 478.53 litres. Risteen's 'Metric System' (Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co.), which

has the best tables, makes the figure to be 378.679, which is substantially correct. This number has been, as it should have been, deduced from the rule of procedure of the Office of Weights and Measures. The definition of the gallon as 231 cubic inches merely shows what the gallon was intended to be. Mr. Suplee's decimal supposes it to be exact, which must not be assumed.

'Whittaker's Electrical Engineer's Pocket-Book,' by Kenelm Edgcumbe (Whittaker & Co. and the Macmillan Co.), is a charming little book, though it might advantageously have enlarged upon its 456 pages. Intended for English service, it will have its utility here.

The "Collezione Novati," published by the Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche of Bergamo, has been increased by the publication of a facsimile of a superb MS. in the Musée Condé at Chantilly, containing a hitherto unpublished metrical treatise of the fourteenth century, 'La Canzone delle Virtù e delle Scienze,' by Bartolomeo di Bartoli of Bologna. The poem itself belongs to the allegorical type well known to mediæval students in such works as Brunetto Latini's 'Tresor,' Matfre Ermengau's 'Breviari d'Amor,' or even the 'Roman de la Rose,' but the codex reproduced furnishes an even more valuable addition to our knowledge of early Italian art. The exhaustive introduction and notes of M. Léon Dorez of the Bibliothèque Nationale, under whose direction the work is published, give all the details necessary for the comprehension of its literary and artistic setting.

Science, poetry, history, and industry are all represented in the contents of the *Annales de Géographie* for January. The analogies between whirlwinds and whirlpools are shown with a view to the examination of the theory (known as Baer's Law) that the tendency of the rivers in the Northern hemisphere to turn to their right is due to the rotation of the earth. The completion of V. Bérard's great work, 'Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée,' leads the editor, M. Vidal de la Blache, to support his contention that in the poem we have a true picture of the geography of the Mediterranean in the time of Homer. The great maps of Waldseemüller, on which the name America first appears, are described by L. Gallois; and an engineer gives a suggestive account of the present condition and future possibilities in France of "la houille blanche," or water-power converted into force by electricity. Other subjects treated are the rainfall of La Vendée, the structure of the soil of Austria, the ever-present cotton question, and the attempts to introduce the cultivation into European colonies and dependencies.

The *Sun Trade Journal*, a monthly illustrated magazine published in Tokio, mostly in Japanese, with a few pages in English, contains for January, 1904, besides its usual array of rather poorly executed photographic reproductions and numerous articles in Japanese on subjects of interest relating to the world at large, a map of Mantchuria. This seems to be a reproduction according to scale of the very large and handsome one issued last year by the Japanese War Department. While the old names are given in Chinese, the newer places and all the stations of the Russian railroad, both main lines and branches, are in *kana*. The highways, large and small, are also expressed in similar fashion. While possibly of no great value for the region of the seat of immediate war, the map itself and its markings even of obscure villages and of caravan lines through the desert regions give one a vivid impression of the thoroughness of the knowledge of the Japanese of this part of Asia. Any common soldier in the Mikado's army, without being able to understand the speech of the continental natives, or to be understood by them, can with pencil and paper, stone and slate, or by scratching upon the ground with a stick, communicate easily in Chinese characters with the village headmen or persons of ordinary acquaintance with the ideographs which are in common use over all eastern Asia, and with which one can write English about as well as Japanese. Doubtless, in every Japanese knapsack will be found a copy of these War Department maps of Korea and Mantchuria, which in reduced form are sold in Japan for half a dime or less.

Apart from its interest to the student of modern phases of religion, the book of nearly 500 hymns and tunes, together with the Japanese national anthem, entitled 'The Hymnal,' prepared by a large committee of native and foreign musicians (Tokio: Keisei-sha), is worthy of notice for particular reasons. It was once so far believed that the Japanese vocal organs were unable to master the diatonic scale in use in the Occident, that two American musicians began the preparation of a special scale and notation. To-day we find hundreds of our ordinary tunes, some quite elaborate, in this finely printed book, which is issued in several editions, one with the words only, one with words and music combined, one with the tonic sol-fa soprano added to the staff notation, and one in Roman characters with each tune indicated by a few opening notes and a photographic reproduction in reduced size of the ordinary music. So, also, in instrumental music the Japanese have made great progress; besides the pianos, organs, and cornets found in the churches and schools, the military bands now play foreign music as a usual thing. A full brass band played by natives is the new feature at temple festivals, picnics, and outdoor gatherings generally. It will be recalled that the late E. H. House, under Imperial patronage, trained a picked body of young men and rendered oratorios of European composers.

A markedly increased interest among intelligent people in Germany in the institutions, industrial conditions, and history of the United States is noted in a recent consular report. Among the titles of several new books on American topics are 'Das Land der unbegrenzten Möglichkeiten' (The Land of Unlimited Possibilities), by Goldberger; and 'Das Land der Zukunft' (The Land of the Future), by Polenz. In the newspapers and magazines an unusually large space is being given to letters and articles on social, educational, and industrial subjects. The general tone of these writings has been "friendly and appreciative." Perhaps the most significant fact is that, in the Universities of Berlin and Heidelberg, during the present university year, lectures are being given on the history of the United States. "This has marked a departure in German university instruction, and will greatly stimulate interest in the subject."

The contoured topographic map sheets issued by the United States Geological Survey during 1903—most of them on a scale of one or two miles to an inch—bring out forcibly the physical features of many parts of the country. The most peculiar sheet is Hayden Peak, Utah, which shows the crest of the Uinta Mountains to be a narrow and irregular backbone, reaching heights of 12,000 or 12,500 feet, between a series of glaciated amphitheatres on the north and south; adjacent amphitheatres being separated by rib-like spurs from the backbone. The Saypo (Montana) sheet exhibits a remarkably fine example of "trellis drainage," in the longitudinal and transverse arrangement of the streams in the Front range of the Rocky Mountains. A curious contrast is presented on various sheets between rivers that are competent to follow the vigorous curves of their valleys, and rivers that meander on a smaller pattern than that of their valley curvature. Among the competent rivers, the Raystown branch of the Juniata in central Pennsylvania, the Meramec in eastern Missouri, the White in northern Arkansas, and the Vermillion and the Black in northern Ohio, are good examples; while the James in South Dakota, and the Mississippi, between Missouri and Illinois, are striking cases of incompetence in this sense. The James is a relatively small stream that wanders with most uncertain course on its valley floor; and the Mississippi, large as it is, seems unable to swing in harmony with the great curves of its flood plain, between the bluffs on east and west.

—Col. Higginson's paper in the current *Atlantic* deals with "Books Unread" in his usual interesting way, lapsing occasionally into a slip of memory, as where he rewrites two lines out of four in quoting the best-known stanza of Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness." Professor Carter of Princeton contributes one of the best estimates of Mommsen which have appeared on this side the ocean since the great scholar's death, calling special attention to the happy blending of the training and temper of the jurist with the best qualities of the philologist which he brought to his researches in Roman jurisprudence. Recognizing the exaggerations, the easily demonstrated lack of impartiality, in the author's one popular work, the 'History of Rome,' Professor Carter does not regret that "Mommsen read Roman history in the light of the nineteenth century, and studied contemporary politics in the light of Roman history." It is a wholesome truth neatly expressed that "learning can ripen into knowledge only in the sunshine of opinion." William C. Dreher's review of the past year in Germany lays special stress on the rapid growth of the Social Democracy, and predicts the ultimate success of the movement at the polls. The fear of German disaster in the world's markets from American competition is not now so acute, he tells us, as it was a few years ago.

—In the death of Francis Boott last week, Harvard University has lost her oldest living graduate but one, and Cambridge one of her most marked social figures. Mr. Boott was born in Boston in 1813, educated at the old Round Hill School at Northampton, under George Bancroft and Mr. Cogswell—a school of which his reminiscences were much less rosy than those of some others of his generation (Thomas G. Appleton's,

for example)—and graduated at Harvard in 1831. Modest, averse to commercialism and struggle, and devoted to music, he went, shortly after his marriage with Miss Lyman, to Italy, where, soon losing his young wife, he lived for many years, devoting himself to the training of the daughter whom she had left him in passing away. The full history of this experiment in education would be interesting, for the total result was a triumph. Old dwellers in Florence grew familiar with the sight of the handsome American carrying his daughter on his arm while she was still an infant, and afterwards with her always at his side. He taught her music and singing and the four modern languages, and accustomed her ear to Latin by reading the Vulgate aloud when she drew or painted. She was a receptive pupil, and grew into an extraordinarily well-informed and accomplished woman. The recumbent bronze statue of her which her husband, Frank Duveneck, placed over her tomb, is one of the ornaments of the Cemetery at Florence, and marble replicas of it exist in some of our American museums.

—All his life, even to the end of it, Mr. Boott composed music, most of it secular song-music, but much of it church-music, including masses, anthems, and chorals. Many of his religious pieces may be found in the Boston King's Chapel service-book. Perhaps the most widely known of his airs are an Ave Maria and a Maria Mater, and the songs "Here's a Health to King Charles," "Lethe," and "When Sylvia Sings." Boott's taste in music was for simple effects, and he was loyal to the Italian forms of composition. He never got reconciled to Wagner, and still less to his successors. He also had a poor opinion of the native aptitude for music of the Yankee branch of the Anglo-Saxon race; and one of his favorite topics of conversation in later days was the insincerity, as he always termed it, of the Boston Symphony Concert audiences, forever straining after culture, but really unable to know whether they genuinely and organically enjoyed what they heard or not. Mr. Boott was faithful, as few men are, to his own life-long tastes and ideals. Although scholarly, he was not erudite, yet his reading in many tongues, his good memory, and especially his acquaintance with all the Boston literary men of his time, and with the English and American colony of poets and artists who dwelt in Italy in the fifties and sixties — the Brownings, Landor, Story, etc., etc.—gave to his talk that rich, old-fashioned allusive flavor which is well-nigh extinct. He had, moreover, an ever-bubbling humor, and his letters were witty indeed. He has furnished book-reviews and various communications to our own columns. One of his cares was for the purity of the mother-tongue. Faithful to his habits, to his friends, to his likes and dislikes, Mr. Boott lived in Cambridge for the past thirty years, and, until two months ago, could be met, with his erect figure and blue eyes, taking his constitutional walk twice every day. Modest, honest, possessing delicacy of every kind in rare degree, but wholly unconventional, his death leaves in his friends' hearts a gap which no younger man can ever fill.

—It is not often that one lays down a modern book with so distinct a desire that there were more of it, both as to each part and the whole, as in the case of 'Politische Porträts,' by Theodor Barth (Berlin: Georg Reimer). Dr. Barth, the well-known parliamentarian and editor of the Berlin *Nation*, has gathered into a little volume a collection of sixteen sketches of prominent personages, all of them, with the exception of Cavour and Garrison, celebrities of his day, upon whom he has pronounced judgment either in the columns of his journal and of *Cosmopolis*, or in a funeral oration or at a memorial celebration. All these sketches, therefore, while lacking the fulness of detail which we expect of the biographical essay, reflect a spontaneity and warmth of sentiment born of the immediate occasion which called them forth. Dr. Barth unites a sane faith in German liberalism with the practical sagacity of the trained observer of men and things in many lands. We are inclined to think that the rapid sketch of Prince Bismarck in these pages, with its sharp contrasts of light and shade, forestalls the sober verdict of the future German historian, just as the article on Gladstone, the longest and most fascinating in the book, presents a clean-cut picture of the British statesman, such as we vainly look for even in Mr. Morley's philosophic volumes. The comparative fulness of this article but emphasizes our regret at the brevity of such sketches (some only four pages in length) as those of Caprivi, Windthorst, Georg von Bunsen, and others. Mommsen, with whom Dr. Barth was closely associated politically, is the subject of a particularly interesting article. Of this intimacy he furnishes a striking instance. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war a "great international review" asked a number of prominent men for their views concerning the war. Mommsen, who had expressed himself in unmistakable terms, showed Dr. Barth a proof of what he had written. Dr. Barth submitted that, from a journalistic point of view, the article was "a choice morsel," but added that the severe judgment, however justified it might be, of a man so universally admired in the United States as Mommsen would cause great dissatisfaction. Dr. Barth's view prevailed, and the article did not appear. The sketch of Carl Schurz, written on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, is another evidence of Dr. Barth's keen interest in American affairs, and of his intelligent appreciation of the highest aspirations of American life.

—Since his visit to Palestine, some four years ago, the German Emperor has evinced a keen interest in Oriental research. The Sultan, on his side, has recognized the archæological interest of his imperial brother by concessions and gifts of a most unusual character. Of these perhaps the most noteworthy was the concession at Baalbek, where the Germans have excavated and renovated the ancient temples, the expedition at the same time conducting further studies, not only in the neighboring region, but also at Palmyra, in the Hauran, and at Gerash, Amman, and Mesheytta. This last remarkable ruin, which has been visited by but few, on account of its inaccessible position in old Moab, east of the Jordan, beyond the present pilgrim route to Mecca, in the desert, was presented outright to the German Emperor. Under the direction of Dr. Schumacher the remarkable carved-stone façade of the great enclosure of the khan or palace, whichever it may be, has been taken down, boxed, and sent to Berlin, where it is to form one of the adornments of the new Friedrich Museum, which will be opened this spring. The carved stones of this façade filled 462 boxes. This imperial participation has done much to stimulate German interest in Oriental research. A school has been established in Jerusalem for practical Biblical study, and the German Orient-Gesellschaft, of which the Emperor is a member, and to whose work he is one of the largest contributors, in conjunction with the German Palaestina Verein, commenced last spring excavations at Mutesellim, supposed to be the site of ancient Megiddo, on the southern edge of the plain of Esdraelon and at the neighboring Lejjun, the site of the important town Legio, of the Roman period. These excavations were resumed last autumn, after an intermission during the heat of the summer months, but up to the present time have yielded no important returns. An account of these excavations, so far as the results of the work last spring are concerned, is contained in the *Mitteilungen der Deutschen Orient-Gesellschaft* for December, 1903 (No. 20 of the series). The Orient-Gesellschaft is to be commended for the promptness with which it publishes preliminary reports of the work done, as this naturally tends to retain and stimulate the interest of subscribers. The extent of that interest is manifest from the fact that, according to the fifth annual report, just published, the income of the society for the last fiscal year was some $60,000.

—Besides the excavations in Palestine, successful excavations have been conducted by this society at various points in Egypt and Babylonia. It is in the latter region that the principal work of excavation has been and is being accomplished. This work consists, first of all, in a systematic excavation of the ruins of Babylon, which has now been in progress for five years, with minor excavations and explorations at other sites, Borsippa, the sister city of Babylon, Fara and Abu Hatab, two very ancient sites about three days south of Babylon, between the Tigris and Euphrates. The current number of the *Mitteilungen* contains an account of the commencement of excavations at Kal' at-Shirgat, the ancient Ashur, the original capital of Assyria. Up to the time of the discovery of the Code of Hammurabi, by the French at Susa, in 1901-02, it was supposed that the city of Ashur, and hence the country of Assyria, was founded not earlier than about 1800 B. C.; but the mention of Ashur in that document proved that it was already a famous and important city in the twenty-third century B. C. The discoveries of the Germans up to the present time have shown that the city retained its importance also to a much later date than had been heretofore supposed. Hitherto historians have assumed that, with the construction of Calah and the removal thither of the seat of Assyrian empire, about 1300 B. C., Ashur lost its importance. A succession of palaces has now been found, showing that Ashur continued to be occupied as a residence city by the Assyrian kings into the seventh century B. C., and probably until the time of the downfall of the Assyrian empire; that, in fact, during the whole period of the existence of that empire it remained a city of great impor-

tance, at least from the official and religious standpoint. Further excavations at this point seem likely to contribute valuable material for the history of Assyria.

THE CREEVEY PAPERS.

The Creevey Papers. A Selection from the Correspondence and Diaries of the late Thomas Creevey, M. P. (Born 1768. Died 1838). Edited by the Right Honourable Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., LL.D., F. R. S. In two volumes. With portraits. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

One hundred years ago Thomas Creevey, M.P., was hobnobbing with Fox, Sheridan and Grey, corresponding on familiar terms with Romilly, Whitbread, and Sir John Moore, and spending a large part of his time at Brighton in the company of the Prince of Wales. Until the day of his death, which occurred at the beginning of 1838, he retained such social status as belonged to a veteran politician in the Whig service and an agreeable diner-out. He never held high office or wrote an important book. He was destitute of family connections, and almost wholly destitute of money. If one may judge from his correspondence, he had little claim to the title of wit. His assets in life were an alert intelligence, an excellent digestion, good humor, and a great fund of animal spirits. Blest with these solid advantages, he went through the world very easily, and collected enough gossip to make up a small library, if all of it were published. Sir Herbert Maxwell, by using his powers of censorship severely, has kept within the limit of two volumes. It is clear that a less scrupulous editor might have extracted from these papers a shocking amount of pure scandal.

Before attempting to criticise Creevey's letters and jottings, we ought to say a few words more about the writer himself. One source of surprise is that, with no greater gifts of fortune or nature, he should have become a welcome guest at the houses of so many distinguished people. Another is that, having lived in the thick of London society for nearly forty years, he should be virtually unknown to history. The 'Dictionary of National Biography' omits his name, and one may search through many volumes of Georgian memoirs without finding any notices of him that are material. The most satisfactory reference occurs in Greville's 'Journal' for 1829, although there is a long passage in the same work under the year 1838:

"Old Creevey is rather an extraordinary character. I know nothing of the early part of his history, but I believe he was an attorney or barrister; he married a widow, who died a few years ago; she had something; he nothing; he got into Parliament, belonged to the Whigs; displayed a good deal of shrewdness and humor, and was for some time very troublesome to the Tory Government by continually attacking abuses. After some time he lost his seat, and went to live at Brussels, where he became intimate with the Duke of Wellington. Then his wife died, upon which event he was thrown upon the world with about £200 a year or less; no home, few connections; a great many acquaintances; a good constitution, and extraordinary spirits. . . . He is certainly a living proof that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor, or rather without riches, for he suffers none of the privations of poverty and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth. I think he is the only man I know in society who possesses nothing."

This long quotation is worth inserting because information about Creevey is scarce, and also because Greville's description of his character is borne out by the style of his correspondence. If the lines of a portrait can be trusted to show anything, he was droll, and the frontispiece to the first volume is as good as anything in the book. The face is that of one who can make people merry by sheer infection and without the least aid from brilliant witticisms. Such a man, especially if he be single or a widower, is not unlikely to find a welcome in aristocratic circles, and may spend the whole year at the houses of his friends.

Creevey's own letters, interspersed with fragments of reminiscence, form the bulk of these two volumes. The remaining element is represented by the letters of his leading correspondents. It seems probable that some of his papers were got at and destroyed by Brougham. According to Greville's obituary notice, Creevey "kept a copious diary for thirty-six years," but if this ever existed it has disappeared. "Then," continues Greville, "there is Creevey's own correspondence with various people, especially with Brougham, which evidently contains things which Brougham is anxious to suppress, for he has taken pains to prevent the papers from falling into the hands of any person likely to publish them, and has urged Vizard to get possession of them either by persuasion, or purchase, or both." From 1818 forward most of the letters which Sir Herbert Maxwell has published were written by Creevey to his stepdaughter, Miss Elizabeth Ord. As the original handwriting was execrable, Miss Ord kept neat copies, and she clearly felt that these records were destined to be of considerable value to the future historian. At one time Creevey thought of writing a history himself, and the fulness of his outpourings may have been due in part to this intention. Singularly enough, he took little pains to preserve his miscellaneous papers from dispersion or even from destruction. Brougham certainly was not above searching out and burning whatever might be made to illustrate the devious course of his political advance.

A standard of comparison is always useful, and the publisher's advertisement suggests that the Creevey Papers should be grouped with Greville's 'Journal' and Croker's 'Correspondence.' Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his introduction, lays particular stress upon the latter analogy. To us, it must be confessed, the differences seem more striking than the resemblances. The subject is in general the same and the medium of expression is highly similar, but, when we pass on to the question of personality, contrasts at once arise. Greville is studied and systematic. Croker never forgets that he is a Quarterly Reviewer and the founder of the Athenæum Club, which, according to his conception, should include only "gentlemen who have either published some literary or professional work, or a paper in the 'Philosophical Transactions.'" Creevey is far more Bohemian than Croker, and far less stilted than Greville. He has a great capacity for drink, and does not mind admitting it. Greville gambles at cards and on the turf, but is always having compunctions, and intending to improve his mind after the manner of Macaulay. Creevey is frankly epicurean—or, rather, he is a genuine sporting character who feels quite untroubled about wasted opportunities. The nearest approach to a regretful mood which we have observed, is represented by his sorrow that he does not know French better. Writing from Stoke in 1832, he says: "Here are our Greys and Talleyrand and the Dino. . . . What an idiot I am never to have made myself a Frenchman. To think of having such a card as this old villain Talleyrand so often within one's reach, and yet not to be able to make anything of it. I play my accustomed rubber of whist with him."

The most attractive thing about Creevey's letters is the complete frankness of their tone. His remarks upon men and things are often crude, but they are direct and perfectly natural. If he were not so prone to set down small items of tittle-tattle, we should have a real fondness for him. His antagonisms are bitter, especially in the days of Pitt and Fox. Here is a characteristic bit coming from 1802: "God continue Fox's prudence and Pitt's gout! The infamous malignity and misrepresentation of that scoundrel Windham did injury to himself; never creature less deserved it than poor Fox. You cannot imagine the pleasure I feel in having this noble animal still to look up to as my champion." A few months later he writes of Pitt: "I really think Pitt is done: his face is no longer red, but yellow, his looks are dejected; his countenance I think much changed and fallen, and every now and then he gives a hollow cough. Upon my soul, hating him as I do, I am almost moved to pity to see his fallen greatness."

This freedom of speech not only breaks out at intervals, but marks the correspondence from beginning to end. Creevey had entered Parliament for Thetford, a borough which belonged to the Duke of Norfolk, and he retained the seat till 1818, when there was a change of dukes. The new magnate, for reasons unknown, declined to nominate him at the general elections of that year, whereupon Creevey wrote a spirited letter beginning thus: "The question I put to you, Duke, is this—Why have you not noticed me in your arrangements for the new Parliament, or why have you not given me your reasons for not doing so?" He seems to have been independent without being impertinent, and when we consider that for some years his income was restricted to about £200, his candor may be called exceptional. A remarkable and amusing instance of this quality may be seen in his description of a dinner at the Earl of Durham's (vol. ii., pp. 91-92). The passage is too long to quote, but as a commentary on manners the reader will find it worth his examination.

Sir Herbert Maxwell lays stress upon the value which the Creevey Papers possess for the period of Lord Liverpool's administration. The extreme weakness and unpopularity of the Government made it a mark for attacks of every description, but, with all their negative advantages, the Whigs could not manage to clamber into office. "If any evidence," says the editor, "were wanting as to the disunion, and its causes, which sapped the efficacy of the Whig Opposition during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, it is amply forthcoming in Creevey's letters, and nobody can complain

that it is not expressed in forcible enough language." Of the deeper changes which were going on we hear nothing from the member for Thetford and his friends in opposition. This book, at least, fails to show that the Whigs of the Regency grasped the bearing of the industrial revolution. The agricultural interest felt itself threatened, and this sense of danger held the Tories together; but the Opposition, divided as it was between landowners and radicals, was unable to unite upon any settled policy. The domestic bickerings of the Whigs during the period which separates Waterloo from Catholic Emancipation are mirrored in Creevey's correspondence. The success of the party would have meant cabinet rank for him; its impotence cost him his chance of political distinction, besides being a fruitful source of recrimination between him and his more conservative associates.

When we begin to estimate the worth of these papers as a contribution to our knowledge of social life, we observe one great merit and one conspicuous limitation. A man may be downright in his manner of utterance and yet a very complete liar. There is evidence, however, to show that Creevey was deemed truthful by his contemporaries. His letters are absolutely unvarnished in point of form. He describes what he sees without any reticence, and if he has a comment to offer he employs the phrases which come on the spur of the moment. As an observer of things worldly and material he is admirable. Unfortunately, intellectual problems are absent from his mind, and he has no sense of the spiritual whatever. The ideas and habits of fashionable people come quite within his range. On the other hand, scholarship, literature, and theology belong to a world which he never enters. For example, he knew the coterie of Holland House intimately and could touch off the foibles of Lady Holland as well as any one, but when it comes to the higher flights with which the name of Holland House is associated his letters are a blank. We can imagine that Mr. Creevey felt very bored when conversation soared above the flats of gossip and current politics. Macaulay was exactly the kind of person to stir his bile, and in 1832 he writes with his usual frankness: "Yesterday I dined at Stanley's. Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Gordon were the only other performers after dinner, and two more noisy, vulgar fellows I never saw. Fitzroy Somerset, Kempt, McDonald, and I settled them between ourselves afterwards." Brougham, with whom he kept in close touch, was both a politician and an intellectual. Creevey says much about his wire-pulling, but steers clear of his views on jurisprudence and Greek literature.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has suppressed most of the scandal, and therefore we cannot say how unfavorable may be the picture of English society which is given in the original text. One fact, however, is clear, namely, that we should be going wide of the mark if we suffered our opinion of social conditions to be colored by such a source alone. This statement requires some emphasis, because Creevey's directness creates a stronger impression of reality than is left by the pages of either Greville or Croker. Even under censorship he shows us an unpleasant amount of intrigue and dissoluteness. Possessing a fair share of the primitive virtues, he became a thorough worldling, and, as we have already said, was blind and deaf to the higher aspirations. But if he and his associates were not inclined to be straitlaced, their utterances sometimes have a note of vigor which disarms the most rigid moralist. A short conversation between Creevey and the Duke of Wellington at Brussels will illustrate what is meant:

"In the evening I had a walk with the Duke again in the garden, and upon my asking some question about the Regent, as the Duke had just come from England, he said: 'By God! You never saw such a figure in your life as he is. Then he speaks and swears so like old Falstaff that damn me if I was not ashamed to walk into a room with him.' "

While we shall not attempt to itemize the special passages which have historical importance, attention should be directed to the description of George IV.'s life at Brighton, the account of Creevey's conversation with Wellington on the day after Waterloo, the details given concerning Queen Caroline's case, and the character of Brougham as depicted throughout this correspondence. We have said little about the anecdotes related of celebrated people, for they are less prominent here than in most memoirs of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Doubtless the proportion would have been considerably larger but for the prudence which Sir Herbert Maxwell has shown in the exercise of his editorial discretion. Creevey's stories are usually suggested by his love of gossip rather than by his desire to circulate a polished jest. Hence they do not lend themselves to quotation so readily as do many of the anecdotes contained in Greville and Croker. By way of exception there is this speech of William IV. which may prove interesting for more reasons than one: "Miss Cator told me a very pleasant saying of King Billy about Lady Wellesley. When she was in waiting at Windsor, some one, in talking of Mrs. Trollope's book, said: 'Do you come from that part of America where they *guess* and where they *calculate*?' King Billy said: 'Lady Wellesley comes from where they *fascinate*!' "

Our last word must be that the Creevey Papers, though not a biographical classic, are distinctly valuable, and claim the attention of all who would know the history of England from Fox to Melbourne.

CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.

Chelsea Old Church. By Randall Davies, F.S.A. With a Preface by Herbert P. Horne. London: Duckworth & Co. 1904. Pp. xiv., 319, 18 plates.

'The Ambulator, or Pocket Companion in a Tour round London,' of 1794, describes Chelsea as "a village on the Thames," a description borne out by its representation in Stockdale's beautiful map of 1797, "A New Plan of London, xxix. miles in circumference." In this, we see fields stretching from behind the houses on the river bank to King's Road, here called "The King's Private Road." Scarcely any houses are shown between Horseferry Road and Cheyne Walk. Even to-day, river-side Chelsea retains something of a detached air. There are still remaining a few buildings belonging to the time when Chelsea was yet a village. Old Chelsea lies off the highways. There is no longer a Don Saltero's Coffee-house to attract visitors with its collections of curiosities; the famous Bun House is no more, though the "Chelsea bun" is still sold all over London. Only in the summer-time come many visitors bent on pilgrimage to Carlyle's house, to the church, perhaps also to the two houses where Whistler dwelt. There is an Old-World air about Cheyne Walk. There are gates of hammered iron; one house has a sun-dial built into its front; the passer-by gets glimpses of Chippendale furniture and of old china; some houses bear legends connecting them with Chelsea's history. The Chelsea of the river-side feels that it has to live up to its renown as the "Village of Palaces." Mr. Horne tells us in his preface that "there is scarcely another parish within the environs of London which can boast of so long a roll of illustrious or memorable inhabitants." A chronicler of two hundred years ago writes of them—"the many honourable, worthy inhabitants being not more remarkable for their titles, estates, employments, or abilities than for their extraordinary civility and condescension, and their kind and facetious tempers; living in perfect amity among themselves."

Chelsea is easy of access from the west of London. Swift, who at one time lodged here, writes to Stella that he walks from Pall Mall in something less than an hour; the distance is "two good miles, and just 5,748 steps." The great men had their barges; in the days of his Chancellorship Sir Thomas More had eight watermen. If one hired a boat, the watermen's fare from London was but one shilling and sixpence. Thus it came about that, from the sixteenth century down to the time when it ceased to be a suburban village, Chelsea has always been a favorite resort of those who had business about the King's palace or the courts of Westminster.

Mr. Davies's book is not in form a history of Chelsea, but a monograph on the old church. He has not to tell of Chelsea's glories, the Bun House, the China Manufactory, the Physic Garden, the Hospital, or Ranelagh, though most of these come into the book by virtue of monuments in the church. The frontispiece, a reproduction of an engraving, shows that the church is but little changed since 1788. When the increase of population due to new buildings had quite outgrown the church, it was found, most fortunately, that a new site must be chosen. This was the salvation of the Old Church; a new and hideous structure was erected elsewhere. The author's father has been the incumbent of the Old Church for forty-eight years, and has steadfastly resisted restorations. So it is that we have in this church one presenting old-time features. Certainly, no other suburban church contains monuments of so many illustrious persons.

The church was probably founded before the middle of the twelfth century, but perhaps no part of the existing building dates from before the fourteenth; each succeeding century is represented in portions of its architecture. Two capitals, figured in the book, are believed by Mr. Davies to have been designed by Holbein. It is not, however, the architectural features, but the monuments, which give so great an interest to the church. Of these the greatest historical value attaches to the tomb of Sir Thomas More, the author of 'Utopia,' and one of the noblest victims of Henry VIII. Holbein, who was the guest of More for

three years, has drawn the More family in the Chelsea house. The drawing, of which Mr. Davies gives an excellent reproduction, is now in the Basel Museum; no picture from the drawing is known. The site of More's house is not certainly ascertained. Henry, who was fond of More's society, would sometimes come suddenly to the newly-built house in Chelsea, and after dinner—the dinner hour was then in the middle of the day—would walk in "the fair garden" with his arm round More's neck. More was under no illusion as to the stability of the monarch's affection. To Roper, who congratulated him on the favor shown to him, More replied: "I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any subject within this realm; howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France [for then there was war between us], it should not fail to go." Roper has left us a picture of More's quitting the Chelsea house for the last time: "Whereas he ever more used before, at his departure from his wife and children, whom he tenderly loved, to have them bring him to his boat, and there to kiss them and bid them all farewell, then would he suffer none of them forth of the gate to follow him, but pulled the wicket after him, and shut them all from him, and with a heavy heart, as by his countenance it appeared, with me and our four servants there took boat towards Lambeth."

Sir Thomas More's tomb was erected by himself. The Latin inscription, written by More, says: "And he hath caused this tomb to be made for himself (his first wife's bones being brought hither, too), that every day might put him in mind of death that never ceaseth to creep on him." After his execution, an event which startled and stupefied the civilized world, More's body was buried in the Tower. So much is certain; whether the body was afterwards removed to the tomb in Chelsea Old Church is a question still debated. "Unless," writes Mr. Davies, "established facts are to give place to a romantic tradition, I think it will have to be admitted that the body still lies in the chapel of St. Peter, within the Tower." But, a few lines lower down, Mr. Davies tells us of fresh matter brought to light in 1891, "that goes far towards establishing" the tradition. We, for our part, do not think that the tradition, natural enough in the circumstances, can be received in face of the evidence. More's daughter, Margaret, rescued his head after it had remained exposed for a month over London Bridge (for which she was called before the Council), and buried it "where she thought fittest," probably, says Mr. Davies, "in the Roper vault at St. Dunstan's, Canterbury." Mr. Davies does not refer to the account given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1824 (vol. 94, 1,626) of the finding, in this church, of a box containing the head.

Next to More, the most interesting celebrity of Old Chelsea is Sir Hans Sloane. In 1712 Sloane purchased the Manor of Chelsea from Lord Cheyne, from whose family name we have Cheyne Walk. Sir Hans Sloane was a distinguished physician, President of the College of Physicians, and, in succession to Sir Isaac Newton, President of the Royal Society. To Chelsea, Sloane brought from Bloomsbury his "most surprising museum." This is the name given to it in a manuscript in the British Museum, printed, with the title omitted, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1748. In the manuscript the narrative is called "A Relation of that Magnificent Philosophical Entertainment which Sir Hans Sloane gave to their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, on the 7th of June, 1748." We are told that the house formed a square of about one hundred feet on each side. Sloane's collection consisted of minerals, gems, medals, antiquities, insects, dried plants, books, and indeed all manner of things. "Here the remains of the world before the Deluge excited the awful idea of that catastrophe, and are so many evident testimonies to the truth of Moses's history." Somewhat strangely, Mr. Davies does not mention that, after his death, five years later, Sloane's collection was purchased by the nation. The Act of Parliament provided also for the purchase of the Cottonian Library, the Harleian MSS., and "Edwards's additions." These several collections formed the beginning of the British Museum, founded, as the Act states, "not only for the inspection and entertainment of the learned and curious, but for the general use and entertainment of the public." The sum of £300,000 was raised by lottery, and Sloane's collection returned to Bloomsbury, whence it had been transported to Chelsea. The memory of Sloane, who died in his ninety-second year, is preserved by a singularly picturesque monument in the tiny churchyard by the Physic Garden, still one of the glories of Chelsea, established by him, and, perhaps still more enduringly—for place-names outlive everything—by the names of streets, Hans Place, Sloane Street, Sloane Square.

We may apply to Mr. Davies's own book a sentence quoted by him: "This bare skeleton of time, place, and person is fleshed with some pleasant passages"—with many such passages. Space fails us to tell of the chained books, of the bell presented by a grateful traveller who, having lost his way on a dark night and fallen into the Thames, was saved by hearing the church clock strike, and was thus able to direct his course. There is a humorous dispute about a pew, with a request "to forbeare my pue"; references to "a Dogge in a Manger," and threats of "a disturbance in ye house of God" and ejectment by "a strong hand." There is also a delightful account of negotiations at Rome for the marble monument of Lady Jane Cheyne, which, despatched in thirty cases, arrived at Chelsea in January, 1672. Mr. Davies's researches have enabled him to show that the recumbent figure of this monument, the most striking in the church, is not the work, as has been constantly asserted, of "the celebrated Bernini," but of Paolo, his son.

Mr. Davies's monograph must have cost him years of patient labor. He is to be congratulated on having produced a work of enduring value, a worthy record of a most interesting monument of the past. The eighteen full-page illustrations are excellent.

The Story of Byfield: A New England Parish. By John Louis Elwell, D.D. Boston: George E. Littlefield. 1904.

Byfield, as the title of this work imports, is, like distracted Italy a century and less ago, a "geographical expression." Its boundaries include parts of three adjacent towns, Newbury, Rowley, and Georgetown, and its bonds are purely ecclesiastical. Situated at the junction of those Essex County towns, between two rivers, the little settlement found it more convenient to have its own church, and this cement has fully counteracted municipal differentiation. The 'Story' is told in leisurely and scholarly fashion, by a native who has kept at least one foot in the place, with pertinent illustrations and maps, all presented in very attractive typography.

A recent writer, by no means ill-advised, has expressed a wish that "Massachusetts had one museum devoted, not to Japan or ancient Chaldæa, but to things actually done in Massachusetts, by Massachusetts people, for the good of mankind." In such a repository, Essex County would bulk very large, and Byfield's quota would be far from insignificant. If Boston has the oldest school on the continent, Byfield has the oldest incorporated academy, the venerable and stately Dummer, opened in 1763. Claims are also advanced for the first female seminary in the State, and at least its pupils included the wife of the missionary Judson, and Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, while Pastor Henry Durant, turning from the ministry to be preceptor of Dummer Academy and then, Yankeelike, a maker of furniture, ended by founding the present University of California. Another part of Byfield's museum exhibit would be the first woollen mill, the first factory for the making of cotton goods, the first machine-made nails and shoe-pegs. But in honored New England stock this little parish has also been rich—Dummer, and Sewall, and Parsons (whence Theophilus Parsons), and Longfellow, and Hale, and Stickney, and Spofford, and Gerrish, and Moody, and many more. As was to be expected from the author, a professor at Howard University in Washington, the scattering colored worthies in Byfield's annals are here commemorated; and in the history of anti-slavery sentiment Byfield's rank is "by way of eminency" (in Cotton Mather's resurrectable phrase). Not to reckon the Rev. Elijah Parish, who merely served as a namesake to Lovejoy, the martyr of Alton, there was Judge Samuel Sewall, author of 'The Selling of Joseph,' a memorable abolition landmark; and a century later Deacon Benjamin Colman, in the first ardor of the Revolution, publicly besought his countrymen to be consistent by emancipating their slaves, found his pastor Moses Parsons too lukewarm on the subject, and, charging him Scripturally with manstealing, became involved in a church controversy lasting five years. There remains a little item in Byfield's church records, in Moses Parsons's own hand, overlooked by Dr. Elwell, which reports among the baptisms:

"Hannah, Daut'r of Joseph Garrison of St. John's River in Nova Scotia, but his wife, a member of ye Chh, here with her child, June 15, 1766."

The wife was Mary Palmer (a kinswoman of our author, by the way—through her grandmother Mary Stickney), and this was probably her sole return to her native place from the Essex County colony of 1763 on the St. John. By a longer ellipse, her son Abijah removed from Nova Scotia to Newburyport in 1805, and presently be-

came the father of William Lloyd Garrison.

The index of Dr. Elwell's handsome and readable volume, with malice towards none, with charity for all, is scarcely adequate for so episodical a narrative.

Addresses, Lectures, and Other Papers. By James Clarke Welling. Privately printed. Cambridge, Mass.: The Riverside Press. 1903.

This volume consists mainly of publications belonging to the later years of Mr. Welling's life, and they are well worth preserving in a permanent form. The author was a lawyer by early taste and training, and later journalist, professor, and college president. He was a constant writer on historical, scientific, and literary subjects, and on questions of international and Constitutional law, but, we believe, never published a book. He occupied in Washington a remarkable position, known not so much for originality as for a sure touch, thorough research, and critical scholarship. As a contributor (the readers of the *Nation* have owed a great deal to him), he had the art of dealing with a subject, however dry, in a fresh and interesting way, and as an historical investigator he had a great gift of weighing evidence—an accomplishment by no means universal among historians. His papers, for instance, on the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and on the Emancipation Proclamation will always have value.

This collection is introduced by a biographical sketch contributed by Prof. C. W. Shields of Princeton, in which a very good account is given of the impression produced socially by Mr. Welling. Washington in his time was a smaller capital than it is now, and there were still in it many links connecting the régime of the day with that which had existed before the war. Of these Mr. Welling was one of the more conspicuous. Though he was not a public man, he was one of those whom public men consulted, who went everywhere, and who had his own well-recognized and important standing. It is the fashion nowadays to talk about "cosmopolitan society," as it used to be to talk about the "Republic of Letters." So far as they have yet existed, Mr. Welling was born and lived a member of one and a citizen of the other.

It would be matter of regret if this first-rate collection should be restricted to private circulation, and we learn with pleasure that Mrs. Welling is ready to issue a public edition if a demand for it should appear. Mr. W. I. Fletcher, Librarian of Amherst College, will be glad to hear from any who are interested in securing a copy at $1.50 net.

Life and Adventures of "Jack" Philip, Rear-Admiral United States Navy. By Edgar S. Maclay. New York: The Illustrated Navy. 1903. 8vo, pp. 280.

The subject of this biography won the affectionate admiration of his countrymen through his humane conduct at the close of the great fight off Santiago, July 3, 1898, when, on the deck of the *Texas*, he stopped the triumphant shouts of his victorious and enthusiastic ship's company. The command, "Don't cheer, men; those poor fellows are dying," was a fitting prelude to the solemn gathering of officers and crew in silent thanksgiving for the marvellous immunity from injury which the Americans had enjoyed that day. There are other instances of great reputations based upon a phrase, but in Philip's case the phrase was the keynote of a noble character, and the means by which, unwittingly on his part, public attention was drawn to a career that, leaving nothing to be desired, nothing unaccomplished, stands out as an example abundantly worthy of emulation by the oncoming generation of naval officers. Such a life deserves to be known to all Americans, for it holds out that best of promises, honor and success consequent upon faithful performance of every duty, large and small, "the daily task, the common round," "at the bunt in furling, at the ear-ring in reefing, and close to the block in a heavy drag."

The thread of this memorial, for it can hardly be called more, is Philip's diary of a cruise to China at the close of the civil war. In his own words, written without thought of their coming to light at some future day, a lively picture is gradually built up of that transition period of the navy when sails were yet struggling against displacement by steam. The discomforts and exile of a foreign voyage, and its pleasures as well, heightened as the latter are by the affection of his messmates, are here recorded briefly, yet graphically. Upon the canvas is unconsciously thrown, in unmistakable outlines, Philip's own moral eminence, and his position as the pivot about which the life of the ship centred. There are short introductory and concluding chapters to round out the story, in rather imperfect and uneven fashion. Interspersed are tributes by some of Philip's colleagues and superiors selected for the honor (one is tempted to fancy) for reasons which concern the author more than his subject. Of these tributes, Capt. Mahan's, as portraying Philip's moral worth, "a conscience consecrated to the Divine Service," and Capt. Delehanty's as describing Philip's exceptional technical ability and winning tact—"His presence was felt and reflected in the high efficiency of the ships he commanded. Every officer who has ever served under him, I am sure, will freely testify to the pleasure and professional profit it was to do duty with him; the same may be said of every member of his ship's company, from the highest to the lowest, etc., etc."—are especially pertinent.

The portrait facing page 220 is a speaking likeness of "Jack" Philip, when a commodore; the frontispiece but dimly suggestive.

China, Past and Present. By Edward Harper Parker. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Parker's China is a very different China from that of Martin, Williams, the Jesuit scholars, the average tourist, the old-fashioned Frenchmen who made out the Chinese to be a nation of sages, or the deists who, for controversial purposes, assumed that the Chinese were identical with eighteenth-century Europeans. Finally, Parker's China is quite another country also from the China pictured in missionary reports and popular stories of converts. Parker is an Englishman with tremendous digestion and leg-power, a stench-proof nose, and notable ability to suffer all things Chinese, whether in domestic routine, diplomatic intercourse or philosophic interchange. He has been pretty well over the Empire and met all kinds of men in the Chinese world, and seems to have equal respect for every sort of religionist. He is pugnacious, in some instances even to the standard of Don Quixote, yet withal so delightfully realistic and unconventional that even his scrap-book style commends itself, while his view is so broad and detailed, and his spirit so honest, that one feels well repaid for reading his book through.

Occasionally Professor Parker—for the once "H. B. M. Consul" is now pedagogue and lecturer at Owens College, Manchester—either is most conveniently blind, or overstrains his own theory; for no one would suspect him for a moment of not being perfectly honest and thoroughly trustworthy—so far as he has vision. For example, there is one well-paraded character, whom he reckons a paragon, and who is set forth as a typical specimen of what a native and unadulterated Chinese may be, or become. In his book entitled 'John Chinaman,' he devotes over four pages to this Canton physician, who "was (or was supposed to be) a Christian, who had taken his medical degree in Edinburgh," and for whom European ladies would loosen their dresses or chemises that he might put his hand or even his ear to their hearts; yet "that was what Doctor Wong did every day." In this, Mr. Parker's latest work, Doctor Wong reappears in two different places and in the same atmosphere of adulation, but in neither book does Mr. Parker mention the little detail that Doctor Wong was taken into his family and educated from early boyhood by the American missionary, Dr. Samuel Robbins Brown. In Macao and Hong Kong, Wong was trained with special care, brought to Munson, Mass., and in all spent about twelve years in an American Christian household and under the immediate eye of this "Maker of the New Orient."

One can easily forgive such little lacunæ for so bountiful a store of information on all subjects, and for a great deal of well-winnowed matter heaped up along those lines of investigation, especially in finance and revenue, which are repulsive or too tedious to most writers on China. Mr. Parker takes us behind the looking-glass on both sides of the room, and points out the shams and the reality, both British and Chinese. What he has to say, it is to be fervently hoped, will be heeded both in London and Pekin. We smart young Occidentals may despise the senile Chinese, but, on the principle that young men think old men to be fools, but old men know that young men are, it may be that, despite all our cannon and railways, the Chinaman will, for a long while yet, cling to his own notions as being the better. Certainly the problem of mutual understanding will be greatly hastened by equal knowledge on both sides.

Apart from his contributions to economics and history, and his lively pictures of social life, garnished as they are by choice anecdotes and piquant bits of experience, Mr. Parker's main contention is strenuously maintained. It is that the Mantchu conquerors of China have done little for the empire or people. They have simply made of themselves another set of parasites, to

draw out of the mightiest single body politic in the world all the fattening substance possible. He declares that, "after two thousand years of political serfdom," it is now high time that "the intelligent and industrious Chinese people, who are excellent municipal and village organizers, should have recognized rights conferred upon them." These political requirements have been crudely specified by Kang Yu-Wei and reformers like him, who have lost their heads or are in exile; but political reconstruction must go hand in hand with material development. It is not possible to give the people newspapers, telegraphs, steamers, and the latest results of progress, and expect them to stagnate peacefully in their old docility and oblivion. On this text, Professor Parker preaches his grand literary sermon with many an illustration in history and statistics. His chapter on the Boxer war is perhaps the best general statement of this episode, on its historical side, that we have. The same praise may be given to his "book" on "the imperial power," and on "The Mandarin, or Official," by which we learn how China is governed. His discussion of international politics and the Far Eastern question is, in outlook and ability, far above the average view or work of British editor or reviewer, for he can view both Russia and Germany very much as, at least, an American can. His amusing and realistic treatment of "celestial peculiarities," as shown in everyday life and religion, and of "the seamy side"—torture, punishments, infanticide, slavery, etc.—proceeds on the idea of getting at the bottom facts and the age-long compelling influences.

His references to Korea, where he spent some months, show that he appreciates highly the American teachers there. While there was a strong political aroma about their proceedings, especially when Japanese assassins and murderers were rather plentiful in Seul (or Sheol, as he speaks of it), he declares that "Korea owes its political existence to their vigilance." He is so happy over his little episode of getting ten British marines landed at Chemulpo to defend the consulate, by means of an unsigned, open piece of paper addressed to no one in particular, that he repeats the same story in this book that he told before in his 'John Chinaman.'

Another specimen of his apparently convenient blindness is seen in his statement: "In none of the Dutch colonies did I see any missionary work; the Hollanders seem to discourage it, impartially and of set purpose." Alas for the earnest and active Dutch missionary societies, the missionary summer festivals and winter conventions, their official reports and zealous missionaries, with which and whom the reviewer happens to be personally acquainted! Even a glance at the 'Statesman's Year-Book' would show that while "entire liberty is granted to the members of all religious confessions, . . . there were, in 1898, 127 missionaries of various societies working to propagate Christianity in the Dutch East Indies."

The map, index, and dates appended to the chapters reprinted from periodicals add to the value of the book.

Principles of American Forestry. By Samuel B. Green, Professor of Horticulture and Forestry, University of Minnesota. John Wiley & Sons. 1903.

The author originally presented, in the forestry section of the Geological and Natural History Survey of Minnesota, part of the material which is well arranged in this volume. We purposely emphasize the term well-arranged, for this fact ought to be brought out prominently, in order that such an excellent book may be distinguished from the chaotic masses of rubbishy material which have often been given to the public, of late, under somewhat misleading forestry titles. There are a few things in the work which one might prefer to change, such as a portion of the nomenclature and some of the terms, and here and there an archaic word, such as "overly," but, on the whole, the handy book fills a real want in a sufficiently satisfactory manner. It will be found generally interesting to any reader who has a fondness for trees in any of their aspects, and especially to amateurs who may desire to know how trees are cared for nowadays on a large scale.

Forestry is passing through a time of peril in this country. Until a few years ago the subject was wholly ignored as a practical affair, being widely believed not to be applicable to our wild tracts of timber. Here and there, there was a voice crying in the wilderness—for instance, the clear but unavailing appeal of Prof. Franklin B. Hough; and certain others tried to make themselves heard in State legislation. But the well-meant efforts of these true reformers were received with ridicule or with deadening indifference by practical lumbermen and by farmers in general. Even the early excellent work in this direction accomplished by the Agricultural Department in Washington was regarded as useless and as child's play. Plainly, the times were not then ripe for such interference with long-established prejudices. Any farmer with a wood-lot and a small area of timber land could show the doctrinaires at Washington that advice which might help a woodsman in Germany would be worthless here.

About the time that the three great processes for the manufacture of paper from wood pulp began to attract general notice, and the steady destruction of certain sorts of trees went on with no intermission, the alarm was sounded in many quarters. The subdued voices of the older prophets gained strength, and younger men joined in the new propaganda. The acquisition of large tracts of forest land by syndicates and by men desiring to possess great estates, gave additional encouragement to the growing enterprise. Besides all this, came also as a very important factor the introduction into the Department at Washington of a modification of the rules governing appointments to service in the forests of the public domain. The way seemed open to young men to gain a good livelihood in a useful and honorable pursuit; and, although the cautions given by the Department are many and wise, an increasing number of applicants appeared. The forest schools are generally well attended, and the new profession has certainly come to stay. But, as has been well said by one who has perhaps more at stake in this matter than any one else in this country, the thing must not be overdone. There is a real danger that the positions of fair emolument may not be sufficient for many years to take the graduates of the new schools. Hard work of an attractive character is the lot of the forester, whereas some of the undergraduates in the forest schools are inclined to think that the hard work can be relegated to subordinates.

The kind of hard work which belongs to the true forester is well set forth by Professor Green in his treatise. The accomplished forester must be versed in many practical applications of pure science, and he must also be trained in that which is most difficult of acquirement—patience while waiting for slow-coming results. It is no easy task to convince a landed proprietor that his forest wealth can be conserved. The changes which a forest undergoes from year to year are so slight as to tax the strongest powers of patient waiting. The successful forester employed by an impatient man must possess very high qualities of tact and good judgment. Professor Green points out in direct fashion the scope of study and activity demanded by one who enters upon the service of our forests, and indicates indirectly some of the great obstacles which stand in the way of success. His work will do something towards lessening the obstacles.

Backgrounds of Literature. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrated. The Outlook Company. 1903.

The outward appearance of this book affiliates it with the Christmas season, and indeed those in search of a good giftbook might go farther and fare worse, but the book deserves better than to be treated as a mere ephemeron. Its contents would justify a less ornamental binding. The printing by De Vinne is beautiful, and the illustrations are an attractive series. They reproduce photographs appropriate to the successive chapters, except in the case of that on Emerson, where they copy drawings by Elizabeth W. Roberts. Some of these are good, but the picture of Emerson's house "from the orchard" is of a ghostly pallor suggestive of Poe's "House of Usher," and the orchard is represented as inundated by the spring or autumn rains. In one place (p. 6) Mr. Mabie writes as if Emerson's home in Concord was always the Old Manse. Elsewhere he puts the matter right. The mistake suggests different stages of composition, and the book as a whole was certainly not made at one cast. Written at different times, for different purposes, the various chapters lend themselves in various degrees to the illustration of the title under which they are all included. This intends the local setting of each writer whose career is sketched and whose work is judged, and the influence of that setting on the work of each in turn. The intention is best realized in the Wordsworth chapter, which, with apparent consciousness of its peculiar aptness to his title, Mr. Mabie makes the first of his series. At the other extreme stands the Goethe chapter, while for Whitman's "background" we have not so much Long Island and New York city as America in the totality of its strenuous life.

The book is written in the agreeable manner which Mr. Mabie's sixteen other books and his editorial writing have made familiar

to the reading world. It has less force than charm, and too little of that pleasant humor which shines habitually in Mr. Mabie's face and talk. "The Lake Country and Wordsworth" mingles the reminiscences of the travelling author with biography and criticism in about equal parts. Remarkable geography is that of Cockermouth, Wordsworth's birthplace, "in the northeastern part of the lake region, not many miles from the English Channel." Those who have themselves visited the lake country will most enjoy Mr. Mabie's transcription of its beauties to his page, and those who are deeply versed in Wordsworth will best appreciate the manner in which Mr. Mabie relates his poetry to his environment. The criticism does not begin to be so subtle as that of Mr. Walter Raleigh's recent study, but there is nothing here to wail.

The Emerson chapter is one of the better of the many studies that were inspired by his centennial year. Emerson is treated as "the highest type of a mingled frugality of the life of the body and generosity of the life of the mind"—a phrase more rhetorical than the "plain living and high thinking" which it translates. A good comparison is made between Emerson's relation to nature and Thoreau's, and Madam Hoar is quoted: "Henry talks about nature just as if she'd been born and brought up in Concord"—which reminds us of a young girl's objection to Wordsworth. "I don't like him," she said. "He seems to think that he runs nature." By "The Washington Irving Country" the banks of the Hudson River are signified. New York as it was when Irving was a boy is also recognized as an important part of the background of his literary mind, and his seventeen years abroad at one stretch are perhaps minimized unduly. But so is not the difference of his temper from that of the New England coterie. "Weimar and Goethe," as a piece of criticism, is one of Mr. Mabie's best chapters. "The Land of Lorna Doone" is a short chapter, but one of the happiest of Mr. Mabie's illustrations of his leading thought. Next comes "America in Whitman's Poetry," and it is not only the best chapter of these seven, but it is one of the best studies of Whitman that have ever been written, not forgetting Mr. Stedman's in his 'Poets of America.' It is generous in its recognition of Whitman's real merits, without glozing any of his great defects. "The Land of Scott" chapter affords one of the most obvious examples of the background of temporal and local situation as affecting the man of letters. The man who said that he should die if he didn't see the heather once a year deserved and honored his onomatopoetic name.

Clearly, Mr. Mabie has not exhausted his subject—Burns, Browning, Tennyson, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes had their local backgrounds as obviously as any of Mr. Mabie's favored company.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ade, George. Breaking into Society. Harper & Brothers. $1.

American Newspaper Annual. 1904. Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer & Son. $5.

Bauer, Max. Precious Stones. Translated from the German, with additions, by L. J. Spencer. London: Charles Griffin & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Byse, Mrs. Fanny. Milton on the Continent: A Key to L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. London: Elliot Stock.

Carpenter, Edward. From Adam's Peak to Elephanta. New edition, revised. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Captivity of John Leeth. Reprinted from the original edition of 1831, with introduction by Reuben Gold Thwaites. (Narratives of Captivities.) Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Brothers Co.

Cazamian, Louis. Le Roman Social en Angleterre, 1830-1850. (Bibliothèque de la Fondation Thiers. Fascicule III.) Paris: Société Nouvelle. 7 fr. 50.

Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature. New ed. Vol. III. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Cheyne, T. K. Critica Biblica. Part V., Joshua and Judges. London: Adam and Charles Black. 3s. net.

Code of Hammurabi. Edited by Robert Francis Harper. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $4 net.

Cooper, Harriet C. James Oglethorpe. (Historic Lives Series.) D. Appleton & Co.

Corbett, Julian S. England in the Mediterranean. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & So. $9.

Dawson, William Harbutt. Matthew Arnold, and his Relation to the Thought of Our Time. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

Day, Ernest Everett. Seeking the Kingdom. The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Delitzsch, Friedrich. Babel und Bibel: Ein Rückblick und Ausblick. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

Ellis, Robinson. The Correspondence of Fronto and M. Aurelius. London and New York: Henry Frowde. 1s. net.

Emerson's Conduct of Life, and Society and Solitude. Vols. VI. and VII. of the Centenary Edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 each.

Flux, A. W. Economic Principles. London: Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Francis, First Earl of Ellesmere. Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington. Edited, with a memoir of Lord Ellesmere, by his daughter Alice, Countess of Strafford. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Hammond, B. E. Outlines of Comparative Politics. London: Rivingtons. 7s. 6d.

Harbottle, Thomas Benfield. Dictionary of Historical Allusions. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Harper, Charles G. The Ingoldsby Country. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Harriman Alaska Expedition. Alaska: Vol III., Glaciers and Glaciation, by Grove Karl Gilbert; Vol. IV., Geology and Paleontology, by B. K. Emerson, Charles Palache, William H. Dall, E. O. Ulrich, and F. H. Knowlton. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Hawthorne, Hildegarde. A Country Interlude. (Fiction.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Hubert, Philip G., jr. Liberty and a Living. Second ed. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 net.

Hyslop, James H. Ethics of the Greek Philosophers. Charles M. Higgins & Co. $2.

Johnston, R. M. Napoleon. (Biography.) A. S. Barnes & Co. $1 net.

Lecky's French Revolution: Chapters from the author's History of England, with notes by Henry Eldridge Bourne. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net; postage additional.

Lincoln, Joseph C. Cap'n Eri. (Fiction.) A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.

Lounsbury, Thomas R. The Standard of Pronunciation in English. Harper & Brothers. $1.50 net.

Massé, H. J. L. J. Pewter Plate. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.

Ogg, Frederic Austen. The Opening of the Mississippi. The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Poetry of the People. (Selections.) Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents; postage 10 cents.

Rainsford, W. S. A Preacher's Story of his Work. The Outlook Co. $1.25 net.

Shafer, Sara Andrew. The Day before Yesterday. (Fiction.) The Macmillan Co.

Shaler, Nathaniel Southgate. The Citizen. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.40 net.

Shelley's Adonais. Reprinted from the edition of 1821. London: Methuen & Co. 2s net.

Stevens, Sheppard. The Sign of Triumph. (Fiction.) Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

Thebaud, Augustus J. Three-Quarters of a Century (1807 to 1882): A Retrospect. Vol. III., Forty Years in the United States of America. The United States Catholic Historical Society.

The Successful American. Vols. VII. and VIII. The Writers' Press Association.

Tolman, Herbert Cushing, and Scoggin, Gilbert Campbell. Mycenæan Troy. (The Vanderbilt Oriental Series.) American Book Co.

Van Dyke, Theodore S. The Still-Hunter. The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Van Vorst, Mrs. John. The Issues of Life. (Fiction.) Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Villard, Henry. Memoirs. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.

Whitney, Caspar; Grinnell, George Bird, and Wister, Owen. Musk-Ox, Bison, Sheep, and Goat. (American Sportsman's Library.) The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Williams, Margery. The Price of Youth. (Fiction.) The Macmillan Co.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1904.

The Week.

A delicate task has been laid upon the House committee which must investigate the "charges against members" in connection with the postal scandals. From the debates thus far, it is evident that the thing for which most Representatives are eager is a general whitewashing. The majority has steadily opposed anything like a complete overhauling of the Department, such as the minority urges. There is a singular tenderness, also, in dealing with the railway mail service, in which so many large corporations are interested. To irritate the railways just before a Presidential year would—from the point of view of a collector of campaign funds—be most unwise. And yet the Republican leaders should remember that the man who saved their bacon when charges were first published was not the Postmaster-General, who talked of "hot air" and who was inclined to pass lightly over the matter, but President Roosevelt, who courageously gave orders to drive the knife up to the hilt. As a result, people believe that, however rotten some of the departments may be, the President will do his utmost to hunt rascals out and make his Administration honest. Of course, an investigation dragging through the campaign would keep before voters the corruption which has developed under Republican rule; but, on the other hand, the Democrats may be trusted to make all possible capital out of any suppression or half-hearted search. The only safety now is an application of Strafford's vigorous policy of Thorough, which President Roosevelt declares he has adopted as his own.

According to Senator Dick and Gov. Herrick of Ohio, President Roosevelt has been guilty of blasphemy in bestowing patronage on the late Senator Hanna's enemy, Foraker. The two legatees of the Hanna machine have issued a bull of excommunication against Foraker and all his friends; have declared them heretics from the true faith, have called down upon their heads the curses of the Republican gods, and have forbidden all devout members of the party speaking with them, trading votes with them, or extending any aid or comfort, no matter how grave the peril, how extreme the pain of this band of outlaws. So horrible has been Senator Foraker's crime that we hesitate to soil our pages by mentioning it. He has not proposed to reduce the tariff, for a man can do that and yet hold the respect of orthodox Republicans; he has not plotted against Roosevelt's renomination, for some of the holiest fathers of the organization have been dubious about the validity of the Roosevelt dogma. But he has dared to oppose the Hanna machine. This is the unpardonable sin, which cuts a man off from the joys of this life and from salvation in the next.

The testimony in the Smoot case shows the highest authorities of the Mormon Church defiant of law, disloyal to their official pledges, and tricky and intriguing in their political activities. What most deeply outrages public sentiment is the perception that Mormonism still means polygamy; that it continues to stand for a system which means the degradation of woman and the ruin of civilization. Probably the hundreds of thousands of Christian women who petitioned the Senate to go behind Mr. Smoot's credentials, had no definite idea of the evidence that would be produced, but they were moved by a sure instinct. They were stirred not alone by impulsive self-defence, but by the perception that Mormonism and purity are contradictory terms, and that polygamy is an attempt to upset society and turn evolution backward. We cannot say that a case has yet been made out for Senator Smoot's expulsion. Legally, his position is stronger than it is morally. Still, the Senate is final judge of the qualifications of its own members. If it chooses, it may say that Mr. Smoot's associations and entanglements are such that it is not fitting for him to sit in the Senate of the United States.

Judge Alton B. Parker is not fortunate in his friends. As if the support of David Bennett Hill were not enough to alienate from him the independent vote, Edward Murphy, jr., of Troy now appears among the faithful. The two chief backers of Judge Parker in his own State are therefore Hill and the notorious Murphy. If the Parker boom can thrive in spite of such a blight, it must be a plant of hardy growth. Hill has been for twenty years the shining example of a political wrecker. He did his best to crush the Cleveland Democrats and drive them from the organization. There is no living American who more closely answers to Bagehot's description of a leader devoid of principle: he "regards politics as a game to be played first for himself and then for his party; he does not act contrary to his opinion, but he does not care to form a true opinion." A union of Murphy and Hill might almost be called a union of Herod and Pilate, for Murphy has been the chief of the Rensselaer County bandits who dragged Troy politics down to the level of highway robbery. His heelers hesitated at no crime, not even murder itself. Grover Cleveland was loved for the enemies he made; Judge Parker may come to be hated for the friends he has made.

It is a little odd to read of the Associated Press congratulations on having induced the Czar to remove the censorship in Russia, at the very moment that this same news-gathering association declines at home to disseminate information of the highest significance. It refused to send out the news of the organization of the "Philippine Independence Committee." Yet the names of the gentlemen composing it are of such weight and distinction that anything they are united in advocating acquires thereby news-value. If President Eliot makes an address on labor at Boston, or writes of the government of Bar Harbor, the fact is immediately put on the wires; but when he and eight other college presidents, together with eminent clergymen, authors, and publicists, have something to say about Philippine independence, it immediately becomes of no consequence, and the news is "killed." Why, if those men were on a committee simply to dig a ditch, the fact would be eagerly published by every real newspaper in the land! If the formation of a powerful "Philippine Independence Committee" is not news, then nothing is news. The upshot is to leave the Associated Press, by this refusal, in a kind of head-in-the-sand attitude, while the news gets circulated just the same.

"The old order changeth," quoted the Emporia *Gazette*, referring to E. W. Hoch, who was on Wednesday week nominated for Governor by the Republicans of Kansas. A year ago the Republican machine of that State, under the direction of Gov. Bailey and Cyrus Leland, a former National Committeeman, was running without a hint of creaking. Hoch, the proprietor of a small country newspaper published weekly, who in editorial sermons consistently demanded clean politics, set out to become State Printer at the time a vacancy in that office occurred. It suited the machine to appear to favor his candidacy, but, when the vote was taken in the Legislature, those who had promised to support Hoch turned to another man. It was, of course, no part of the machine's plan to share "pie" with a preacher who railed against the Topeka organization's methods. But when it was found by Gov. Bailey's opponents that his hold on the party was insecure, Hoch's earnest denunciations were recalled, and it was suggested that he would do admir-

ably as a leader of a revolt. In the "short-grass country" a movement founded on moral awakening spreads rapidly, if at all. A few months after the country editor received the first bundle of telegrams, as he was setting type for the week's edition of the Marion *Record*, he was nominated to succeed Gov. Bailey. The smashing of the machine proved to be no Herculean job, and in the next two years Kansas is likely to learn what a "strong, clean Governor," to adopt William Allen White's characterization, can make of his independence.

The course of the lynchers at Springfield, O., who on March 7 shot a negro murderer to death and on Tuesday set fire to the disreputable negro quarter, illustrates clearly what may happen in any community the instant the laws are defied. Bishops may approve, editors may palliate, and newspapers allege extenuating circumstances; but the fact remains that when the mob is once given its head, no one can tell to what excesses its bestial passions may carry it, or to what extremes its fury may drive it. This is entirely irrespective of local considerations. The burning of Springfield's negro quarter is on all-fours with the destruction of an Alabama town by its own citizens, who were bent on destroying a negro, together with the calaboose in which he was confined. Gov. Herrick of Ohio has notified the local authorities at Springfield that the Attorney-General will take charge of the prosecution of the lynchers if the local machinery of the law is not put into motion at once. He has also shown commendable firmness in ordering the troops to remain in Springfield as long as there is the slightest necessity for their presence or possibility of further trouble. As a result of the Governor's attitude, the County Prosecutor has awakened to the fact that he has a solemn duty to perform, and has promised to convene a grand jury without loss of time.

In a letter to a negro minister of Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons has again shown himself a wise and far-seeing prelate. Writing of the "Jim-Crow" bills now before the Maryland Legislature, the Cardinal expresses his strong opposition to them and to the spirit actuating them, rightly pointing out that peace and harmony are impossible where such unjust discrimination prevails. To make a whole race suffer for the delinquencies of a few individuals he considers preposterous; and he adds that it is the duty of every member of a community to avoid any action calculated to create bad feeling and to embitter the lot of the less fortunate race. But this danger of racial hatreds, far deeper and more serious than any hitherto existing, is precisely what a cheap politician of the Vardaman, Tillman, and Gorman type does not think about. He is concerned only with his own personal advantage. Still others, like Congressman Hardwick of Georgia, calmly assume that our colored citizens, having been put in the inferior social, industrial, and political status he considers their due, will make no effort to better themselves. There is nothing further from the truth. The negro race is rising, and rising rapidly, and there is but one way that it can be kept down—by slavery or force of arms. Meanwhile, the words of Cardinal Gibbons, that peace and harmony cannot prevail where there is discrimination, constitute a solemn warning.

Two events have occurred lately that throw an interesting light on the immigration question. Signor Rossi of the Royal Emigration Department of Italy is in this country, and has written a long letter to the president of the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants. He says that, far from looking with favor on emigration, his Government makes a strong effort to prevent it. The heavy movement away from Italy in the past, he alleges, was chiefly encouraged by the transportation companies, whose only interest in the matter was, of course, the sale of steamship tickets. In line with this information are the recent arrivals in this country of large numbers of young and vigorous Russians, who are said to have left their native land very hurriedly to escape conscription. These emigrants tell interesting stories of how they managed to get by the Russian sentries in crossing the Prussian frontier. They seem to agree on the fact that their success was chiefly due to the efforts of transportation agents. According to one immigrant, the steamship runner who took their money not only gave them their tickets, but also made the deal with the sentries. These instances bring to mind the great success of American railroads in the past in stimulating and directing large movements of population from one region to another. No doubt the efforts of the transportation companies often lead to a purely artificial distribution of the excess population of the world, but natural law soon corrects mistakes of this sort.

The statement that the American Locomotive Company has bought a plant in Canada should be read in connection with Mr. Balfour's announcement in Parliament that no tax will be levied upon food. It will be recalled that Mr. Chamberlain was previously as emphatic in asserting that no duties would be placed on raw materials. But where does this leave the colonies? If Mr. Balfour is to be taken literally, there will be no tax on wheat, or flour, or corn, or other cereals; neither will meat nor animal products be made to pay duty. But a tax on breadstuffs, with colonial preference, was going to do such wonderful things for Australia! And if no duty is ever to be put on animal products, how is New Zealand going to obtain that preference which was to curtail the imports into the United Kingdom of Argentine mutton? Indeed, what is to prevent our sending just as much wheat and bacon to Great Britain as formerly? But, in that case, where would Canada's preference come in? As the bulk of what the colonies send the mother country is food or raw materials, it is hard to see what there is left in the fiscal reform for them. But note: Canada does some manufacturing, on which she may be able to obtain a preference. Yet in this connection it must be remembered that the American Locomotive Company is not the only American enterprise that has acquired a Canadian plant for export purposes.

On the railway issues, Sir Wilfrid Laurier lost his ablest Minister, Mr. Blair, and on the same issue he is likely to have serious adversity in the future. Last July the Government concluded an agreement with the Grand Trunk Railway for a transcontinental line north of all existing roads. The contract lapsed, partly through the attempt of the Grand Trunk to make the legal deposits in unauthorized securities—a measure that was the subject of just criticism. Now the Ministry has renewed the agreement on terms much more favorable to the company. In general, financial safeguards have been removed. By a simple transfer of rolling stock from the eastern to the western branch, the Grand Trunk may regain its $5,000,000 deposit; the time of construction is extended from December 1, 1908, to the same day, 1911, with strikes now reckoned as "unavoidable causes of delay"; the Government underwriting of the mountain branch is increased from $30,000 a mile to three-quarters of the actual cost. Evidently either the Grand Trunk was bargaining to its own hurt last summer, which nobody believes, or it is now bargaining very much at the expense of the Dominion. When the case is fully understood—and the Conservative press is not slack in the duty of interpretation—it is very likely that recent Liberal losses in bye-elections in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces will prove merely the precursors of more positive disaster.

Whatever may be the merits of municipal trading, there is a strong belief in Great Britain that the movement has progressed too rapidly. The manager of Lloyd's Bank in London spoke very emphatically on this subject at the recent annual meeting of that institution. He said that the debts of British mu-

nicipalities had been increasing by leaps and bounds during the last ten years, and now amounted to £350,000,000—half the national debt. The money had often been spent in municipal trading. The extravagance, he added, has been so great that the money market is now practically closed against the municipalities, it being impossible for them to borrow except at usurious rates. Indeed, it is asserted that, in order to raise cash, they have done a sort of banking business themselves, and have received money on deposit. The manager of Lloyd's Bank regretted the liberality of the bankers to the municipalities in the past, especially in view of the last-mentioned fact. It looks, indeed, as if the cities and towns of the United Kingdom had been doing about what the industrial enterprises in the United States were doing for some years after 1898—namely, converting floating capital into fixed capital altogether too fast. This fact has no doubt had a good deal to do with forcing British consols to their present low figure, just as the locking up of funds in this country caused the highest-priced securities to sell at a great reduction.

Short of defeat, a Parliamentary leader has rarely been so cavalierly handled as Mr. Balfour was on March 9 by his own supporters. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's advocacy of his father's fiscal scheme had given occasion for a motion of censure by the Liberals. In the course of the debate Mr. Balfour stood firmly on the principles of his Sheffield speech—declared himself opposed to all food taxes and devoted to retaliation. He was willing that Unionist members, in their private capacity, should believe in the whole Chamberlain policy, but he expected them to support the Government on the half-policy. To make the matter clear, a counter resolution was moved, which approved the Balfour plan. But soon it was evident that liberty of opinion on fiscal matters was permitted to all members of the party except the chief. The Chamberlainites declined absolutely to vote for a resolution declaring protection and food taxes to be no part of the Government plan, and the motion of confidence was hastily withdrawn. In the face of a refusal to vote confidence in the Government, the defeat of a motion of censure by a small majority was an empty triumph. The debate revealed very clearly the fact that, though a Balfour Ministry still rules, there are practically no Balfourites on the benches. Mr. Balfour has absolutely no secure majority. On several occasions lately a full attendance of Liberals and Nationalists would have turned out the Ministry. In fact, on Tuesday last, by a trick of Mr. Redmond's, it was actually beaten. Under these circumstances, a dissolution should logically follow the passing of the supply bills.

The Government bill suppressing all primary schools conducted by the religious orders of France was advanced to the committee stage on March 7. M. Combes reiterated his famous thesis—the incompatibility of Roman Catholic teaching with a free state—and estimated the cost of replacing the church schools at $13,600,000. This figure includes only buildings and equipment; an enormous amount in addition must be paid for salaries and maintenance. Creditable estimates set this sum at about $16,000,000 annually. It seems likely, then, that the Ministry will soon be in serious budgetary difficulties. M. Rouvier is already sorely taxed to arrange for current conversions of the national debt, and the covering of the deficit. Nobody can doubt, however, that M. Combes will carry his anti-clerical campaign to the bitter end. If he should be shipwrecked en route, as many are predicting, he would have the satisfaction of having held his tiller true. But he has precipitated a conflict which seemed by no means inevitable and must profoundly disturb the present social order of France.

Thirty-two years after the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, Bismarck's successor gives them anew the freedom of the Empire. That is the heavy price which Bülow pays for the support of the Centre. Without the 105 Clerical votes the Government's composite majority would disappear. Other reasons have helped to bring about this complete surrender. The protectorate of the Holy Sepulchre is undoubtedly one of the Kaiser's dearest ambitions. It would give a spiritual sanction to his large political and commercial pretensions in the Levant. Meanwhile, Premier Combes's uncompromising battle with the Church gives Germany every opportunity to substitute herself as the friend of the Vatican, as the ally both of the White and the Black Pope. Very likely these considerations of foreign policy have done much to reconcile old Bismarckians to what would otherwise be a most humiliating retreat. Besides the immediate handicap of being tied to the Clerical reaction, Germany faces a peculiarly ironical situation. She stands to-day precisely where she did before the *Kulturkampf*. Bismarck's great fight against the Church has gone for nothing, and is all to do over again. Canossa has been revisited.

The official announcement of the need of additional reinforcements for German Southwest Africa must have had a chilling effect upon the Reichstag on Monday. The demand for 800 cavalry and two mounted batteries of artillery shows that the situation is much worse than has been admitted in official quarters. Dr. Stuebel, the director of the Colonial Office, was forced to confess that there are still 5,000 Hereros in the field, and that they are well armed and well intrenched. This, together with the news, from private sources, of considerable sickness and mortality among the German reinforcements which have just arrived in the disputed territory, has given the public little cause for satisfaction with the situation, especially as the Governor of the colony has displayed marked incapacity for his place. The Social-Democrats have already served notice that they will oppose any further voting of men and supplies for Southwest Africa, and a lively debate is therefore in prospect. There is material enough for some very sharp attacks upon the Government. Col. Leutwein, the crazy governor of the Cameroons, who recently brought about a revolution because of a stolen lamp, is a shining mark, as well as Prince Arenberg, who has just been released from jail because of his alleged insanity when he committed the horrible crimes for which he was imprisoned.

M. Kokovseff, the head of the Russian Ministry of Finance, has evolved some queer ideas regarding the war expenditure. The cost of the war, he says, must not be compared with that of the South African conflict. It would be an exaggeration, he continues, to say that the war would entail a gross expenditure amounting to a quarter of the net cost of the Transvaal operations. That, of course, is pure guesswork, as no one has any real knowledge what the struggle in the East is going to cost. But, waiving that, what reason has M. Kokovseff for saying that the money spent by Russia will not be, as it was in the case of Great Britain, a dead loss? Most of it, he affirms, will return to the public chest. But will it? The cost of the transport of the troops will be paid to the State railways. True; but will it offset the loss to the State from the lessened volume of merchandise business? The Asiatic railroads owned by Russia are believed not to have been earning their running expenses, and charging up the transportation of troops to earnings is, after all, merely a ridiculous form of bookkeeping. It reminds one of the way the railroads of this country used to swell their earning statements by reckoning in the freights on their own construction materials. The present war simply means the destruction of capital which might have been devoted to productive ends, and it makes little difference, in the long run, whether this wealth is wiped out on domestic or on foreign soil. In this case a great deal of it will be used up in eastern Asia, in paying the troops and in the purchase of supplies. Large amounts will also go to Western Europe for supplies and services, and some will come to the United States.

THE MERGER DECISION.

The judgment of the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities suit, in so far as it is contained in Justice Harlan's opinion, is undoubtedly very sweeping. It clearly declares that the Sherman Act "is not limited to restraints of interstate and international trade or commerce that are unreasonable in their nature, but is directed against all direct restraints, reasonable or unreasonable, imposed by any combination, conspiracy, or monopoly upon such trade or commerce"; that "combinations, even among private manufacturers or dealers, whereby interstate or international commerce is restrained, are equally embraced by the Act," and it further sets forth that "the mere existence of such a combination and the power acquired by the holding company as trustee for the combination constitute a menace to, and restraint upon, that freedom of commerce which Congress intended to recognize and protect, and which the public is entitled to have protected." More particularly, Justice Harlan's opinion is that the Circuit Court's decision on the Northern Securities merger could not properly have been of smaller scope than it was.

That judgment was, that competition was annihilated when two previously competing railways were acquired by a common owner; that "every one is presumed to intend what is the necessary consequence of his own acts, when done wilfully and deliberately"; and, therefore, that acquisition of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific by a joint owner, which "destroyed every motive for competition" between two "natural competitors for business," was a restraint of trade within the meaning of the Act. This, it is true, was no new judicial reading of the Act of 1890; the principle had been even more cogently asserted by the Supreme Court itself in the "Trans-Missouri case" of 1897. The association so designated, formed for the purpose of fixing uniform rates on the railways in its membership, was dissolved by the court on the explicit ground that "the necessary effect of the agreement is to restrain trade or commerce, no matter what the intent was on the part of those who signed it."

The point naturally arises, in studying Justice Harlan's opinion, as to what limit can with assurance be set to the application of the law. The lawyer's criticism is, that so unrestricted a judgment may open up avenues of indefinite litigation, pending which a disturbing uncertainty might prevail in the community. But it is important to observe that Justice Harlan's opinion did not, strictly speaking, speak for the majority of the court. The case against the Securities Company was decided by a vote of 5 to 4; but Justice Brewer, though concurring with the majority in their judgment as to the case in court, dissents from some of the principles set forth by his colleague. This means that the court's majority opinion, in other cases involving the same principles, may quite possibly be regulated rather by Justice Brewer's reasoning than by Justice Harlan's. Justice Brewer limits with much conservatism the application of the Act. Explaining his dissent, he observes:

> "Instead of holding that the Anti-Trust Act included all contracts, reasonable or unreasonable, in restraint of interstate trade, the ruling should have been that the contracts there present were in themselves unreasonable restraints of interstate trade and, therefore, within the scope of the Act. Congress did not intend by that Act to reach and destroy those minor contracts in partial restraint of trade which the long course of decisions at common law had affirmed were reasonable and ought to be upheld. . . . Wherever a departure from common-law rules and definitions is claimed, the purpose to make the departure should be clearly shown."

Certainly, there is nothing alarming or unsettling in this construction of the law; it proceeds on the cautious lines to which the Attorney-General, in his Pittsburgh speech of October, 1902, drew attention, and in fact applies in its interpretation of existing law pretty much all the limitations suggested by the recent Foraker amendment.

While, therefore, by no means endorsing Justice White's intimation, in his minority opinion, that the power asserted "is repugnant to all the fundamental rights of life, liberty, and property, upon which all just government must rest," it is clear that Justice Brewer, in a case involving what was, in the court's mind, a reasonable contract, would stand with the present minority. In other words, there is ground for assuming that such cases as hereafter may come before the court, under the Act of 1890, will be judged on their individual merits rather than on any sweeping generalization.

Both Justice Harlan and Justice Brewer touched, in their opinions, on the argument which, in our own mind, has more than any other served to induce adverse conclusions regarding the Northern merger. The question where this control of competing properties by merger was to end, if not restrained by law, has been the vital question of the whole debate. To it the court reverts, in its final pronouncement, as the public has done many times in the interval. Justice Brewer sums up this phase of the situation clearly:

> "If the parties interested in these two railroads can, through the instrumentality of a holding corporation, place both under one control, then in like manner, as was conceded on the argument by one of the counsel appellants, could the control of all the railroad companies in the country be placed in a single corporation. . . . The holders of $200,000,000 of stock in the Northern Securities Company might organize another corporation to hold their stock in that company; and the new corporation holding the majority of the stock in the Northern Securities Company, and acting in obedience to the wishes of a majority of its stockholders, would control the action of the Securities Company, . . . and this process might be extended until a single corporation whose stock was owned by three or four parties would be in practical control of both roads, or (having before us the possibilities of combination) in control of the whole transportation of the country."

THE CAUSE OF POSTAL SCANDALS.

The man who persists in skating on thin ice will fall through. This is the elementary but valuable lesson which Congress has learned in the last few days. In besieging the Executive departments for favors, in using their influence to procure from "My dear Beavers" extra allowances for which there was no warrant in the business of local offices, Senators and Representatives have been meddling with matters that did not belong to them. Some of them must have known that the money for additional clerkships and higher rents was virtually stolen; but so long as Beavers and Machen would assume nominal responsibility, the legislators cheerfully met the demands for larger departmental appropriations and asked no questions. "Saving" doubtful districts is expensive, but most Congressman seem to prefer it to saving the income of the Government. There are, of course, many members who have joined the scramble simply because they could not resist the force of a bad example. Instead of letting a postmaster's application stand on its bare merits, they have wanted to show zeal for their constituents by overturning heaven and earth. They may not have intended to be dishonest; they have protested that they begged for nothing more than was due; but, none the less, they entered the broad and easy path that leads straight to corruption.

The root of the trouble strikes deeper than this Congress or the present condition of politics; it penetrates the very framework of our Constitution. Nominally, the Executive and the Legislature are independent—one a check upon the other. Actually, the filaments of the two departments interlace in a tangled plexus. The President has power to choose executive officers, though certain appointments must be confirmed by the Senate. Inevitably, the Senators have seized these latter offices, and, by a union offensive and defensive, have largely usurped executive authority. Only a day or two ago the dispatches announced that in two Ohio towns "Hanna" postmasters had been replaced by "Foraker" adherents, because the President discovered that these offices "belonged" to Senator Foraker. In short, the Senators look upon patronage and appropriations as property which they hold in fee simple, to be distributed among faithful retainers according to desert.

The greedy hand of the legislator has also grasped offices which are not subject to confirmation. A President can-

not know all of his appointees—he must rely upon the advice of people of the vicinage; and the men who get his ear with least difficulty are Senators and Representatives. Even were they disinclined to traffic in patronage, they could hardly help becoming office-brokers. When, as is usually the case, they are vitally interested in building up their small machines, they are sure to make office-hunting their chief occupation. Once they have a department well garrisoned with their vassals, they can and do exact concessions which are downright illegal. The hapless clerk or bureau chief sees that if he balks he becomes *persona non grata*, and a more complaisant official may succeed him. He is also aware that his stretching or actual breaking of the law, so far from weakening his hold upon Congress, strengthens it. His line of least resistance is that which the genial and accommodating Beavers followed. He good-naturedly yields on the point of allowances, and looks to the Senate and House for corresponding hospitality toward his demands for swollen appropriations or a higher salary for himself. Thus a new feudalism has grown up which was never contemplated by the fathers of the republic, but which has nevertheless been the logical fruit of the Constitution which they bequeathed us. Moreover, the Executive and the Legislature are knit together by reciprocity treaties that can never be broken; and, instead of restraining, they encourage each other in extravagance. Selfish human nature, which the devisers of our Constitution threw out of the door, has sneaked back through the window.

This unhappy tendency to obliterate the line between Legislative and Executive, to destroy salutary checks and balances, is reinforced by our system of having each Representative a resident of the State, and practically of the district, which elects him. John Morley may be returned for a constituency in Scotland or Wales, wherever there is a Liberal majority; but if Speaker Cannon's district happens to be either gerrymandered or swept by a Democratic tidal wave, he steps down and out. The result is that our national legislator is prone to take the parochial view of a county supervisor, to approach the tariff law as if it were an ordinance for a hundred yards of sewer. Foreign publicists have often censured this plan, by which we either rob ourselves of the services of our ablest men, or else restrict their horizon and narrow their energy to the oiling and feeding of a provincial machine. Bryce, in his 'American Commonwealth,' dwells at length on the fact that a Congressman is forced into "procuring, if he can, grants from the Federal Treasury for local purposes, and places for the relatives and friends of local wire-pullers who control the nominating conventions," and also into "nursing the constituency during the vacation." "No habit," adds Bryce, "could more effectually discourage noble ambition or check the growth of a class of accomplished statesmen." The freshest contribution to this discussion is in the late Henry Villard's account of a visit to Bismarck, extracted from his Memoirs for the March *Century*. The architect of German nationality declared that the restriction of residence "tended to develop champions of local instead of national interests," while in England and Germany "the élite of the nation" was drafted into the parliamentary ranks.

Our legislators, then, are partly victims of circumstance, each crushed by the wheels of his own little Juggernaut. But some of them are also men whose souls have atrophied in the course of long years of haggling in the marketplace. At first they have abhorred the vices of the "profane herd of vulgar and mechanical politicians"; then have assumed an attitude of cynical tolerance; and, finally, on the theory that inflexible virtue is political suicide, they have gone the way of all flesh. It is now evident that they themselves have laid the train for the explosion which has shaken Congress. The intriguing and peculation simply reached a point where concealment was no longer possible; and the men who have sacrificed great opportunities to trivial and sordid ends are, by a sudden stroke of fate, stripped of their pompous masks, and revealed to the world, feeble, chattering, quaking wretches. If the shock shall quicken a few consciences, shall warn our lawmakers and administrators that, consciously or unconsciously, they have been heading for the City of Destruction, the republic at least will suffer no harm.

UNKNOWN QUANTITIES.

"Cleveland is strong at the very points where strength is needed. No other man would make as good a fight in Illinois or Wisconsin. He would get more votes, we believe, in Indiana than Gorman or Olney would. Possibly Parker, as an unknown quantity, would do better here, though this is by no means sure."

These remarks of the Indianapolis *News* deserve attention for their apparent intimation that Parker might prove a strong candidate simply because he is unknown. Thousands of Democrats all over the country are lured on by this idea, and dozens of newspapers might be quoted as having expressed it in some form, though many of them put it forward as by no means well founded.

Far from being so, it has nothing to rest upon but a confusion between the business of nominating and that of electing Presidents. The notion that the voters of the country can be offered a choice in November between Roosevelt on one side and an "unknown quantity" on the other is a pure delusion. It is in nominating conventions, not in elections, that "unknown quantities" figure, and so it has been from the beginning. For Democrats to master this ought to be to them easier because recent history has been full of illustrations that it is disastrous to them. A candidate for nomination by a convention may derive strength from being unknown, because he is likely to have made but few enemies, or none at all, and consequently the different factions may find it easier to unite on him. The fact that Lincoln was unknown to the country at large made it less difficult to nominate him in 1860 than Seward. The fact that Hayes was little known outside of Ohio helped to give him the Republican nomination in 1876. But neither Lincoln nor Hayes was an unknown quantity when the election came off. By November the whole coutry knew exactly what sort of men they were voting for. One of the functions of a campaign is to act as a searchlight on the character and history of the candidates, and leave not a trait or event in shadow.

When Hancock was nominated by the Democrats in 1880 it was as a distinctly unknown quantity, so far as political matters were concerned. The theory of the nomination was that he would run well as a military man, and, his mind being a *tabula rasa* on all matters connected with government, it could not be objected to him that he had any political enemies. His was a name to conjure with, and he could be voted for, just as the Flag could be waved, by anybody. But it all turned out differently; the caricaturists got hold of him and made him thoroughly known. Long before November it was perfectly well understood what sort of quantity he was.

In taking up Bryan in 1896, the Democrats gave a glaring instance of the unknown-quantity fallacy. Cleveland they knew. He had twice got them the Presidency, but he had made a number of enemies, and they were in force in the convention. Bryan, an obscure local shouter, was unknown, and had none. So he was nominated with a hurrah. But he did not remain an unknown quantity. The process of making his acquaintance began among the voters as soon as the campaign opened, and by November the country had his measure.

For a party which desires to elect, it is important not to overlook what we have called the fallacy of the unknown quantity. When an unknown quantity has been nominated for the Presidency his incognito ceases, and his strength or weakness depends on what is found out about him, not on the number of points on which he has hitherto managed to keep silent. It is proverbially difficult in this country to nominate for high office conspicuous men of strong character and pronounced views, and it is proverbially easier to unite in a nominating convention on obscure men

without enemies, and who are "unknown quantities." But it is a compensation for this that when the election occurs neither candidate can be unknown. The more thoroughly the Democrats master this truth, the more chance they will have in the coming campaign. Delightful as it is to nominate, it is more essential to elect.

Judge Parker is undoubtedly an unknown quantity at present. On anything nearer to the questions before the country than the Constitutional guarantee of "due process of law," he has, we believe, never delivered himself. By holding his tongue he can remain unknown, but only until he is nominated. After that he must submit to the common fate. If he is a man of positive character, with decided views on the currency and the tariff and foreign relations, it will all come out. If, on the contrary, he is an entirely negative man, who has no conviction which cannot be modified to catch votes, that will come out, too. Depend upon it, we shall know all about him. Once nominated, what gave him his strength for the nomination will vanish, and he will be elected or defeated by what he really is.

THE OPERA SEASON.

In some respects the New York opera season of 1903-1904 will be remembered as the most interesting on record, and it is to be regretted that it should have been marred by shortcomings which were the more exasperating because they were unexpected. When Mr. Conried succeeded Mr. Grau, he recognized the fact that the one thing most needed at the Metropolitan Opera House was provision for more thorough rehearsing of the operas produced; he promised a speedy reform in this respect, but it is difficult to recall a season in which so many of the operas were apparently pitchforked upon the stage with no preparation at all. And shortcomings were particularly noticeable in the scenic department, which we had been told was to be specially improved.

It must be admitted that unforeseen difficulties confronted the new manager. He had intended to begin his rehearsals several weeks before the opening of the season; but the stage was being rebuilt, and was not ready in time, while the orchestra was away on a Western tour. Philadelphia presented another problem. Mr. Conried proposed to improve on Mr. Grau's plan by giving that city two or three weeks of nightly opera after the New York season; but the Philadelphians refused to look on that change as an improvement, so far as they were concerned, and threatened to have no opera at all unless they could get it once a week during the New York season. Thus was the manager thwarted in his attempt to save his Tuesdays for rehearsals; and since all his Thursdays were given over to "Parsifal," nothing was left but a few morning hours. As both Philadelphia and "Parsifal" will be with us again next season, it is obvious that the only salvation lies in carrying out the scheme of devoting five or six weeks to rehearsals before the opening date. That is the Bayreuth plan.

It is only fair to bear in mind that it was largely owing to circumstances beyond his control that Mr. Conried was prevented from making good some of his promises. He certainly did provide for most of the Wagner operas and some of the others new scenic outfits, which were a great improvement on what we have had before. If the setting and illuminating of these could have been properly rehearsed, they would have made a sensation instead of calling forth censure. "Parsifal" alone was done in a manner equalling and, in some respects, surpassing the Bayreuth standard, and the management reaped its financial reward in receipts exceeding $200,000 for that opera alone. Although the box-office results of the season have not been made public, there is reason to believe that no previous operatic year at the Metropolitan has yielded so large a profit. Extremes meet. For this happy result "Parsifal" was responsible in the first place, and, in the second place—Donizetti! The joint appearance of two such sterling artists as Mme. Sembrich and Signor Caruso led to a renaissance of old-fashioned Italian opera which caused the Donizetti works to draw crowded audiences at every performance.

In this fact lies the chief lesson of the season for the manager. Although everybody knows that Wagner is much more popular to-day than Donizetti (who has often, in fact, been pronounced dead), yet, with two or three exceptions, the Wagner operas have drawn smaller audiences than those of Donizetti. The reason is obvious. The recent Donizetti casts have never been excelled, perhaps never equalled, here, while the Wagner casts have usually been far inferior to those we have had in previous seasons. New Yorkers pay the highest prices in the world for opera tickets, and in return they demand, quite justly, that they should have the greatest singers in the world. Mr. Conried's chief mistake has been the failure to engage, at whatever price, certain singers who are great favorites here—Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Lillian Nordica, and Emma Eames. Mr. Grau used to say that his highest-priced singer, Jean de Reszke, was also the cheapest. He always filled the house. Without that tenor, Mr. Conried gave "Siegfried" once, to a moderate-sized audience, outside the cycle; with him, he could have given "Siegfried" six or eight times to crowded houses; and so with other operas—"Lohengrin," "Faust," "Romeo et Juliette," etc.

While Mr. Conried had been at one time an operatic manager abroad, he was, when appointed to his present place, unfamiliar with the taste and demands of the New York public. He had a vague idea that Europe was full of young and talented singers who would be promptly accepted here in place of the great stars he refused to engage. He is absurdly mistaken in this matter; there are painfully few good singers in Europe, and some that are admired there make little impression here, as Mr. Conried has had occasion to notice in the case of several of his importations. As regards French opera, the situation seems hopeless; there are no satisfactory tenors, and Mme. Calvé and M. Plançon appear to be the only first-class artists to be had from Paris, yet it seems doubtful if they will be here next year! But if there are few French singers, there are Americans and an Australian and Poles—Mmes. Eames, Nordica, Melba, MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke—who sing French operas admirably. Why not make sure of these at once for next season?

Mr. Conried harbors antiquated ideas regarding "stars" and "ensemble." He apparently needs to be told that an ensemble of mediocrities is not desired or tolerated by opera-goers who pay $5 for a seat. What the want is *an ensemble of stars*, after the fashion of Mr. Grau. That is what fills the house and, notwithstanding the expense, yields a good profit. For the Italian operas alone have we had, this season, the best available singers. The result was that twelve Italian operas received fifty-four performances, whereas the eleven German operas in the repertory had only thirty-eight, and the three French operas had only ten performances. That tells the whole story; and if Mr. Conried cannot read the lesson as he runs, he is a poor business man. Instead of engaging the singers his patrons want, he is trying to "discipline" them—a very dangerous process. It is true that these artists get much less in Europe than they do at our opera-house; but they are not, as Mr. Conried fancies, dependent upon him. Other American managers are shrewd enough to know their value; hence we have Fritzi Scheff in an opera company of her own, and Calvé and Schumann-Heink preparing to follow her example; we have Nordica, Melba, Bispham, in the concert hall, with Gadski and Campanari ready to follow them. Where is this to end? Operatic affairs have reached a crisis, and this is the time for the subscribers to make known their wishes.

MR. CHOATE'S TALK TO WORKINGMEN.

LONDON, March 1, 1904.

Mr. Choate's talk to workingmen on the

subject of Benjamin Franklin well deserves notice. It was delivered on February 20 to the students of the Workingmen's College, an institution founded by Frederick Maurice some fifty years ago, and of which it is my hope on some future occasion to write something further for the readers of the *Nation;* but at this moment my wish is to dwell upon certain conclusions suggested to one at least of his audience by Mr. Choate's admirable and charming address, which, with all its graciousness and its humor, was fitted to convey to Englishmen of all classes lessons of immense value at a time when every benevolent and public-spirited person has become so occupied with the social side of life as hardly to appreciate the moral merit of that manly individualism of which Franklin will always remain a typical example. If, let me add, I say little of Mr. Choate's genial urbanity, of the charm of his humor, of the perfect lucidity of his exposition, it is because the admirable qualities which have won for him the confidence of every Englishman who has the pleasure of his acquaintance are thoroughly known to his hundreds of friends and admirers at New York. My aim is, as I have said, simply to state, as the comparatively short reports of the English newspapers certainly do not, some few of the many ideas which Mr. Choate's account of Franklin excited in the minds of his audience.

First. Franklin, whose name and teaching are now little known in England, is well entitled to all the respect and admiration which he received from liberal-minded Englishmen in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. We must never forget the dictum, due, I think, originally to Sir Leslie Stephen, that in England the eighteenth century lasted till 1832; and Franklin was admired in England at what we may call the era of the Reform Act, because he was the incarnation of the wisdom and of the goodness of the eighteenth century. A stupid habit, fostered and encouraged by writers such as Carlyle, has been to talk of that age as if it were in a special sense marked by low moral tone, by false sentimentality, by lack of real earnestness. That the men of the eighteenth century had their faults, no competent critic can deny; that they had inherited a good number of speculative errors and practical abuses, is past a doubt; but the enlightenment that was perhaps overestimated, dispelled these errors, and the cosmopolitan philanthropy which is now far too little valued, abolished these abuses.

Franklin, at any rate, and many of his associates, were marked by a kind of truthfulness and sense of reality of which modern England possesses none too much. The leading feature of Franklin's character was honesty and respect for facts. Grant that his ideals, though never low, were in a sense prosaic; but let it be remembered that he struggled more earnestly than does one man in ten thousand to live up to his ideals. Industry, temperance, self-restraint, and honesty may be called common virtues, since they are needed by all men; but are assuredly, in fact, when consistently practised, excessively rare. What no one can doubt to be rare is, that a man should labor at the acquisition of these so-called common virtues with the same energy and method with which many men labor at the acquisition of wealth or of professional success.

Let us, again, assume, for the sake of argument, that the moralists of the eighteenth century, in their religious conceptions, showed a want of imagination and of fervor, and underestimated the value of faith and enthusiasm. Even if this be so, the justification and excuse lies ready to hand, that they underrated religious emotion because it had been closely allied with the fanaticism, intolerance, and persecution which had tortured the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were therefore to the thinkers of the eighteenth century the objects of special detestation. But if we look at Franklin, we may pause a good while before we condemn the religious attitude of this enlightened philosopher and his contemporaries. His somewhat frigid Deism was, as Mr. Choate showed, a real faith—that is, a creed which actually influenced his conduct. It meant, indeed, to Englishmen on either side the Atlantic a good deal more than their descendants are apt to suppose. The God of Nature, the benevolent Creator, whose equal and impartial Providence ruled the universe and showered blessings upon all men, irrespective of their creeds, was an object of far more rational adoration than the Deity whom Catholics and Protestants, Calvinists and Jesuits, pictured to themselves as taking a side in bitter theological controversies, and countenancing the cruelties and the persecutions by which fanatics of all kinds believed they could serve Heaven while tormenting their brethermen. It was better to worship Franklin's God of Nature than the God either of Loyola or of Calvin. Toleration, which is now accepted as a rule of common sense, was with Franklin, as with the other leaders of the eighteenth century, a true form of religious enthusiasm and of worship.

Secondly, Franklin will never receive from modern Englishmen anything like his due meed of praise. The force of the reaction against the reasonableness of the eighteenth century which set in in the earlier years of the nineteenth, has not as yet spent its full force. The state of opinion in England is a strange one. We condemn and despise that lack of enthusiasm and of fervor in which we believe men like Franklin were deficient; yet, while we talk as if we had left the eighteenth century far behind us, we are unconsciously reverting to a religious or non-religious attitude very like the attitude of the more enlightened among our grandfathers. The Evangelicals or the Methodists who aroused a religious revival, who rekindled religious emotion, had a right, if they chose, to blame the cold morality of Franklin, or Bentham, or Paley. But what right have we Englishmen or Americans of to-day to repeat the censures of religious revivalists? Do we suppose that Wesley, or Whitefield, or Simeon, could they return to the world, would deem our morality a whit less cold than the morality of the men of the eighteenth century? Whitefield, with whom Franklin was intimate, would, we suspect, find the men and women of to-day far less accessible to religious emotions than were the congregations among whom he kindled passionate fervor.

The reason why many of us cannot sympathize with Franklin is one which, even in our own hearts, we hardly dare to avow. His idea of a man's duty was that one should form a reasonable or even a prosaic view of virtue, and then try heart and soul to live up to it. Our conception of human duty is, that men should form a poetical or imaginative ideal of virtue, and then tacitly admit the impossibility of living up to our ideals. We value, as Franklin possibly did not, high aspirations. Franklin undervalued emotional morality, but he rated beyond everything else correspondence between a man's moral principles and his conduct. The same difference of moral judgment takes sometimes another shape. All Franklin's sympathies were given to persons who, even if they took Poor Richard's maxims as their guide, actually practised the humble virtues which these maxims enjoin. Our sympathy is nowadays given only to some man or woman whom we deem "interesting," but interest is aroused by inconsistency and inequality of character. Hence the modern biographies which are read with avidity are the lives of heroes or heroines whose high aspirations are far more remarkable than the excellence of their conduct.

Thirdly. The true lesson of Franklin's career is that virtue may be fostered and success in life be achieved by means of energy and self-help. This is the moral to which Mr. Choate's impressive address again and again came round. Surely, it is a lesson which modern Englishmen generally, and especially English workingmen, need to learn, and which is rarely pressed upon their attention. Just as our sense of social duty has risen, our sense of the individual duty of self-help has declined. Neither in church nor in chapel, neither in Parliament nor on the platform, are men now taught that their moral welfare and social prosperity depend on their own conduct. One who described himself as a workingman recently poured out to the London *Times* his bitter complaint. His grievance was that, while "the workmen of England are without doubt the finest and most intelligent men in the world," yet "the British Government has not succeeded in placing [them] in anything like the splendid position in which the American Government has succeeded in placing its workingmen." It is worth while to weigh well the assumptions which this language implies. Whoever does so will come to understand some singular features of public life in England at the beginning of the twentieth century. One conclusion, at least, will be easily reached by an impartial thinker. If many wage-earners share the ideas of this "workingman," from whose letter I have quoted a few words, it is high time that English workmen and also English statesmen should lay again to heart Poor Richard's maxims, and should turn to the teaching of Benjamin Franklin.

AN OBSERVER.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

PARIS, February 22, 1904.

M. Pierre de Nolhac, the present keeper of the famous palace of Versailles, is doing an excellent work in restoring the favorite habitation of the French Kings and the centre of their brilliant and numerous court. When the Revolution dragged Louis XVI. from Versailles to Paris, the palace was forever abandoned. Napoleon, in all his glory, would never inhabit it, and the Bourbons, after their return, neglected it

and looked on it with painful recollections of the evil days of the Revolution. Louis-Philippe, who kept his court at the Tuileries, resolved to make of the Versailles of the Kings a national palace; he dedicated it "à toutes les gloires de la France." His architects found the palace inhabited by more than a hundred families, who, under various pretexts, had installed themselves in every corner of it, and had completely changed the character of all the apartments. It was no easy task to turn out all these parasites. Under the direction of Louis-Philippe the palace became a sort of historical museum: souvenirs of old France were mixed up with souvenirs of the Napoleonic period; a most admirable collection of pictures covered the walls; the ancient panels were too often replaced by new ones, more convenient for hanging the additional pictures; Horace Vernet covered whole walls with his enormous battle-pictures. Under the Second Empire, Napoleon III. continued to fill Versailles in the same spirit.

It was only when M. Pierre de Nolhac became the keeper of Versailles that a new plan of restoration was formed. M. de Nolhac has done his best to show us Versailles, or at least a great part of it, as it was under the reigns of the Kings. He has found the old panels and replaced them, he has hung the portraits where they were placed in their time, he has given us a vivid representation of the ancient court. He has published some very excellent and beautiful works devoted to the last occupants of Versailles. They have had the success they deserve. I will only refer to-day to a study, which he has just made, of Madame de Pompadour, and which is probably only the preface to a compendious volume.

"It is difficult," says M. de Nolhac, "to defend the memory of Madame de Pompadour. She has had against her, at the same time, the writers of a party who could not forgive her the suppression of the order of the Jesuits, and all the Revolutionary writers. . . . The quiet study of facts and of men is daily abating these exaggerations." Madame de Pompadour's extraction was the subject of much criticism; she was thought, by the aristocratic society in which she lived at the time she was in favor, to be unworthy of it; her family was much despised and abused; she herself never forgot her origin, as M. de Nolhac has found proof in some inedited documents—sixty-five letters of François Poisson to M. de Vandières, the letters of Le Normant de Tournehem to M. Poisson, her father, who was a Paris butcher. His daughter married a financier, Lenormand d'Etioles. She was very handsome, and had received the most brilliant education; she was introduced into the court circle by the Duc de Richelieu. After the death of the Duchess of Châteauroux she became the favorite of Louis XV., who named her Marchioness de Pompadour. She at once took the measure of her royal lover, and aspired to be "not only a mistress for the King's amusement, but a personage of state. She followed the King when he went to the army; she mixed in all public affairs; generals, secretaries of state, ambassadors, were obliged to reckon with her. She became openly for about fifteen years a sort of prime minister."

Madame de Pompadour was thus a power in Europe. Frederick the Great imprudently offended her by his sarcasms against "petticoat government." Maria Theresa, the virtuous Empress, who was regarded as a model mother, went so far, in order to separate France from Prussia and to obtain the French alliance, as to write to Madame de Pompadour, and to call her "chère amie" and "belle cousine." Cardinal de Bernis, the favorite of Madame de Pompadour, whom she made Minister of Foreign Affairs, signed with Austria the Treaty of Versailles, in which France engaged to help the cause of Maria Theresa with an army of eighty thousand men. Madame de Pompadour is in reality an historical character. She seduced in France not only the court, but the artists, the men of letters, especially Voltaire, by a certain kind of greatness, by her generosity, her philosophical ideality. M. de Nolhac does not deal with the historical events in which Madame de Pompadour played such an important part; he enters more into her private life, and particularly into her relations with her own family.

She procured for the husband whom she had left, M. d'Etioles, a very large income, which allowed him to lead the life of the great financiers of the time in the Hôtel Conti. He was a farmer-general, and succeeded, in this important office, his uncle, M. de Tournehem, who had himself been made Director of the King's Palaces. All the members of her own family became her protégés. "There was no distant cousin who could not look to her for assistance when it came to establishing his children. A trace is found of her liberality in the text of her will, in the list of the pensions which she paid." Her father was intoxicated by the honors paid to her, and often became importunate. The same may be said of her brother. Poisson wished his son to be made Superintendent of the King's Palaces; she writes to him: "In order to be happy, you should never desire impossible things; I am sure there never will be a Superintendent, either of finances or of buildings; so don't let us think about it. This does not prevent my being sure of securing a good marriage for my brother."

Madame de Pompadour wished, however, to prepare her brother for the functions of a sort of Director of Fine Arts by a journey to Italy. She herself chose three persons to accompany him in it—Cochin, the engraver, who was one of her favorite artists; the architect Soufflot, who built the Panthéon of Paris; and the Abbé Le Blanc, a great friend of the pastellist La Tour, the art critic of the official paper, the *Mercure*. M. de Vandières could not have had better companions. "On this journey," wrote his sister to him, "depends all your reputation and your fortune." Vandières was twenty-four years old; the Marquise gave him instructions, in a letter which he received at Lyons on December 18, 1749:

"You were right, *frérot*, not to bid me good-bye; for, despite the utility of this journey for you and the wishes I have always entertained for your good, I should have had great pain in leaving you. . . . What I recommend to you above everything is the greatest politeness, the greatest discretion. Get it well into your head that, being made for the world and for society, you must be amiable to everybody, for, if one took thought only of the people he esteemed, he would be detested by nearly all human kind. Do not forget the conversations which we have had, and do not believe that, because I am young, I cannot give good advice. I have seen so many things during the four years and a half that I have been here, that I know more than a woman forty years old."

Vandières and his companions left Paris in December, 1749, and did not return till July, 1751. Madame de Pompadour's brother travelled as a *grand seigneur*, at the King's expense. He was under orders to keep everywhere open table; he was received by the King's ministers, and presented privately to all the sovereign princes. He seems to have been a very agreeable young man. The Duke de Nivernois at Rome praised him much, as Madame de Pompadour wrote to him. Well pleased also were M. de la Chétardie at Turin, the Marquis de l'Hôpital at Naples. During Vandières's absence the position of his father was much bettered. On his return he found his parent established on a fine estate at Marigny. There the young traveller was received in triumph, complimented by the curate and the inhabitants; the girls and the boys, costumed as shepherds and shepherdesses, accompanied him with songs; at the château they offered their lord the wine of honor. At their head was the *bailli*, who paid him a compliment. In the evenings, there were great displays of fireworks in the park. "Under what name," wrote Madame de Pompadour to her father, "do you wish your estate to be made a marquisate?" This request made him hesitate; he only desired the marquisate for his son, and wrote to him: "M. de Gesvres wishes you to assume the name of Marquis of Marigny; take it. As for myself, my name is François Poisson."

A new château was built at Marigny, under the direction of the great architect Gabriel. Poisson was growing to be a personage. His daughter was incessant in her attentions to him. Another of her affections was the daughter she had during her marriage, Alexandrine d'Etioles; she had her educated in the Convent of the Assumption, the best convent in Paris for the daughters of the great families. She was trying to find a husband for her in the most aristocratic circles when Alexandrine died after a short malady. Vandières became Marquis de Marigny by letters-patent on the 14th of September, 1754; he occupied the post which, under the title of Superintendent, had been occupied by the greatest ministers of Louis XIV. He had learned much in Italy, and showed great competence in all matters concerning his department.

If Madame de Pompadour deserves many reproaches, it must be said, to her credit, that she was a very good daughter and sister; she was also a great patron of art, and her influence was felt in the artistic movement of her time. She was more competent to choose painters, sculptors, and architects than generals and ambassadors.

Correspondence.

THE ABOLITION OF WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The present Russo-Japanese war, occurring so soon after the establishment of the Hague tribunal of international arbitration at the suggestion of the White Czar, is absorbing the interest of man-

kind, and raises more sharply than ever the question of the abolition of war. War is contrary to the Christian religion and morality. All admit this, and argument is superfluous. The duel, private war, and civil war have already been largely abolished in most civilized countries. It remains only to abolish international war among the few great Powers, and the rest will follow.

Every great reform must start with a thought coupled with a feeling. The principal thought and feeling in this reform ought to be that war is a system of wholesale murder and suicide, and that the man who favors war for its own sake is a murderer and destroyer, a criminal at heart. Comparatively few men are deliberately of this nature in time of peace, and fewer still would care to acknowledge it. But in time of war all men, and even many women, are to a greater or less extent infected by the war spirit, the blood lust, and the love of destruction.

The true weapon against war is moral. But few men are willing or able to oppose current public opinion ethically. The vast majority of mankind are too selfish to be influenced by purely moral considerations. They refrain from lying, stealing, killing, and destroying, not because these things are wrong, but because it "does not pay" to commit these crimes—or, at any rate, to get found out. In other words, it is not for their selfish interest to be criminal. Principle is pure gold, expediency is pinchbeck or brass. But so powerful is the influence of expediency and selfishness in human affairs that, although they must be rigorously and uncompromisingly treated as inferior motives for moral reform, yet they must be utilized in order to obtain practical results. Mankind must make a practical working choice between civilization and war, building-up and progress on the one hand, tearing down and destruction on the other; the sacredness of human life in all its integrities on the right, hell drenched with human blood on the left. There can be no question of the ultimate result, and the practical progress of humanity and civilization is so rapid nowadays that the abolition of war is a foregone conclusion, and probably far nearer than seems possible to "practical" men who are not practical. We should bend our best efforts to hasten the dawn of universal peace.

War is essentially unscientific and unpractical. From the standpoint of evolution it is a system for the wholesale destruction of the fittest. The beneficent energies of science and art are employed to build up and improve two countries; then their evil powers are employed to injure and destroy these same countries. This is inconsistent. Two countries commit the crime of war. Gigantic fines are imposed on both victor and vanquished, and inexorably collected. Witness the decline of British consols since the Boer war, and the present decline in Russian and Japanese bonds—measures of the poverty resulting from these fines. Witness the stagnation of our own business—the fine imposed and collected from mere spectators. Does war "pay"? Is there more money in crutches than in boots, in shrouds than in shirts?

War survives only because it is regarded as a practical necessity in international affairs; yet within the limits of any one country peace is regarded as a practical necessity. Another inconsistency. Manifestly, the problem is only to enlarge the sphere of peace to international and finally world dimensions. What idea and feeling must we cultivate? Simply that humanity is a higher sentiment than patriotism, and that the affairs of the whole world are of more practical importance than the affairs of any one country. There are but half-a-dozen first-class Powers in the world. The combination of two or three at most could practically dictate peace to the civilized world. The United States of America should be the leader of this combination. The beginning of the details seems difficult, but we have built transcontinental railroads and are about to dig an interoceanic canal; the same practical conviction, careful survey, and skilful engineering and perseverance will achieve the infinitely greater feat of the abolition of war. Populism is an adverse factor, but that can be overcome.

With the downfall of war, the bottom will drop out of the whole structure of selfishness (as distinguished from legitimate self-interest). War brutalizes and degrades, in spite of its nobler and better side. Upon the whole it fosters the spirit of hostility, brutality, hardness, coldness, calculation, and general selfishness. It tends to let loose blood-lust, land-lust, gold-lust, sex-lust, drink-lust, and all the others. This is not ignoring the moral benefits of war, but is the just striking of the balance.

Many will ask what is to become of manhood if war is abolished. The answer to this question is easy. What *has* become of our American manhood in the generations of peace intervening between our few wars? With no more war, we shall have the strength and courage of men rather than the brutality and ferocity of human wild beasts, and in addition the gentler virtues of humanity. It is exercise, not strain, which develops and strengthens. Suppose all the wars in the world could be concentrated into a single delimited permanent war-zone—an arrangement which should be more satisfactory than the present one, both to the lovers of peace and the lovers of war. That war-zone would contract as time went on. Women and children and some men would flee into the peace-zone, and not so many would go the other way. The remaining population would dwindle away by decimation, loss of property, poverty and disease, and the decline of reproduction. If this war-zone should appear as a red spot to observers from neighboring planets, they would soon be discussing its disappearance in amazement.

ROBERT SEDGWICK MINOT.

BOSTON, March 8, 1904.

A PITFALL OF ATHLETICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Professor MacDonald in the current number of the *Nation* on "The Athletic Imbroglio at Brown" prompts me to say a few words in defence of what I understand to be the position of the recent members of the Committee on Athletics at Brown. My warrant for expressing an opinion concerning the rules against professionalism in college athletics is that I have watched the course of such athletics with considerable interest for a generation, and that I was for four years, 1897-1901, a member of the Committee on Athletics at Harvard.

During my service on the Harvard committee I came to the conviction, which nothing occurring since has weakened, that the rules against professionalism were a potent cause of demoralization, and ought to be amended or abolished. For example, there was, and I believe there still is, a rule declaring any person to be a professional athlete who had ever engaged in any athletic contest for money, or had ever received money for teaching any branch of athletics. There was no age limit, no time limit, no money limit. I well remember the feeling of dismay which overwhelmed a boy of ten or twelve years when he discovered that to engage in a footrace for a five-cent prize made him a professional athlete for life, according to the Harvard rule. Ridiculous, childish misapprehension! Of course, no one would think of holding to the letter of the law in such a case. Precisely so; but at just what age, with just how large a prize, would the law come into force? There is no possible answer to this question. Every individual, whether athlete or member of the committee governing athletics, must interpret the law, not literally—that is impossible—but according to his judgment of what is reasonable.

I suppose there never was a committee on athletics having this rule that did not wink at some violations of it. What, then, of the athlete himself? Four or five years ago, let us say, he taught boys to swim at a summer camp and got a few dollars of pay for this entirely respectable piece of work. Shall he, then, renounce all participation in college athletics, or shall he say to himself, "I don't think that ought to count; I will say nothing about it"? Judging from analogous cases which I have noticed, I believe that he will almost invariably take the latter course. Is it clear that he should not do so, the rule in question being, as every one acknowledges, not to be taken with absolute literalness? Very well; he goes into a college team and becomes important; somebody looks up his "record"; explanations are called for. Then begins the process of proving by affidavits or other solemn statements from the athlete, or perhaps from the head of the school in which he did the work in question, that, although A. B. did receive pay as a teacher in the summer school, and did teach swimming as a part of his regular duty in that school, yet the said A. B. was not paid for teaching swimming. And there you are at last, thoroughly sophisticated, literally demoralized. This is the sort of thing that an absurdly strict rule has occasionally brought to pass at Harvard. I have no doubt it has worked in the same way at Brown.

What, then, can be done? We must have some rules. I should like to see the following plan tried:

Have no man on a 'varsity team during the first year of his residence.

Have on the 'varsity teams only *regular undergraduates* in good standing.

Leave the matter of summer baseball and other kindred questions entirely to the good sense and good taste of the athletic authorities of each institution.

Very truly yours, EDWIN H. HALL.

30 LANGDON ST., CAMBRIDGE, MA
March 13, 1904.

ACADEMIC SALARIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent "A. Grocer" (No. 2016) may certainly pride himself on having exhibited the commercial view of academic life in all its naked atrocity. I wonder, however, whether on reflection he is quite satisfied with the results. Does he seriously think that the "sour pedants" whom "great" universities condemn to lingering starvation on $1,000 a year are the stuff whereof "good instructors" are made? Does he contemplate with equanimity the prospect of leaving the higher education of a great country, the advancement of its knowledge, the appreciation of its literature, in the hands of an undistinguished multitude of such soured pedants? Perhaps he would reply that for first-rate men he was willing to pay more. But has he ever considered what attractions the prospect of being turned into "sour pedants" offers to young men of ability and ambition? However attractive the pursuit of learning might intrinsically have seemed to them, will they not be forced to put aside the temptation of a career which condemns them to lifelong penury? And if his commercially alert college president cannot *recruit* first-rate men for the profession, whence will he get them for the higher posts?

The difficulty is a real one, not only in America. We feel it even in Oxford, where the ablest men are manifesting a growing inclination to prefer to academic seclusion the more stirring life and greater prizes of the professions and the Civil Service, so that it is often not quite easy to fill academic positions worthily. And yet we offer far better terms to beginners than are to be had in any American institution. They usually receive about $2,000 to start with, an honorable position as members of a self-governing corporation, and practical fixity of tenure. And we are crafty enough also to select our tutors while they are yet young and fairly innocent and still deem the academic the ideal life!

In short, even from the most commercial standpoint of the most unacademic board of trustees, it seems a mistake to put all the money into bricks and mortar. Libraries and laboratories alone will not advance learning or evolve discovery: Ἄνδρες οὐ τείχη πόλις. Real ability is rare, and unless its highest forms can be enrolled in the army of science, the soured pedants and commonplace dullards will conduce, not to the advancement of learning, but to its contempt. F. C. S. Schiller.

Oxford, March 1, 1904.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have received a flamboyant advertisement of a work in twenty volumes which calls itself "A Definitive, Authoritative and Inclusive Narrative History of North America,' edited by Guy Carleton Lee and published by George Barrie & Sons of Philadelphia. Some publishers allow themselves such latitude in the praising of their wares that, although the present advertisement is, I think, the most pretentious I have ever seen, carries self-laudation almost beyond the bounds of rhetoric, and commends the editor in most fulsome terms, I do not intend to comment on these things. It is a more serious matter that, in the heading, below the extraordinary title or legend I have quoted, occur the words, "Based on a Plan suggested by the American Historical Association." Every one who has attended the meetings of the American Historical Association during recent years knows well that it has never suggested or approved any plan for any coöperative history of America. The nearest approach to such action was when, at the Washington meeting of 1901, "the council reported that, at a meeting held in New York, November 29, the proposition of a coöperative history of America was carefully considered, and, in view of the difficulties involved, the council had voted that it would not be expedient for the American Historical Association to take part in forming or carrying out a plan for the composition or publication of a co-operative history of the United States. On motion, the action of the council was unanimously approved by the Association" (Proceedings, Annual Report for 1901, p. 37). The project then submitted and rejected was not this of Mr. Lee's. Yet the circular before me, after speaking of the plan of the proposed work, proceeds to say:

"The American Historical Association some time ago considered the question and determined on a plan for a history that should be: (1) coöperative; (2) under the direction of an editor-in-chief; (3) that the publication be made in small volumes, each complete in itself. The plan of the Association has been improved upon in that," etc.

The statement here made is completely and notoriously false. It is likely that the writers of the circular have shrewdly chosen language which exempts them from legal consequences. But the intention to deceive the public into the belief that the American Historical Association is in some manner connected with the enterprise is none the less manifest, and none the less contemptible.—Respectfully yours,

J. Franklin Jameson.

University of Chicago, March 11, 1904

THE PAPAL TIARA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of January 14 has just come under my notice. Apropos of the review of Father Chandlery's book there is a statement which, doubtless, for the sake of accuracy, you will wish to correct. The discriminating reader will have corrected it for himself.

The reviewer says (p. 37, col. 2): "The author surely cannot be ignorant that the tiara first came into existence in the fourteenth century." The tiara as symbolical of priestly dignity or authority was used in the Jewish priesthood (V. Exod. c. 28, v. 40, Lat. Vers.). Long before the fourteenth century the Popes wore the tiara, but it had only one crown until Boniface VIII., in the thirteenth century, added a second, to which again Benedict XII., in the fourteenth century, joined a third crown, such as it is seen to-day.

In all probability your reviewer referred to the fourteenth-century extension; but, in this view, where is the incongruity of finding a Pope of the eleventh century whose head is adorned with the tiara? The author under review refrained from describing its form. It would seem that the reviewer was rather unhappy in his choice of an example to show the lack of scholarship in the work reviewed.—Yours truly,

F. G. H.

Rome, February 29, 1904.

THE DONNA LAURA MINGHETTI LEONARDO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg you to give publicity to the enclosed note. Its appearance in print will dispel a rumor which has been spreading for I know not how long before faithful friends made me aware of it.—Yours truly,

B. Berenson.

New York, March 10, 1904.

Bernhard Berenson, Esq., New York:

My Dear Berenson: Referring to the rumors that you purchased for me the picture known as "The Donna Laura Minghetti Leonardo da Vinci," and that you received a large remuneration for so doing, etc.!—I purchased the picture without your knowledge or advice. You had not the slightest connection with the purchase, and did not know of it till some weeks thereafter, when I told you.

You may make such use of this letter as you please.—Always yours,

Theo. M. Davis.

Luxor, Egypt, January 7, 1904.

Notes.

Dr. William J. Campbell, a well-known bookseller of Philadelphia, is writing an elaborate work on St.-Mémin portraits. It will be in eight volumes, with more than eight hundred engraved portraits, all on separate pages. The basis of the book will be the famous "Collection" of 761 proofs, made by the artist himself, which has recently come into Dr. Campbell's possession. The Corcoran Gallery of Art and the Library of Congress, both of which have extensive collections, are coöperating with him, giving him the free use of any portraits that they possess which are not in his own collection. It will be a favor to him if any of our readers who have information, either biographical or genealogical, about any portrait that St.-Mémin made, or any information as to the present whereabouts of any original crayons, coppers, or engravings, will communicate with him. His address is 1218 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Due credit will be given in the book for all information received.

Mr. John Cotton Dana, Librarian of the Public Library of Newark, N. J., and Mr. Henry W. Kent, Librarian of the Grolier Club of this city, have united to publish during the coming twelvemonth "a series of six reprints of rare and out-of-print seventeenth and eighteenth-century works on Libraries and their management," to wit, J. B. Cotton des Houssaye's 'Des Devoirs et des Qualités du Bibliothécaire,' the Rev. J. Kirkwood's 'Overture for Founding and Maintaining of Bibliothecks in every Paroch throughout this Kingdom,' Lipsius's 'De Bibliothecis Syntagma,' Bodley's Life and first draught of the Statutes of the Public Library at Oxford, Gabriel Naudé's description of the Library of Cardinal Mazarin, and John Dury's 'The Reformed Librarie-Keeper.' Subscriptions will be taken

only for the entire set, at $10; the edition being limited to 525 copies. The character of the presswork is assured by its proceeding from the Merrymount Press, Boston.

We select from Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s spring announcements the following titles: 'Francis Parkman,' by Henry D. Sedgwick; 'William Hickling Prescott,' by Rollo Ogden; 'John A. Andrew,' by Henry G. Pearson; 'Napoleon,' volumes i. and ii. of four, by Col. Theodore A. Dodge; 'Kwaidan,' Japanese tales by Lafcadio Hearn; 'The Views about Hamlet, and Other Essays,' by Prof. Albert H. Tolman of Chicago University; 'The *De Monarchia* of Dante,' translated, with introduction and notes, by Aurelia Henry; 'English and Scottish Ballads,' a selection from Professor Child's great work, edited by George L. Kittredge and Helen Child Sargent; 'Whittier Land,' by his biographer, Samuel T. Pickard; and 'A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York,' by Ralph Hoffmann.

'Trusts of To-day,' by Gilbert Holland Montague, will be published directly by McClure, Phillips & Co.

'Problems of the Present South,' by Edgar Gardner Murphy; 'The History of American Music,' by Louis C. Elson; 'Old-Time Schools and Schoolbooks,' illustrated, by Clifton Johnson; a Life of D. G. Rossetti by Arthur Christopher Benson; and Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics' taken over in the "Pocket Classics," may shortly be expected from Macmillan Co., along with 'Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone' and Sir Leslie Stephen's posthumous 'Life of Hobbes.'

George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, announce 'Organized Labor and Capital,' the Bull Lectures for 1904, by the Rev. Washington Gladden and others.

The Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia, Pa., is about to issue a book entitled 'The Voice of America on Kishineff,' edited by Cyrus Adler. The introduction gives a succinct account of the Kishineff outrages and a review of the effect the news of them created in the United States.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will bring out 'The Evolution of the Soul, and Other Essays,' by the late Dr. Thomas J. Hudson, and 'Bird-Centre Cartoons,' by John T. McCutcheon.

The latest Clarendon Press "notices" embrace 'The Complete Works of Ben Jonson,' edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson; Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' edited in three volumes by the late G. Birkbeck Hill; 'The Remains of Samuel Butler,' edited by Miss Edith J. Morley; Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia,' edited by J. Churton Collins; 'Keltic Researches,' by E. W. B. Nicholson; 'Documents relating to the French Revolution,' 1789-1791, edited by L. G. Wickham Legg; 'Industrial Organization in the 16th and 17th Centuries,' by G. Unwin; a 'Colloquial Egyptian-Arabic Grammar,' by William H. Lyall, and 'Indian Housekeeping Hints,' by Mrs. A. C. Wilson.

Since the Orient has the floor, Mr. Edward Carpenter needs and makes no excuse for a second edition of his lively narrative, 'From Adam's Peak to Elephanta: Sketches in Ceylon and India' (E. P. Dutton & Co.). We reported upon it at considerable length nearly ten years ago, and it is now unchanged except for some little correction, the insertion of two portraits, and an appendix on the present financial condition of India, inasmuch as terrible famines have intervened since the text was originally penned. Mr. Carpenter's view of the future is not cheerful.

A pertinent and timely excerpt has been made of Part II. from Volume IV. of Lucas's standard 'Historical Geography of the British Colonies,' resulting in a small and comely volume entitled 'Geography of South and East Africa' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). It is provided with six maps, and Hugh Edward Egerton has supplied chapters on the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. A useful index to the principal proper names should be mentioned. The work is purely non-political, and deals only with British possessions.

It is quite exceptional to have a substantial text-book derived from a foreign language wholly retranslated, and by a new hand, after more than a decade's use and apparent popularity in the schools. This is what has happened to Professor Gide's 'Principles of Political Economy,' published in 1891, and now once more, by D. C. Heath & Co. The present translator is Prof. C. William A. Veditz, and he has reproduced the eighth French edition, but with a sort of Americanization, replacing Old World examples with our experience, as in tariff legislation, adding "whole paragraphs and pages" to some of the sections on "Distribution and Consumption," and omitting Gide's appendix on French finance. We note this commendable treatment without repeating the examination which we gave to the earlier version.

Fifteen years, with all the steady rise in the cost of living and of social entertainment, have not diminished Mr. Philip G. Hubert, jr.'s, faith in the underlying soundness of his economic idyll entitled 'Liberty and a Living,' "the record of an attempt [on the south shore of Long Island] to secure bread and butter, sunshine and content, by gardening, fishing and hunting" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). He accordingly puts it forth anew with a stout-hearted preface; and agreeable reading, if not convincement, may be promised those who follow him. The idea at least is stimulating, and the book is an enemy to waste.

The gazetteer that N. W. Ayer & Son's 'American Newspaper Annual' might fitly be called, makes its annual appearance from Philadelphia in a great volume of nearly 1,500 pages apart from the advertisements. It merits a place in every business office, and is a very convenient resort for population, railroad, and express information, in addition to general physical descriptions of the larger areas of the country, and fifty-eight colored maps. Nor are foreign periodicals neglected. The names of the editors accompany other data desirable for advertisers. The publishers spare no pains to maintain the Annual's reputation for freshness and accuracy.

Fresh series of reprints challenge the attention and the purses of buyers. The newest from Methuen & Co., London, entitled "Rariora," has the peculiarity of disregard of uniformity, because the rather rare originals are copied "page for page" as well as "error for error," or, in common phrase, verbatim. Beginning is made with Shelley's 'Adonais,' from the edition of 1821. There is a facsimile of the Pisa title-page; but the preface and poem are set anew, albeit slavishly. The cover is a granite blue, and bears a white label, with a pretty effect.

Of American provenance is the "Belles-Lettres Series" of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, just begun with Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," with an introduction by Austin Dobson; and "Eastward Hoe," by Jonson, Chapman and Marston, and Jonson's "The Alchemist," edited by Prof. Felix E. Schelling. The general editorship has been entrusted to Prof. George P. Baker of Harvard. These squarish little volumes have an old-fashioned, individual appearance, and have the merit of a sufficiently bold type and unglazed paper. A frontispiece will apparently be the rule, and, besides the notes, a bibliography and a glossary. The older spelling is retained, but not the capitalization or punctuation; and variants are recorded, very instructively, as may be imagined. The enterprise deserves consideration both in and out of educational circles.

Prof. Frederick J. E. Woodbridge's 'The Philosophy of Hobbes in Extracts and Notes collected from his Writings' (Minneapolis: The H. W. Wilson Co.) is, we presume, well adapted to the use of hearers of a particular course of lectures, though hardly sufficient by itself, perhaps, for an understanding of Hobbes. It contains some 370 pages from the 'Leviathan' and from the 'Elements of Philosophy concerning Body' (the *De Corpore*). As a rule, we have not been particularly favorable to such volumes of extracts from philosophical writings that are easily obtained in their entirety, and which would seem to be worth reading in full by anybody interested in philosophy. If he has not the time to do so this season, let him have the book within reach, and some day he will read it. About Spinoza a considerable class of persons have a burning curiosity that can quickly be appeased, so that a book of Extracts from him is all very well. But for such smooth reading as Locke, Reid, and especially Hobbes, with his strong style and interesting cast of thought, we really do think it a pity to encourage fragmentary reading. It is not as if there were not editions of his works to be had at moderate prices—beautiful editions, too, while the presswork of this volume is no better than indifferent. The 'Leviathan' may be had, well-printed *in extenso*, for less than the price of these extracts. On the other hand, the extracts from other writings of Hobbes here printed as notes do add decidedly to the value of this edition; and the portrait is well reproduced.

A very small book with a very long title is William J. Hammer's 'Radium and Other Radio-active Substances, Polonium, Actinium, and Thorium, with a consideration of Phosphorescent and Fluorescent Substances, the Properties and Applications of Selenium, and the Treatment of Disease by the Ultra-Violet Light' (D. Van Nostrand Co.). It gives a good popular account of the state of these subjects less than a year ago (though as to fluorescence and phosphorescence insufficient); and nothing very essential has since come to light.

A translation of Dr. H. Hovestadt's volume on 'Jena Glass' and its scientific and industrial applications is published by Macmillan. The book contains chapters on the optical properties of glass, and the perfecting of optical systems by the use of the

new glasses which are the product of the Jena factory; and others on the mechanical, thermal, electrical, and magneto-electrical properties, and the behavior of glass surfaces towards chemical influences. An introduction gives a very interesting account of the origin and development of this notable Jena industry. The impulse was given by a paper by Abbe which appeared in 1878, in which he discussed in detail the requirements to be satisfied if any real improvement in the performance of refracting instruments was to be obtained, and arrived at the conclusion that the matter lay chiefly in the hands of the glassmakers. If the glassmaker would leave the beaten track and make a methodical study of the optical properties of the chemical elements in combination, new varieties of glass might be discovered which would meet the requirements. This paper led Dr. Schott, who was interested in glassmaking by family tradition as well as by personal study, to undertake the suggested work. In 1881 he began, in conjunction with Abbe, a joint investigation of the difficult problems, viz., the production of crown and flint pairs with proportional dispersion throughout the spectrum, in order to obtain a higher degree of achromatism; and the attainment of greater diversity in the two chief constants of optical glass—mean index and mean dispersion. This investigation was practically completed before the end of 1883, and it was decided to establish a factory for the wholesale production of optical glass, of both the old and the new varieties. The first price-list of the Jena Glass Works, issued in 1886, contained 44 optical glasses, of which 19 were new. By the employment of these and other new glasses which have since been added to the list, many important improvements have been effected in the lens systems of microscopes, telescopes, and photographic cameras. The Jena factory has always carried on its work hand in hand with scientific research, and in the course of its development other new branches of manufacture have been taken up. The most notable of these are the production of the well-known "normal" thermometer glass, and glasses characterized by special powers of withstanding heat and chemical attack, which have rendered them very important for both scientific and commercial uses. The translation and editing by J. D. and Alice Everett deserve praise.

The researches of Fernand Baldensperger, the successor of the late Joseph Texte as professor of comparative literature at the University of Lyons, are well known to students of the Romantic period. His learned monograph on Gottfried Keller has been followed by a series of minuter studies on the relations between French, German, and English literatures from the end of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, among the more recent being one in the *Journal of Comparative Literature* on the influence of Lewis's 'Monk' in France. His latest work, 'Goethe en France: Étude de littérature comparée' (Paris: Hachette), is a stately octavo of some four hundred pages, traversing the whole history of Goethe's influence on French literature from the first critique of 'Clavigo' in the *Journal Encyclopédique* in 1774 to the present day. The history of this influence M. Baldensperger divides into four parts, which represent chronologically the growth of interest in Goethe and his works—first, as the author of 'Werther,' secondly, as the dramatic and lyric poet, thirdly, as the scientist and philosophic novelist, and, lastly, as a remarkable personality typical of modernity. The whole is an illuminating synthesis of a great poet's influence on a foreign literature, carried out in a most comprehensive spirit, and devoid of all merely erudite critical apparatus to distract the scholarly reader. The specialist is to be appeased, however, by the publication of a supplementary Bibliography in the near future.

The salient feature of the *National Geographic Magazine* for March is Mr. Henry Gannett's description of the Philippines, which is a summary of useful information, including a topographic account of the larger islands, and facts about the climate, products, and people. The uniformity of the climate is remarkable, the range in the monthly mean temperatures of the year at Manila being "only 7 degrees —*i. e.*, from 77 degrees in January to 84 degrees in May." The monthly range in Washington is 46 degrees, and the highest temperature on record in that city is 104 degrees, which is 4 degrees above the highest in Manila; the lowest is —14 degrees, or 74 degrees below the lowest in Manila. The fertility of the soil is shown by the fact that a "few thousand square feet, the area of an ordinary city house lot, are sufficient to provide the Tao and his family with all that they require—a few bananas, a little rice, and *camotes* or sweet potatoes." This number of the magazine also contains Mr. H. B. Miller's account of Harbin, the centre of the Mantchurian railway system, which was originally published in the series of Daily Consular Reports. The illustrations are numerous and well-chosen, and a copy of the map of Korea and Mantchuria, with inset plans of Port Arthur and Vladivostok, prepared by the War Department, is issued as a supplement to the magazine.

In the customary generous bill of fare in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for March we have found food for thought in some of the minor items. Amid sums in the hundreds and thousands "gratefully accepted" by vote of the Corporation, it is refreshing to meet with an "anonymous gift of $5, for the purchase of books on Dutch History for the College Library." The amount cannot go far, but the example should. Significant now is the report of the annual meeting of the Harvard Club of Japan at Tokyo on October 20, last, by a Japanese member. Among the obituaries we remark the death in Iowa of a New Hampshire man of the class of 1843, a colonel during the civil war, afterwards associate justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming Territory, "where he was active in obtaining the full enfranchisement of women." In pathetic contrast is the biography of a member of the class of 1862, who left college in his junior year to enlist for the rebellion as a Mississippian, and afterwards became a leading educator, but he would never reknit old associations with his Northern classmates. His want of a degree kept him from obtaining a Southern professorship, and, on this transpiring, the College was induced to bestow the degree out of course. "Before he could receive it, he was struck down by paralysis."

A list of books on economics compiled by Benjamin Rand, Ph.D., helpful to students and librarians, will be found in the Boston Public Library Bulletin for March. It consists of the titles of 551 works, with prices annexed, by 384 authors. Another list shows the notable place Whistler occupied in art and literature, gathering thirty-one titles of books by, about, or illustrated by him, and eighty-six magazine articles having reference to him.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance in recent times of the rapid development of a purely virgin region into a rich and prosperous state is to be found in the Malay Peninsula. In a communication to the London *Times*, Sir Frank Swettenham, since 1874 a resident British official and now the Governor of the Straits Settlement, thus summarizes the facts: "In less than thirty years four small Malay States, jungle-covered, pathless, unknown, have been turned into flourishing communities with a total revenue of over two millions sterling per annum, a trade of ten millions sterling per annum, three hundred and fifty miles of excellent railway, thousands of miles of roads and telegraphs, great public buildings, schools, hospitals, waterworks—in fact, all the machinery of the most modern administration—with no debt of any sort, and a balance of over one and a half millions, ready to be spent on further railway extension and other works of development." Three things have contributed to this great success—the tin mines, cheap Chinese labor, and, most important of all, able and intelligent rulers. For it can hardly be doubted that if the British Government had failed to secure men to represent it who sought to understand those whom they ruled, and who made their interests their chief aim, the country would have remained practically a pathless jungle.

The late Parke Godwin was among the celebrities whom Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, secured for his gallery, and we now have from that photographic studio a strong and faithful likeness of him on a half-life-size scale. The physical and mental vigor of the editor, writer and orator, so long a familiar figure in New York, is well exhibited in this print.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish simultaneously two more volumes of their Centenary Emerson, 'Conduct of Life' and 'Society and Solitude.' The editor's notes and introductions throw much valuable light on the Essays, and qualify some opinions that have heretofore had wide currency. Both books belong to the second half of Emerson's life, if such a division is a valid one. The editor's notes have, in each volume, a general introduction covering the period elapsing in each case since the publication of the next previous volume. These introductions are particularly interesting as showing Emerson's relation to the anti-slavery conflict in the fifties and to the civil war and its outcome in the Reconstruction period. But the relation of the two volumes to these decades is not so close as has been commonly supposed. The Essays had all served as lectures, and the lectures had taken up into themselves much matter of earlier date, so that those who have inferred from them Emerson's immediate character, have frequently been building on the sand. At the same time it is plain that Emerson had a later manner, broadly represented by these essays, which was different from the earlier, more sci-

entific, more concrete, more practical, more generally apprehensible. His editor finds it less the manner of the preacher, more that of the lecturer. Remaining "to his native centre fast," Emerson ran out the application of his doctrine more and more into men's everyday affairs. Of the editor's special introductions, that to the essay on Clubs is the most elaborate, showing in what manner and degree Emerson was a clubbable man. In the notes we find some repetitions, but the fresh part is always dominant. Mr. Edward Emerson's success in identifying the individuals of his father's miscellaneous company of persons and quotations is quite remarkable. His cross-references to other essays, and especially to the poems, are an agreeable device. The quotations from Emerson's journal are most welcome, so often have they a pungency denied to the deliberate public form. The son's memory, as in the earlier volumes, furnishes many interesting circumstances and traits. We are told that the "Farming" essay was originally called "The Man with the Hoe," anticipating the title of Millet's picture and Mr. Markham's poem. We had hoped that Mr. Edward Emerson's art training would make him a bolder critic than he is here of some of his father's fanciful constructions in the "Art" essay.

—If we are to credit the statements of the editor of 'The Story of the Lopez Family: A Page from the History of the War in the Philippines' (Boston: James H. West Co.), nothing quite like this collection of letters has ever before "been received from the 'dreamy East.'" In fact, the whole thing is very much in the superlative degree. The book is published primarily, it is to be supposed, in order to give to the public the letters which passed back and forth between the Lopezes—at Manila—and Sixto Lopez and his sister Clemencia when in Hong Kong, and later in the United States endeavoring to secure from the President an order for the release of three of their brothers, who had been arrested by Gen. J. F. Bell in the course of his campaign, and who were being released, as a result of the close of that campaign, almost at the same time the President was refusing to interfere. These letters had already appeared in Senate Document 331, Fifty-seventh Congress, first session, which has had wide publicity, and they were there accompanied by the quite complete summary of the facts brought out not only by them, but also by other evidence on the case, written by Judge Magoon, law officer of the War Department. Not satisfied with this summary, the editor of these letters, Canning Eyot, is rather bitter and sarcastic in discussing portions of it. The book does not, however, publish Judge Magoon's statement of the case; hence the Senate document referred to is still the fairest source of reference for those who are particularly concerned about this case. The editor has employed some forty-five pages out of the two hundred odd in introducing the Lopez family to us and making the Philippine revolution centre about them, and his comments on the letters as they proceed are frequently as long as or longer than the letters themselves. Even those who think his cause a good one are likely to find his exaggerations wearisome. He speaks of a lady member of a Boston family as one "whose kindness to Miss Lopez will do more for the real peace of the Philippines than 'Cæsar's legions,' and more to heal the wound than the combined wisdom of statesmen." He tells us that a certain ex-Rough Rider officer and ex-sheriff of New Mexico, who for reasons of his own was on intimate terms with the Lopezes in Manila, "probably knows more about the Filipinos than any other American in the Philippines." He assures us that "these letters will become historical." Reiterating what Sixto Lopez has frequently said, he asserts that José Rizal's "final dictum was that there was no salvation for their country short of separation from Spain," which Rizal himself denied with his last breath, not to say in his best-known writings. Among the photographs, which in the main are devoted to reproducing the Lopez family before us, one is of José Maria Basa of Hong Kong, who is called "the Grand Old Man of the Filipinos."

—"The Dispatches of William Perwich," which have been edited by Mr. M. Beryl Curran for the Royal Historical Society, relate chiefly to the affairs of France during the years 1669-1677. Perwich was an English agent in Paris, but beyond this fact little is known about him save that he had an excellent command of French and was thoroughly familiar with the means of procuring political gossip. It is quite clear from the smallness of his salary that he did not belong to the higher ranks of the diplomatic service, and a letter of 1677 from Lord Montagu to Arlington shows that his personal habits interfered with his efficiency as a collector of intelligence. "Mr. Perwich," says Montagu, "is at a stand, though he can seldom stand, for he is most eternally drunk." But, with all his shortcomings, Perwich must have had some useful attainments besides his knowledge of the Bohemian quarter and his acquaintance with spies. The information which he supplied to Sir. James Williamson and Lord Arlington was kept distinct from the other French dispatches, and at certain moments (for instance, in 1672) seems to have been thought highly important. "The special value of the Perwich Papers," says Mr. Curran, "consists in the light which they throw upon the history of France between the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle and that of Nimwegen. . . . The main portion of the letters is concerned with the designs of France to break up the Triple Alliance and to increase the power of the Great Monarch, both on land and sea." There is less in these letters than we might hope to find regarding the plot of Roux de Marsilly and the Treaty of Dover. By way of compensation, De Rohan's conspiracy of 1674 is described with remarkable minuteness. One is strongly impressed by the amount of miscellaneous detail which Perwich sees fit to transmit. He might almost have received his training as a writer of news-letters, to judge from many of his entries. When he begins to make citations from Nostradamus we see that the political correspondence of the seventeenth century covered a wide field. While these papers are not of anything like primary importance, they throw some light on one of the most important periods in the reign of Louis XIV.

—The late Prof. E. A. Freeman did not like the manner in which Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare compiled his guide-books, and took occasion to express his convictions in print in terms that contained in vigor and precision what they lacked in sweetness. The English-speaking travelling world does not appear to share Professor Freeman's views on that subject. It has continued to buy and to read Mr. Hare's books in increasing numbers, and to find through them an easy and flowery path to archæological and historical culture. His 'Walks in Rome' (Macmillan) has now reached its sixteenth edition, and has been subjected to thorough revision, partly by the author before his death a year ago, and partly by Mr. St. Clair Baddeley, whose interest in Roman topography we have not been allowed to forget. The main part of the revision is naturally concerned with the changes that have taken place in Rome in recent years through rebuilding and excavation, and there is something of the Jekyll-Hyde puzzle in it. The reader is left to reconcile as best he can the familiar woes of Mr. Hare over the destruction by the "Sardinian" Government of all the mediæval beauty of Rome, with the archæological smiles of Mr. Baddeley over the discoveries that have thus been brought to light. It is a pity that the references to ancient matters could not have been done by a less amateurish hand. There has been improvement in this direction, but the revision has not been carried far enough. Old blunders have been in many instances perpetuated, Canina's authority being still cited for identifications long since given up by scholars; and on newer points the not always safe speculations of Comm. Boni (who is justly praised) have been blindly followed without regard to the judgment of archæologists upon them. The writer, perhaps, is unacquainted with German, and does not know that other persons than two or three Englishmen and one Italian have done something with the study of Roman topography since Canina's time. Archæologists who, in their turn, may not be acquainted with Mr. Baddeley's achievements in their field, will doubtless be edified by his statement in the preface: "Owing to the munificence of his friend, Mr. Lionel Phillips, the writer has been enabled to bring entirely within prospect of completion a design for reaching the Forum of Nerva and isolating the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina by means of excavating the Basilica Æmilia, which he conceived independently in 1898, and which, with the cordial cooperation of the Italian authorities, has already borne substantial results. For this his sincere thanks are due to [Baccelli, Fiorilli, and Boni]."

—Prof. A. G. Billaudeau's 'Recueil de Locutions Françaises,' carefully revised by Prof. A. Antoine (Paris: Boyveau & Chevillet; New York: G. E. Stechert), contains some fifty thousand words and phrases in current colloquial or literary use, with their idiomatic English equivalents—a most serviceable adjunct to student and teacher, and of hardly less value to those whose approximately exact bilingualism often fails them in this particular respect; for there is in translation admittedly no task more difficult than the rendering of stock or proverbial phrase without any loss of raciness, of the *goût du terroir*. As might naturally be expected, however, the English versions here and there convey a slightly foreign flavor. "Chercher une aiguille dans une botte de

foin" is "to look for a needle in a haystack," not "a stack of hay." "Un amour d'enfant" may be rendered literally "a love of a child," not a "darling"; "Il est dans le bourbier," by "He is in a mess" or "a pickle" rather than by "mud" or "hole." "Bourre," as applied to literary work, finds its equivalent in "padding," rather than in "stuff" or "trash"; "Calendes grecques" is as familiar in English as in French, and needs no explanation, though we know of an alderman who proposed to defer discussion "aux *quarante* Grecs," when seeking to give a motion what our Canadian neighbors call the six months' hoist. "Prendre la cendre et le cilice" loses in "doing penance" what conventional "sackcloth and ashes" would preserve. "Dire son confiteor" we usually translate by "cry *peccavi*." "C'est un vrai *melon*" is slang, and better conveyed in "duffer" than in "muff." "Pot de vin" would (by Americans, at all events) be better understood as "graft" than as "a good-will." "On ne peut pas peigner un cheval qui n'a pas de crins" finds more than one paraphrase, but we know of none more precise than that which suggests the impossibility of relieving a Highlander of his breeches, once offered by a Scotch schoolboy as conjectural vernacular for *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

HENRY VILLARD.

Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier. 1835-1900. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904. 2 vols. Maps and portrait illustrations.

Born in Speyer in 1835, and arriving in this country only in 1853, at the age of eighteen, Heinrich Hilgard, the future Henry Villard, is truly to be reckoned among the emigrant "Forty-eighters." The Revolution both enlisted his boyish sympathies and brought him into conflict with the authorities, drew upon him the censure of his conservative father (a member of the Bavarian judiciary), and so perturbed the scheme of his university education as to make the New World seem the only escape from declassification in the Old. This youthful tragedy is outlined in the Introduction to these Memoirs, the only chapter not proceeding directly from Mr. Villard's pen, and avowedly the merest abstract of the full and engaging narrative of his Fatherland days written in German in behalf of his family and transatlantic friends, for whom it was privately printed after his death in 1900. A judge of physiognomy, however, will discover in the large head and idealistic expression of the boy of thirteen, as shown in the daguerreotype group, a sufficient explanation of want of studious application and pliability to the conventional mould.

The special attractiveness of the United States, as compared with France, England, South America, or Australia, lay in the fact of an antecedent family migration to Belleville, Ill., in the early thirties, embracing his great-uncle and uncle Hilgard, men of character and training and democratic principles, whose expatriation had all the moral significance of the *Mayflower* pilgrimage. The young Hilgard took ship from Hamburg for New York, and landed penniless and speechless, for he knew nothing of the English language. The first year was spent in the most discouraging endeavors to gain a livelihood, in the course of a slow Westing which gave him a bitter but useful acquaintance with Ohio and Indiana before he finally joined his kinsmen in their thrifty and hospitable rural settlement. These adventures are treated in considerable detail, and are interesting not more because of their contrast with the autobiographer's final attainment of fortune and distinction, than because of their vivid suggestion of immigrant hardship at a time when the country was still far from being overpopulous, and in the case of a nature touched with genius.

Most important for the young Hilgard's future was the unrecognized beginning of the civil war in the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, and this, after some futile attempts to study law at Belleville and Peoria, led him into politics and journalism, inevitably by way of the Free Soil party. To this period belongs a naïve plan of German free-soil colonization in Kansas—prophetic of larger and solider projects in maturer years, and demonstrative of the power to persuade and to inspire confidence in his schemes which were afterwards to be so brilliantly illustrated. The Frémont campaign led him to become the editor and ultimate proprietor of a German party organ in Racine, Wisconsin, while Eastern visits laid the foundations of an extensive acquaintance with the chief editors and newspaper offices of New York, particularly of the *Tribune* and the *Staats-Zeitung*. He passed from being a Western canvasser for the latter journal to reporting for it the Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858. His journalistic career was now fixed, and, even when in Eastern employ, the West became the special field of his activity and development, and of that contact with public characters which served him so much in stead in his own rise to prominence and power. His familiarity with Lincoln in particular, whom he saw daily after his election at his home in Springfield, Illinois, and accompanied on his journey to Washington as far as New York, gives an historic value to the pages in which his observations are set down—from the intimate talk about religious belief, in a box-car at a lonely railroad station in Illinois, to the scene where Senator Henry Wilson takes Mr. Villard to the White House to relate the disaster to the Union army at Fredericksburg—the first unofficial tidings. Here is to be noticed the repulsion which the coarser side of Lincoln's thought and speech caused the foreigner who had roughed it in the West without being subdued to what he worked in. But while it was hard through such a veil to read in advance the greatness of "the first American"—in Lowell's phrase—Mr. Villard judges his true merits with fulness of admiration, and leaves the Lincoln legend unsullied except on the side of breeding.

Before the combatants of the civil war had come out into the open, and even before he reported Lincoln's nomination at the Chicago convention, Mr. Villard was sent to the Colorado Pike's Peak gold fields, and was the first and sole passenger by stage-coach to the budding Denver. This interlude of the Memoirs has an agreeable *al fresco* flavor, abounds in spirited and buoyant description, and is marked by incidents, like the wrecking of Horace Greeley's stage by a herd of buffaloes, that recall a time long past. Between Mr. Villard's witnessing Lincoln's inauguration and his own return from New York after a consultation with his new employer, James Gordon Bennett, founder of the *Herald*, occurred the Baltimore riot against the passage of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment; and the consequent impediments to his progress to the capital usher in the war chronicle which the Memoirs now become for more than half their bulk.

As a field correspondent, Mr. Villard witnessed and graphically describes the first battle of Bull Run, took part in the first campaign in Kentucky and the middle South, entered Nashville in advance of Buell, was with that general in the retrieving of Shiloh on the second day, and at the so-called "siege" and occupation of Corinth, and in the scurrying retreat for the saving of Louisville against Bragg. The general view of these operations, together with the subsequent battle of Perryville, is a chapter out of the common, especially for Eastern readers. Transferred by the *Tribune* to the Army of the Potomac, Mr. Villard was in the midst of the slaughter at Fredericksburg, and the personal element in these military chapters nowhere stands out so fully and picturesquely as in the account of his evasion of Burnside's orders against civilians leaving the lines, and his carrying of the heart-breaking news to Washington, as already mentioned. Dispatched immediately to Port Royal, he was the sole newspaper correspondent who participated in Dupont's fruitless attack on the Charleston forts, being admitted on board the *New Ironsides*. His next employment was with Rosecrans at Murfreesboro' and to the very end of that general's career, including the siege of Chattanooga, but not the battle of Chickamauga, as he had to be sent North in consequence of a dangerous fever. This break in the continuity of his war narrative Mr. Villard laboriously repaired (in after years) by study of the Official Records (embracing both sides); and, intricate as the course of events is, and impossible of certain determination, the story falls little if any short, in interest, of those which proceed from the writer's immediate experience. The raising of the siege of Chattanooga is depicted with animation up to Sherman's advance on the day following the "battle above the clouds." Then Mr. Villard's tired pen dropped from his hands. Book VIII. opens with the briefest mention (in the third person) of the Wilderness campaign, from which Mr. Villard was again the earliest bearer of intelligence to Washington, and of the investment of Petersburg and the mine explosion. Recalled after that to Europe by his reconciled family, Mr. Villard ceased to be a journalist except for a brief period of service with the Chicago *Tribune*, at Washington and abroad.

While Burnside, Hooker, Garfield, Nelson, Thomas, Grant, Buell, Halleck, and Sherman are exhibited and estimated from a close point of view, Rosecrans is the chief study, as, on the Confederate side, is Gen. Bragg. Sherman's retirement from Kentucky was caused by an editor's misuse of a private letter from Mr. Villard, giving the current rumor of this far-seeing commander's "insanity." He figures in these volumes not as the conquering hero; nor does Grant, whose negligence at Pittsburgh Landing Mr. Villard cannot excuse. Burnside is visited with the severest censure

of all. On the whole, we believe the most jaded reader of histories of the civil war will find here fresh matter of lively interest, and broad views of conditions like that of Washington during the formation of the Federal army, or of Kentucky before operations began, such as are hardly to be found elsewhere. The accompanying maps are sufficient for orientation.

The accident of marrying a Boston lady, the only daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, was the cause of an episode not to be overlooked, viz., Mr. Villard's engagement as secretary of the American Social Science Association, whose headquarters were in that city. This had an important bearing on the growth of the civil-service reform movement, and led to personal relations with Mr. Godkin, editor of the *Nation*, which culminated, in the days of Mr. Villard's financial success, in his purchase of that paper and the *Evening Post* in the interest solely of independent journalism, pure politics and honest standards of government.

The final chapter cannot well be summarized. It is a compact statement of the circumstances by which Mr. Villard, while residing in Germany in the early seventies, was called in to consult with bondholders of defaulting railroads in this country, with the result of his embarking in the completion of the transcontinental line of the Northern Pacific Railway, and becoming one of the financial magnates of Wall Street. This survey of a period of scant twenty years is more romantic than all that has gone before, being not less full of vicissitudes as well as of alternations of public applause and odium—"revivals, too, of unexpected change." Here is to be glimpsed the expansion under prosperity of one of Nature's noblemen, a public benefactor in both hemispheres, the idol of the northern Pacific Coast, to which he had opened the overland approach, the honored and fêted son of his native country. If Lincoln was the chief historic personage of the first volume, Bismarck is of the second, and nowhere does Mr. Villard as a writer appear to better advantage than in rehearsing his memorable conversations with the ex-Chancellor at Friedrichsruhe. We have room for but a single quotation (vol. ii., p. 348):

"The Prince then began to question his guest regarding himself, about his early life in Germany, how long he had been in the United States, and about the course of his career there. He wanted to know how many miles of railroad he had built, in what time it had been done, how many steamships had been under his control, how many men he had employed, being very much surprised that 15,000 Chinamen had been among them, and saying: 'Why, you had a whole army corps under your command!' He asked how much capital Mr. Villard had been obliged to raise and how it was raised, and about the relative value of white and Chinese labor. He inquired whether he had named Bismarck, the capital of Dakota, after him, to which the guest had to reply that the place had been founded and baptized before he had anything to do with the Northern Pacific. Bismarck remembered that he had received thence telegraphic greetings from the German participants in the Northern Pacific opening excursion, and asked whether it had a future. In reply, Mr. Villard had to confess that it was not then very prosperous, and he explained that all the capitals of the several American States were as a rule of slow growth. This the Prince could not understand in the light of the contrary European experience. He remarked that what his guest had accomplished in a foreign country, he never could have done in the Fatherland, owing to tradition and to the clinging to accustomed ways so characteristic of old countries. Did he not encounter a great deal of prejudice among native Americans against him as a foreigner in the pursuit of his undertakings? To this Mr. Villard replied that, on the contrary, he had found his chief financial backing and his main support among them, and that there was no people on earth among whom enterprise and energy prevailed to a greater extent, or that more readily appreciated those who possessed such qualities. To this the Prince said that he was well aware that the Americans were the most progressive people in the world, for which he admired them, but it was new to him that they were so free from national jealousies in appreciating merit."

The index to these handsome volumes ensures their utility as works of reference. They will attract a wide class of readers in every part of the continent.

THE METRIC FALLACY.

The Metric Fallacy, by Frederick A. Halsey; and *The Metric Failure in the Textile Industry*, by Samuel S. Dale. D. Van Nostrand Co. 8vo, pp. 231.

The adoption of the metric system would have real advantages. It would also have real disadvantages. Are the former so assured and so great as unmistakably to overbalance the latter?

The serious advantages of the metric system, itself, are two. The first arises from its decimal subdivisions, and this, so far as it goes, is a sound argument for the full adoption of it. Yet we are apt to overrate it, because we think of the conveniences of our decimal money, without considering how much more frequently sums of money have to be added by ordinary people than weights and measures have to be arithmetically operated upon. The second advantage of the metric system lies in that system's furnishing a universal commercial language for weights and measures. We believe this to be the greater advantage of the two; but it affords no argument for any modification of our laws, since everybody is already free to express himself in metric units. The law of 1866 (due to Messrs. Kasson and Julius E. Hilgard) protects him in doing so, and he is sure to be understood. Other advantages are claimed for the system, but any impartial person will easily satisfy himself that they amount to little. Thus, is is averred that the simple and elegant relations between the different kinds of units of the metric system would be important. No doubt they would for a small number of scientific men, not a hundred thousand all told. But these all use the system already. They seem to be very desirous that the unlearned, too, should be able with equal readiness to interconvert mass, length, and capacity; but really this cannot be a vital advantage even for the scientific class; and when it is divided by the ratio of the whole population to the number of this class, it evidently becomes insignificant. For the great body of the people, the relations between the old units of mass, length, and capacity are about as handy. They are not generally very well known, for the reason that they are not generally very important.

It is further pretended that the adoption of the metric system would lighten the tasks of schoolchildren so much as to afford an argument of national importance for its adoption. The idea presumably is that they would no longer have to learn the tables of weights and measures. But, as matters now are in this country, children need to be required to learn but a small part of those tables; and that little they would still need to know just the same. For, not to dwell on the fact that the books that speak of the old measures, as well as the things made according to them, would still endure, Mr. Halsey conclusively shows in the volume before us that the old units would persist, and with them the need of knowing them. Finally, it is said that another advantage of the change would be that manufactured articles would be made of the same sizes the world over; that such things as bolts, screw-threads, machinery, textile fabrics, etc., would have such uniformity that our manufacturers could begin to compete in the markets of Continental Europe. Surprising as it may be, there actually are intelligent and educated men so utterly ignorant of the condition of their own country's business and of its relations with other countries, and who are so ignorant of their own ignorance, that they are not ashamed to talk more or less like this before the faces of those who are acquainted with such matters. Much more worthy of attention is the counterclaim that our abandonment in our manufactures of a unit of the international importance of the English inch would bring disaster upon the country. This is, indeed, the greater of the two main arguments against Congress proceeding any further than it has already done in the direction of favoring the metric system. The other argument is drawn from the intrinsic inconvenience of a decimal system, especially when employed, not merely as a part of language, a mode of expressing quantities, but as regulating doings and makings.

That the number *ten* is an unfortunate base of numeration is generally agreed by those who have inquired into it. Indeed, it is so decidedly so that several men otherwise remarkably intelligent have actually proposed that it should be given up, and that a power of two (they mostly prefer sixteen) should be used in place of it. This is sheer insanity. Yet it is worth notice as showing that our retention of *ten* is pure conservatism, and as consequently affording a warning against the follies to which unmeasured rationalism in regard to weights and measures, like all unquantitative discussion about quantities, may lead. The effect of the inconvenience of this base of numeration has been that while it has mainly governed our expression of quantities, yet our practical dealings with these have broken away from our system of expression and have been regulated by other factors of subdivision. There are two principal cases. In the first place, when our subdivisions are used additively, as, for example, in weighing anything by placing weights in one pan of a balance, everybody knows the great convenience of successive bisections. We virtually put to the balance a series of questions answerable by *yes* or *no;* and the most expeditious way of reaching the desired result is by so putting the questions as always to bisect the possibilities. In this case, subdivision by ten causes a loss of time and energy amounting to 2.35 per cent. The other principal case is where it is desired to have within certain limits so many sizes of some article, say screw-bolts, that the ratio of each size to the

size below it shall never exceed a certain value. If there be an unnecessary variety of sizes, not only will more capital be locked up in keeping them on hand, which aggregates something, but, what may rise to any degree of importance, in an emergency the particular size needed may not be found in the store.

Take a typical case of continual happenings. A refrigerator car of strawberries from California broke down in the desert for want of a bolt. But that bolt was of the Sellers system of sizes, which prevails the world over, except in England, and even there is much used. Here, there is no other system, and therefore the size wanted was sure to be procured in the nearest store, and was found, and the car went on after half a day's delay. Suppose, however, that the metric system had been in use, with the Armengaud system of bolts, now struggling for existence in France against the Sellers and Whitworth systems. That system has forty-one different sizes for the interval covered by thirty-one sizes in the Sellers system. The chance of replacing the bolt in time to save the precious cargo would have been much less. Besides these two principal inconveniences of decimal subdivisions, there are others of an obscure nature whose effects are certain to be felt by every mechanic.

Of the main disadvantage which the change would involve, we must now endeavor to give our readers some slight idea. Although manufactures engage but a quarter of our gainfully occupied population, and do not therefore constitute our highest material interest, yet their annual products amount probably, by this time, to full equality with those of Great Britain, Germany, and France, put together, even after subtracting from the nominal value of ours 25 per cent. for the illusory magnification produced by our tariff. Our population, it will be remembered, is only half of theirs. We owe this proud position to several causes, of which the first —to generalize as much as possible—may be said to be American systematization. The most prominent effect of this has been the supremacy of American machinery, which is absolute. The greatest factor in the attainment of this supremacy, greater perhaps than the American genius for simplification or than American ingenuity, was, we believe, the thorough systematization of American machinery early brought about by the labors of Eli Perkins, by which the dimensions of the different parts were brought into simple relations to the inch, so that those parts could readily be replaced—a feature only tardily copied by Europe. The result has been to impart to the English inch an international character embodied in real manufactured things and in the tools with which to make those things. This internationality does not apear in ordinary expressions of quantity, but has a real existence, and already rivals the *real* internationality of the centimetre. Ultimately, if we sustain the inch, one or other of two results must be reached: either the real internationality of the inch must gain a clear ascendency, or else the metric countries must be forever stunted in the growth of their manufactures.

Now we are assured by those who are the best qualified to judge of the matter that, were any law to prevent our manufacturers from making things to inch measure, or which should prevent obligatory contracts to do so, the position of our machinery abroad would be irrecoverably surrendered —to England, if she had not already taken a like step; but in any case, would be gone. The understanding under which our machines had been sold, that parts should be replaced, would be dishonored, and we disgraced. Our own country would be flooded with English machinery, unless it were kept out by heavy duties the effect of which would be to bring all our manufactures to the verge of ruin, or further. A large proportion of all the machinery now in the country would have to be thrown away. As for the cost of the change, something may be guessed of it from the fact that the cost of the designs and tools to manufacture a single machine will sometimes amount to nearly a hundred thousand dollars. All this is the best testimony we have.

We know ourselves that the metric system has never been effectually introduced into any country without the aid of penal provisions of a severity entirely unknown to our people; and there has been no people among which they have been more necessary than they would be among ours. Were such measures enacted here, in a few years they would be repealed amid a storm of popular indignation, almost doubling the havoc and confusion, and bringing well-deserved ignominy upon the heads of the doctrinaires whose conceit and pretension had drawn such disaster upon the country; and our universities, where their leaders are, would suffer in consequence.

How are we to estimate the probable amount of this disadvantage in dollars? The only sane way of doing so will be to be guided mainly by a critical consideration of the testimony of those of our great manufacturers who are in the habit of using measurements with real precision, say with errors not greatly exceeding one hundred-thousandth part of the quantity measured. These are the people who make our machinery, etc. For it is certain that their great capital of seven hundred millions cannot be seriously impaired without the injury being felt, first, by all other manufacturers, and soon by every unit of our population. It is no mere theoretical question upon which physicists or other scientists are, as such, competent to lay down the law, but is a practical question of tremendous moment, which practical men best comprehend.

The bill at present before the committee of the House contains two provisions. One of these is that "on and after January 1, 1907, the weights and measures of the metric system shall be the legal standard of weights and measures of and in the United States." We doubt much whether this provision, in the absence of the penal clause usually attached to it in introducing the metric system, amounts to a row of pins. As matters now are, if a court had before it a contract in which a Rhine-inch was mentioned and was defined as 1.03 United States inches, would not that court hold the contract valid? If so, after that enactment, why should not a contract which mentioned an English inch, defining it as 2.54 centimetres, be equally enforced? The contract would express itself in terms of the standards that would be legal "of and in the United States." The other provision of the bill is, that immediately "all the Departments of the Government of the United States, in the transaction of all business requiring the use of weight and measurement, except in completing the survey of the public lands, shall employ and use only the weights and measures of the metric system." In examining all the printed matter put forth by the committee, we have been struck by its avoidance of any explanation of the phrase "employ and use." Does it mean *use in practice* or *use in expression?* If the former, and the bill becomes a law, no chart that expresses depths of water in fathoms can legally be used; if one of our ships should lose a bolt, it can never be supplied, but the vessel must be condemned; the vast collection of designs in the archives of the Navy Department can never be consulted, with a thousand other consequences equally ridiculous. Common sense protests that that cannot be the meaning. Then, the meaning of the phrase "employ and use" must be to *use in expression*. When an inch is meant, it must be called 2.54 centimetres. That would be an innocent provision. But the ambiguity was deliberately intended by those who have been behind the bill. They expect in this way to divide the struggle into two parts, getting the bill passed by quietly representing to those who hesitate to vote for it that it amounts to little more than a requirement that quantities shall be expressed metrically; while, after the bill once becomes a law, they will insist that the inch must really be abandoned, to the endless embarrassment of business in the Departments. They hope to dictate afterward their own interpretation. This should not be allowed. The phrase should be precisely defined in the bill.

The volume before us contains two distinct works. Each contributes something definite, pertinent, and irrefragable to the controversy. In the first, Mr. Halsey shows that the old units are still used a good deal in all the metric countries—*nominally*, even in France; and really, elsewhere. We regret, however, that the author builds too much on this fact, and that, generally speaking, he too much dilutes weighty arguments with others that are almost trivial, if not sometimes downright fallacious. This fault is avoided by Mr. Dale, who, on the positive side, brings forward facts less open to general observation and very instructive, showing that the English inch is "employed and used" in France and throughout Europe, both in practice and in expression in the textile industry, side by side with the centimetre.

Citizenship of the United States. By Frederick Van Dyne, LL.M., Assistant Solicitor of the Department of State of the United States. Rochester, N. Y.: The Lawyers' Coöperative Publishing Co. 1904. Pp. 385.

It is strange that a topic of such fundamental importance as that of American citizenship should have thus far received so little attention from publicists. Of the two books heretofore written on the subject, that of Alexander Porter Morse, which appeared twenty years ago, is an erudite treatise, and still possesses value for special students, but Mr. Morse is a civilian educated at the New Orleans bar, and his point of view is continental rather than Anglo-Saxon; moreover, the American doctrine of citizenship has taken a more defin-

ite shape since he wrote than it had attained in all the years before. To disclose this doctrine clearly and concisely is the object of Mr. Van Dyne's book, which not only is the best on American citizenship which has thus far appeared, but will unquestionably have a strong effect in settling into steady practice decisions of the courts and executive rulings on the question of citizenship.

In his first chapter Mr. Van Dyne treats of citizenship by birth in the United States, and gives a clear exposition of the common-law doctrine which was finally announced to be the American doctrine by the Supreme Court in 1898. Whatever can be said of it, it is, as Mr. Van Dyne unfolds it, simplicity itself. Any one born in the United States, no matter what the nationality of his parents may be, no matter how brief their sojourn in the United States, no matter under what disabilities they themselves may labor in acquiring American citizenship, is, by the mere fact or accident of his birth, a citizen of the United States. Indians not taxed and persons born in foreign embassies and legations in the United States, which, by a fiction of international law, are not territory of the United States, are the only exceptions. This always was the law of the United States, and the Civil Rights Act and Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution are merely declaratory of the common-law doctrine. But the doctrine that a child's citizenship follows that of his parents has been in the past held by some of the executive departments of the Government, denied by others, and occasionally adhered to by the courts. The result was a strange confusion. For instance, the State Department always held that an American-born Chinaman was entitled to protection while abroad as a native American citizen, but upon his return to an American port the Treasury Department classed him as an alien Chinese, and this was the ground taken by the Government in the test case brought in the Supreme Court. Pending the decision of the Court, the departments adhered to their opposing practices, and, in deciding against the United States, the Court really decided in favor of the practice of one of the Government departments.

In passing from the subject of citizenship by birth in the United States to that of citizenship by birth abroad, of American parents, we go from the common law to the statutes, and simplicity disappears; for if a child born abroad of an American father is, as our statute declares, a citizen of the United States, what is his status in a country which recognizes, just as we do, that mere birth within its boundaries confers citizenship? Undoubtedly, as Mr. Van Dyne shows, such a one is born to a dual allegiance, and two Governments may claim him until he himself can elect his nationality; but the claim of the country in which he is dwelling is the more effective claim of the two.

The second part of Mr. Van Dyne's book treats of citizenship by naturalization, and unravels the subject by citations from the laws, decisions of the courts and international commissions, and rulings of the State Department. Before foreign governments, it appears, we insist that certificates of naturalization issued by courts of the United States shall be accepted as proof of citizenship; but the State Department itself frequently rejects them as having been improvidently granted or fraudulently obtained, and many of them undoubtedly richly deserve rejection. We notice a citation by Mr. Van Dyne of a decision that a court of which the judge is *ex officio* the clerk, is not a court of record in the meaning of the law, and has not the right to naturalize aliens. The probate courts in Ohio answer this description, yet they are the principal courts for naturalization purposes in that State, and thousands of people hold their certificates. We can foresee the confusion which will follow when it shall have been definitely determined that these certificates are void and of no effect.

Mr. Van Dyne shows that a number of invalid certificates of naturalization have at different times been issued to Chinese. The original naturalization law of 1802, upon which our existing laws have been engrafted, provided for admission to citizenship of "free white persons" only, and an amendment in 1870 extended the privilege to "aliens of African nativity, and to persons of African descent." Therefore, Japanese, Burmese, Indians, even some Mexicans, as well as all Chinese, are ineligible to naturalization, which is reserved for Caucasians and negroes exclusively.

In discussing the rights of those who have taken incipient steps towards securing naturalization, or made what is technically termed "the declaration of intention," Mr. Van Dyne establishes the important fact that the policy of this Government has departed from the position taken by Secretary Marcy in the famous Koszta case, leaving it a single instance; and the extreme contention of Mr. Marcy now depends for support upon the peculiar surrounding circumstances, and is not to be considered an enduring declaration of a principle. It will be remembered that Koszta was an Austrian subject who engaged in the Hungarian rebellion of 1848, and escaped by way of Turkey to this country, where he lived two years, and, after making the declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States, returned to Turkey on business. At Smyrna he was taken into custody by Austrian officials, and put on board an Austrian man-of-war to be carried to Trieste. The captain (Ingraham) of an American man-of-war lying in Turkish waters demanded and secured his release, and in supporting this action Mr. Marcy took the ground that, as Koszta had a domicile in the United States, he was vested with American nationality; but this has given place to the stricter rule, as laid down by Secretary Olney, that "a mere declaration of intention to become a citizen cannot clothe the declarant with any of the international rights of citizenship."

A unique case of resumption of American citizenship by special act of Congress is given in the chapter on "Naturalization by Marriage." Nellie Grant, daughter of Gen. Grant, married Algernon Sartoris, a British subject, and thereby became, in accordance with the universal rule and our naturalization convention with Great Britain, a British subject. Upon her husband's death in 1896, she returned to the United States and petitioned Congress to be readmitted to American citizenship, and, by joint resolution of May 18, 1898, was readmitted. As it has been repeatedly held that "the nationality of origin of an American-born woman reverts upon the death of her alien husband if she is residing in the United States, or upon her returning to this country, if residing abroad," it must be concluded that the act of Congress in this case was unnecessary, and intended as an unusual compliment to a daughter of Gen. Grant. It is the only instance of Congress conferring citizenship upon an individual by name cited by Mr. Van Dyne, and, we believe, in our history.

The chapter on naturalization by treaty is chiefly of historical interest. Residents of Detroit were made citizens of the United States by our treaty of 1794 with Great Britain; of Louisiana by the treaty of 1803 with France; of Florida by the treaty of 1819 with Spain; of portions of Mexico by the treaties of 1848 and 1853 with Mexico; of Alaska by the treaty of 1867 with Russia. The treaty of 1898 with Spain left the status of the inhabitants of the ceded islands to the tender mercies of Congress. Mr. Van Dyne quotes the pertinent parts of the Supreme Court's decision in the case of Downes vs. Bidwell, and, if the chapter is not conclusive, it must be said that the subject itself is not concluded. Filipinos and Porto Ricans now receive under the law the protection of our passports while they are abroad, and are required to take the oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, of which they are not citizens. When a second edition of Mr. Van Dyne's book comes to be printed, it is to be hoped that he will have a more satisfactory condition to chronicle.

The third part of the book is devoted to Passports, and the fourth to Expatriation. As there is no law declaring what constitutes loss of American citizenship, it would appear that the Executive generally contents itself with withdrawing its protection from those whose acts are inconsistent with preservation of domicile in the United States and performance of citizens' duties, without specifically declaring that expatriation has been accomplished.

An appendix gives the laws relating to citizenship and naturalization, and the naturalization conventions between this country and foreign Powers. The index, without being copious, appears to be adequate, and the work is notably free from typographical errors.

The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 1763-1798. By Ida A. Taylor. Pp. xii, 340. Index, portraits, and illustrations. New York: Brentano's.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald was without doubt one of the best and purest of those who have sacrificed themselves for what they believed to be the good of Ireland. His memory remains a precious possession to his countrymen. Sprung from the best blood of the country, closely related to Charles James Fox, the Napiers, and others of the highest English families, nurtured amidst refined surroundings, the friend of Sheridan and Madame de Genlis, who could have supposed that he would die alone in prison, from a wound received when resisting arrest, and that his remains would be consigned to a damp vault, far from those of his ancestors, in the city of which he and his wife were once the pride and ornament? The story of his life is admirably told by Miss Taylor, and is more absorbing than all but a few novels. She has availed herself of the best materials. The illustrations are

well selected and artistically reproduced, and the work is altogether pleasant to take in hand.

It is as the revolutionist, Leader of the United Irishmen, that Lord Edward is generally thought of. Revolutionary sentiments seriously influenced him for only the last six years of his life, and it was not until within the last three that, like thousands of his fellow-countrymen, hopeless and driven to desperation by the refusal of effective reform, he irrevocably committed himself to armed insurrection. And even to the last he led a double life; those on earth to whom he was most attached, his mother and his wife, being left in ignorance of the extent to which his views had carried him. Many of his early years were spent in France with his brothers and sisters. Thither his mother, the Duchess of Leinster, had retired after a second marriage. It was as an explorer of Canadian wilds, and as an officer fighting against us in the War of Independence, that he first distinguished himself. At the last,

"the comparison of the two objects for which his blood had been shed, would seem to have been present with him; and when a visitor [to him dying in prison] reminded him of those old days, he replied—was it with a sense of a debt wiped out?—that it had been in a different cause that he had been wounded then; since at that time he had been fighting against liberty, now for it."

Never was there greater love between mother and son. Expecting her to visit him in 1786, he writes: "Do not stay too long at Oxford, for if you do I shall die with impatience before you arrive. I can hardly write, I am so happy." Later: "You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you, and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. . . . In thinking over with myself what misfortunes I *could* bear, I found there was one I *could not*—but God bless you." Seven years later, in full enjoyment of a happy marriage, he writes:

"I long for a little walk with you leaning on me, or to have a long talk with you sitting out in some pretty spot, of a fine day, with your long cane in your hand, working at some little weed at your feet, and looking down talking all the time. I won't go on in this way, for I should want to set out directly, and that cannot be."

His marriage to Pamela, then affianced to Sheridan, and possibly but in her sixteenth year, is a romance in itself. Miss Taylor is satisfied that Pamela was really what Madame de Genlis, her guardian, represented her to be, the daughter of a French father and an English mother, born in Newfoundland. Fortunately for himself, Lord Edward was never conscious how little worthy she was to make him permanently happy. As it was, he adored her to the last. Perhaps Irishmen generally would be more friendly to the negro race if they remembered the attachment that existed, during the latter half of Lord Edward's life, between him and one of them—poor Tony, who had found him wounded and senseless on a battlefield in America, who was his companion in all mutations of his fortunes the rest of his days, whose advice he was often glad to take, and whose grief when Lord Edward was "on his keeping" (that is, a hunted man) was that his "unfortunate face" rendered it impossible for him then to be of any real service to his beloved master. We wish Miss Taylor had told us something of Tony's fate after his master's death. How strange the changes brought about by time! Lord Edward's descendant, Mr. Wyndham, is now, under the British Government, virtually governor of Ireland. We rise from a perusal of Lord Edward's life under the impression that, whatever blessings the French Revolution brought to the rest of the world, it exercised an unhappy influence upon the fortunes of Ireland.

If Miss Taylor had studied the history of the war of the rebellion as conscientiously as she has studied that of the last years of the Irish Parliament and of 1798, we should have been spared the unworthy sneer to be found on page 184, concerning the bravery of Northern veterans at the battle of "Gettisburg."

Shelley's Adonais. Edited, with introduction and notes, by W. M. Rossetti and A. O. Prickard. Second Edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1903.

Thirteen years have passed since the Clarendon Press published the first edition of Mr. Rossetti's commentary on the 'Adonais.' The second edition, which lies before us, possesses a peculiar interest. The appearance of the commentary in 1890 was due to the fact that the poem was part of the prescribed reading for candidates for honors in the School of English Language and Literature then recently constituted at Oxford. The foundation of this school almost ranks as an Oxford "movement," since it signified that one of the great English universities was about to revolutionize its curriculum, and to raise the study of "Literæ Anglicæ" to the level of the "Literæ Humaniores." The specialists in English, who were mainly philologists in the narrower sense, refused to recognize in any way or to admit to their councils the representatives of classical scholarship—an exclusiveness that was bound to weaken their school, seeing that the greater part of English literature is barely intelligible to those who are unacquainted with the classics of Greece and Rome. The provisions of the new school were received with a fire of criticism from classical scholars. Mr. Churton Collins, the spokesman of all serious critics since the death of Matthew Arnold, prophesied that a "herd of imperfectly and erroneously disciplined teachers" would be let loose on England and the colonies, and that the whole level of "liberal instruction and study" would be degraded.

The publication of the 'Adonais' came very opportunely to point his moral. Mr. Rossetti knows nothing of the classics. Yet the Clarendon Press entrusted to him the editing of a poem which is modelled on a Greek elegy, and contains echoes of the dialogues of Plato and numerous adaptations of Æschylus, Euripides, Theocritus and Lucretius. The 'Adonais' has many of the qualities of an Alexandrian poem. It is full of conceits, is not always sincere (Byron, for instance, did not veil "all the lightnings of his song in sorrow"; he wrote an unfeeling epigram on "John Keats who was killed off by one critique"); above all, it is a poem of reminiscences written for a select and highly-educated audience. Mr. Rossetti, however, contented himself with quoting Mr. Andrew Lang's translation of Bion and Moschus, and ignored the other echoes of the classics, as well as some obvious reminiscences of Marlowe and Shakspere. This, then, was the text-book furnished to candidates for English honors by the Clarendon Press, which is a sort of Trust, and can count on its publications being adopted throughout Oxford's sphere of influence. If a scholar had offered to this famous press an edition of a play of Euripides, displaying the feeble erudition of Mr. Rossetti's commentary, he would have been promptly suppressed. But the study of English literature never has been taken seriously in England, and nothing shows that fact more plainly than the readiness of the Clarendon Press to stand sponsor for some of the English text-books that figure in the same list with its admirable editions of the Greek and Latin classics, and the dictionaries and grammars that are standard all over the world.

Mr. Churton Collins fell upon Mr. Rossetti, but the book was not withdrawn, and we now have a second edition which is a complete triumph for the classical scholars who were ignored when the school was organized. For Mr. Rossetti has called in the aid of Mr. A. O. Prickard, the well-known editor of Æschylus, and his name now appears with the original editor's on the title-page. When English specialists are reduced to enlisting classical scholars in this fashion, classical studies are avenged. But Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Prickard together have contributed no more to the new edition than they could glean from the criticism of Mr. Collins. All his parallel passages from classical and other literatures have been incorporated, with no further acknowledgment than the meagre prefatory note which states that "Some reviewers—I may name more especially Mr. Churton Collins—pointed out this requirement," viz., the need of references to classical originals. It would have been more honest to credit Mr. Collins in each case with the score or more of important corrections which have been adopted from his review. The book is now of some practical use to the student, but Mr. Rossetti's rather foolish notes remain. A good example is on stanza 22, where he remarks, on "the snake memory," "Shelley, however, had not the usual feeling of repulsion for snakes and serpents," and proceeds to prove it from the other poems. As a parallel for the "herd-abandoned deer" of stanza 33, he quotes Cowper, and ignores Hamlet's "stricken deer." On page 117, Mr. Collins having failed to point out the mistake, the editor still misquotes a famous line of Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale"; he writes:

"Forlorn! the very word is *as a knell.*"

It is a curious fact that many well-read persons will instinctively give "knell" for "bell" in this line, though there is no variant reading to support their preference. But it was reserved for Mr. Rossetti to make two mistakes in a phrase of three words.

In view of his forebodings as to the degrading effects on England and her colonies if the home-brewed School of English should be allowed to rank with the mellow humanities of a less progressive Oxford, it should reassure Mr. Collins to observe that, in the first four years recorded by the Oxford Calendar, 1897-1901, the total number of candidates for English honors

was only sixteen men and forty-eight women, and the lists show no sign of increase.

Infection and Immunity. By George M. Sternberg, M.D., LL.D. Putnams. 1903.

The ordinary book-buyer would hardly be attracted by this title, although it is that of a popular work in a certain sense. It is a plain, somewhat diffuse, account of how certain serious and common diseases are caused, how some may be prevented and others avoided. It follows ordinary speech in accepting "disease germs" as equivalent to causes of disease; which, to say the least, is unfortunate. Common as it is, "disease germ" is not a happy term. It implies that a disease is a substantive entity, which grows as such. It is not. When we speak of disease germs, false conceptions, unless repelled by conscious effort, fill the mind, for we think in the same terms that we use in speech. But there *are* foreign entities which, having entered the human body, increase in number and sometimes in virulence, whose presence causes the derangements we call disease. They are not the disease; their consequences are the disease. When an investigator has the cholera spirillum under the microscope or in a culture medium, he is not looking at or experimenting with a case of cholera; but a colony of such spirilla will cause cholera, and, properly distributed, an epidemic of it. But, disregarding certain infelicities of expression, by calling attention to the real meaning and to the methods of infection, to the distinction between disinfectants and deodorants, and to the functions of each, to the possibility of absolutely exterminating certain serious diseases, and, speaking generally, by widening popular knowledge in the matter of public health, this little treatise is well adapted, as its author hoped it might be, for use in the higher institutions of secular learning.

If people generally could be made to understand and then to act upon the facts herein set forth, which are merely common property of advanced sanitarians, the mortality from particular diseases would decrease enormously. We should continue to die, but not from consumption, nor diphtheria, nor cholera; and typhoid fever would be as rare as smallpox is in a sane community. But many do not know, and not all of those who may be supposed to have such knowledge act upon it. Take an instance in point from the very text: "Experience shows that new levies of troops are especially subject to typhoid fever and other infectious camp diseases" (p. 134), which is very true and not new. But (*loc. cit.*) on account of the unsanitary conditions in the camps of the newly raised troops for our war with Spain, their typhoid death-rate was twenty-two times that of the regulars in peace. Gross unhealthfulness might easily have been foreseen, especially as the noxiousness of such camps is known to increase out of proportion to their size. Nevertheless, no one made it sufficiently clear to the War Department officials for them to refrain from establishing the enormous conglomerations of Thomas and Alger, where this all came true. The allegation that the annual rate was less by 7.34 per 1,000 than in the Civil War brings small consolation when one remembers that in 1861 the great armies in the field were constantly being reinforced by brigades of raw troops, substantially so much new material for disease, while those of 1898, except the comparatively small number sent across the Pacific, were disbanded in a few months. If intelligent officials having authority failed to exercise foresight or preventive control, we can hardly expect the ordinary citizen (persistent training being lacking) to appreciate the advantages of sanitation, nor, when inconvenient, to practise it.

We might wish that, in the interest of accurate language, the author had recognized its derivation and essential meaning and so have written "ptomaïnes" instead of "ptomaines," for he will surely encourage unlettered speech in those who style these products of decay "ptomanes." But as the diæresis is a contrivance *of* scholars, if not for scholars only, we may expect ptomaïnes to go the popular way of cocaïne. (The makers of aërated bread, we remember, adopted the diphthong Æ as their trademark—a brazen performance, truly.) It would have been better if our author had adhered to one person, instead of sometimes using the first and sometimes the third person. Nor is diffuseness an element of intelligibility. Overlooking such inelegances of style, we have here a practical work prepared from fulness of knowledge and sufficiently plain for easy comprehension. Not only are the scientific nuts cracked, but the shells have been entirely removed. The technical investment has been completely stripped without damage to the contents.

Studies in German Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By John Firman Coar, Professor in Adelphi College. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

It is not easy to formulate the conflicting impressions left in the reader's mind by a perusal of this book. Its theme, the influence of democratic ideals upon the development of German literature in the nineteenth century, is of absorbing interest, and cannot fail to appeal to all who see in literature not the whims and fancies of isolated individuals, but a manifestation of large intellectual and social movements, or, in other words, a part of national life. The present reviewer belongs to this class of readers, and he therefore fully sympathizes with the author's endeavor to show what attitude the foremost German writers of the nineteenth century took towards the public problems of their day, how far and in what manner their works represent the great political, social, and moral conflicts of the last hundred years, to what extent they contributed to making German history. He is, however, aware that, in order to answer questions like these satisfactorily, two fundamental qualities of criticism are required: a large historical perspective and a keen penetration of individual character. Where the former is absent, the popular background of the historical narrative is bound to remain hazy and indistinct; where the latter is lacking, the part played by individual writers cannot be brought out definitely and justly. It is in these two respects that Professor Coar's book fails to fulfil the expectations raised by its programme of inquiry.

The absence, or at least the insufficiency, of historical perspective in this book is illustrated at the outset by a strange parallel in the first chapter between Schiller and a man whom it seems almost invidious to mention in the same breath with the author of "Wallenstein," the hysterical, fantastic playwright Zacharias Werner. The general thesis of this first chapter is that there was no national life in Germany at the beginning of the nineteenth century, that the mass of the people at that time had only provincial or local interests, that the great writers of the period were cosmopolitans, not patriots. Granted that there is some truth in this often-made assertion, it certainly betrays a singular distortion of vision to illustrate this fact by a contrast between Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," a drama which is declared to be devoid of national feeling and to have been "inspired by purely academic ideals" (whatever they may be), and Werner's melodramatic piece "Martin Luther." In the third act of this play there occurs a scene in which the Emperor, Charles V., in Worms, on his way to the Diet, sees Luther standing in the street among his followers. While he stops his horse and thoughtfully gazes at the young priest, the imperial sceptre falls from his hands, and is picked up by the Elector of Brandenburg. This cheap theatrical trick of a second-rate playwright seems to Professor Coar of greater national import than the noble picture of free manhood given in "Wilhelm Tell," simply because Schiller refrained from making poetry the handmaid of practical politics. "Schiller," he declares, "could not have conceived such an episode as this. . . . Only a Prussian poet, and one feeling the racial unity of the German lands, could at that time have conceived the thought of a united Germany under Prussian lead, and phrased even in such a passing incident the hope of future generations." It is hardly necessary to vindicate Schiller's patriotism against such flimsy remarks as these; but it may be of interest to quote here a few lines from a recently published sketch by Schiller of a poem on Germany, planned a few years before his death, which throw light on the difference between genuine national feeling and party politics. These are Schiller's words:

"Ihm [*i. e.*, to the German] ist das Höchste bestimmt. Und so wie er in der Mitte von Europas Völkern sich befindet, so ist er der Kern der Menschheit. Er ist erwählt von dem Weltgeist, während des Zeitkampfes an dem ewigen Bau der Menschenbildung zu arbeiten. Daher hat er bisher Fremdes sich angeeignet und es in sich bewahrt. Alles, was Schätzbares bei andern Zeiten und Völkern aufkam, hat er aufbewahrt, es ist ihm unverloren, die Schätze von Jahrhunderten.—Jedes Volk hat seinen Tag der Geschichte, doch der Tag des Deutschen ist die Ernte der ganzen Zeit."

Similar doubts as to the correctness of Professor Coar's historical judgments and as to the truthfulness of the historical setting of his narrative force themselves upon the reader throughout the book. By what stretch of imagination can the poetry of Hölderlin, who after 1806 did not write a single line not indicative of his hopeless insanity, be considered as a reflex of public affairs under the Metternich régime? What sense is there in yoking with each other two poets so utterly dissimilar in temperament, artistic character, and public activity as Platen and Raimund, simply because they both died embittered and at

variance with their surroundings? How can Anastasius Grün, whose political poetry antedated the Revolution of 1848 by more than a decade, rightfully be made a representative of this very revolution? What possible meaning can be attached to the characterization of Friedrich Hebbel as representing "the victory of democracy over partisanship"? And, in general, what is the meaning of this word "democracy" which is constantly rung in our ears as the one thing needful, as the one principle whose adoption would bring forth the consummation of poetry? Is it the consciousness of the brotherhood of man? or the belief in parliamentary government? or a pantheistic view of the world? or the striving for social justice? One fails to receive a satisfactory answer to this question, and the result is that the whole intellectual background of the narrative remains obscure, so that one is constantly tempted to apply to this book what Lessing said of the representation of the landscape in Haller's "Die Alpen"; "Ich höre in jedem Worte den arbeitenden Dichter; aber das Ding selbst bin ich weit entfernet zu sehen."

A few words must be said about the second fundamental defect of this book, the indistinctness of literary characterization. To gauge literary achievements by their social importance seems to the present reviewer entirely legitimate; he has himself attempted to do something of this sort. But he believes that the social significance of a work of literature is the composite result of the whole variety of its individual traits, its personal bias, its subject-matter, its artistic form, its religious sentiment, its moral import, its political tendency. Undoubtedly, Professor Coar would subscribe to this view; his book contains sufficient evidence that he has striven for comprehensiveness of treatment. But it seems as if certain preconceived and not fully matured philosophical notions had dimmed his sight and prevented him from seeing each writer first by himself, in his own characteristic outline. As a consequence, the book suffers from a marked monotony and diffuseness, which is further heightened by a strangely vague and at times hopelessly obscure language.

The reviewer has laid emphasis upon these defects of Professor Coar's work, not because he thinks it a poor production, but because he thinks it so good that it deserves to be better. The fact cannot be gainsaid that here we have the first attempt in the English language to trace in detail and from a large point of view the intellectual development of Germany in the nineteenth century; and an author who makes his first appearance with such an attempt may well comfort himself with *in magnis voluisse sat est.* But, quite apart from this consideration, it is refreshing and encouraging in the midst of the endless manufacture of textbooks and manuals by college professors to see here a younger member of the craft start out with a work of pronounced individuality and independence of traditional standards. Whatever exceptions may be taken to this book, it will remain a stepping-stone in the progress of serious literary study in this country. Such noteworthy novelists as Willibald Alexis, Friedrich Spielhagen, Gottfried Keller, such dramatists as Otto Ludwig, Friedrich Hebbel, and Anzengruber, such movements as the Nietzschean revolt against accepted canons of morality and as the naturalistic phase of the contemporary drama, are here for the first time exhibited in their relation to the national development as a whole. This is in itself a service of no small weight; it will undoubtedly bear fruit in the spread in this country of a fuller and juster appreciation of recent German literature. And the book as a whole will, we hope, lead to other books similar in scope, but more careful in execution.

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Feuillet's Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre. Edited by James D. Bruner. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
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Steiner, Edward A. Tolstoy, the Man. The Outlook Co. $1.50 net.
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The Cattle-Raid of Cualnge. An old Irish prose-epic, translated by L. Winifred Faraday. London: David Nutt. 4s. net.
The Jewish Encyclopædia. Vol. VI. God-Istria. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. XI., 1599-1602. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.
Transactions of the Royal Historical Society. New series, Vol. XVII. London: Offices of the Society.
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The Week.

The Senate has confirmed Leonard Wood as major-general, seven months or more after receiving his nomination from President Roosevelt. During this time, support of Gen. Wood has come from the White House and War Department as urgently as if the fate of the Administration depended upon its favorite's appointment. To save him, Secretary Root frankly assumed the responsibility for the *jai alai* scandal, for the extra-legal actions of the Cuban courts in the Rathbone case, and for other matters for which Gen. Wood was rightly criticised and attacked. But now that confirmation has come, it is neither a certificate of character nor a guarantee of fitness. It indicates that Congress is as indifferent to the honor of the army as it was in 1898, when it approved the unloading upon it of countless "sons of fathers" and broken-down civil-war veterans, and in 1901, when its members were concerned only as to the number of captaincies and lieutenancies each might bag. That Gen. Wood owes his advancement to the personal friendship of two Presidents, rather than to any individual merit, is a fact which a dozen confirmations could not hide; and that he lacks the respect of a vast majority of the officers of the army.

President Schurman, answering the questions of a New Rochelle audience, took firm ground for Philippine independence. "What we have done for Cuba in a short time," he said, "I should like to see done for the Philippines in a reasonably longer time." We regret that no hearer asked, "How long a time?" for that is the point at issue; but one may fairly assume that President Schurman did not mean to postpone the act of liberation for a century or more. It is all-important that we should gain at least some general notion of the outlook for independence. When all is left vague, we have nothing to offer the natives, and we may not justly encourage any expectation on their part. For, if it is true that freedom cannot come before the fourth generation from Aguinaldo, surely we do a great wrong if we hold before the present Filipinos anything but beneficent subjection. On various occasions Gov. Taft has seemed to think that freedom a hundred years hence could be made a heartening prospect to the brown men, and a reassuring one to us at home. But a hundred years probably seems as long in the Archipelago as it does in America.

President Roosevelt's Panama policy has worked havoc with his supporters' sense of humor. Professor Hart of Harvard showed this very strikingly in his recent Cooper Union talk on "The Diplomacy of the Panama Canal." Some one asked him if the treaty of 1846 did not guarantee the sovereignty over the Isthmus to New Granada, and if the United States did not undertake to protect the republic against any effort to overthrow this. The answer was truly astonishing—if it was reported correctly: "The treaty provides for protection by the United States against the invasion of the Isthmus by foreign Powers, but nothing is said about protection against this country." Before ratifying the treaty New Granada should have asked "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" According to this view, she had no right to assume that our promise to protect her against foreign nations implied that we should treat her decently ourselves. It was not in the contract that we should not despoil New Granada at will. Therefore, our practical ejection of Colombia from the Isthmus was no violation of our agreement of 1846. In Professor Hart we have a new Daniel come to judgment.

Gov. Odell is to be chairman of the Republican State Committee. Such a possibility has long been discussed, but the decision is now made. Under the most favorable circumstances the Republicans, rent by factional quarrels, are likely to lose the State if conservative Democrats are nominated for President and Governor. This danger is conceded by many of the shrewdest Republican politicians. They admit that they are in dire need of the support of independent voters; they propose to adopt the one course that will drive the independents into the arms of the Democrats. Gov. Odell's behavior has of late sorely tried the better element in all parties; but this gross disregard of official propriety is the last and the unpardonable sin. Many evils attend the plan of having the Governor the party boss, as Odell has been. He is constantly torn by a struggle between his duty to the whole State and his desire to strengthen party machinery. The effect of such a struggle has been very evident in the career of Mr. Odell. His early professions of independence have been one by one abandoned; his pristine vigor of administration, his zeal for economies, have yielded to the pressure of Republican henchmen. Whatever else he has let go, he has been bound to retain his hold on the organization. Such conditions are bad enough; but when he tries to be both chairman and Governor he formally enters upon two absolutely incompatible undertakings. As chairman he is responsible for the conduct of the campaign. He tries to secure the support of various corporate interests, the huge railway systems and the traction companies; he is interested in conciliating this man and that, sacrificing something here, letting down the bars there, grubbing for small bits of patronage, and patching up wretched truces till election is over. This petty and intriguing business is expected of a committee chairman; but it is the last thing in the world to which a Governor should stoop. It is plain that Gov. Odell has cast away his former ambition for a higher elective office.

Gov. Warfield has signed the "Jim Crow" bill passed by the Maryland Legislature, one of the most radical separation laws ever proposed in the South. By the new law, every railway and steamship company—by which is meant ferries principally—is required to provide "Jim Crow" compartments and rigidly enforce the segregation of the races. That the negro has fallen a victim to the political ambitions of the senior Senator from Maryland is plain to be seen. Mr. Gorman has insisted upon making the race issue a political one; and a bill providing for the submission of a constitutional amendment intended to disfranchise all negroes is now awaiting the Governor's action. It is thought, however, that Gov. Warfield will veto this measure. His opposition is not based upon any desire to save the ballot to the negro, but upon his belief that the bill as drawn is too radical in some of its aspects, even from a disfranchiser's point of view. As it is, Maryland and Mississippi must be bracketed as infected States, and Warfield, urged on by Gorman, must be classed as a Governor fallen ill of negrophobia.

The difference between the treatment of Huldah B. Todd, the Delaware postmistress, and of Cornelius Van Cott, the postmaster of New York, is additional proof of President Roosevelt's inconsistency in handling postal troubles. Miss Todd was efficient, and—as the special committee of the National Civil Service Reform League reports—"no general belief (if any) exists among the people of Greenwood," her village, "that she was ever active in politics"; and yet, because she was obnoxious to the reigning Senator, she was, on the flimsiest charges, promptly ordered to the block. Postmaster Van Cott is notoriously inefficient; the relations between his subordinates and the local Republican machine have been a public scandal; the report of Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte, published just three months

ago, declared: "We find it impossible to doubt that Mr. Heath, Mr. Van Cott, and Mr. Beavers himself all knew the payment of this additional compensation was expressly forbidden by law." Nevertheless, the resolute and unswerving Theodore Roosevelt has puttered for three months over Van Cott, will have still another investigation before taking action on the inspectors' recommendation that Van Cott and ten of his subordinates be asked to resign "for the good of the service." But if Van Cott were not backed by Senators whose favor President Roosevelt covets, his gross misconduct of his office would have warranted his discharge ten times over.

Tuesday's announcement by the Northern Securities directors was a very simple and routine matter, and need hardly have caused the turmoil with which the Stock Exchange greeted it. The highest court has said that the company, having been organized contrary to law, must go out of business, and the directors proceed to make their arrangements to that end. The decree of the Circuit Court, last April, had shown how the dissolution could be effected. After forbidding the Securities Company to vote hereafter, or draw dividends, on the Northern Pacific and Great Northern stock acquired in exchange for Northern Securities shares, the court added that the Northern Securities should be allowed to return, to stockholders of the two railway companies, "any and all shares of stock . . . which said Northern Securities Company may have heretofore received from such stockholders in exchange for its own stock." More specifically, the court concluded:

> "Nothing herein contained shall be construed as prohibiting the Northern Securities Company from making such transfer and assignments of the stock aforesaid to such person or persons as may now be the holders and owners of its own stock originally issued in exchange."

This meant that the Securities Company need not seek out the exact individuals who, in 1901 and afterward, exchanged their Northern Pacific or Great Northern shares for Northern Securities stock. Obviously, an attempt to readjust the matter on such lines would be futile, for Northern Securities shares thus issued have in many instances already changed hands half a dozen times on the open market. The precise *status quo* could not possibly be restored, and the court did not demand that it should. The directors announce that each holder of a share of Northern Securities stock is entitled to Northern Pacific and Great Northern shares in the ratio of the company's total holdings of stock in the two underlying properties. There will no doubt be a season of some bewilderment as to who actually owns the greater interest in the two railways which have regained their independence.

The moral which lies on the surface of Friday's failure in the cotton trade is somewhat trite. All of the byways of commodity speculation are strewn with the wrecks of the Sullys and Leiters and Hutchinsons and Labouisses. Opportunities occur, at intervals, for a speculator with sufficient audacity and sufficient credit—the one is sometimes the consequence of the other—to control by purchase of contracts for delivery all that exists of a given commodity, and sometimes more. If such achievements could be confined to the exchanges, no very great harm would be done. A vast amount of fictitious trading is involved; during this very Sully episode, there have been single days when speculators have bought or sold, on the Cotton Exchange, nearly twice as much cotton as existed in all the markets of the world. What happens to the participants in pure gambling operations of this sort, nobody seriously cares. Unhappily, however, the fortunes of great consuming and manufacturing industries are bound up in this inflated speculation. It was the theory of the anti-option agitators of a decade ago that, by prohibiting purchase and sale of contracts for future delivery of commodities, they could abate such nuisances as that inflicted on the cotton trade this year. What they either blindly or wilfully ignored, however, was that the spinner and the miller are obliged to resort to this very purchase on a "future delivery" basis, in order to organize their own plans for a season's manufacture. Rent, working capital, contracts with consumers of finished goods, and sometimes wages of employees, are arranged on the basis of contracts for the season, and no manufacturer would be safe unless he were at least partially guaranteed future delivery and future price of his raw material. But as the price which he pays to-day is regulated by the prevalent price on the open market, it follows that the legitimate consumer will be harassed, subjected to loss, and sometimes ruined, by such operations as that of Sully and his associates.

Our consul at Rouen sends a gloomy picture of the cotton situation in France. Early this year the spinning syndicate of Normandy decided to reduce its production. In 1903 France exported 75,472,498 pounds of cotton goods, against 78,371,325 in 1902, and 80,834,304 pounds in 1901, and the situation has grown more acute in 1904. The Rouen warehouses have been crowded as a result of the overproduction, while the curtailment of the output of the mills has had a marked effect upon the supply of raw cotton in Continental Europe. According to the *Financial Chronicle*, the amount in sight at the leading centres on the Continent at the close of last week was 743,000 bales, compared with 574,000 bales a year ago, 564,000 bales in 1902, and 472,000 bales in 1901. The effect of high-priced cotton is the same the world over. For some reason final consumers are not freely paying the figures for manufactured goods necessitated by the abnormal quotations on the raw material. It remains to be seen whether it is because they will not, or because they cannot. In this country the orders which the mills are receiving are relatively small, and talk of cutting down is beginning to be heard again in certain quarters. All in all, the outlook is about as confusing as could be imagined. The speculators have led the horse to water, but can they make him drink? Will the real demand for cotton goods in the end justify the quotations on the raw material since last fall?

Mr. Hugh Bell, a leading British ironmaster, talks about "dumping" in the most common sense manner in the *Independent Review*. Discussing the ability of a "dumping" country to produce an article cheaper than it can be made elsewhere, owing to natural advantages and superior skill, he says that, should such superiority really exist, the "sooner we know it, and the more rapidly we seek to withdraw our capital from the industry in question, the better." But before admitting that the industry is hopelessly worsted, it is necessary to be assured on a good many points. The chief bogey used to terrify the timorous Briton is American competition. In this matter Mr. Bell does not take us quite as seriously as some of his countrymen do. Indeed, he seems to think that we are more or less troubled with megalomania, or, as he less elegantly phrases it, "swelled head." And to make this clear, he cites the chauvinistic talk of certain of our "captains of industry" before the Industrial Commission. The statement of Mr. Guthrie, of the American Steel Hoop Company, that "the Creator of all things has been good to us" in the matter of raw materials and an intelligent population, in connection with the remark that "we think we have pretty good directors," causes him to ask a pertinent question. If it is true that this country is convinced it can put the leading old-world markets out of business, why have American firms been establishing industrial plants in Great Britain? And why do American millions flow into the construction of underground railways in London, if shortly London is to dwindle to an inconsiderable village?

But supposing it is true that Great Britain is worsted in the struggle for any one market, does it not follow that she will still find an outlet for her products? Mr. Bell figures the total annual income of the United Kingdom at £1,900,000,000, or about $9,500,000,000. Call it £5,000,000 a day, he says, and we

shall not be far wrong. What advantage will come to America and Germany, it is asked, from destroying Great Britain's trade? If they succeed, "this machine that is earning $25,000,000 a day will have gone." Is it not clear that the real interest of both countries is to encourage Great Britain to buy their commodities in increasing amounts? But, of course, if she buys, she can do so only by selling. It should be noted that, if America and Germany should destroy British trade, they would lose not only the profit which they now derive from selling their goods to her, but, by losing the chance to sell to her any longer, would greatly dislocate their own industries and deprive vast numbers of their population of employment. Meanwhile, Mr. Bell argues, England would still be full of men desiring the necessities and luxuries of life, and willing to pay for them by their physical or mental toil. She would have to find people to take her goods in exchange, and he sees no reason why this should not actually be accomplished. In short, he scouts the prevalent theory that there is not enough trade in the world to go round, and that consequently each nation must push and struggle to get its share, "lest it is all appropriated before we seize our part."

It is reported that the German Steel Syndicate is about to open negotiations with the British and American manufacturers for a delimitation of their respective spheres of action in the world's markets. The syndicate has been under contemplation for nearly a year, but it was only recently that an organization was effected. It is to have control until June 30, 1907, and it takes the place of a number of previous organizations looking to a community of interest in the iron and steel industries. Of the twenty-eight establishments originally mentioned in connection with the proposed Trust, all but two large companies had, at last accounts, decided to take part in the deal; so that, as combines go, the German Steel Syndicate may be said to represent more than an average degree of unanimity among producers. Its formation denotes the extent to which competition was carried in the recent boom period in this country and Europe. It also indicates that the German manufacturers have not only ceased to feel the alarm which they were expressing not long ago over the "American peril," but are prepared to carry the war into Africa. This is the logical outcome of the industrial developments of recent years. The situation has at last progressed beyond the establishment of national Trusts. It has entered the international stage. The German Trust is pitted against the American Trust, and the need of some sort of agreement between them is beginning to be keenly felt.

On Monday the British Government was solemnly absolved, in both houses, from any blame in connection with the Transvaal Chinese Labor act. The new slavery was approved by a strictly party vote, though a handful of Unionists refused to support the compound system, and Major Seeley, who had served in South Africa, accompanied his dissenting vote with the announcement of his resignation as a Unionist member. Such an action indicates the kind of moral indignation that the labor bill has aroused, even in Government circles. Besides the natural repugnance to any system of forced contract labor, there is an uneasy feeling that it is almost impossible to throw the promised safeguards about the coolie traffic. Lord Milner's memoranda abound in criticism of the details of the act; the Liberals point to appalling percentages of mortality in existing compounds. Meanwhile, the Government has nothing better to say than that the Cape has decided that the mines must be worked. The very sensitiveness of the Ministry is proof enough to the country that, for the sake of the Transvaal gold, it is getting into dirty business. That instinct will damage Mr. Balfour seriously; against it perfunctory majorities like that of Monday are of little political weight.

Another protest by Austria and Russia against the obstacles raised to the reform of the Turkish gendarmerie fully bears out the apprehensions of those who have utterly distrusted the Mürzsteg plan. It was always absurd to imagine that European officers could control the troops of the Sultan unless some power were at hand to protect these officers against their own troops. In other words, no reform of the Macedonian region which does not take it out of the Sultan's jurisdiction is of any worth. The English Balkan Committee has pronounced definitely for a Governor-General holding directly from the European Concert. Unless that be done, we may expect a renewal of the horrors of last year. Intermittently, so far as winter has permitted, the Turks have continued the proscription, and the time is approaching for the revolutionary komitajis to reassemble. The dissatisfaction of Russia and Austria is natural and very significant; for they of all the Powers should be bound to optimism. But it is clear that the Balkan situation is beyond their power to settle. For a year or more they have acted as the accredited agents of civilization in the Balkans, and have accomplished nothing. It is time their unprofitable stewardship were vacated in favor of stronger hearts and hands.

The war-time elections in Japan have resulted in a marked decrease of the Constitutional Political Association (*Seiyu-kai*), and in a greater increase of the Independents. In a lower House of three hundred, one hundred new members have been returned. The *Seiyu-kai* remains the largest political group at 134, against 187 in the former Diet, while the Independents have virtually the same strength, 132, against a former 59. This noteworthy gain has been made at the expense of the *Seiyu-kai* and the Progressives. The return of so many Independent members is due partly to disgust with the corruption of the politicians making up the *Seiyu-kai*, but, even more, to the new impetus to patriotism brought about by the war. For the Independents are conservative as regards maintaining all Japanese traditions, while the *Seiyu-kai* is the commercial party and committed more or less to imitation of Western methods. This party has naturally lost its favorite issue of administrative economy, since the war has made the raising of revenue not a matter of debate, but of compulsion. So the issue of retrenchment on which the Katsura Cabinet was bitterly opposed is suspended for the present, and the Imperial Diet relapses into a congeries of groups which the war spirit will undoubtedly hold together for a time.

The plans of the Japanese Government for financing the war have been made public. They contemplate allowing $290,000,000 for this purpose, including $20,000,000 special reserve. Of this amount, $230,000,000 is to be obtained from loans, $35,000,000 from increased taxation, and the remainder from the surplus revenue. The Cabinet has submitted proposals to a special Diet now in session, favoring an extension of the tobacco monopoly so as to include the manufactured product, and the creation of a salt monopoly. This plan will involve a heavy expenditure for the purchase of private tobacco-manufacturing concerns. The Cabinet suggests increased taxes on land, incomes, business, wine, sugar, soy, stock exchanges, mining, customs, and stamps, and new ones are created on silk, piece goods, kerosene, and woollens, the estimated total being $34,000,000. The cost of the war to the end of March is placed at $78,000,000, and it is estimated that from then to the end of the year $190,000,000 will be required, besides a special war reserve of $20,000,000. The proposed loans will probably be issued under the imperial ordinance of December 29, sanctioning short-time issues. The same ordinance authorized the Government to draw freely upon all funds in the Treasury's special account, but these funds must eventually be restored. In other words, Japan has been able to find cash with which to begin the war, but is now confronted with the serious problem of obtaining the means to carry it on.

THE PENSION INIQUITY.

No Service Pension bill will be passed by Congress—so it was officially announced from Washington on Thursday. But this did not mean that a courageous and high-minded President had resolutely thrown down the gauntlet to the Grand Army mendicants, and to those truckling politicians of his own party who would once more buy the votes of veterans at the outset of a Presidential campaign. On the contrary, it proclaimed a shameful surrender. The "necessity" for a service pension bill has been averted "by a change in the administration of existing law." In other words, both Congress and the country having shown plainly enough that they did not care to have further pension laws placed upon the statute-books, the same end has been attained by an unexampled perversion of the existing pension rules. The President, through his Commissioner, has presumed to read into them a construction which Congress never intended to allow, and thus is enabled to give notice that hereafter every veteran over sixty-two years of age will be pensioned.

The act of June 27, 1890, allotted to all veterans of ninety days' service who were wholly or partly disabled from self-support a pension of from six to twelve dollars, proportioned to such disability. Of this "due proof" was required. The act was vague and absurd. To apply it at all, the Executive interpreted it in a manner of very doubtful legality. Applicants of sixty-five years were assumed to be entitled to the minor pension of $6 per month, applicants of seventy-five to the major pension of $12. By the simple expedient of lowering the age of disability to sixty-two, all Civil War veterans are now taken in. The original ruling was a discreditable subterfuge. Mr. Roosevelt's modification of it is outrageous, for the presentation of a certificate of age cannot fairly be regarded as "due proof" of anything but age.

In itself a service pension is demoralizing enough. It in no way distinguishes between the worthless bummer who skulked when his regiment fought, and the brave soldier who served on the great battlefields. It does not differentiate between the veteran of a dozen campaigns and the ninety-day soldier who passed his time in a recruiting camp, any more than it does between the millionaire and the day laborer, the physically vigorous and the physically incapacitated. To every man who served ninety days and has passed his sixty-second birthday, Mr. Ware says, "Step up to our pension counter and help yourself; there is no physical examination, and no inquiry as to the value or character of your service."

Scandalous as all this is, the shocking feature of the new ruling is the way the Executive has thereby usurped the function of Congress. At no time has the national legislature openly declared for a service pension for veterans of the civil war. The mere introduction of Mr. Sulloway's bill on January 27 was sufficient to bring out such a chorus of protests from all newspapers which recognized the seriousness of this year's raid upon the Treasury, that there was a prompt change of opinion among the Republican leaders in regard to its advisability. It was not considered possible that in this emergency Mr. Roosevelt would uphold the hands of the pension-grabbers, or that he would do so by reading into laws passed years ago the present intentions of his party leaders in their anxiety for votes. His willingness to abuse his undoubted right to interpret the statutes of Congress is another sign of what has been termed his "lawlessness of mind," clearly illustrated in his unwarranted use of Government vessels for the pleasure of himself and his family, and in the whole conduct of the Panama intrigue.

In defence of his revolutionary order Mr. Ware avers that it will save the Government a good deal of time and money by doing away with hundreds of thousands of examinations. Just as if that very abolition of tests did not throw the doors open to the unworthy! What is the cost of examinations compared to the demoralizing effect upon the people of seeing unworthy men feeding at the public trough? But Mr. Ware attempts to justify the wholesale pensioning by analogy with the treatment of the Mexican war survivors. "It would seem," he says, according to the *Tribune*, "that if, thirty-nine years after the expiration of service, a Mexican war soldier was entitled to a pension at sixty-two years, . . . to soldiers of the civil war, who fought vastly more and longer, at least as good a rule ought to apply." The sophistry of all this is evident. Because Congress was, by due process of law, over-liberal to veterans of our attack upon Mexico, is any soldier of any other war "entitled" to a like liberality without law? If he is, we may look in 1937 for a service pension for all our Spanish war veterans, 22 per cent. of whom have already applied for aid.

But a service pension through an arbitrary bureau ruling will no more satisfy the Grand Army or the pension attorneys than will any of the other concessions which have from time to time been made to the pension-grabbers. For a year or so they may rest content. Then will come the demand for a minimum of $10 or $12 where $6 is now granted. Never before has so insolent a pension demand upon the Treasury been so quickly complied with. It took the Grand Army until last summer to nerve itself to this step. If President and Congress are so compliant and statutes so readily stretched, why stop now? Have not the veterans the right to feel that they own the Government and can bend it to their will? When the Dependent Pension bill of 1890 was passed we predicted that it would lead up to a service pension law, but the suggestion was ridiculed as the vision of a pessimist. But where is the line to be drawn? A conservative estimate of the cost of the Sulloway bill put it at more than fifty millions. Now the public is assured, precisely as if it had not a grain of common sense, that the same expenditure made by administrative order will cost only two or three or five millions a year.

A Senate inquiry into the executive order was inevitable. The Washington correspondents speak of "consternation" among the Republican Senators, who are not overscrupulous after the fashion of whimpering Mugwumps. When they question the President it is not for any ordinary stretching of his powers; the very form of the challenge suggests the iniquity it searches out. "How much will it cost?" the Senate asks. Never before, we believe, has a President presumed to give away millions of the public moneys without a line in the statutes which clearly justifies that expenditure.

POLYGAMY MANDATORY.

No clear understanding of the attitude of the Mormon Church of to-day, as exhibited in its effort to place one of its leaders in the United States Senate, and in the testimony given before the Senate committee at Washington, can be had without a knowledge of the actual relation which the doctrine of polygamy bears to the Church. President Smith, in his recent testimony, stated that the doctrine was merely permissive, not mandatory, and this is probably the general impression. The truth is, however, that the doctrine is as obligatory as any other Mormon doctrine, and it is because of this that the Church has made, and is still making, so desperate a fight to prevent any action which will render the practice of polygamy actually impossible. The obligatory character of polygamy was set forth in unmistakable language in the "revelation" which made known the doctrine to the Church and has been taught ever since. The language used in the "revelation" is as follows:

> "For, behold! I reveal to you a new and everlasting covenant; and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned; for no one can reject this covenant and be permitted to enter my glory. . . . He that receiveth a fulness thereof must and shall abide the law, or he shall be damned, saith the Lord God."

The Mormon leaders made no concealment of their acceptance of the obligatory character of this "revelation" up to the day of Woodruff's manifesto. Orson Pratt, who was selected to make the open announcement of the doctrine to the Church in Utah, emphasized the language of the "revelation." "Now let me inquire," said he to the conference,

"what will become of those individuals who have this law taught unto them in plainness, if they reject it. I will tell you: They will be damned, saith the Lord, in the revelation he hath given us. Why? Because where much is given, much is required."

When Schuyler Colfax visited Utah, after the civil war, he had a formal interview with Brigham Young on the subject of polygamy, hoping to get the credit of effecting its abolition. He proposed to Young that the Church obtain a later revelation doing away with the practice without Federal interference, just as some of the slave States had abolished slavery of their own accord. But the Church retorted in its official organ:

"As a people we view every revelation from the Lord as sacred. Polygamy was not of our seeking. It came to us from heaven, and we recognized it, and still do, the voice of Him whose right it is, not only to teach us, but to dictate and teach all men. Gentiles talk of revelations given and of receiving counter revelations to forbid what has been commanded, as if man was the sole author, originator, and designer of them. Do they wish to brand a whole people with the foul stigma of hypocrisy?"

Brigham Young, on the same occasion, condemning a proposition of some of the flock to drop Smith as a prophet and to lay out a new course, was quite as emphatic: "What I have received from the Lord I have received by Joseph Smith. If I drop him, I must drop these principles."

In 1885, some years after the enactment of the Edmunds law, and when the leaders were defying that enactment in every possible way, the Church restated its position in one of the formal "epistles" that are addressed to the flock from time to time, using this emphatic language:

"We did not reveal celestial marriage. We cannot withdraw or renounce it. God revealed it, and He has promised to maintain it, and to bless those who obey it. Whatever fate, then, may threaten us, there is but one course for men of God to take —that is, to keep inviolate the holy covenants they have made in the presence of God and angels. . . . We may say, however, that if any man or woman expects to enter into the celestial kingdom of our God without making sacrifices, and without being tested to the very uttermost, they have not understood the Gospel."

Woodruff's manifesto was wrung from the Church when it was realized that further open defiance of the law meant the loss of all the rights of citizenship, and when, on the other hand, some form of acquiescence in a different order of things promised Statehood, and with it that freedom from legal interference with polygamy that has been enjoyed in Utah as a State. But that famous manifesto was in no sense a retraction of the former principles underlying the doctrine of polygamy. It began by declaring, "in the most solemn manner," that the statement of the Utah Commission, in their last report, that plural marriages were still solemnized in Utah was false—a declaration which the Commission met in their next report with the reply that they restated the fact, and added that "three additional cases were reported a few days after the report was formulated." The manifesto next set forth Woodruff's intention to submit to the laws of Congress, and closed as follows: "There is nothing in my teaching to the Church, or in those of my associates, during the time specified [the past year] which can be reasonably construed to inculcate or encourage polygamy; and when any elder of the Church has used language which appeared to convey such teaching he has been promptly reproved. And I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-Day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the laws of the land."

The interpretation of this manifesto by the heads of the Church has been made clear by the investigation in progress in Washington. Their avowals show to their flock that Smith's command in regard to polygamy is still piously observed just so far as it is safe to do so. They are simply holding out to all the members of the flock the hope that the time will come when all may escape damnation by obeying the command. It is this historical light on Mormonism which has convinced many students of the subject that the deadliest blow that can be given to the system will be the adoption of a Constitutional amendment declaring polygamy to be a crime to be dealt with by the Federal courts, thus taking it from the jurisdiction of Mormon State juries. This, it is argued, will put an end to the practice, and compel the Church to drop the doctrine or to remove to a new field where it can be taught and carried out unchecked.

PRESIDENT ELIOT AT SEVENTY.

"Nature's patient ways shame hasty little man," a sentence from one of President Eliot's lectures, is the keynote to much of his work, for he has made nature's patient ways his own. He celebrated on Sunday his seventieth birthday, and this year also marks the thirty-fifth anniversary of his presidency of Harvard. For an estimate of his achievements this is neither the place nor the time: the limits of an editorial article are too narrow, and his labors are, we trust, far from an end. *Serus in cœlum redeat.* But we add our hearty congratulations to those of Harvard graduates, friends of learning from all colleges and schools, and worthy citizens in every walk of life; and we seize this moment as suitable for dwelling on two or three aspects of President Eliot's career. He stands among the foremost citizens of the United States; were there a common denominator by which one could measure men of widely different talents and callings, he might rank the very first. This success is indubitably due in large part to a power which has wrought, like the force of a glacier, without haste and without rest.

It is as an educator that he enjoys the widest fame. For more than a third of a century—a period of unexampled material progress—in a country which has leaped forward rather than developed, he has been at the head of our oldest and richest university. He has thus enjoyed a unique opportunity to set his stamp upon the educational system of a nation; and this opportunity he has employed to the uttermost. The principles which he intended to follow he laid down with precision in his Inaugural Address in 1869; from those principles he has never swerved. He declared: "This university recognizes no real antagonism between literature and science, and consents to no such narrow alternatives as mathematics or classics, science or metaphysics. We would have them all, and at their best." Against the old hard and fast curriculum—"one primer, one catechism, one rod for all children" —he set his face unflinchingly, and proceeded to build up the elective system, which at Harvard already rested on a firm foundation. The opposition within his faculty and without was determined, sometimes bitter. His theory that "a well-instructed youth of eighteen can select for himself—not for any other boy, or for the fictitious universal boy, but for himself alone—a better course of study than any college faculty, or any wise man who does not know him and his ancestors and his previous life, can possibly select for him"—this theory was assailed and ridiculed as individualism run mad. But President Eliot held to his course, and he has seen his theory accepted in every important college of the country. He has weathered the storm that raged about him twenty years ago, and has anchored in the desired haven.

As champion of a movement which put sciences and modern languages in "fair competition" with the classics, he has urged unceasingly more skilful instruction in these new subjects. In his Inaugural, he bluntly told the "scientific scoffers at gerund-grinding" that "the prevailing methods of teaching science, the world over, are less intelligent than the methods of teaching language." Experimentation in the laboratory, original investigation, drill in accurate observation, he has made the burden of many addresses and reports. Moreover, it is owing largely to his efforts that the standard of professional schools has been raised, and that secondary and grammar schools are now reorganizing their programmes according to the modern idea of developing the aptitudes of the individual. But it is upon English that he has laid the greatest stress. He began his presidency by quoting Locke's complaint as to the neglect of the mother-tongue,

and he has returned to the theme again and again. At Harvard he has built up an English department that has been a stimulus to every other college and to schools of all grades.

In this vast enterprise, President Eliot himself, the moving spirit, has had neither the authority nor the will to force the action of faculties or committees. More than once he has seen his opinions thrown into the arena of open debate and voted down. But, convinced that his views, if sound, will ultimately triumph, he has waited with Olympian calm for the march of events. Though the immediate effect of the changes has in some cases seemed to be chaos, he has never been discouraged; he has known that, to rearrange a curriculum, to train competent instructors in new subjects, to establish traditions of mental discipline, will be the task of generations yet to come.

In his discussion of public questions he has insisted upon the right of the individual to attain his highest intellectual and moral development, unchecked by a cast-iron regimen of studies or by intolerance in church or state. His criticisms of organized labor have expressed the conviction of our sanest publicists, that "democracy must profoundly distrust the labor union's too frequent effort to restrict the efficiency and the output of the individual workman." This doctrine of individualism, a tenet of the liberals of the old school, is falling into temporary decay; it is opposed by certain captains of industry who want to crush out the individual and pile merger upon merger; it is opposed by the trade unionists, who condemn all laborers to the lock-step; yet President Eliot has steadily, with candor and courage, striven for the basic principle of our Declaration of Independence.

These are the achievements, these the qualities, that have won him, year by year, a wider recognition; have transmuted cold respect into affection. In the earlier days of his presidency a reserve of manner, absorption in details of administration, and a frank indifference to the gusts of undergraduate sentiment made students regard him with an uncomfortable awe, as if he were a sort of Iron Chancellor in an empire of education, or—to recur to a former comparison—as if he were really a glacier. Time has proved the falsity of this first impression; has shown that no college president has endured with more serenity and good humor the criticism of his colleagues; that the springs of his kindness are as unfailing as the waters that melt from the eternal ice. He has reached the goal of his ambition. In describing Dr. Asa Gray's life as "happy," he declared: "It is the greatest of human rewards to be enfolded, as years advance, in an atmosphere of honor, gratitude, and love." That greatest of rewards President Eliot himself has reaped in full measure, while his eye is not dim nor his natural force abated.

RUSSIA AND THE JEWS.

Russian statesmen are reported to be puzzled over the surprising unanimity with which the bulk of the American people has given its sympathies to the Japanese in the war in the East. Have we not, they ask, been friendly to the United States at all times, and particularly during its period of storm and stress? And are we not Christians, battling with pagans whose reputation for honesty and trustworthiness is below that of the Chinese? Have we not stood for international peace and comity? To these questions there are many possible replies. We will confine ourselves to one. Russia is the only country which to-day excludes American-born citizens solely because of their religious belief. Be a Jew ever so worthy, be he well educated, philanthropic, a power in the financial or industrial world, he is still forbidden to cross the Russian boundaries without special permission, even if he would travel merely for pleasure and information. To any one of the Hebrew faith applying for a passport the State Department has a stereotyped reply, one clause of which reads as follows:

> "The laws of Russia also exclude from Russian territory, except by special permission, all people of Jewish faith, and while this Government has been endeavoring for some years past to secure a relaxation of this enactment, it is only proper to warn those who are within the category to which they refer, that it has not yet been able to secure from the Russian Government a promise of uniform treatment for all American travellers in Russia without regard to their religious faith or place of birth."

As if this were not humiliating enough for a Government which prides itself on the protection it extends to its citizens resident in China and less civilized quarters of the globe, the State Department must confess that even the "special permission" to which it refers is no bar to insult and ill-treatment after the Russian border has once been crossed.

As for the Russian-born Hebrew, he is, in one respect, on the same footing with men of other faiths born subjects of the Czar. Unless that ruler's permission is obtained, any Russian citizen who becomes a citizen of another country is liable under Russian law to the loss of all his civil rights and to perpetual banishment from the Empire; and he cannot apply for a permit to emigrate unless he has completed his military service. Should he return to visit his kindred, he faces deportation to Siberia, even if he left his native land before reaching the age of conscription. It is this which explains the presence among us of thousands of unnaturalized Finns who, dearly as they would like to become citizens of their adopted country, cannot pay the price of permanent separation from their relatives and friends in Finland which such a step would entail.

In other respects the treatment of the Russian Hebrew who has sought freer climes is much harsher than those of different religious beliefs. He must apply directly to the Russian Ministry of the Interior for permission to reënter Russia, and the State Department will not act as an intermediary for him. Rare are the cases in which a naturalized Hebrew can obtain the consent of the Minister of the Interior. His business relations with Russia may be of such importance as to require frequent visits to St. Petersburg or Moscow, but generally neither this plea nor any other avails him. The truth is, that the Russian Government looks upon its Jews as persons who are only to be tolerated when they are not massacred. They are neither citizens nor free men in the sense that they may pass freely from one occupation to another and live where they choose. Even their habitations are assigned to them, as to the morally unclean. The very extent to which the Jew may have his children educated is fixed by the autocratic Government above him; and if he sends his sons and daughters to study at foreign universities, they are subject to Russian espionage, and—as was the case in Berlin last week—are liable to expulsion even from the foreign country, if they protest against the spies who dog their footsteps while they seek the knowledge denied to no one in this country.

With Russia's treatment of its own within its borders, the United States, as a nation, can have, of course, no active concern. To such as would escape persecution and oppression our doors are open, and will, we trust, remain so. But with Russia's behavior towards naturalized or native-born American citizens within its borders, we are directly concerned. In 1832 a treaty was concluded between the two countries, the very first article of which stated that "there shall be between the territories of the high contracting parties a reciprocal liberty of commerce and navigation. The inhabitants of their respective States shall mutually have liberty to enter the ports, places, and rivers of the territories of each party wherever foreign commerce is permitted. They shall be at liberty to sojourn and reside in all parts whatsoever of said territories, in order to attend to their affairs, and they shall enjoy to that effect the same security and protection as natives of the country wherein they reside." This solemn guarantee has been persistently and deliberately violated, solely because of religious intolerance and racial hatred. The State Department not only confesses the fact, but admits that it has never been able to induce Russia to negotiate a treaty which should treat in detail of the rights of

American citizens of Russian birth on their return to their native land. Here is a great opportunity for Mr. Hay's skilful diplomacy to add one more to his long list of triumphs; and for Russia to soften the prevailing anti-Russian spirit in this country by respecting the treaty she so steadily ignores.

THE MIDDLE STATES CONVENTION OF HISTORY TEACHERS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 17, 1904.

The second annual convention of the Association of History Teachers of the Middle States and Maryland was held in Philadelphia on March 11 and 12. The Association was organized in 1901 as the result of a conference of those interested in the study and teaching of history, and its first regular meeting was held at Columbia University in 1903. As far back as 1883 the first coöperative attempt had been made to improve the teaching of history in America through the efforts of President (then Professor) G. Stanley Hall. In undertaking the editorship of a pedagogical library, he stated that history was chosen for the subject of the initial volume because, after much observation in the schoolrooms of many of the larger cities in the Eastern part of the country, he was convinced that no subject so widely taught was, on the whole, taught so poorly. The volume published comprised a translation of Diesterweg's 'Methods of Teaching History,' with additional chapters contributed by six distinguished university professors or writers of history. As a pioneer essay it is entitled to lasting memory, even though it is half forgotten and it is at least a question whether any of the contributing writers would to-day give the same content to his article as that which he gave it twenty-one years ago. In the wake of it came the conference of the Committee of Ten at the University of Wisconsin eleven years ago, the consequent Columbia conference, and the appointment of the Committee of Seven. It has been the interest in history awakened in part by the reports of these and other committees that has led to the association of the history teachers of New England and of the North Central States, of Nebraska, California, of Indiana, of Chicago, and of New York city.

What have been the fruits of these past years of united work? A consistent, logical course in history has been planned for the secondary schools, and has been already widely adopted. In place of detached, isolated courses given haphazard in unchronological order, we have a course based on the theory that history is the study of development. A natural result of this has been the practical adoption of uniform requirements for admission to college, and this in turn has made possible the adoption of the system of uniform entrance examination questions. Thus history has been accorded a permanent place in the curriculum, and if the classicists and scientists could but realize that history does not supplant the older subjects, but serves as a unifying force to make the curriculum an organic whole, a more hearty welcome would be given the newcomer.

What remains to be done? One of the most important duties would seem to be, to press on the attention of those having the appointing power, that an essential qualification of those whom they select to teach history should be some knowledge of the subject to be taught. The protest against present conditions is not superfluous; current announcements show that one ambitious school, in one of the most famous New England towns, has a teacher who gives instruction in music, painting, drawing, biology, and history; that in one large city high school the classes in history are heard by the musical critic of one of the daily papers; that, in another, history has been assigned to the general-utility man. A second line of work that needs to be taken up is a consideration of the relation between a consistent course of history in the general secondary schools and that given in college preparatory schools. A large number of schools now have a well-arranged course in history, yet this is made of no effect for its college preparatory class, through the increase in the language requirements made by the colleges, and the regulation requiring all college entrance examinations to be taken within two years prior to admission to college. The schools cannot square the circle—they cannot give a course in ancient history during the first year in the high school, where it logically comes, and yet have the work examined by the colleges within two years of entrance. No better service could be rendered the cause of historical teaching than a presentation to colleges and schools of a satisfactory solution of this very real difficulty.

Ample justification for the formation of another association would seem to be found equally in what has already been accomplished through coöperative effort and in what yet remains to be done. But if there had been any lingering doubts on the part of any one, they must have been dispelled by the success of the recent meeting. The three sessions held appealed alike to college professors of history, to historians and investigators, and to the teachers of history in the secondary schools. The great problems which confront the college professor of history concern the amount and kind of historical instruction that students have had before entering college, the articulation of his own work with this, the nature of the courses required of college students, and the adaptation of advanced to elementary college work, since the college professor must believe that "advanced work in history does not mean studying larger books and more of them." Several of these questions were discussed by Prof. C. H. Haskins in a masterly paper on "The Historical Curriculum in Colleges." It was based on an extended study of the history course, whether required of all students or as a prerequisite to other history courses, and showed that while the greatest diversity existed in the universities and colleges of the country, the various required courses were practically reducible to three types—those covering the entire field of general European history, a second type dealing with the history of a single country (usually England or America), and a third, practically a course in mediæval history. The conclusion reached was that, under present conditions, the third type had the weightiest arguments in its favor.

The specific question of what should be the college entrance requirement in history had been dealt with by a committee whose report was presented by President Austin Scott. The great value of this report consisted in its fresh, original suggestions for a rearrangement of the subject-matter treated in a four-years' high school course. Thus, it would be possible to gain time for Oriental history if the dreary periods of civil strife, both in Greece and in Rome, could be eliminated from the work. Further suggestions included that of closing the year given to mediæval and modern history with the Treaty of Utrecht, and merging the two years given to English and American history into one year of study of the history of the English people from the time of their settlement on English soil, in the fifth century, to their control of the English-speaking world to-day; and a fourth suggestion was made that the year thus gained be given to modern history from the time of the Seven Years' War.

The specific question of the articulation of work in history in colleges and secondary schools was admirably discussed by Dr. James Sullivan, in an exhaustive paper showing that, as far as the present curricula and methods both in schools and in colleges are concerned, there is at present no general articulation. To make such possible, it would be necessary to have an ideal curriculum worked out for the colleges, and to have the question of methods, both in school and in college, thoroughly investigated with a view to making the transition from school to college less abrupt. The following propositions were advanced suggestively as a basis for future study and discussion: That a book commonly used as a text-book in a secondary school should not be used as a text in college; that elementary work in the colleges should show a proper advance over the advanced work in the schools, both as to texts used and as to time required in and out of the classroom; that a proper sequence should be shown in the arrangement of the college courses; that there should be a conscious differentiation of aim of work in secondary school, college, and university; that the work of teaching history in the secondary school or college should not be given over to men who are specialists in other departments; that methods which encourage cramming, in either secondary school or college, should be abandoned; that secondary-school and college teachers should attempt to adapt their methods and their work to the students under their instruction; that courses on methods of instruction in history for colleges should be established for the benefit of those who expect to teach in colleges; that students in history courses in colleges may reasonably be expected to buy more books than they are at present called upon to do.

Investigators and historians found special help in Professor McLaughlin's suggestive account of the historical work undertaken by the Carnegie Institution. This has as yet been largely in the direction of planning for the future. What the historical scholars of the country need is information in regard to the existence and location of historical material, and how this material may be made accessible. The bureau at Washington has already rendered scholars valuable service in this direction, and it bids fair to develop still more along these lines.

It is not too much to say that the Philadelphia meeting was one of more than or-

dinary or local interest in view of the distinguished men who took part in its discussions, and of the far-reaching character of the propositions advanced. It is to be hoped that its success will lead to the formation of similar associations in other sections of the country.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN EGYPT.

CAIRO, February 21, 1904.

For many years, excavations have been carried on in various parts of Egypt under various auspices, and this year is no exception to the rule. Among such as are now in progress, those of the University of California, made possible by the liberality of Mrs. Hearst, yield to none in importance. At Naga ad-Der, opposite the thriving town of Girga, Messrs. Lythgoe and Mace are bringing to a close the work begun several years ago and continued every winter. Here thousands of tombs have been opened, belonging to all periods from prehistoric times to the Twelfth Dynasty. The vast necropolis contains also tombs in an almost unbroken series to the Eighteenth Dynasty, and close by are tombs of the later New Empire, of Ptolemaic and Roman times, while Coptic burials cover nearly the whole site. In the tombs of prehistoric and early dynastic times the bodies were laid on the side and buried in a contracted position, sometimes with the knees almost immediately under the chin. The bodies lay upon a matting and were covered by a second matting. About the graves were twigs to keep the sand from falling in. For the same purpose boards were sometimes used. Terracotta boxes also occur, but not earlier than the First Dynasty. In these early tombs double and even triple interment is common. Some of the graves are quite undisturbed, others have been robbed of whatever articles possessed any value to the robbers, and in many cases the bones of the persons buried are greatly disarranged. It frequently happens that the neck vertebræ are lacking, and the head is more or less out of place. This is due to the fact that the grave-robber, instead of excavating the entire grave, merely made a hole in the upper matting and removed the necklace of the corpse, often taking the neck, or parts of it, along with the necklace. The examination and comparison of the immense number of interments at this place have proved beyond the possibility of doubt that the disarrangement of the parts of the body occurring in some of the graves is due entirely to subsequent disturbance—not, as has been suggested, to a practice of dismemberment before burial. Additional evidence has also been found proving that the marks of gnawing on some of the bones are due, not to an ancient practice of cannibalism, but to an insect that gnawed the buried remains.

The historical or ethnological results of the excavations at Naga ad-Der are interesting and important. Every part of the human body has been found, so that a systematic study of the physical qualities of the people buried there has been made possible, not for one period only, but through the ages from the earliest times. This has been undertaken by Dr. G. Elliott Smith, who has examined the burials on the spot and has arranged an exhibition of the human remains from this site at the medical school in Cairo. Since the site offers a continuous series of cemeteries all at the same place, there are no differences of locality to consider. This is important, for, as the science of Egyptology advances, it is becoming more and more evident that conditions in the different parts of Egypt were not always the same. Dr. Elliott Smith, after careful study of the human remains, reaches the conclusion that the Egyptian race, as represented at Naga ad-Der, was one single continuous race from the earliest prehistoric times to the Twelfth Dynasty. This result, derived from anatomical study, confirms the same conclusion which the excavators draw from the archæological evidence gathered from the same tombs. Dr. Elliott Smith's study of skeletons of other periods and skeletons of modern Copts leads him to the further conclusion that the continuity of race in Egypt persists to the present time.

The actual excavation at Naga ad-Der is completed, and Dr. Reisner, the head of the expedition of the University of California, is now busy near the Pyramid of Gizeh, where the University has been granted one-third of the necropolis for excavation. Here, in the valley north of the great cemetery which extends to the west from the Great Pyramid, Dr. Reisner has found a practically untouched cemetery of a much earlier period. The people buried here were poor, for the tombs are simple structures of mud brick, but the results, which supplemented those reached at Naga ad-Der, are sure to prove interesting. West of the Great Pyramid, work has been begun on the systematic clearing of the great necropolis, and about seventy mastabas, containing over three hundred burial pits, are already laid bare. Probably as many more will be uncovered before the work of this year is ended.

It is already evident that there are three distinct periods in the history of the necropolis. The earliest period belongs to the Third Dynasty, the second to the Fourth and Fifth Dynasties, the third to the Sixth and Seventh Dynasties. As yet the extent of the cemetery at each period is not known; but, as the excavations advance, its extent as well as its character at each stage of its history will no doubt be definitely determined. The excavations at Naga ad-Der have shed much light upon the development of the mastaba, and the knowledge gained there is of immediate use in the field by the pyramids. As yet few pits have been opened here, and the portable objects found, the bulk of which will probably go to enrich the museum of the University of California, are therefore few; but eight stone statues of various sizes, some of which are unusually fine, have already come to light. Moreover, one mastaba of the Fourth Dynasty has been opened, the corridor walks of which are adorned with fine reliefs executed on a thin coating of stucco. On some of these reliefs the coloring is still well preserved. Unfortunately, the neighborhood of Cairo is not so free from rain as the regions further up the river, and much of the coloring, as well as some of the stucco, has peeled off. It is also due to the dampness that no wooden statues, many of which were once contained in the serdabs of these mastabas, have been preserved. Besides continuing the work in the cemetery, Dr. Reisner intends to begin work soon on the temple of the Third Pyramid, which has never been excavated.

At Abusir, between the pyramids of Gizeh and Sakkarah, Dr. Borchardt is continuing the excavations of the Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft at the pyramid of Ne-woser-re, of the Fifth Dynasty. Here he has laid bare the foundations of the temple belonging to the pyramid, with its paved court, great hall, and storerooms. The approach to the temple from the plain was by a grand causeway of fine masonry. On this causeway was a passage once not only protected by a wall on each side, but actually roofed over. Those who passed to or from the temple were therefore effectually prevented from enjoying the really beautiful view across the desert and the green plain to the hills at the other side of the valley. Some of the reliefs of the lower part of the passage, with unusual representations of the King and his enemies, are still *in situ*. At the foot of the causeway was a huge gateway, twenty by thirty metres in extent, which has not yet been completely laid bare. Enough has, however, already come to light to give some idea of the general arrangement. The structure is much grander than the gateway by the pyramid of Onnos at Sakkarah, and may, when the excavation is completed, throw light upon the arrangement of that building.

At Sakkarah Miss Murray and Miss Hansard are making facsimile drawings of the reliefs in the tombs for the Egypt Exploration Fund, and Mr. Weigel, at the expense of Dr. von Bissing, is copying and photographing the reliefs. Mr. Davies is making facsimiles of the more important reliefs in the tombs at Tell el-Amarna for the Archæological Survey of the Egypt Exploration Fund. Such work is of great importance, for, even in Egypt, works of sculpture, and still more paintings, are sure to suffer after excavation. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt are this winter again at Oxyrrhynchus, where they are finding many papyri, some of which are reported to be of great literary interest.

The famous rock-cut tombs at Beni Hassan belonged to great princes of the Middle Empire. On the slope below are many less pretentious tombs of officials and other members of the upper middle class of the same period. Here Mr. John Garstang, assisted by Mr. Harold Jones, has excavated about eight hundred tombs for the benefit of the University of Liverpool. He has found, besides skeletons, pottery, alabaster vessels, and less important objects, a number of models of boats, two feet or more in length, with their crews, oars, masts, sails, and steering-gear wonderfully preserved. The weapons of the men are still lying on the deck. One model is that of a covered harem boat, in which sits a woman holding a mirror in her hand. Several models of granaries have also been found. In these the slaves are conveying the grain to the various compartments where it is to be stored, and realism is carried so far that the actual grain is contained in the storehouses. Two other interesting objects are a wooden statuette about twenty inches high, with well-preserved color, found in a tomb of the Fifth Dynasty, near the Speos Artemidos, and a fine wooden statuette of the Middle Empire about nine inches high. Mr. Garstang has also laid bare the floor of the front part of the Speos Artemidos, and is now clearing a number of shaft tombs of

the Middle Empire in that neighborhood and opening some graves in the low ground near the well-known cat cemetery.

Professor Petrie has been digging for the Egypt Exploration Fund at Henassi, near Beni Suef, and reports that he has found older foundations of the temple of Ramses II. of five different periods one above another. In the ruins of the temple he discovered a colossal statue of perhaps the Twelfth Dynasty. He has also found many gold, silver, and copper Byzantine coins. Coptic buildings in this neighborhood, among them what appears to have been a bishop's palace, with interesting paintings, have also been investigated, and Professor Petrie has excavated for smaller antiquities in several cemeteries near Henassi, but without very important results. About a fortnight ago he sent Mr. Carelli with thirteen men to Buto, near Alexandria, but whether the excavations there are meeting with success is as yet unknown.

In the neighborhood of Luxor, excavators are busy this winter at several points. Mr. Naville, excavating for the Egypt Exploration Fund, at Der el-bahri, has found a small temple of the Middle Empire so closely resembling the great temple of Queen Hatshepsu that it may well be the model of that remarkable building. At the Rameseum, Mr. Carter, inspector of antiquities, is carrying on extensive excavations with the purpose of laying bare all the surrounding buildings. These are very numerous—so numerous and various that the site, when fully excavated, will probably be almost, as it were, an Egyptian Pompeii. At Karnak the ground between the pylons at the back of the temple of Ramses III. is being cleared by the *Services des Antiquités*. Mr. Theodore M. Davis is still excavating the tomb of Queen Hatshepsu, where work was begun over two years ago. The tomb is already cleared to a depth of eight hundred feet, but the end is not yet reached. This excavation is supervised by Mr. Carter. Other less creditable excavation is being carried on by Mr. Mond, a wealthy Englishman of German Jewish extraction, who has obtained a concession from the authorities. His reis, or overseer, is said to be the brother of a dealer in antiquities at Luxor, and various objects from these excavations are offered for sale at Luxor. It is a pity that permission to excavate is granted to irresponsible persons.

The *Services des Antiquités* deserve in general great credit for the care that is now taken for the preservation of ancient monuments and the convenience of visitors. The more important monuments are carefully enclosed and guarded to protect them from defacement. The tombs of the kings, opposite Luxor, in which the colors of the reliefs are so marvellously well preserved, are lighted by electricity, and the use of other artificial light is forbidden, that the colors may not be injured by smoke or soot. It would be well if similar measures could be taken to protect the decorations in the tombs at Sakkarah. At Abydos, the temple of Seti I., the reliefs of which are the finest temple reliefs in Egypt, is being repaired, the blocks of limestone being taken, in part at least, from the ruins of other ancient structures. It is gratifying to see that the great monuments of Egypt, which have suffered so much at the hands of modern visitors, are now being intelligently, even if not yet perfectly, cared for.

One group of monuments is, however, doomed to speedy destruction. Philæ is still beautiful, but the greater part of the island is under water even now, and the water is not so high as it was earlier in the year. The so-called kiosk or bed of Pharaoh, which used to stand on an eminence high above the river, is now at the water's edge, while the long colonnades are submerged half way to the capitals. If the height of the great dam is, as is proposed, to be increased by some sixteen feet, the temples of Philæ will soon be things of the past. It is true that they are late structures, and that they add little to the world's knowledge of Egyptian art or civilization; but, taken together, in their beautiful surroundings, they were, and are even now, the most charming group of ancient buildings in Egypt. One cannot refrain from lamenting over their destruction, even though the great dam has already added 500,000 acres to the arable land of Egypt and is expected to add at least 500,000 acres more.

Here in Cairo the great and constantly growing collection of antiquities, after having sojourned at Bulak and then at Gizeh, is at last permanently housed in the new Egyptian museum. The antiquities are for the most part already arranged, though no doubt various changes will be necessary from time to time. In many respects the new building is admirable. It is large and airy, and most of the exhibition rooms are lighted from above. In some of the rooms on the ground floor the light is insufficient. One is forced to admit that the objects exposed seem to be arranged more or less to fit the building, as if the building were the chief thing rather than its contents, and there is an unfortunate dearth of rooms in which serious scholars can work undisturbed and with good light on papyri or inscriptions. But these defects may perhaps be remedied as time goes on. For the present it is cause for thanksgiving that the magnificent collection is exhibited in a dignified, spacious, safe, and dry building.

The Arabian Museum in the Bab el-Khalk is now completed, and the collection of Arabian antiquities was moved into its permanent home some weeks ago. Just now the Khedivial library, with its important manuscripts and miniatures, is being arranged in the upper story of the same building. Students of Arabian art and antiquities will find the new arrangement a great improvement, and there is every reason to hope that the collection of antiquities will grow now that it has a permanent and spacious home. H. N. F.

Correspondence.

NOTIFICATION OF WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have waited a little after reading Mr. Sargent Holland's reply to me, in the hope that some other pundit would preach more comfortable doctrine. Having waited in vain, I suppose I must resign myself to the belief that there is nothing in public law to prevent one nation from suddenly attacking another without notification of war. We seem, in this respect, to have gone back since the days of the Romans, who declared war in the most formal manner, clearly specifying the cause, and giving ample notice to the enemy. There is not much comfort in the suggestion that great predatory powers may be trusted to abstain from outrage. It seems to be clearly proved that the strenuous person who is now President of the United States deliberately and insistently proposed to destroy a Spanish fleet at sea when his country was at peace with Spain.

It is supposed that Russia attacked the Turkish squadron at Sinope without notice of war. This is a mistake. The state of war had existed between the two Powers on the notification of Turkey for a full month previous to that affair. Of war between Russia and the allies of Turkey there had long been ample warning on both sides, and at last there were regular manifestoes.

Pacificus.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If college athletes were allowed to play for money during vacation, as some propose, it takes no special gift of foresight to disclose two inevitable results. The first is that a very large number of them would do so. Their intense interest in the sport would lead to it, the chance to make a little money would also have its weight, and the value of the practice towards successful work on the college team during the year to come would lead other students (if not instructors as well) to exert a strong pressure in the same direction. The second result would be that the permitted summer pay would immediately become the dishonest disguise for what would be in reality remuneration for work on the college team during the collegiate year.

Professor MacDonald is thoroughly right in the assertion that the real question is simply whether any distinction is to be maintained between college and professional sports. Are the ideals and methods of professional athletics such that college authorities are warranted in promoting their introduction into college life? Would the average parent of a college student of today be contented to see his son directly influenced by college policy in this matter towards the conclusion that the life of the professional athlete would be a desirable career for him to follow after graduation? Do past history and present conditions warrant the conclusion that there is no material distinction in respectability between sport as a permanently accepted profession and sport as a pleasurable means to that sanity of mind and body which the young man needs while in college, in order to pursue his studies successfully and fit himself for some serious occupation in after life?

The cause of college athletics as a matter of intercollegiate rivalry has no worse enemy than he who counsels a drop to the professional level. To heed such counsel would be the signal for a reaction which would for a time endanger the very existence of sports which are of the highest value if conducted on a thoroughly honest and non-professional basis.

W. H. Johnson.

THE BUCKTAIL BARDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The authorship of the 'Bucktail Bards,' issued in 1819 as 'The State Triumvirate,' has never, I believe, been claimed, but is usually attributed to Gulian C. Verplanck. Two pieces of evidence have recently come to my attention. One, a letter from Johnston Verplanck to Martin Van Buren, is precise on this point. It is dated December 25, 1819, the very month in which the 'Triumvirate' made its appearance.

"With this you will receive a copy of the 'Bucktail Bards.' Dick Shift you will find in a more respectable dress, and the epistles of Pindar Puff somewhat improved. J. Duer is, as you know, the author of the first and G. C. Verplanck of the last, as also of the Prolegomena, etc. We shall send some of the numbers to Albany, and trust you will lend us your aid in giving an extensive circulation to what will annoy and injure Clinton more than any other mode of attack."

In the Library of Congress is a copy of 'The State Triumvirate' containing some manuscript notes written in 1838, or nearly twenty years after the publication. Dick Shift is said to be Thomas J. Oakley. This Federalist supported Clinton and received the office of Attorney-General, *vice* Martin Van Buren, removed. "The State Triumvirate" consisted of Judge Ambrose Spencer, De Witt Clinton, and one called in the poem "Fallacio," whose name is not given, but I believe him to have been Judge William W. Van Ness, against whom articles of impeachment were brought by the Federalists in the next year. One of the manuscript notes is as follows:

"Rudolph Bunner. One of the authors of this book. A wit and scholar, and considered a 'promising man' till the day of his death, which took place about a year ago (1837). In Congress about ten years ago. General Jackson's inaugural address is attributed to his pen. John Randolph considered him out of the most brilliant men of his time. A Federalist—as were Duer and Verplanck, the other authors—until about the date of this book, when they all 'ratted,' in company with other distinguished Federalists. They called themselves the 'forty high-minded,' their enemies called them the 'Forty Thieves.' "

Bunner is mentioned in Duer's poem—"What wicked jests had uttered Bonnor"—but this does not militate against his having had a share in the book.

Worthington C. Ford.

Washington, March 15, 1904.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, announce that they will shortly issue in one volume a reprint of Patrick Gass's Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, edited by Dr. James K. Hosmer, and uniform in style with the publishers' library edition of Lewis and Clark.

Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, have nearly ready 'The World's Painters,' by James William Pattison.

'Our West India Neighbors,' by Frederick A. Ober, is in the press of James Pott & Co.

We are glad to learn that the great fire in Baltimore on February 7 spared the plates of the John Murphy Company, many of which were stored out of the city. This veteran publishing firm is temporarily established at the corner of Lombard and South Howard Streets.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. W. S. Baker issued his painstaking list of the 'Engraved Portraits of Washington,' so well made that collectors have come to recognize it as a necessary guide. The 436 items described were considered a very goodly number for a Washington collection, but Mr. Charles Henry Hart has found 880 distinct plates of engraved portraits of Washington upon copper and steel, and notes 634 different "states," making a total of 1,514 individual prints. Even this may be but a beginning, as there is no certainty that every state has come to his notice, and the collector has open to him a field large enough to gratify his every taste and exhaust his purse. With such a list as Mr. Hart has compiled, it is almost impossible to go astray, and the sumptuous form in which it appears, with its many photogravure reproductions of rare prints, will make it one of the most desirable of acquisitions. It does not follow that we are any nearer to a *good* portrait of Washington, one that can be taken as a standard. More than one-half of the prints recorded are from Gilbert Stuart, and from so well-known a representation to the extraordinary fictitious portraits every possible gradation of expression may be found. Some of the serious attempts are true caricatures, and such plates as that made by Paul Revere should be classed as curiosities. The Grolier Club has done well to issue in so satisfactory a form a compilation made by so capable a hand.

'Chats on Writers and Books,' by the late John N. Crawford, is the title of a limited edition of 275 copies brought out in two volumes by the Charles H. Sergel Co., Chicago. An introduction is furnished by Horatio W. Seymour. Mr. Crawford was a lawyer and newspaper essayist, and these "chats" are contributions to the press, covering a wide reach of English literature, from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Crabb Robinson. The essays, which it had been the author's intention to collect in a permanent form, seem to have been well adapted to their original purpose.

Under the title 'From Broom to Heather,' Prof. James Taft Hatfield of the Northwestern University has brought together ten pleasant sketches of a summer spent by him and a company of young Americans in the old Hessian castle of Staufenberg. The party boarded with the family of the ducal steward, but were given entire freedom of the whole castle, and seem to have enjoyed the strangeness of their situation with a keenness and zest reminding one of the experiences of Mark Twain's Yankee at King Arthur's court. Apart from lively descriptions of feudal traditions and relics, the little book contains also vivid impressions of contemporary German life in village and town, and accounts of excursions through a large part of middle and northern Germany, including a sojourn in Berlin. The clever illustrations are a credit both to the skill of the photographer and to the publishers, Jennings & Pye of Cincinnati.

'The Home Mechanic,' by John Wright (Dutton), is a volume of something over 400 pages dealing with wood and metal-working in a thorough if somewhat discursive manner. From the making of a simple wooden box—begun on the seventeenth page and finally completed on the fifty-third—the home mechanic is instructed in the niceties of cabinet work, taught the use of the lathe in turning both wood and metal, and given full working directions for the construction of a small steam-engine. Glazing, papering, whitewashing, soldering, electric wiring, and general household repairs are also treated; and the range should satisfy the most ambitious amateur. The directions are full and exact, and a proper emphasis is put on the selection and the care of tools, a number of which the amateur is taught to make for himself. The English authorship of the book reveals itself in some of the terms employed, which, like "joinery," "sprigbit," etc., have an unfamiliar sound to an American; in the little discourse on nails (p. 49), where the illustration shows unusual forms and names (the "French" nail with its "untidy" head); and in many other little ways. The author is evidently a man of wide mechanical experience, skill, and accurate knowledge in most of the matters with which he deals; but when he touches on electrical phenomena he is at once out of his depth. Some of the statements which betray him are distinctly funny. "Mrs. Galvani discovered galvanism by skinning frogs' legs, which she was preparing to cook for her husband's dinner in Paris." "Electricity can be kept in a bottle or other suitable receptacle in its separated condition"; and "can be compressed or expanded in much the same way as air or steam." The subject "is composed of a jargon of very 'scientific' terms; in fact, abbreviations of the names of people, spelt either backwards or forwards." It "is an interesting study when reduced to intelligible English, and freed from the jargon which so closely resembles that of a quack doctor, but the subject is much too long to be given in a book such as this. The amateur . . . should remember that the great discoveries are made by chance, and that with a little luck he can find some new property which he may call a 'Jack' or a 'Tom.' . . . Very little is yet known about electricity, but in the course of time its properties will probably be discovered. . . . In the present state of knowledge, electricity is a very dangerous toy to play with if used in large quantities; therefore the amateur must be careful."

From E. P. Dutton we have a handsome volume, printed in England, on 'Liquid Fuel and its Combustion,' by William H. Booth. The subject is one in which there is now a wide and general interest, and this work, which deals fully and authoritatively with the matters concerned, will be welcomed. The author gives an account of what has been done in the way of utilizing liquid fuels since the first introduction of the practice some twenty-five years ago; and discusses the development of practice and theory, with descriptions of various systems and the apparatus employed. The economies of liquid fuels are carefully considered, and chapters are included on boiler feed water and its purification, the storage and distribution of fuel oils, analysis of flue gases, and compressed air and air compressors. The work is well illustrated, and an appendix, which fills about one-third of the 400 pages, contains much valuable information in regard to official tests, the rules and requirements of fire underwriters, etc., and many useful tables.

A thin volume of 'Tables for Chemical Calculations,' by Professor Wells of the

Sheffield Scientific School (Holt), contains a five-place table of logarithms and logarithmic factors of all the data which are given. The book commends itself by some features which are novel in laboratory aid of this character. The one fault we have to find with it is a structural one. The first twenty-four pages are cut to facilitate reference to the logarithmic tables, with the result that one turns to the data on these first pages with considerable trouble and vexation.

'Physical Chemistry in the Service of the Sciences,' by Jacobus H. van't Hoff, English version by Alexander Smith (University of Chicago Press), is a small book with a striking portrait of Van't Hoff, of whose genius it is hardly worthy. We read in Mr. Smith's preface that "the lectures were delivered in English," yet the author speaks of the "version here presented" and of "diese englische Ausgabe"; so that we infer that the English of the original needed correction. It is, at least, interesting to see these matters dealt with by this important chemist and physicist.

The Société de Géographie of Paris has just issued, under the legacy of Renoust des Orgeries, the first number of the 'Documents Scientifiques de la Mission Saharienne,' by F. Foureau, chief of the expedition (Paris: Masson). The astronomical and meteorological observations here presented will be followed by reports on topography, geology, biology, ethnology and archæology. One must regret that the accounts of the wind and thunder storms, of which many were encountered, are so largely subjective as to give no clear idea of the entire disturbance, in which the observer could, of course, actually feel only a very subordinate part. It may be noted that the legacy of M. des Orgeries is to be applied to the aid of expeditions that are planned to bring the interior of Africa peacefully under the influence of France, and to make a homogeneous whole of her actual possession in Algeria, Senegal, and the Congo territory.

The exigencies of the German alphabet bring together, in volume five of the new edition of 'Meyers Konversations-Lexikon' —*Differenzgeschäfte-Erde*—(Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), wireless telegraphy, the three-plate color process, iron, railroads, precious stones, and electricity in manifold phases even to electrotherapy. These are all illustrated, the color printing in a very interesting way. So are the articles on eggs and evolution; the latter naturally overlapping the plates of embryology. There are excellent maps of Dresden, Düsseldorf, Edinburgh, Elberfeld-Barmen, Elsass-Lothringen, England and Wales; and a chart of earthquakes and volcanos. Encyclopædias are fitly treated historically. Dreyfus and Dumont rest amicably side by side in print. Frederick Douglass gets a quarter of a page, and a German edition of his autobiography, published in Hamburg in 1860, is cited; but the sketch is not too correct. There is a grave omission of President C. W. Eliot from notable Americans. As an example of what one may find, or expect to find, in this work, we may mention as a dictionary rubric Voltaire's "Écrasez l'infâme"—a cry much desiderated in this country for more than one evil element in our body politic.

Prof. Julius Goebel of Leland Stanford University contributes to the serial publication "Der Kampf um das Deutschtum" (Munich: J. F. Lehmann) the latest number, dealing with the German element in the United States. The author gives a readable and interesting sketch of the history of German immigration in this country; of the leading characters in this history from Pastorius to Francis Lieber and Karl Heinzen; and of the present condition, social and intellectual, of the German-American population. His expositions display a strongly pronounced personality with very decided sympathies and antipathies, so that the reader sometimes finds it difficult to maintain his own equilibrium of mind in perusing these pages. That a patriot like Carl Schurz should be characterized as "ein Mann, der für die Sache des klug von ihm benutzten Deutschtums nie etwas übrig hatte, als schadlose Redensarten," seems to be carrying partisan bias altogether too far. There is, however, a good deal of sound common sense in this book, and the author's insistence on the importance of the preservation of the German language in the interest of American society at large is entirely just.

The principal contents of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number one, are an account of the geology of Canada by Prof. H. Haas, an extended notice of the new edition of Stieler's 'Handatlas,' and Dr. K. Vogelsang's narrative of his expedition in central China to investigate the mineral resources of the Ta-pa-shan mountain range. He was led to form an unfavorable opinion as to their extent and richness, the coal being barely sufficient to supply the local demand. Dr. Andersson gives a sketch of the Swedish Antarctic expedition, with a summary of its scientific results.

The modern doctrine that mountain peaks and ridges usually owe their form to the erosion of valleys in broadly uplifted masses of the earth's crust, seldom finds better illustration than in those parts of the Cascade range that are described in recent essays by G. O. Smith and B. Willis (Professional Paper No. 19, U. S. Geological Survey). The mountains are shown to be an uplifted and maturely dissected portion of a broad lowland of erosion which formerly occupied a large area in this region, and of which the less uplifted and therefore less dissected portions are seen in the great lava plains of the Columbia River. The mountains are mountains not by reason of violent and disorderly uplift, as used to be taught, and as still may be believed in many quarters, but by reason of gradual and orderly stream and river work. They give us a good example of the veritable tortoise of uniformitarian erosion not only outstripping but even driving from the field the fabulous hare of catastrophic mountain upheaval. An appropriate corollary to this demonstration is found in the cañon of the Yakima, followed by the Northern Pacific Railroad, where the river has held its course and cut a gorge across several uplifts of the land that must have diverted the river to some other path had they been of rapid origin. Lake Chelan, an unusually deep basin on the eastern side of the Cascades, is ascribed to glacial erosion; but the omission of all mention in this connection of Gannett's noteworthy article on the lake (*National Geographic Magazine*, 1898) is a blemish on an otherwise edifying report.

A recent report from the University of Halle mentions the interesting fact that this institution was the first in Germany to give the medical degree to a woman, the present year being the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that event. It was in 1754 that the University created a daughter of Dr. Leporin of Halle a "Doctor Medicinæ." Her scientific studies had been carried on under the direction of her father, but in the University halls she defended a set of theses that secured her these academic honors. She is no doubt the pioneer of the modern university movement among the women of Germany, having as early as 1742 published a work entitled 'Gründliche Untersuchung der Ursachen, die das weibliche Geschlecht vom Studieren abhalten, darin deren Unerheblichkeit gezeigt wird, und, wie möglich, nötig und nützlich sey, dass dieses Geschlecht der Gelahrheit sich befleisse.' This first woman doctor of Germany died in 1762. We remark, by the way, that the University of Königsberg, in which the reaction against women students that set in about two years ago in the Prussian universities went so far that the medical faculty practically excluded women entirely, has, in a measure, relented. The medical department now again admits women to anatomical work, but not with the men.

In order to determine the average weight of the human brain, Professor Marchand of the Pathological Institute of the University of Marburg has, during the past seven years, examined 1,234 specimens. It appears that in the case of men between fifteen and fifty the average weight of the brain is 1,400 grammes; in the case of women 1,300 grammes. Only 30 per cent. of the males showed a weight higher than 1,450, and 20 per cent. less than 1,300 grammes. In the case of women, 25 per cent. had brains weighing less than 1,200 grammes, but 55 per cent. had brains weighing from 1,200 to 1,350. The difference in weight is not conditioned by the difference in bodily size, for men and women of the same size and weight show this difference as well as others. Professor Marchand asserts that the weight of the brain at birth is doubled in the first three-quarters of a year, and is trebled before the completion of the third year, after which period the rate of increase is much less. In the case of men, full development is reached at the age of eighteen or twenty; in the case of women, at sixteen or eighteen years. In childhood the ratio of the development of the brain and of the body is the same in males and females, independent of age, until the body has attained a length of 70 centimetres.

Beirut is the seat of the largest American institution of learning outside the United States, the Syrian Protestant College. Our consul reports that there are now 45 professors and instructors, 28 of whom are native Americans and graduates of American colleges, and 667 students. It has five departments, medicine, pharmacy, commerce, arts, and archæology. Last fall it trebled the size of its chemical laboratory and opened a "model pharmacy" in it. There are fourteen commodious buildings and a campus of about fifty acres. The English language is the principal medium of instruction.

A very comprehensive folding map of the theatre of war in the East has just been issued by the Bibliographisches Institut of

Leipzig (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The main chart sweeps from Swatow and Formosa on the south to the middle of Saghalin, on a scale of 1:5,000,000. Side maps show Korea and the Yellow Sea environs (embracing Pekin), all enlarged to 1:3,000,000; the Liao-Tung Peninsula, with Port Arthur and Dalny, 1:850,000; Port Arthur itself, 1:22,000; the Tokio-Yokohama littoral, 1:200,000, and Yokohama 1:75,000. In this net all the operations by land and sea will surely be caught. The delineation is clear and elegant, and the only drawback to American use is the German transliteration; but, so far as China at least is concerned, where was a standard orthography ever attained, even in English? The author of this map is P. Krauss.

Equally deserving of mention and coming to us from the same New York house are two folding sheets of which the larger in form is A. Scobel's "Politische Karte von Japan, Korea, China und der Mandschurei" (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing). It contains seven maps: of the world for trade routes to China, of Asia for population, of Eastern Asia from Japan to Lake Baikal, Tibet, Burma and Tonkin, and the Chinese coast from Hong Kong to the northern extremity of Korea, with the environs of Canton and Hong Kong, Pekin and Kiao-Chau enlarged. The lettering is remarkably clear even when at its finest. The smaller form (but slightly larger sheet) is A. Herrich's 'Ost-Asien' (Glogau: Carl Flemming), also bearing seven maps paralleling some of Scobel's, but with Tokio and Seul added, the Gulf of Pichili for Port Arthur, and the Siberian railroad in connection with the European system. The continental map is mostly of the coast, and is on a liberal scale. Japan is shown in its entirety. While the execution is hardly abreast of that of the maps previously mentioned, the appearance is fairly open and legible.

Mr. William I. Fletcher's Summer School of Library Economy will open at Amherst, Mass., for the fourteenth season, on July 5, and close on August 12. Classes will be formed in French and German, with possible French and German boarding tables.

—In his capacity as president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. Charles Francis Adams last October commented destructively on the late Abram S. Hewitt's personal reminiscences concerning Queen Victoria's intervention in favor of the North during our civil war. It was a question of dates, place, and persons present, and not directly of the Queen's attitude of mind. In January Mr. Adams returned to the subject in a paper now partly reproduced in the Society's Proceedings (II., December, 1903—January, 1904). This is a compact little study of the mood and trend of the Palmerston-Russell-Gladstone Ministry up to the decisive point where its movement, looking to a European intervention in favor of a settlement of the American conflict, was suddenly blocked after the calling of a Cabinet meeting to that end. Mr. Adams gives abundant documentary grounds for believing that the veto proceeded from the Queen, probably while at Gotha, in the autumn of 1862, and through Lord Granville, then in attendance upon her; and not so much (if at all) from her own sympathy with the North or with the American republic as from her pious sense of being the depositary of the wishes of the late Prince Consort. Mr. Adams opines that "at the very most critical period of our foreign relations during the civil war—a period when it was simply touch-and-go with the Union—the whole course of events may not impossibly have turned on the individual attitude of the widow of Prince Albert." He suspects that the Granville papers, if examined, might solve the mystery of Palmerston's checkmate.

—In the series of monographs on "Historic Highways" which Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert is writing for Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, the seventh volume, entitled 'Portage Paths: The Keys of the Continent,' describes geographically and historically these important roads—originally Indian carries, now the lines of important railways and canals, and often the main streets of large towns. Volume nine, 'Waterways of Westward Expansion,' is devoted to early navigation on the Ohio and other Western rivers; and volume ten, 'The Cumberland Road,' gives an account of our first national pike, built by Congress to open the West, which "carried thousands of population and millions of wealth into the West, and, more than any other material structure in the land, served to harmonize and strengthen, if not to save, the Union." In each of these volumes an important story is interestingly told. Publication of the eighth volume, 'Military Roads of the Mississippi Basin,' has been delayed to permit of more thorough investigation. It had been well if other volumes in the series had received the same consideration, for the successive volumes continue to demonstrate the excellence of the author's plan and the negligence of its execution. A fine opportunity has been wasted by an astonishing indifference to that accuracy of statement on which all valuable writing of history must rest.

—While space fails us to enumerate even the more startling misstatements, we suggest to the investigator that the errata may be usefully classified as follows: (a) Inconsistent misinformation: *e. g.*, the first steamer on the Ohio was built at Pittsburgh in 1811 (vol. ix., pp. 101, 137). It was built at Brownsville in 1811 (ix., p. 140). A regular line of steamer packets ran from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati in 1796 (i., p. 31). (b) Intermittent misinformation, as when Fort Frederic is placed alternately at Ticonderoga and at Crown Point. (c) Insufficient misinformation, as exemplified in saying that the names of Rome and Rochester, N. Y., were taken from the Classical Dictionary. (d) Ingenuous misinformation, wherein—the converse of (c)—an inexact statement receives verisimilitude by being adorned with plausible detail. Thus, after ignoring the Hudson-Wood Creek Portage and giving disproportionate importance to the portage from the Hudson to Lake George, the author adds, "The Hudson-Lake George portage is quite accurately drawn on Col. Römer's map of 1700." Römer draws a portage, and draws it accurately, but it is the portage to Wood Creek. His map indicates no route to Lake George. Mr. Hulbert takes opportunity "to offer a plea for the wide study of historic sites and for placing there monuments of some kind for the purposes of identification before it be all too late." In this plea we heartily join, with the added prayer that writers of serious history will refrain from setting up so many monuments in wrong places, and from displaying so many misguiding signboards along the Highways which they invite us to tread.

—Many interesting and little-known facts about Iceland are told in a small pamphlet of 80 pages entitled 'Mímir: Icelandic Institutions and Addresses,' printed in Copenhagen, and dedicated to the third Italian bibliographical conference in Florence. With a population of 80,000 inhabitants the island supports 41 periodicals, while 10 Icelandic periodicals are published in Selkirk and Winnipeg, Manitoba, for a constituency of 25,000 Icelanders! This colony has also several schools, churches, and other institutions. Iceland itself has not less than nine learned societies, one college, three professional schools, several high schools and agricultural schools, three museums, eight libraries, and its own national archives. There are three public funds for the encouragement of research and education, with a total endowment of approximately $40,000, and the annual Government appropriation for educational and scientific purposes amounts to upwards of $100,000 out of a budget of $450,000. The College of Iceland dates from the twelfth century, and the Althing is the oldest representative body in the world. The national library received some years ago from a donor who wished to be anonymous (and we will only say that he was an American) a remarkable collection of literature on the noble game of chess, of which the islanders are great devotees. The object of the present publication is (1) "to facilitate research, in the territory which it attempts to cover"; (2) "to inform the people of Iceland of the interest taken in their early literature and history throughout the world"; (3) "to bring the foreign student of Old-Northern letters . . . into nearer relations with the only region in which . . . the sagas are still household reading"; (4) "to promote the proper development, already happily begun, of that little nationality, a fragment of the old Teutonic world, which has kept itself alive, against innumerable obstacles, on the border of the Arctic seas."

—The natural wonders of Iceland are enthusiastically described, and the island commended as an ideal summer sanatorium, not at all difficult of access. "How to get to Iceland" is shown, as well as how to obtain Icelandic books for foreign libraries and to send books to Iceland. "The large public libraries will most gladly receive any books whatever, since their means for purchases are very restricted, and the demands of their readers insatiable; but, for the smaller book-collections scattered over the land, useful or entertaining (rather than purely learned) works will be especially acceptable—for not only is the fondness for reading everywhere great, but the opportunity for it, in the long evenings of winter, is most ample." In this connection it should be noted that, "next to Icelandic, Danish, and Swedish, the tongue most generally known throughout the island is English." The pamphlet gives the addresses of some eighty Icelandic scholars and more than two hundred foreign writers on Icelandic subjects, with an additional fifty in a supplement; their most important writings are mentioned, and the editors intend to make this bibliographical feature more prominent in a new issue which may be expected to come out some time this year. "To attain

the desired completeness," the editors state in the preface, "additions and corrections, changes of address and other information will be gratefully received and gladly used if addressed before June 1, 1904, to Mímir, Lungo il Mugnone 11, Florence, Italy." A request addressed as indicated will presumably secure to the interested a copy of the pamphlet itself.

—The art competitions encouraged annually at the New Year's season by the metropolitan newspapers of Tokio, Osaka, and Kioto, show little tendency to depart from fixed ideals and traditions. There is, indeed, among the score or so before us, one picture possessing some artistic merit, by Eisaku-Wada of Paris, a Japanese student who sends a well-produced semi-nude figure of Echo. In the French impressionist style, a young woman unclothed above the waist, stands against a background of green trunk trees in the forest gloaming. It is probable that such a picture cannot be acceptable to the Japanese, who, except in the case of a narrow circle of admirers, thus far have shown very little tendency to enjoy or appreciate the nude in art. Among the rich color pieces are those of a damsel holding a mirror, and another of a little girl within the house playing with her silk-wound ball in front of the New Year's decorations. Another, with appropriate poetry, shows in delightfully harmonious coloring a nineteenth-century lady of the court, and is a feast to the eye. One striking color print represents with pleasing accuracy that mediæval literary lady, Murasaki, whose famous novel of the eleventh century is still to-day not only a classic, but the acknowledged standard of the language—whether for Bible translation or the higher ranges of pure Japanese style. Most interesting to the lover of folk-lore is the daughter of the dragon king of the world under the sea, who moves through the sparkling waves to her home among the coral groves, with all her towers and pagodas flaunting banners of nacre and flags of pearl. If any one doubts that the art of Japan is living, and has been as yet but slightly influenced by the Occident, a single glance at these twenty specimens of recent art work thus patronized and stimulated by the newspapers would convince him to the contrary.

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE'S EDITION OF WALPOLE'S LETTERS.

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Orford. Chronologically arranged, and edited with notes and indices, by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. In sixteen volumes, with portraits and facsimiles. Vols. I. to IV. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.

It is difficult to add anything to what has been often and well said of Horace Walpole. His character, personal and literary, is rare and exceptional, but not hard to understand or to depict. It is, as observed by Macaulay, whose good sense here as elsewhere hits the mark which his vehemence of language seems to overshoot, the character of one to whom affectation is so natural that it ceases to be affectation. "The art itself is nature." The uniqueness of his position as a man of letters may be summed up in the observation that he is one of the few who have achieved real distinction by perfection in little things. What in the hands of another man of equal gifts might have been great, is with him small; what such a man might have disdained as small, he has made great. He is one of perhaps the only three persons who have obtained great celebrity in the world of letters by familiar correspondence alone—the younger Pliny, Madame de Sévigné, and himself. Other famous letter-writers, from Cicero to Edward FitzGerald, might possibly have gained immortality by letter-writing alone, but have so much wider and more substantial claims to recognition that their familiar correspondence merely counts, as Wordsworth so prettily says of Dante's sonnets, as a myrtle leaf in the chaplet of bay. Pliny and Madame de Sévigné had probably no great capacity for other kinds of composition, but Walpole, as historian, critic, and romancer, possessed not only talent, but originality. The apparently idle and frivolous hunter of curiosities was really a pioneer. His 'Castle of Otranto,' the first blossom of the romantic revival in Europe, actually anticipated by a few months the publication of the Percy Ballads, from which that revival is most commonly and perhaps most accurately dated. His 'Historic Doubts' respecting Richard the Third, though his particular thesis may be unsustainable, set a wholesome example of independence in historical research. Yet these works, though noteworthy as chronological mementos, would in no other respect have immortalized the author.

The accepted explanation of this phenomenon is no doubt the correct one. Walpole was not only an author, but a fine gentleman, and wrote in mortal dread of compromising his social reputation. He went further than Eugène Sue, who is said to have invariably written in a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves, presented to him by a lacquey upon a golden salver. Walpole's kid enveloped the whole man. Hence his relations with Fame, in so far as concerned what might have been the serious part of his work as an author, resemble Congreve's relations with Voltaire. Congreve, when visited by the latter, disclaimed all interest in his dramatic works, and affected to desire to be regarded solely as a fine gentleman. Voltaire told him that if he had considered him merely in this light, he would not have come to see him. If Fame has visited any of Walpole's works besides his letters, it is the delightful and truly valuable Memoirs of the Reigns of George the Second and George the Third, which approach most nearly to the character of letters, and might almost pass for letters addressed to himself by himself, and fused into a continuous narrative by the excision of the formal headings and conclusions.

If Walpole comparatively failed as a serious author through posing as an amateur and dilettante, he succeeded all the better in a style of composition from which amateurism and dilettantism were excluded by a genuine wish to excel. The labor requisite to make him a valuable historian or a sound critic of art was repugnant to his nature, but he did not mind spending any amount of time in seasoning a paragraph or polishing a period. He combined the characteristics of the preachers and the actors of his age, who, said Garrick, respectively delivered discourses on momentous themes as though they were matters of no consequence, and declaimed fictions as though they were insisting on solemn truths. There is scarcely one of Walpole's letters, on however trifling a subject, which does not bear the trace of careful composition. He showed that he looked to posterity as well as to his correspondents by keeping copies of his letters, and, when he could recover the originals, destroying or revising these with no sparing hand. Most of his letters to Mme. du Deffand, reclaimed by him, have disappeared, probably because he found their French incorrect; the letters to Sir Horace Mann survive only in expurgated copies. "His worst he kept, his best he gave," is as true of him as of the poet, and it is but justice to gauge his worth by his epistles. About the merit of these there have been no two opinions. They entirely fulfil the two chief conditions we are entitled to exact from the familiar letter-writer, that he should paint the sphere in which he moves, and that, in so doing, he should paint himself. This Walpole effects with perfect success, and has the advantage over every eminent competitor except Cicero and Sévigné that his sphere is not a coterie, but a large, cultivated, animated, and brilliant if frivolous society.

The name which has hitherto been chiefly connected with Walpole's in an editorial capacity is that of Peter Cunningham. Cunningham is by no means immaculate as a man of letters—as a would-be illustrator of Shakspere, indeed, there are serious stains upon his character; but as an editor of Walpole he could not go far wrong within the limits which he prescribed to himself. He collected such letters as were already in type or could be procured without much difficulty, printed them handsomely on good paper, supplied a modicum of useful annotation, and produced nine volumes exceedingly becoming to the shelf, from which, it is just to add, they have up to our time been continually taken down. After forty-six years' reign Cunningham is dethroned by a lady, who beats him out of the field by sheer weight of metal. Whereas the last issue of Cunningham's edition has 2,654 letters, representing 95 correspondents, Mrs. Toynbee's edition will have 3,061, representing 150. It will be observed that the proportion of the new correspondents is much in excess of the proportion of new letters, and this is highly significant. Cunningham took what was already conspicuous, Mrs. Toynbee has hunted in nooks and corners. She has cared supremely for her author, and has aimed at erecting a monument to his memory; Cunningham merely thought of achieving, as creditably as might be without much labor, a pleasant and lucrative piece of literary work. Mrs. Toynbee's zeal, on the other hand, has guided her to autograph dealers, to auctioneers' catalogues, to back numbers of periodicals, and to the stores of collectors like the late Mr. Alfred Morrison. Most of these recoveries seem to belong to Walpole's latter days, for the number of letters in the four volumes of this edition already published not already in Cunningham's is not very considerable, and but few of these are now printed for the first time. Some, however, have hitherto appeared only in places where they could be accessible but to the few. Among these is the earliest letter of Walpole that has been preserved, one addressed at the age of fourteen to Charles Lyttelton, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, and the ac-

complished scholar to whom the Society of Antiquaries is believed to be indebted for its unique collection of single-sheet royal proclamations. Few schoolboys of the present day could write so elegantly, or would write so formally. Some verses enclosed have not been preserved.

Mrs. Toynbee not only has added numerous letters to Cunningham's edition, but has ascertained remarkable facts concerning letters already in print. Cunningham's text has been shown to be frequently faulty in the case of letters first printed by him, even when he had access to the originals. He has also perpetuated many errors of his predecessors, including a very odd one by which Mrs. Piazzi was converted into Bruce, the African traveller. His omissions are usually justifiable on the ground of propriety, and Mrs. Toynbee has felt herself necessitated to follow his example in the case of a large portion of the letters to Sir Horace Mann, which Cunningham republished, but apparently saw only in print. The originals of the letters to Mann are not in existence, having been destroyed by Walpole himself, to whom, in persuance of an arrangement between the correspondents, they were periodically returned. This proves that Walpole, from an early period, contemplated publication and aspired to epistolary fame, and this appears still more evidently from his having caused numerous passages to be omitted from the transcript made by his direction, and then destroyed the originals. The proscribed passages were nevertheless copied separately by his faithless secretary; but, these copies having been eventually given up to and burned by Walpole's executor, the passages are lost to the world, if that can be said to be lost which in all probability is no loss. So defective, indeed, was Walpole's *index expurgatorius* that the first editors of the correspondence, instead of vouchsafing the smallest hint to the public, omitted a considerable portion of what Walpole had retained; and their twentieth-century successor, albeit possessed with more than an Athenian's eagerness to hear or tell some new thing, is constrained to approve and imitate their action. The same remark applies to the omissions made by Cunningham in the letters to George Montagu. Whether similar or equally valid reasons justify Lord Ilchester's refusal to allow Mrs. Toynbee to see the letters in his possession cannot at present be known. The Earl's character for urbanity and culture requires Walpole to be scandalous; readers, nevertheless, will scarcely refrain from wishing his lordship churlish, and the letters fit for publication.

In other cases, Mrs. Toynbee has been unable to confirm the judgment of her predecessors; she has, for example, restored numerous passages in Walpole's letters to the Misses Berry which were omitted not merely by Cunningham, but by Lady Theresa Lewis, who had herself made many additions to Cunningham's text. As these are among the last in chronological order, it is as yet impossible to say whether Mrs. Toynbee's additions are of much importance—probably not; but it is always worth while to preclude all suspicion of garbling. There seems to have been much of this in the case of the letters to Hannah More, and Mrs. Toynbee particularly regrets not having been able to inspect the originals of all of them, since in those which she has examined passages have been cancelled and proper names erased, a disfigurement imperfectly compensated by the insertion of words and phrases by the elegant pen of Hannah More herself. Out of 177 letters to Marshal Conway, the originals of twenty-seven only are available for collation. Where can the others be? The letters to Madame du Deffand, seven excepted, are certainly irrecoverable. Out of the three thousand and odd letters promised by Mrs. Toynbee, the four volumes now published contain 720, down to November, 1760, the last being the celebrated account of the funeral of George II., with the description of the demeanor of "the burlesque Duke of Newcastle, running about the chapel to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other."

In the points of print, paper, and illustration, these volumes are in every way worthy of the Clarendon Press. The neat impression on India paper is especially to be commended, as it abolishes the difficulty of space, which might exclude the library edition from many dwellings, the sixteen imposing tomes being reduced to eight pocket volumes. Four illustrations are given with each volume, all so far portraits, except the welcome facsimile of Walpole's first letter. There will be eleven portraits of the author himself, three published for the first time. The first of these in date, the frontispiece to the first volume, prophetically represents "Master Horace Walpole" in the act of writing. The only criticism we can find to offer respects the annotation, which is excellent in quality, but might have been more ample. Walpole's own notes are preserved, except when mere repetitions; and Mrs. Toynbee "has added others whose usefulness, so far as they go, make us wish that they went further. Some ambiguous points are left unexplained, and the general reader would have been thankful for some information respecting many of the personages mentioned. It certainly would be inexpedient to swamp the text with commentary, but an accompanying volume of notes might be made almost as entertaining as the text itself.

MORE NOVELS.

Two Sides of the Face. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Deliverance. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Novels, Stories and Sketches of F. Hopkinson Smith. "Beacon Edition." Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's story of a butler personating his absent master can make none but the unskilful laugh. In his ghost story the ghosts are as detached from any reason for existing as they are from the flesh. But of the eight in his book, these two are the only stories that are not characteristically good. The rest range over the latter half of the eighteenth century in England, illustrating the rough living, violent manners, and military compulsions of a period when rudeness ruled the Court, the camp, the grove. When Mr. Quiller-Couch's heroes go on secret service in the Peninsular campaigns, or when his Cornish men undertake to defend their hearths and homes from the sheriff, a good story may confidently be expected—a rattling good story, we might say if there were not in his tone and topic something of more dignity than rattle; say, rather, a well-controlled thunder. No better story of its kind is to be read than "Stephen of Steens," whose house was his castle, "not perhaps by law, but assuredly by right."

Says the heroine of Ellen Glasgow's novel, in speaking of the love of a certain wife for her unsatisfactory husband, "It was a great love, which is the next best thing to a great faith." Answers the hero: "It was more than that—it was a great deliverance." The book may be called the story of a man's deliverance from evil by the love of a woman—a love great, compelling, conquering, and (if the mere reviewer may say so) stolid. When a woman finds that the man she loves has been engaged for five years in deliberately corrupting her brother in order to serve his own purposes of revenge, it would seem that his confession should turn her at least temporarily from him. Not in the least in the case of Maria Fletcher. Even at the moment of revelation, "her faint smile was still sketched about the corners of her mouth." Only later come "smothered sobs," and then words of incredible leniency: "Oh, how unhappy—how unhappy you have been!" Even the moral-suasion Mother, when Mary pushed baby into the street, held up her finger at Mary. Probably few things in a lover are so irresistible for a woman as to find him renouncing wrong-doing for her sake; but when that wrong is the prepense ruin of her own brother, body and soul, forgiveness itself might well forget its errand for the moment. In truth, the whole story of Christopher Blake's revenge on the overseer who is supposed (never proved) to have cheated him out of his ancestral acres, is an over-painful one to weight the hero of a novel withal. Were he pirate or murderer, he would be easier to follow. His godlike brow and his brutal mouth are contradictions of which the resultant is a creature to be beloved by the author only; certainly not by the reader—least of all, one would think, by the heroine at first sight and ever after, through her own unhappy first marriage and without flinching in the face of the discovery that he has sent her young brother to the dogs. His final sacrifice in taking upon himself punishment for the crime of the boy whom he had rendered capable of committing it, is fine enough to justify the reader in a little relenting—an act of grace impossible to a heroine already hopelessly committed to her infatuation.

The passion of the Blake family for the land that Blakes had lived on for two hundred years, is as intense and ineradicable as that of Quiller-Couch's Stephen of Steens. The picture of the defrauded and exiled family is full of pathos, and would be even more moving if, through any of the lamentings or reminiscences or heroic adjustment to privations, we could discover that the passion for the past included any higher or deeper sentiment than the passion for old port, old mahogany, old brocade, old plain thinking, and old deep drinking. It would be pleasant to love as well as pity the blind old dame who, in her silk and lace, lives for years on the kindly lies of her family and fancies herself still in her old home, the citizen of a firmly established

Southern Confederacy. Her memories of past grandeur are punctuated with epigrams of the cynical sort, chiefly about marriage. Though she says that to be a gentleman "embraces all morality and a good deal of religion," in reality she places less stress on either than on social correctness in adventure, and good breeding in the use of the ash-tray. The cheerful, optimistic old soldier wreck who has learned to be happy in watching the sky and the dandelions, regrets least in his life "his youthful follies," and "likes best to recall" the fact that he was ready to ruin himself for a woman—"even though he didn't." Are these the ideals that chivalry stores up for old age? The pretty daughter whom all the others spare in the general drudgery of their bitter poverty, is the familiar Southern type in the familiar faded flowered-muslin style, within and without. The spinster sister who carries the family on her shoulders and imposes her saintliness on theirs as reprisal, is a piteous likeness of many a Southern daughter surviving her family's days of luxury; slaving endlessly for them, with a vast legacy of pride of the sort that handicaps rather than helps. The heroine, sprung from the despised overseer class, is the real aristocrat of the group, barring the anomaly of her attitude toward the hero. Among the poor whites are some delightfully humorous characters. Mrs. Spade's downright views of life, for all their caricature, seem to clear the air of Mrs. Blake's musky fine-ladyism: "The best rule to follow, accordin' to my way of thinkin'," says Mrs. Spade, "is to make up yo' mind right firm that no matter what evil falls upon a person, it ain't nearly so bad as the good Lord ought to have made it." "'Virtue may not take the place of beaux,' my po' ma used to say, 'but it will ease her along mighty well without 'em.'"

Tobacco is a leading character in the story. We see the Virginians looking to it for their daily bread as for their daily work; we follow it as a crop and as a motive; we see Virginia methods of two hundred years ago still applied to the processes of the planting and the harvest; we see the human struggle surging round it as it always surges round the mainstay of material life, whatever that may be. Whatever glamour tobacco can borrow from sunrise and moonlight is here with all the dignity that labor's hard hand can bring. Not as poison, luxury, or comfort does it win a thought, but as life or death. Instinctively Millet's pictures come to the mind's eye as one follows the struggle of man with Nature. With its many interests, black, white, human, inanimate, ethical, social, psychologic, 'The Deliverance' offers richness and variety. The writing is almost wholly good, the reading often so, however one may protest against improbabilities, or however weary one may have become of decayed Southern gentility.

The tenth volume of the "Beacon Edition" of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's works closes the subscription edition as originally announced. But why may we not hope to welcome many more volumes so long as publishers and author shall live—each volume in its cheerful cloth dress, each with its colored illustrations from the writer or other competent sources, each with its beautiful paper and printing and with its water-marked lighthouse on every page, token of the author's reputation in making beacons and stories well-built and shining? Of the lighter aspects of travel there is no more bright, cheery, open-eyed chronicler than Mr. Hopkinson Smith. A happy hospitality of mind toward mankind, a huge appetite for picturesque experiences, a painter's eye, a gypsy's joy of life, a robust, unorganized charity for the under dog, a humorist's sense of situation, a constructor's sense of climax are the palpable features of his equipment. His stories are conspicuously to the point; a small point, it may be, but polished and executive. Charming are his sketches of all lands of color, be they Mexico, Holland, or Italy.

When it comes to portraiture, like other portrait artists Mr. Smith excels in one direction. One who has taken out of life and put into literature Colonel Carter, Chad, Captain Joe, Major Slocomb, Mr. Moon, and the Man from Troy has generously atoned for the artificiality of many others of his men portraits and most of his women. Of these, 'Tom Grogan,' the woman stevedore, is the most widely celebrated, but even Tom reads like an episode expanded into a bursting Cardigan jacket. As the heroine of a short story, we can fancy her the very spirit of womanly hauling. What is above and beyond this is perilously near the "mitherless bairn" fashion of portraiture. So, too, the many gentle old Southern ladies in the gallery remain in mind as fluffy creations of lace, white locks, and pot-pourri, turned out after a conventional pattern and quite undifferentiated.

Between the short stories and the Novels we make an analogous comparison. The stories stand with the best of the men portraits, let us say; they are nature reflected and interpreted. The novels, on the other hand, have a touch of the process method—thus much episode, thus much purple and fine linen, thus much dinner-pail; a little love, a little more sentiment, a few tears, a due portion of laughter, three table-d'hôte meals a day with wine or beer, all disposed about the central real achievement—the historically valuable Southern home, the admirable lighthouse, the lovable pump, the captivating diving-bell, the fascinatingly personal engine. These be the true heroes of his novels—the cake to which the folk are icing, with an over-tendency to sugar. Captain Joe and Captain Bob may be excepted. They are as winning as enrockment blocks and boat derricks. And yet we like them even better when they figure in the short stories. In these, indeed, there is rarely a person, a phrase or a color that does not absolutely fit into the scheme, and one may be sure that all conduce to a final touch which proves to be an accolade.

BOOKS FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

Wagner's Parsifal. By Maurice Kufferath. Henry Holt & Co.

Theodore Leschetizky. By Comtesse Angèle Potocka. Century Co.

The Life of Hector Berlioz. Translated by Katharine F. Boult. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Founders of Music. By Hannah Smith. G. Schirmer.

The Ring of the Nibelung. By Alice Leighton Cleather and Basil Crump. G. Schirmer.

Woman's Work in Music. By Arthur Elson. L. C. Page & Co.

The English translation of Professor Kufferath's admirable monograph on "Parsifal" appeared first about the time of the production of that opera as an oratorio under Anton Seidl's direction in Brooklyn, in 1890; it has been out of print for some time, and now reappears with an introduction by H. E. Krehbiel, and with all the mistakes of the first issue. Over and over again the word harmonies is printed harmonics, as it was in that edition; and, pray, what is the "trituration of motives" we read of on page 294 (where we also find modulation in place of modulations)? The new edition would no doubt have had a large sale had it appeared three months ago, when booksellers were at their wits' ends to supply the demand for books on Wagner's *Bühnenweihfestspiel*; but it will not be ignored now, for "Parsifal" will endure.

Of all the treatises on Wagner's last music-drama, this is by far the most elaborate and scholarly. In its 300 pages the opera and its subject are discussed from every imaginable point of view, and always readably as well as reliably. The sources of the play are discussed, and comparisons are made of the treatment of the Grail legend by other poets with Wagner's. But, of the nine chapters, the two which will interest the largest circle of readers are that on the first performance at Bayreuth, and another one, on the score, which analyzes the music with the aid of notation, to illustrate the leading motives. Professor Kufferath calls attention to the significant fact that the instrumentation of "Parsifal" alone occupied Wagner for nearly three years, and he dwells on the care the composer took to keep the whole work in the "simple tone of sanctity." He wished to suppress certain modulations and intervals that were not in this tone, and to avoid all pathetic harmony and sentimental melody. Saint-Saëns, we are told, felt inclined to criticise "Parsifal" in 1882; but in a moment of expansion he admitted to M. Stoullig that "one felt like a very insignificant sort of fellow when listening to such works."

The Countess Potocka is the sister-in-law of Leschetizky, the teacher of Paderewski, Essipoff, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, Schütt, and other eminent pianists of our time. Before he made a special vocation of teaching, he himself was a prominent concert pianist, and his adventures in divers European countries were varied and often romantic. They are related picturesquely by the Countess, who got her facts partly from his own mouth, partly from his diaries. Many eminent musicians figure in her pages, among them Liszt, Rubinstein, Thalberg, Donizetti, Meyerbeer (one of whose daughters was Leschetizky's pupil), Bülow, Lamperti, Paderewski, Goldmark. Chopin, his idol, he never had a chance to meet, which he regretted on musical rather than on patriotic grounds. In Leschetizky, we are told, "cosmopolitanism has smothered the love of country. In general he has little good to say of Poles, maintaining that they are underhanded and ungrateful." He has become a Hungarian subject, and he left the Catholic Church in order to marry Essipoff. As a teacher he is now in such demand, especially by American girls, that he needs four assistants to prepare them for him (*Vorbereiter*, they are called). It does not take him long to recognize talent. When

he first brought out Paderewski, a Viennese musician remarked that "the young man did not seem to promise much"; but his teacher retorted: "My dear sir, you will have to get used to hearing that young man's name." The Countess comments on Paderewski's wonderful gift of mind-reading and his childlike enjoyment of fun. Sometimes, we are told, he would "laugh so heartily that, through sheer exhaustion, he would sit down on the floor, and with no symptom of embarrassment at his undignified position." Some of the details given regarding Leschetizky's teaching are likely to frighten intending pupils. We read of him as throwing music at pupils; of "the often hasty retreat of the unfortunate pupil," "the thundering rage of the old man." However, "he is quickly soothed, and often expiates his harshness by a sleepless night of remorse."

The Dutton edition of the 'Life of Berlioz' is one of the Temple Autobiographies. It is the story of his career as told by himself in his letters and memoirs. The translator, Katharine F. Boult, recognizing the unreliable character of Berlioz's Memoirs as a character-study, has mingled with them the contents of his best letters, and the result is a most entertaining book, with hardly a dull page. Humor is one of the principal traits of Berlioz's writings; yet, as the translator points out in an introductory chapter, "he never discovers—as a man with a true sense of humor would have done—that in sharpening his rapier at Wagner and the Music of the Future, he is meting out to a struggling composer precisely the same measure that the Parisians had meted out to himself." In June, 1855, he writes gleefully from London that Wagner "is buried beneath the vituperations of the whole British press. He remains calm, for he says that *in fifty years he will be master of the musical world.*" A letter to Wagner, written three months later, he ends with the words: "Write me down an ass until further orders." In 1861 he is madly delighted with the fiasco of "Tannhäuser" in Paris. "Coming out, Wagner was vituperated as a scoundrel, an idiot, an impertinent wretch. . . . The press is unanimous in damning the opera."

Hannah Smith's little book on 'Founders of Music' is a series of "life-sketches for young readers," the composers selected being Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner. Familiar facts are presented in simple language, and there are a baker's dozen of portraits.

'The Ring of the Nibelung' is one of the numerous analyses of Wagner's tetralogy. The stories of the four operas are told in detail, and some of the leading motives are given in musical type.

Arthur Elson's book makes out as good a case as any one could for women in connection with music; yet it is a weak case at best, except on the side of interpretation. The question, "Where is there a single piece of first-rate music written by a woman?" still remains unanswered. Mr. Elson reviews his field in a comprehensive manner. After two chapters on ancient and mediæval times, he treats of the wives of composers. Clara and Robert Schumann get a chapter by themselves; then follow one on other musical romances, and half-a-dozen more on the musical women of England, Germany, France, America, and other countries. Most of the names given are as unimportant as they are unfamiliar. Here, for instance, is Mr. Elson's partial list of women who have written orchestral works: "Augusta Holmes, Chaminade, Luisa Lebeau, Emilie Mayer, Mme. Farrenc, Comtesse de Grandval, Elfrida Andree, Edith Chamberlayne, Mrs. Meadows-White, Aline Hundt, Oliveria Prescott, and in our own country Mrs. Beach and Miss Lang." A list of the men who have written orchestral works of the same degree of merit as these women would fill up most of the pages of Mr. Elson's book.

The Tariff Problem. By W. J. Ashley. London: P. S. King & Son. 1903.

The ideal that Mr. Chamberlain and those who follow him have placed before themselves is simply domination. The sight of "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them" is too great a temptation to be resisted. So the author of this book is "loath to see the English people surrender their share in guiding the destinies of the world." He cannot bear to think of England's sinking into the position of Switzerland or Holland. She must dominate; she must be one of the three coming "world-empires." The only possible way to secure this position is by combination with her colonies. The only way to bring this about is to tax the trade with other countries, and exempt colonial trade. Of course, the man or the nation that proposes to dominate or to domineer will arouse jealousy and hatred. Most people are willing to dominate, but they dislike very much to have other people dominate over them. It is necessary therefore for those who set dominion as their ideal to prepare for defence. If they wish for supremacy, they must fight for it. They must have great armies and great navies, and, Professor Ashley contends, protective tariffs. Every nation but the English has a protective tariff. The time has come for her to resort to this weapon.

The case against free trade is very skilfully stated. To the wayfaring man, the arguments against free trade are, and always have been, convincing. If other countries tax goods sent to them from England, while England does not tax the goods sent to her by other countries, it seems clear that England is at a disadvantage. No doubt it is incorrect to assume, as some of the advocates of free trade have assumed, that the consumer of taxed goods pays the whole of the tax. The producer or seller of the goods must almost always pay some part of it. To a certain extent, therefore, England suffers from the tariffs of her customers. But do not her customers suffer more? That they do, free traders have frequently demonstrated, and Professor Ashley's case is weakened by his failure to attempt any reply to their demonstrations.

Much of his book is devoted to the task of proving that the exports of England are diminishing, and that such increase as they show is of a disastrous character. England's soil is robbed by the export of potter's clay, and her people are degraded by manufacturing for export clothing, furniture, oilcloth, soap, and jam. The increasing export of coal is described as a most alarming phenomenon. True, coal is consumed by English manufacturers; but this is a slow process. "The irony of the situation is rendered, if possible, more acute by the consideration that the smokeless steam coal so precious for naval purposes, which forms a large part of the coal export, is among the most important of munitions of war." It would seem to follow that the countries which supply England with food, with cotton, and with iron are rendering her a great service, and are on the road to their own ruin. There are actually Americans who remove fertilizers from the soil of their own country and sell them to enrich that of England. Our exports of petroleum are a far more monumental instance of national folly than the English exports of coal.

If Professor Ashley is alarmed by the exportation of coal, he is overcome with terror at the discovery of a conspiracy among the manufacturers of the United States and those of Germany to "dump" their products on the English market. Mr. Schwab and Mr. Gates are quoted as jauntily testifying that they sell their wares cheaper to Englishmen than to Americans. For more than a century, as our own protectionists have repeatedly warned us, Englishmen have been doing the same by us in spite of our tariffs; whence it might be inferred that customs duties were not a cure for this disease. Strangely enough, Professor Ashley does not mention the most frightful instance of all—that of the bounties paid by the Continental nations on the export of sugar. In consequence of this system, the English people have for many years been getting their sugar at half price, the difference being made up out of the taxes contributed by the people of France and Germany. Under these circumstances the industry of refining sugar has not flourished in England; to repeat Professor Sumner's classical epigram—"The Germans have the industry, and the English have the sugar."

This, according to our author, is a short-sighted policy—for the English. There may be some ephemeral gain in getting goods cheap. If Americans are willing to supply iron to Englishmen for less than cost, English manufacturers of ironware may receive a "temporary fillip." "But while the gain will be of doubtful duration, the loss by the destruction of the material-supplying industry will be profound, and will be widely demoralizing." This line of argument may sound plausible in England; we have heard it too many thousand times in this country to listen to it again with patience. Even to Englishmen the possible establishment of sugar refineries may not seem to justify increasing the cost of sugar to every family in England, though the objectionable industry of making jam for export be extinguished. It is not clear what industries Professor Ashley wishes to protect and what to destroy. His chief concern is that the trade unions should be favored; but if he prohibits the exportation of coal, the miners' unions would suffer. If he taxes the importation of cotton or of iron, similar results would follow. To propitiate Canada, he must tax the bread and meat of English workmen. He pleads that a small tax would not increase the price of bread; it would be paid by the foreign producer. But if the grain dealers of the United States should "dump" their surplus grain on the English market at the same price as before the tax was imposed,

the advantage to the Canadians is not apparent.

When he gets away from the uncomfortable subject of taxing bread, he becomes bolder. No half-way measures will be efficacious. "Duties of 50 or 75 per cent. *ad valorem* may be needed—or even prohibition." These duties may not be permanent; "if permanence can be avoided, it will be very desirable." But the matter cannot be left in the hands of Parliament. The Executive must be authorized "to impose the duties that may be required from time to time as the circumstances arise." We can imagine no more distressing situation than that of the English merchant or manufacturer under such uncertainty as this arrangement would cause. To be sure, the Executive is to be advised by a corps of professors of economics, after the fashion of the Germans, who shall constantly survey "every considerable branch of British trade and commerce—its condition industrially, technically, commercially," and furnish a parallel series of reviews of the industries of the other chief countries of the world. It does not seem worth while to consider this proposition seriously; practical men have not yet forgotten the dismal spectacle of a great body of English professors of economics chasing the *ignis fatuus* of bimetallism.

When it comes to explaining the part of the colonies under the new system, Professor Ashley treads very softly. As we have seen, he has to maintain that the English workman is not to pay more for his food, and yet to convince the colonists that they are somehow going to get more pay for supplying it. He must satisfy the woollen manufacturers of England that they are not to pay higher prices for their materials, and the Australians that they will sell these materials at higher prices. Even more delicate is the task of explaining to the colonists that they are expected to refrain from competing with English manufacturers. As these colonists are in the main bigoted protectionists, it will probably take some time to persuade them that "the main interest of the new countries now lies in the distribution of the population over the land and the maintenance of its physique by rural life." In this way the colonies will "avoid the evils of over-hasty industrialism." Since the whole scheme of imperial protectionism collapses unless the colonies take this view of their interests—which they will apparently not do before the Greek Kalends—the proposal to alter the policy of England seems premature. Recipes for hare soup are useless if the hare has not been caught; and if England cannot be a world empire until her colonies give up their protective duties, her citizens may well consider whether some other ideal may not be preferable to that of domination. Their great land—to quote William Watson's lines to Mr. Bryce—

> "Shall yet remember—she forgets to-day—
> How the munificent hands of Life are full
> Of gifts more covetable an hundred-fold
> Than man's dominion o'er reluctant man."

The Reminiscences of an Astronomer. By Simon Newcomb. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. 426.

Nobody will take up Professor Newcomb's blithe 'Reminiscences' in the expectation of social or political genre-pictures or revelations. The theatre of experience of a devoted researcher into an exact science is necessarily extremely narrow. It is doubtful whether he will have known even the chiefs in his own line so intimately as some less engrossed man or woman may have done. A student of science may find interesting information in the volume, as well as a cheery example when his task is discouraging, and a cheering voice when a great effort is to be made. The general reader will, for the most part, go to the book to learn something of that curious human variety, the great savant. Newcomb is quite the most distinguished man of science in this country to-day, as well as one of the most eminent in the whole world. His name will remain upon the page of scientific history, and eventually take its place high in the second rank, distinctly above Leverrier's or even Hansen's, because of the breadth of his work. He is one of the eight *associés étrangers* of the Paris Academy of Sciences. This is universally acknowledged to be the greatest public honor that can be conferred upon a non-French man of science. Newcomb is the first citizen of the United States to receive it (if we are right in thinking that Louis Agassiz never completed his citizenship). It has never yet been bestowed upon a native citizen of the United States, although Franklin and Rumford received it.

The unscientific as well as the scientific reader will find these memoirs entertaining. Such anecdotal books always make agreeable reading; and Newcomb's powers of telling a story and of painting a situation are much beyond the mediocre, while his light, pleasant style is quite remarkable. The two best chapters are the one that gives an account of the author's own work, and the one called "Scientific Washington." The brief notice of the Johns Hopkins University may also be singled out as better even than the rest; and it does justice to the singular faculty of Dr. Gilman, that university's only true begetter. The picture of the old Nautical Almanac Office in Cambridge from 1857 to 1861 is interesting, because that office bred a true school of mathematicians and philosophers, students mostly of Benjamin Peirce. As for scientific Cambridge as a whole, Newcomb was at that time not sufficiently developed, and as a consequence had not sufficient opportunities, fully to comprehend it. But perhaps the gem of the book is the account of his boyhood, a boyhood which, one can see, taught him much that was most valuable just because it did not teach him what he burned to know. It will afford the reader a lesson in human nature, too, by showing how apparently small a difference in his innate make-up would have converted this illustrious man, whose eminence is as little accidental as a man's can be, into an utter nobody, or even into an obscure little quack doctor of Nova Scotia. Young fellows will do well to ask themselves what was the ingredient of his character that saved him. Everywhere, the volume is pleasant reading. The author has shown a perfectly distinct apprehension of who might be interested in his reminiscences, and why, and has written it for them.

A History of Japan during the Century of Early Foreign Intercourse (1542-1651). By James Murdoch and Isoh Yamagata. Tokio: 10 Nishikata machi.

The work before us is one of the very few books on Japanese history which is based on original research, and written after long and laborious examination and comparison of documents and the weighing of evidence. Yet in its literary presentation it is hardly worthy of its great theme. It deals with that ever-interesting epoch in the world's history when the Japanese first knew and became known to Europeans, through mutual personal experiences, the interchange of products and the fruits of mind, and by embassies to and fro. Then the mighty onset of Western commerce and knowledge, and a terrific religious invasion, carried on with burning zeal and in the spirit of the Inquisition, threatened to destroy Japanese civilization and to bring the most Eastern of kingdoms under the intellectual and spiritual yoke of Southern Europe. Such a theme demands the highest literary expression, and a dignity of narration in harmony with the great events and personages described. One does not expect of the author any prepossession in favor of either Japanese or Portuguese, nor are we surprised at his aloofness of sympathy with the propagandists from Europe. Indeed, a cool, judicial spirit is exactly what we all desire in a historian; but the possession of even this excellence does not justify the author's use of slang and some decidedly low forms of the English language in treating of what he dislikes—a method which suits better a sensational newspaper than a dignified history.

Yet these faults are on the surface. After noticing them, it is only common justice to call attention to the great value of this work of more than 700 pages, which is indexed and has a rich equipment of colored maps. These show, as does no other work we know of, outside of the native literature, the feudal divisions of Japan in the times of Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu. The battle plans are remarkably accurate and informing. An introductory chapter gives an admirable bird's-eye view of the history until the year of the arrival of foreigners. Two or three things Mr. Murdoch, who has lived many years in Japan, brings out clearly. One is that the rigid lines of demarcation between the samurai, or the warrior class, and the farmers, artisans, and merchants, so characteristic of society since 1600, were by no means strict in the old days. Any plebeian who could prove himself a good fighter was willingly received under the flag of a feudal potentate. So far from being a caste of hoary antiquity, at least as evidenced in the wearing of two swords, it was not until the last half of the sixteenth century that this privilege was reserved only to the samurai.

What makes the period treated by Mr. Murdoch so interesting to students, and most like the time spanned by the life of the present Mikado, is, that men of real ability, instead of crafty wire-pullers behind imposing figureheads, ruled the country. Japan's chronic disease during most of her history has been nepotism, and she has suffered from the ascendency of rings and cliques; but in the sixteenth, as in the nineteenth, century, these were ruthlessly broken up. Men of real genius obtained control of national affairs, and they insisted upon the promotion of their subordinates who made devotion to duty

their first consideration. In the last analysis, it may be said that the reason why the Yedo bureaucracy, that dominated the country from the death of Iyeyasu to the rise of native genius and energy in the southern clans and the *coup d'état* of 1868, was able to hold its own so long, lay in the expressed purpose of the great founder to create a system of government which could be administered by men of mediocrity.

Mr. Murdoch, in his chapter on the Portuguese discovery of Japan, disposes of the pleasing fiction that the pious and mendacious Pinto was the first European on Japanese soil. He is very vivid in picturing Xavier's movements and the spread of Christianity in Kiushiu. He holds the threads clearly in narrating the story of the three great men of Japan, and many of his pages are brilliant and fascinating. Nobunaga patronized the Jesuits, setting them against the bonzes, and enjoying the sport of their conflict as he would that of two fighting-cocks in a pit, and then finally crushed the Buddhist hosts—armies in fact, with reality of helmet, armor and weapons, as well as armies in name. In showing how Nobunaga rose and fell, and how Hideyoshi entered into his predecessor's labors, but with profounder genius, keener insight, vaster ken, and even greater energy, the author depends on no unscrutinized tradition or unchallenged legend. We make bold to say that, although other scholars have been fascinated by the same theme and have treated of this mighty parvenu, who, coming out of a stable, humbled the proudest of the many rings and cliques of nobles that hedged about the throne against the people, there is no picture of his personality, actions, and measures like that here presented. Furthermore, we venture to think that, without the coöperation of his Japanese helper, this picture of Mr. Murdoch's could not have been made so clear and strong. As in a stereoscope, the two differing mental projections, European and native, are brought into a common field of vision, with both relief and solidity.

The chapter on the Korean war (1592-1597), in which the Japanese swept the peninsula clean of its art and art works, has especial freshness, since Prof. H. M. Hulburt's Korean researches are here well utilized. With his usual critical challenge to popular impressions, Mr. Murdoch explodes the idea that the sea-power of the Koreans, which sadly upset the plans of the invading Japanese, extended as far as iron-clads. He believes that the famous "tortoise boat" which sunk the Japanese war junks was not iron-plated, but received its chief offensive power because of its swiftness and superior artillery. The author sets more store upon the great Osaka struggle (1614-1615) than upon the battlefield of Sekigahara, as the decisive event in forecasting the destinies of Japan for over two centuries. He treats of the Tokugawa administrative machine in a chapter which, while illuminating, leaves considerable to be desired. He shows how clearly Iyeyasu foresaw that in time of luxurious peace few of his descendants were likely to be men of any very marked ability. Of the Portuguese and Dutch; of the revolt at Shimabara, in 1637, which he considers, in its animus and procedure, to have been almost wholly Christian; of the expulsion of the Portuguese, and the Dutch at Deshima; and of internal affairs immediately after 1616, the author writes clearly, and shows a strong grasp of his many-sided subject.

We understand that another volume is to follow, for which we can assure a very warm welcome from scholars. If for no other reason than to correct the manifold and variegated errors in previous works on Japanese history, all libraries of any importance in Occidental countries should possess this work.

Sevastopol, and Other Military Tales. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1903. Pp. xlviii., 325.

This volume is the first of a series which is intended to be "a reliable version of all Tolstoy's works." The translators belong to a small but enthusiastic minority who regard Tolstoy's religious and philosophical tenets as of more importance to the world than his artistic creations. They are in sympathetic personal relations both with Tolstoy himself and with his friend Vladimir Tchertkoff, who publishes in England the authorized Russian editions of the works of Tolstoy that are under the ban of the censorship. They state that they do not wish to earn money by their translations; and they evidently regard this edition as the fulfilment of a moral obligation.

On a cursory examination, this opening volume seems superior both in accuracy and in English style to the versions of the same tales hitherto most readily accessible in America. The versions of the more important novels will furnish a firmer basis of comparison. The present volume is well printed on good paper, and is not expensive. Besides this, Mr. Maude states in his preface: "It is hoped to reach the many readers who can only afford cheap books, by reproducing these translations at a low price in the second year of their issue." The notes are good, and at the close of the volume there is a useful index referring to them. In a word, the execution of this volume and the plans for those to follow show conscientiousness and competence for the task undertaken. Though few people will sympathize entirely with the tone of Mr. Maude's preface, this book gives great cause for rejoicing to those who care for Tolstoy. Let us hope that the present translators will be able to do more than "lay the foundations" for their edition.

Some "patriotic" sentences are omitted from 'Sevastopol,' though they appear in the Moscow edition. For the omission Mr. Maude has authority from Tolstoy, who writes: "All [these passages] were either altered or inserted by the editor [of the magazine in which 'Sevastopol' first appeared] to meet the wishes of the censor." At a distance of almost fifty years, and after many mental and spiritual revolutions, Tolstoy's memory may deceive him. Such things have happened with other authors. He may even have written the "specially abominable" passage: "It is a comfort to think that it is not we who began this war, that we are only defending our own country, our Fatherland." In such cases it would be better to retain the offensive passages in brackets, or at least to give a full list of them.

Bryant's Complete Poetical Works. Roslyn Edition. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

It is now more than twenty years since Mr. Parke Godwin, the son-in-law and biographer of the poet, published in two bulky quartos his definitive edition of Bryant's verse. That in all this time there has appeared no convenient reissue of it in a single volume, though it left nothing to be desired in text, notes, and arrangement, is proof enough, if evidence were wanting in other quarters, of the decay into which has fallen the first considerable representation in American literature. "Bryant is a fading and almost Ossianic figure, a writing ghost, to most of us," writes Mr. Woodberry in a recent essay; and the fact, if not the implied criticism, seems incontestable. Longfellow, the only other American poet who has ever compared with Bryant in general popularity, has appeared in edition after edition, and the publishers seem to be unable to supply him in forms varied enough to meet the public demand. Bryant, on the other hand, who at one time enjoyed a singleness of reputation such as has been acquired by no other native poet, has long been easily accessible only in the old and incomplete Household Edition prepared by himself two years before his death, and in reprints of still earlier editions even less complete.

At last, however, we have the new Roslyn Edition, a collection that comprises in a single volume all the verse that Bryant ever wrote. But though it is complete and convenient, it is still far from being satisfactory. It seems inexplicable that in its preparation some use, at least, should not have been made of Mr. Godwin's editorial labors. His text, notes, and arrangement, preceded by a Memoir based upon his biography, would have made an ideal edition. That so sensible and logical a plan was not followed is apparently due to the fact of there having been no editorial supervision of the work as a whole. The late Mr. R. H. Stoddard contributes a memoir, somewhat sketchy and inaccurate, and Mr. H. G. Sturges a complete chronology of the events of the poet's life with an admirable bibliography of his work; but neither one nor the other nor any one else appears to have had anything to do with the body of the book, which, except for the addition of the fifty-odd poems first included by Mr. Godwin in his edition, is merely a reprint of the old Household Edition. In view of this fact, the "Note to the Reader," in which it is stated that the poems are arranged in the order in which they were written, is false and misleading. This is the arrangement adopted, very wisely, we think, from every point of view, by Mr. Godwin, who also placed after each poem the date of its composition. In the Roslyn Edition, however, the poems are given as they were arranged by Bryant himself, in the interest, presumably, of what he considered an effective presentation, so that "The Ages" precedes "Thanatopsis" as the first poem in the volume—a precedence which it deserves on the grounds neither of time nor of merit.

With respect to the text, we notice the failure to follow Mr. Godwin's lead in at least one important particular. The second stanza of "The Waterfowl" reads or should read:

> "Vainly the fowler's eye
> Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
> As darkly painted on the crimson sky
> Thy figure floats along."

Bryant was always dissatisfied with the word "painted," which he felt to conflict with the idea of floating in the line following; but, although he tried several expedients, he never succeeded in improving the sense without injuring the poetry. In the last edition, he changed the line to read:

"As seen against the crimson sky,"

which, as Mr. Godwin remarks, is tame, and weakens the effect. Bryant himself finally restored the line to its first form in several later instances where the poem was to be printed separately. Mr. Godwin did likewise, and there now seems to be no reason why any editor with a sense of Bryant's style should not adopt his precedent.

For notes, the Roslyn Edition has only Bryant's few explanatory remarks. Mr. Godwin added many others of a personal and critical interest, but none of them is retained except his list of the various readings of certain lines of "Thanatopsis," which are given by Mr. Sturges in the bibliography.

Apart from these matters, what one misses most in the volume is an adequate estimate of Bryant's genius and place in American literature. If Mr. Stoddard's memoir on the biographical side is sketchy and inaccurate, it is even less satisfactory when it touches on the work of the poet. Here if ever there was an opportunity to attempt a rehabilitation of Bryant's reputation. But, instead of a sympathetic and discriminating effort to meet the charges of those who see in Bryant only the sentimental and didactic poet, the servile imitator of Wordsworth, there is only vague and general characterization which passes into a vein of extravagant eulogy. "We should like to know what lines in Southey and Kirke White suggested 'Thanatopsis' that they might be printed in gold hereafter," writes Mr. Stoddard in one place; and in another, praising him at the expense of Wordsworth: "'The Excursion' is a tiresome poem, which contains several exquisite episodes. Mr. Bryant knew how to write exquisite episodes, and to omit the platitudes through which we reach them in other poets." Such lack of proper perception and of real appreciation disqualified Mr. Stoddard for the task of reintroducing Bryant to a new generation of American readers, who are at least as likely to be prejudiced against him by an excess of injudicious and uncritical warmth of enthusiasm as by the narrowly depreciatory tone of a critic like Mr. Barrett Wendell, for whom Bryant is merely a provincial English poet, expressing "a somewhat formal sentimentality which had hardly characterized vital work in England for fifty years." Of course, Bryant is much more than this. He is an American poet, whose native inspiration is so imaginatively and sincerely expressed that it is of little consequence in what school his style was formed. Yet, on the other hand, he is no Wordsworth; and although we may sometimes call him the "American Wordsworth" by way of expressing what we feel to be our indebtedness to him for having rendered romantic with poetic assocaition our native landscape, he is not for one instant seriously to be compared with that great poet-philosopher whose impress is on all English poetry since his time. It is not merely that there is in Bryant's poetry none of Wordsworth's mystic pantheism. There is, to offset this, Bryant's expression of the religious ideals of Puritanism. It is rather that, compared with Wordsworth, Bryant brings to the imaginative interpretation of nature a much smaller capacity of mind and heart. Wordsworth may often indulge in platitudes, but his "exquisite episodes" are profound revelations of spiritual truth; whereas in Bryant, no matter how fresh or delicate or piety-felt his expression, there is almost inevitably a touch of the obvious and commonplace. There can be no doubt that it is this want of either intellectual depth or originality that is the real source of weakness in Bryant's poetry.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barnard, L. F. S. Friends Hither and Yon. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.

Boegli, Lina. Forward. (Travel.) Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net; postage 13 cents.

Borrows, Isopel Berners. Edited, with Introduction, by Thomas Seccombe. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.

Buck, Carl Darling. A Grammar of Oscan and Umbrian. Boston: Ginn & Co. $3; postage 15 cents.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Vol. III., H-M. The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

Chronicon Adæ de Usk. Edited, with a translation, by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson. Second edition. London: Henry Frowde. 10s. 6d. net.

Collingwood, W. G. Ruskin Relics. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $2.50 net; postage 25 cents.

Colquhoun, Archibald R. The Mastery of the Pacific. The Macmillan Co.

Dryden's Essay of Dramatic Poesy. (Clarendon Press Series.) Third edition, revised by William T. Arnold. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d.

Farrar, Reginald. The Life of Frederic William Farrar. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $2 net; postage 20 cents.

Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. The Stolen Emperor. (Fiction.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

Goldsmith's The Good Natur'd Man, and She Stoops to Conquer, edited by Austin Dobson; and Jonson's Eastward Hoe, and The Alchemist, edited by Felix E. Schelling. (English drama section of the Belles-Lettres Series.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Günther, J. H. A. English Synonyms Explained and Illustrated. Groningen: J. B. Wolters. 2.90 fl.

Harper, Rev. J. Wilson. The Post-Exilic Prophets. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 30 cents.

Horne, Herman Harrell. The Philosophy of Education. The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Hudson, Thomson Jay. The Evolution of the Soul, and Other Essays. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.20 net.

Hulbert, Archer Butler. Military Roads of the Mississippi Basin. (Vol. VIII., Historic Highways of America.) Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.

Huneker, James. Overtones. (Studies of music and composers.) Charles Scribner's Sons.

Kennedy, Bart. A Tramp in Spain. Frederick Warne & Co. $2.50 net.

Lord Byron's Works. Poetry. Vol. VII. London: John Murray; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Matthewman, Lisle De Vaux. Brevities. (Companion book to "Crankisms.") Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. 80 cents net.

McConnell, S. D. Christ. The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Milligan, George. The Twelve Apostles. (Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co. 30 cents.

Pemberton, Max. A Daughter of the States. (Fiction). Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Prout, Ebenezer. Mozart.—Wyndham. H. Saxe. Arthur Sullivan. (Bell's Miniature Series of Musicians.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.

Ramsay, George Gilbert. The Annals of Tacitus. Books I.-VI. An English translation, with introduction. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Ravenstein, E. G. Philip's Handy-Volume Atlas of the World. London: George Philip & Son. Ltd.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 net.

Riis, Jacob A. Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen. The Outlook Co. $2 net.

Sawyer, W. C. Teutonic Legends in the Nibelungen Lied and the Nibelungen Ring. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net; postage 13 cents.

Scherger, George L. The Evolution of Modern Liberty. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.10 net; postage 10 cents.

Scott, S. P. History of the Moorish Empire in Europe. 3 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $10 net.

Select Cases in the Star Chamber, 1477-1509. Vol. XVI. of Publications of the Selden Society. London: Bernard Quaritch.

Sever, George F. Electrical Engineering Experiments. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.

Simon Peter, Fisherman. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents.

Skrine, Francis Henry. The Expansion of Russia, 1815-1900. (Cambridge Historical Series.) Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 6s.

Standard Second Reader; and Teachers' Manual for Second Reader. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Steffens, Lincoln. The Shame of the Cities. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.20 net.

Sutcliffe, Halliwell. A Bachelor in Arcady. (Fiction.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.

Tennyson's In Memoriam. With commentary by L. Morel. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.

The Merchant of Venice. (Reproduction of First Folio text of 1623.) Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Leather, 75 cents net; cloth, 50 cents net; postage 5 cents.

Thirtle, James William. The Titles of the Psalms. London and New York: Henry Frowde. 6s. net.

Townsend, Edward W. "Sure." (New "Chimmie Fadden" Stories.) Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cents.

Underwood, L. H. Fifteen Years among the Top-Knots, or Life in Korea. American Tract Society. $1.50.

Van Denburg, Frank A. Hezekiah's Kortship. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

Ward, John J. Minute Marvels of Nature. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.60 net; postage 15 cents.

Warner, Hannah. The Easter Story. Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

Wetherald, Ethelwyn. The Radiant Road. (Verse.) Boston: Richard C. Badger. $1.25.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1904.

The Week.

The President is displaying his usual belated sensitiveness after a rash act—this time in connection with his pension ruling. He has found out that it is of doubtful legality and of an unpopularity not at all doubtful; consequently he is about to rise to explain, so the Washington dispatches inform us. Certain precedents are to be cited, it appears, but the chief defence is that this lesser evil was accepted only to avoid a greater. That is to say, the movement for a general service pension act was getting to be formidable. Congress felt itself too weak to withstand it; the heroic President himself distrusted his own ability to oppose a demoralizing and ruinous measure. So the plan was devised of squandering $14,000,000 in order to prevent the squandering of $80,000,000. The idea that it is the duty of the Chief Executive to prevent all squandering is, of course, obsolete. So, apparently, is also the proverb that, if you give certain people an inch, they will take an ell. Certainly, the sop which the President has thrown to the pension lobbyists will, instead of satisfying them, only whet their appetite for more.

That blessed word Mesopotamia is nothing to "administrative entity." By grace of it, Secretary Hay is able to remain perfectly calm although the American flag is hauled down at Niu-Chwang, under the declaration of martial law by Russia. This would be a deadly insult except for a soothing application of the "entity." All we have to do is to say that we never did think Niu-Chwang a part of either entity or quiddity, and that lets us out. But this grateful calmness at Washington is only a part of a large peacefulness of temper which the impending Presidential election has suddenly imposed on the Administration. It is no longer "policing" San Domingo nor "showing a firm front to Russia." The President's advisers having warned him that another indiscretion in foreign affairs would be fatal to his electoral prospects, he is—for the time being—the meekest and most long-suffering of men.

Admiral Dewey's failure to land in San Domingo had a queer look. There was some desultory firing on shore, but what was that to the hero of Manila? This is to say nothing of his companion in arms, "Loomis, Acting," who, as everybody knows, is ready to eat foreigners alive. But the lame explanation, telegraphed from Havana, is now, however, superseded by a more plausible account. It seems that the doughty Admiral was not aware, until he reached Dominican waters, that our Minister to the black republic is himself a negro. Imagine, then, the consternation on Dewey's ship when Mr. Powell came aboard. Horrid visions of another Booker Washington dinner affrighted the gallant officer. If he went ashore, he would surely have to call upon the Minister; later he might even have to invite him to dine! That was enough to blanch the face which the thunder of the Spanish guns left unmoved. Hence the hasty retreat; hence the strange excuse that a few random bullets had stopped the man who had despised the Manila torpedoes, in right Farragut fashion, and had sailed in to singe the beards of the Dons. No wonder that the Southern papers are chuckling over the way in which one civilian negro put the Admiral of the Navy to flight.

The Panama melodrama is over, and the stage properties are being disposed of. The army of the republic has been reduced to one battalion, and the entire navy is offered for sale. Now may the heroic Panamanian seek the shadow of his own vine and fig tree, and take a well-earned rest. He has labored, but President Roosevelt has entered into his labors, and will look after affairs on the Isthmus. The President may urge noble activity, but the inhabitants of the new republic are predisposed to an existence free from all the little annoyances of everyday life. It would be folly, therefore, for them to strut across their mimic stage and play their little part any longer. Besides, $10,000,000 (the gratuity which this country has dropped in the lap of Panama) will, after all, not last forever. Unless "rigid economies" are practised, independence will not turn out the "good thing" the Isthmian patriots had reason to expect. Panama knows on which side her bread is buttered. Why on earth should she spend her windfalls for police purposes? We are prepared to look after her that way, and also to insure her good sanitation. Her legal adoption by Uncle Sam has not yet taken place, but that is a mere formality, and does not prevent her from "laying down" on the old gentleman.

Since the first explosion in the House over the so-called Bristow report of "charges" against Congressmen, it has been made abundantly clear that the document contained much irrelevant matter indiscriminately printed. In certain cases, obvious injustice was done by giving the names of Senators or Representatives in the index as among the culpable. Several of them have been able to show either that their action had been perfectly correct, or else that it would appear so if all the correspondence were given out. Representative Kitchin, for example, has produced further letters relating to the post-office at Oxford, N. C., which puts the matter in a different light from that of the original report. He asserts that a part of the correspondence in this case was deliberately "suppressed"; but that seems unlikely. It was only another instance of the careless and uncritical way in which the clerks of the Department swept the pigeon-holes and threw the resulting mass at the House. Just how much injustice was done by this we shall not know until the McCall committee tells the whole story, but, on its face, the report was glaring evidence of official ineptitude. Issued by the Postmaster-General, the blame for the ill-arranged affair is technically his, and is one proof more of his unfitness for the office he holds.

Senator Hoar never touches any subject that he does not adorn. His lucid interpretation of the Civil Service law on March 23 possesses all the charm of novelty. The purpose of that measure has hitherto been misunderstood. Senator Hoar says that the old theory that to the victor belongs the spoils had much to commend it. But, like all good things, it was subject to abuses. Appointments were sought not alone on the ground of "political faith," but because of allegiance to the "particular political chieftain." This made the Civil Service law necessary. It was not that academic examinations were needed to find out the fitness of applicants for office. Oh, dear, no! What was wanted was some means of insuring "equal distribution in all parts of the country of Government employment." With the insight of genius, Senator Hoar has got at the very heart of our political situation. A euphemism was needed to reveal to us the real nature of our Quays, Platts, etc. That has now been supplied by the senior Senator from Massachusetts. "Political chieftain" is a term that explains itself. It tells us that politics in this country has reached a state of feudalism. Irresponsible barons have arisen on every side, each with his body of retainers (intent on loaves and fishes), and these "political chieftains" have waged war on each other to the subversion of public interests. The strife has been so bitter that a *modus vivendi* is absolutely necessary, and this is supplied by the Civil Service law. Let us be glad, however, that incidentally the public derives a modicum of benefit from the measure.

Senator Burton of Kansas appears to be one of the most innocent gentlemen ever indicted. He explains his course with touching simplicity. Do you ask why he took a retainer of $500 a month from a company doing illegal business? Why, he "needed the money." The phrase is his own, and he used it in court apparently without the flicker of an eyelid. Then with what a grace of naïveté all his own Mr. Burton explained how he was but following high Senatorial example! Many Senators made large sums, he understood, by "practising before the Departments," and Mr. Burton was but imitating them. And he was doing it in a very "humble" way. Where they made their $30,000 or $40,000, he was content—for a beginning—with a mere $2,500. One can see how all this will ingratiate Mr. Burton with the Senate. To say that many Senators are as deserving of indictment as he, is a very miracle of tact for a man under a cloud and in need of the sympathy of his colleagues. The jury having convicted him, all the more will Senators not let him off easily for having been guilty of the blunder—worse than a crime—of hailing them as fellow-grafters.

"Of course," said a Republican Senator the other day, in a burst of candor, "we here in Washington are acting like a set of cowards." He was referring to the official programme for an early adjournment of Congress—possibly by May 1 so as to dodge or strangle measures clamoring for attention. He meant particularly the labor bills urged upon Congress. There was the eight-hour project. There was the anti-injunction bill. Both these measures, the Senator admitted, were big with injury and menace; both ought to be fought openly in Congress; both should be made the occasion of laying down sound economic and political doctrine, and of telling the labor unions wholesome if unpalatable truths. But Congress dared neither pass nor defeat the bills. Consequently, the plan was to kill a little more time by having "hearings" in committee, and then suddenly adjourn and skulk away home. The attitude is certainly not heroic—it looks painfully like sneaking away; yet it has the approval of a militant Administration. But it is not even prudent. Nothing is gained by shirking. These labor whimsies have got to be met sooner or later, and the sooner they are met the less formidable will they prove. Temporizing and evasion are the most foolish as well as the most contemptible of policies when it is a case of public mischief that has, in the end, boldly to be fronted, unless it is to be allowed to work havoc in the commonwealth. Putting off work that has to be done merely doubles it. Questions that you refuse to settle when you can, have an ugly way of settling *you* later on.

Politicians are slow to feel the pull of bravery's gravitation. Yet political annals are starred with the names of those who have taken their courage in both hands and compelled admiration even from their opponents. John Stuart Mill having once said that English workingmen were careless about speaking the truth, in minor matters, was challenged therefor on the hustings. He quietly avowed having expressed the opinion, and added that he still held to it. The resulting cheers came from none more heartily than from the laboring men in his audience. An early instance of Mr. Cleveland's clear courage is worth referring to on account of a certain approval it won him. When Governor, he vetoed the popular five-cent-fare bill. One Theodore Roosevelt was then a member of the Assembly, and he rose to say that the Governor's action in withstanding prejudice and pressure had made him ashamed of himself for voting for the bill. Yet Senators at Washington would make cowardice the chief of political virtues!

A new method of limiting production has been devised by the Plumbers' Union at Alton, Ill. Their rule strikes not at scabs, but at bosses. In order that these shall not work, they are bidden under appropriate penalties to wear white shirts while superintending all jobs. Thus the boss, who should be only the cause of work in others, is readily distinguishable from the journeymen plumber, who may work as much as his union lets him. Furthermore, since a stiff shirt is an uncomfortable garment for exercise, careless or perniciously industrious bosses are to be deterred from manual toil by the thought of immaculate collars and cuffs. If there be anything in the evolution theory, the boss plumbers of Alton should gradually assume, with the boiled shirt, the majesty and the manners of our New York floorwalkers. As for the tendency of such an action, it never does any organization good to make itself ridiculous, and this rule for boss plumbers is about as foolish as, say, a requirement of football uniforms for journeymen.

It will not do to let a good thing be carried too far. This is one of the lessons that the labor unions are now learning. The painters in Pittsburgh, who have more logic than humor, have lately found themselves in a pretty plight. Their district council was holding a meeting for the purpose of discussing some new by-laws. When the one fixing the wages of the council's "business agents" at $3.40 a day was read, one of these functionaries jumped to his feet and shouted: "I refuse to work for less than $4 a day!" To quote one report of the meeting, "the remark came like a night attack on Port Arthur." The council learned that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in their philosophy. It was $4 or a strike. One member thought to reduce the obstreperous agent to terms by reminding him that "a business agent is no trade"; but all in vain. The aggrieved party secured the support of two fellow-agents. A sympathetic strike was called, and then the union began to review the facts. These were very embarrassing. It was figured that the agents had no right to strike without the union's consent. But, on the other hand, it was their place to investigate and report on their own action. If they saw fit, they might order a sympathetic strike of the whole union. But against whom? What would happen if the dissatisfied agents should form a union of business agents and raise wages? The unions in that case would be bankrupt. As might be expected, $4 a day was found to be a cheap means of escaping from this metaphysical entanglement? The surprising thing is, however, that before reaching this solution of the problem the union did not consider the expediency of "scab" walking delegates.

Possibly most persons will not be able to view the foreign-trade statement for February quite as favorably as do some of the Washington correspondents. It is not clear that "the permanence of prosperity is indicated by the fact that domestic manufactures exported in February, 1904, were greater in value than in any preceding February, and formed also a larger percentage of the total exports than in any preceding February." Great stress is laid on the fact that $38,000,000 of manufactured goods was exported, against $34,000,000 in 1900, the previous banner February, and that for eight months the same class of exports exceeded 1900 by $20,000,000. But unfortunately the prosperity of the country does not depend entirely on its manufactures. Agriculture is still the main source of its wealth, and the Republican enthusiasts seem to forget all about this side of the situation when they discuss the February trade statement. It passes comprehension how a good Republican Administration can see anything to boast of in a report that shows that in a single month total imports increased over $6,000,000, while exports fell off more than $5,500,000. The fact simply is, for one reason and another (chiefly because of speculation in this country), our exports of agricultural products decreased nearly $13,000,000 in February, though there was a gain of about $5,500,000 in the exports of manufactures. To be sure, the aggregate figures for eight months show an increase in exports and a decrease in imports; but the significance of the trade figures is quite as much in what they reveal regarding the present tendency as concerning the past.

Gov. Warfield's modification of the negro disfranchisement amendment now before the Maryland Legislature is worthy of careful consideration. Waving aside suggested applications of the iniquitous "grandfather clause," he proposes a property qualification of $400 for all voters. This would undoubtedly work extensive disfranchisement of the negroes, but it would be fair to both races. The passage of such an amendment would give Maryland real distinction as a State that had passed special legislation on the negro problem without resort to fraud. Accordingly, we trust that Gov. Warfield's fair and simple proposal will be duly weighed by the Legislature. Its summary rejection, as predicted in the dispatches, would be unworthy of the State that in all its history has conspicuously given examples of political and religious tolerance.

Mayor McClellan continues to speak with no uncertain sound of his determination to put down and keep down open gambling and vice in this city. This is gratifying, and we have no doubt that the Mayor means what he says. But he must be aware, by this time, how great a labor he has on his hands, and how little support he is getting from Tammany. Indeed, it is clear that his course has already produced something like a revolution in Tammany. Murphy is almost broken down in health under the repeated demands for an explanation by angry district leaders. They never expected to be "good" in this way, and the pressure upon them of the gamblers and liquor-sellers whose money they took is getting to be something fearful. None of these things will move the Mayor, as we believe, but they should certainly convey a warning to him. He will have to exercise double care in the choice of his subordinates. Already he has had to get rid of two Tammany police deputies, and the remaining one, McAvoy, cannot follow them too speedily. Between Tammany and decent government a great gulf is fixed. That was asserted before the election, and Mayor McClellan is proving it true after. The Tammany mutterings of insurrection are really a compliment to him; but he should learn from them that vice cannot be held under by vicious men.

After two years of deliberation, the plan for awarding the Rhodes scholarships has been perfected, and the first stated examinations will be held on April 13 and 14 next. Dr. Parkin, representing the trustees, has overcome the difficulty of linking the educational systems of America and the colonies with that of Oxford, by requiring that all candidates shall have passed at least two years in a degree-giving college. These upper classmen will thus be, academically speaking, from a year to two years in advance of the Oxford freshmen. Rhodes scholars, after the difficulty of adjustment is over, should form an intellectual élite. All this is curiously at variance with Mr. Rhodes's will. It was evidently his notion to supply average undergraduates, and not special students. He actually advised that recommendations for athletic, likable, and efficient qualities should count for more than examinations. A pious regard for his wishes leads the trustees to solicit testimonials on prowess and popularity, but it is not to be believed that these will outweigh the examinations, which, by anticipation, are already causing shudders among ingenuous youths, otherwise completely fortified with all manly qualifications. We believe, however, that Dr. Parkin has made a very wise interpretation of his charter. Requiring a certain maturity and preparation in his candidates, he provides against unworthy beneficiaries and insures against the too-ready absorption of the Rhodes scholars in the ruck of Oxford passmen. Mr. Rhodes, had he attempted to execute his own deed of gift, would have been the first to see that grave trustees cannot undertake to find sub-freshmen of conspicuous magnanimity and capacity for leadership. Unluckily, you cannot examine for the qualities that made Mr. Rhodes himself famous.

Premier Combes's bill forbidding all teaching by the religious orders passed the Chamber of Deputies on Monday by the comfortable majority of forty-seven. In debate, the original severity of the act has been somewhat mitigated. Ten years' respite before total suppression—instead of five—is allowed; M. Leygues, Minister of Education, succeeded in saving the schools that prepare for missionary service abroad. But in general the act is likely to achieve its end of forcibly secularizing French education, for the Senate will hardly venture to stand against the anti-clerical passion now so strong in the electorate. M. Combes's bill has been spoken of as the completion of Waldeck-Rousseau's Anti-Associations law of 1901. Nothing could be further from the truth. Waldeck-Rousseau, as he has explained in and out of the Senate, merely desired a discretionary power to use against disloyal or dangerous orders. Combes has practically declared that all the religious orders are disloyal and dangerous, and has secured a wholesale writ of expropriation and proscription. He denies to the Roman Catholic associations what in all free countries is regarded as an inalienable right—that of maintaining schools. A law so subversive of republican principles can be justified only on the theory that the religious orders are actually imperilling the existence of the republic. M. Combes's measure is virtually that of a dictator directed to see that the republic receives no harm.

Very soon M. Combes must defend his Naval Secretary, M. Pelletan, against the gravest charges of inefficiency. It appears that the *enfant terrible* of the Ministry has let the machinery of his department grow rusty. Reduction of the personnel has caused deterioration in the ships and wasting of the stores. Ill-advised changes in cruisers under construction have run up their cost inordinately; appropriations for dockyards lie idle in the treasury for want of engineers to set the work in motion. So long as the bill against the religious orders is preferred business, M. Combes is likely to hold his majority; beyond that all is uncertain; but the disaffection of the Parliamentary Socialists is very likely to centre upon Comrade Pelletan's mismanagement of the navy. Meanwhile, everybody is recalling Léon Bourgeois's epigram on the Naval Minister: "I advised giving Pelletan a portfolio so that the next Government needn't do it; but I never said he should be passed out through the Department of Naval Affairs."

The proposed Japanese war taxes were apparently more than even a patriotic people were prepared for. The Government's programme has in the main received the approval of the leaders of both political parties, but certain features of it have been found grievous. It has been decided that the proposed land tax shall be lowered somewhat, and that the plan to tax salt and silk stuffs shall be dropped. As a result of these modifications, the projected revenue will, it is estimated, be reduced about $5,000,000. The land tax has been bringing in about $24,000,000 annually since 1899, when the rate, owing to the financial necessities of the nation, was increased to 3.3 per cent. on agricultural and village property and to 5 per cent. on city building sites. Salt and silk stuffs have hitherto been exempt from internal-revenue exactions, and the disinclination of the political leaders to make any change is significant. The burdens of the Post-Bellum Programme have told severely on the Japanese people. From 1886 to 1896 the annual tax receipts of the nation increased from about $31,000,000 to about $36,000,000. But since 1896 they have jumped to $79,000,000, an increase of more than 100 per cent. On top of this comes the war revenue measure, which is likely to prove so burdensome that even a $5,000,000 saving is a matter of no light importance. Indeed, the situation is such that it is now proposed to limit the period of the new taxes to one year after the close of the war, although this will not help the sale of the bonds which the Government will sooner or later have to put on the market.

THE DEMOCRATIC OPPORTUNITY.

The course of events is every day emphasizing the great opportunity before the Democratic party. Never was the longing for an eligible Opposition more pronounced or widespread. Thousands of Republicans are coming reluctantly to believe that what their own party most needs is a sound drubbing at the polls, and are asking with unconcealed anxiety whether the Democrats are likely to offer a platform and a candidate such as the country can hear of without alarm. Under our system of party government, the natural remedy for such arrogance, such corruption, such fierce factionalism as the Republicans are now displaying in office, is to turn them out; and it is mainly a question of the Democrats showing themselves fit to be used as the means of punishment.

So much for the general situation, and for things external to the Democratic organization. Within it, moreover, the occasion is most auspicious for ridding the party of two pests at one shot. Rightly considered, the joined forces of Bryan and Hearst are a great stroke of luck for a sane Democracy. It is not often that a party has so good a chance to renounce publicly the devil and all his works. To repudiate either man mentioned would count for much; to show that it is able to ride over them both, in their unholy alliance, would of itself go far to prove that we have again a Democratic party, clothed and in its right mind.

It is a sure affinity which brings Bryan and Hearst together. Both are essentially self-advertisers. To both, notoriety is the breath of their nostrils. Both exploit their Democracy purely for personal aggrandizement. If Bryan is a firebrand, Hearst is a whole conflagration. He preaches the war of classes. He regards the Treasury precisely as he does his own millions—just so much money more with which to buy political support. Having caught the trick of anarchistic utterance from Bryan, he far outbellows his teacher. Yet Mr. Bryan, in his desperate attempts to sustain his failing fortunes, does not hesitate to strike hands with this vulgar compound of ignorance and recklessness, who thinks that money can gild his infamous career. We had hoped that Mr. Bryan, whose private life has been, we believe, beyond reproach, would shrink from the repulsive contact of a man whose life has been passed in unmentionable licentiousness; but seemingly he will stop not even at that to wreak his vengeance, if possible, and prevent his own threatened submergence.

By seizing the opportunity to defeat this noble pair of brothers, the Democrats would do more than they possibly could in any other way to reassure the country. That would be bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. On the other hand, to stoop to Hearst would be to sink the party almost beyond recovery. Senator Clay of Georgia has truly said that the nomination of Hearst would mean not only immediate disaster, but a stain upon the party's good name which it could not live down in twenty years. Some political sins are unpardonable; and one such would be for the Democratic party to take up with a man who, to say nothing of the foul-smelling trail he has left behind him, would make of a Presidential nomination a huge advertisement of himself and of the disgusting wares he has to sell.

The signs are, on the whole, gratifying. It is obvious that Southern Democrats are not going to touch the Bryan-Hearst pitch. Delegates from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts will surely be against that combination of dirt and desperation, and will be in a position, first of all, to write the Democratic platform. Let that be made sound and clear, and both Bryan and Hearst will be ruled out *ipso facto*. If they bolt, so much the better. That would furnish the last needed guarantee that the Democratic party had left off the feeding of swine and had set out for its father's house. The hour has, in short, struck for a resolute, energetic, and honest Democratic leadership. The saner men in the party are plainly more awake than they were a month ago to both their peril and their way of escape. Hard work is before them, but it is certain that they can, if they will, go to St. Louis in such force that the fusion of the worst elements will be routed.

DEFINING "POLITICS."

President Roosevelt's letter to the Panama Canal Commissioners is, of course, really a letter to the country. Those eminent gentlemen did not need to be informed so solemnly of their own eminence. They knew, before they were told, that they had been chosen to do a great work; that they are not politicians, but engineers; and that the more business-like and honest their methods, the better will be the result. It is, therefore, the public and not the Commission that the President is taking into his confidence. He wants the people to know that he intends to have the Isthmian canal uncrossed by the trail of politics. The Commission is to be non-partisan, having no relations with the spoilsmen and place-hunters; and its work, accordingly, is to be marked by integrity and efficiency throughout.

This is excellent, and Mr. Roosevelt deserves praise for enunciating these principles, and for acting upon them. But what a reflection it all involves upon the manner of conducting the other large business enterprises of the Government! At Panama, the President says, we are to rule out utterly all political considerations. We do not want to see slackness and waste and corruption stain and check that vast undertaking, so we resolutely exclude politics. Admirable; but how about the other departments of governmental business, where we allow politics to hold sway? If political appointments and political control at Panama would mean bungling and pilfering and a squandering of the nation's funds, do they not imply the same thing at Washington? The conclusion seems unavoidable. Mr. Roosevelt's letter, in fact, appears to contain an accurate if unconscious definition of politics. By its absence we learn what its presence signifies. The President tells his friends indignantly that he is incapable of imperilling the great national labor on the Isthmus by turning it over to the politicians. Yet he is all the while turning over to them much greater and more important business of the Government. Thus, on his own showing, the inefficiency and waste which he is guarding against at Panama he is tolerating at home.

Compare, for example, the Panama Canal with the Post-Office. The former is to cost, say, $300,000,000, and will do a business of perhaps $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 a year. But the Post-Office investment of this country must be far larger, and its yearly business is twenty-five times as great. Yet this department of the Government is steeped in politics. Some of the resulting waste and fraud we have lately seen painfully in evidence. Does the President, however, say a word about applying the same business and non-partisan standards there that he insists upon in building the canal? To be thoroughly consistent, he should have written a letter to Postmaster-General Payne, on that gentleman's appointment to office, of a tenor similar to the one he sent to the Canal Commissioners. Paraphrasing the latter, it would have run about as follows:

"DEAR MR. PAYNE:

"I have appointed you to be head of the Post-Office Department, simply because I think you best fitted for that great task. I have not sought to ascertain your politics. If at any time I feel that you are not rendering the best service which it is possible to procure, I shall disregard my feelings for you and get a better man forthwith. I shall expect you to appoint no man for reasons other than your belief in the aid he can render you, and under no circumstances will you pay the slightest heed to any backing or influence he may have. The expenditures you will supervise as rigorously as if they were being made for a private corporation dependent for its profits upon the returns. Representing neither section nor party, you are to secure the best talent this country affords to meet the conditions as they arise."

The very suggestion sounds like a joke—but why should it? Business is business. What would mean extravagance and delay and peculation and scandal on the Isthmus, will surely mean it everywhere else. Mr. Payne was put into the Post-Office Department purely as a politician, and for the very purpose of letting politics bring forth its perfect work. The

appropriations mount; the deficit swells; scandals thicken. Why not? Has not the President just explained how the same calamities would befall the canal if he did not keep it out of the clutches of the political looters? A principle of human nature does not alter with a few degrees of latitude. The way to be economical and honest and efficient at Washington is the same as at Panama. Mr. Roosevelt starts back in horror at the thought of surrendering the Isthmus to the spoilers; but he yields them the continent without a qualm.

We have always felt that there was a singular hesitancy in driving home the non-partisan argument. It is admitted, to a certain extent, for cities. The numbers are increasing of men who will say that the affairs of a municipality should be taken "out of politics." The same principle has been maintained in connection with our colonial dependencies as it is now in the case of the Panama Canal. That is, we say that cities must not be despoiled or colonies ravaged by the politician, but that he is to be allowed to wreak his will upon all our larger administrative business! Some day, the American people will wake up to this nonsensical inconsistency. If politics spells waste and plunder, it should be banished from all public business. President Roosevelt, by his innocent confession that corrupt politicians would ruin the canal if he allowed them to get a hand on it, has officially defined politics as a system of wilful waste and incapacity. How long are we going to endure it at home while washing our hands of it abroad?

TO SAVE THE SHORTHORN KINGS.

Mr. John W. Springer, the cowboys' candidate for vice-president, asked at a recent cattlemen's convention why "the producer of meat, who feeds the world," should be singled out for financial destruction. It was only right and proper, he said, that Wall Street gamblers, "who coddle their peewee brains that they can 'buck the tiger' on the stock market," should lose, but that the capable shorthorn king of the prairies should fall before the Beef Trust was pitiable. Speaking of the experiences of the cattlemen in the past year, Mr. Springer said: "Without apparent reason, prices began to drop, and they have gone from bad to worse." At the Texas State convention of cattle growers, which has just closed its sessions at Fort Worth, the same story was heard, with variations. Men buttonholed one another in the hope of making "deals" in cattle, but there were few who cared to buy at any price. Offers of $17 a head for two-year-old steers were the best to be had, though before the packers perfected their combination the same class of stock sold readily for $22. More enthusiastic detractors of the Trust declared that the decline in prices paid to the grower had been as much as 50 per cent., involving a total loss to the country of considerably more than $500,000,000.

Whenever charges like these are uttered by the stock growers, denials are made by the packers. But it is difficult to convince the man of the prairies and stock farms that it is simply the law of supply and demand which regulates prices of live stock. The experience of a ranchman in Indian Territory who, besides owning some thousands of cattle, runs a general supply store, is, however, full of significance for the plainsman's reasoning. This man submitted figures to prove that the price of cattle had decreased to such an extent that he no longer found it profitable to raise them, and at the same time, as a storekeeper, he knew that the prices charged by the packers for canned meats and refrigerated products are higher than when steers were bringing better rates at the Chicago stockyards. The story of the ranchman who went to Chicago with a trainload of fat steers is familiar through having been told before a Congressional committee. This shipper found at the stockyards only one buyer to bid on his cattle, and the price offered seemed absurdly low. He waited a day, at considerable expense, in the hope of getting another offer, but none came, and he was compelled to accept the original bid. Watching the herd after the sale, the ranch-owner saw it divided and partitioned among a number of Chicago packing houses. The ranchman, therefore, concluded that competition among the great packing houses has ceased—a Trust.

The general public shares the quarrel, too. With the prices of live stock far below the normal level, why does the price of meat to the consumer remain at the high level of three years ago, when cattle brought nearly twice as much in the Chicago markets as they do now? Yet, again, whenever the consumers make this complaint in too loud a voice, the packers retort that the blame is not theirs but the wicked retailers'. The retailers, whether of New York or Chicago, point, in turn, to the prices they are charged by the packers. And when the investigators again crowd the packers, and figures are produced to convict the latter, the fault is skilfully shifted to the farmers. It is asserted—as a member of the firm of Swift & Co. stated in a Chicago newspaper—that the farmers found corn too expensive to feed to cattle, and as a consequence an unusual number were sent to market. That is an old argument—too old to convince the cattle owners.

Driven from one argument to another, as they have been, the final stand of the packers has been made on a refreshingly novel contention. It was a yard expert of Chicago who explained that too much prosperity throughout the country has rendered all but the choicest cuts of beef almost unmarketable. For the benefit of the interviewer, the picture was drawn of the country stepping up to the butchers' block and demanding porterhouse and sirloin steaks in abundance, and scorning the 73 per cent. of the carcass that cannot be converted into such delectable cuts. Were the cattle all ribs and loins, it is explained, the packers could manage to extract some profit from what is now a miserably paid industry. But the round steaks and other less desirable parts must be sold at a loss to the packer, though it is somewhat mystifying to learn that what the packers sell to the retailers at 6½ cents a pound is readily sold to the consumers for 12 cents a pound, and sometimes more. Still, it is in line with the great bulk of argument tending to deny the existence of a Beef Trust.

The Atlanta *Constitution* suggests that the desultory and indecisive efforts so far made by the Attorney-General to curb the packers' combine be exchanged for vigorous investigation. As is pointed out, there is little immediate prospect of successful competition by independent packers, and certainly there can be no stimulus towards improving the conditions of cattle raising so long as cattlemen are persuaded that another law besides that of supply and demand rules the markets. If only to save to the country a cowboy running-mate for the President and to preserve a race of "Shorthorn Kings," something ought to be done.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," is the motto adopted by the Republican organization in this State. The leaders, having made up their minds that New York will go Democratic in November, are resolved that it shall go so completely that nobody can have the slightest doubt or misgiving over the result. This theory, that Gov. Odell and his advisers have resolved that they may as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb, offers the only reasonable explanation of their present attitude.

To specify—the bill to facilitate prosecution of gamblers is finding scant favor among the friends of the Odell machine. In the Senate, Brackett was the chief opponent, and Elon R. Brown ably seconded him. In the Assembly the bill has been sleeping the sleep of the just in the Committee on Codes, and the prospect is that, still unconscious from knockout drops, it may be delivered over to the tender mercies of the Rules Committee in the last days of the session. Indubitably, Richard Canfield would gladly pay from $25,000 to $50,000 to the Republican State Committee if this bill were killed; for, although the proposed law might not enable Mr. Je-

rome to clap him into Sing Sing, it would put him to much inconvenience and expense. But no amount of money that Canfield can raise could offset the political consequence of smothering Mr. Jerome's darling.

If the bill fail and the Democrats nominate Mr. Jerome for Governor, there will not be enough of the Republican State ticket left after November 8 to hold a wake over. Mr. Jerome could make a campaign that would be, not a whirlwind, but a cyclone. He could pose as the man who was ready to bring even a Vanderbilt on the witness stand in order to convict the richest and most powerful gambler in America. The Vanderbilts could easily make their peace with Gov. Odell's Republican State Committee—they can always exert vast influence near their railway lines. But still the word Vanderbilt is not exactly a trumpet call to the farmers and merchants along the New York Central. On the contrary, the rank and file of both parties would be only too glad to promote a District Attorney who defied the name with which people associate the phrase, "The public be damned."

But, aside from this popular prejudice against a family of capitalists—a prejudice which, however unreasonable, would have great political effect—plain people would feel a highly proper resentment against a party that protected a rich criminal in return for a campaign contribution. If Senator Brackett is so fatuous as to imagine that your average country Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian, who is still a Puritan, would cling to the Republicans in the face of such charges, he knows nothing of the force of moral convictions. These church people, who are the backbone of rural Republicanism, would give Jerome as candidate a majority which would recall Cleveland's sweep in 1882. Should the Republican politicians want to widen their experience by being buried under an avalanche, the way to destruction and wisdom lies open before them.

The railroad bills are even more conspicuously cherished by the Republican majority in the Legislature. Already within a week we have had the spectacle of New York delegations going to Albany to save themselves from the rapacity of their own representatives. The bill which virtually nullifies the street-car transfer privilege here at the moment when the fight for it seems almost won in the courts, the so-called relocation bill, which apparently enables the company to move its tracks from one street to another and thus acquire a new franchise, are outrages upon public sentiment in this city. If those measures become law, no amount of campaign literature, no flights of oratory, can ever persuade New York that there has not been a deal between the corporations and the Republican committee, of which Gov. Odell is to be chairman. On no other supposition would the action of the Legislature be intelligible. In an interview a week ago, James S. Lehmaier, an enthusiastic Republican, bluntly declared that nothing could drive more votes away from the Republicans than "a surrender to the unjust demands of the railroad corporations." To-day such a surrender seems not merely possible, but probable.

Men who have profound confidence in the sagacity of Gov. Odell speak comfortably as if their warfare were accomplished: "He's responsible for the result now, and he simply must win or be ruined politically." But the fact is that for Gov. Odell a firm grip on the organization is more important than a victory for either the national or the State ticket. If he can save the Legislature from the wreck, or even one house of it, and can make his control of the machine absolute, he can bide his hour in serenity. Gov. Odell as State Chairman, in a Presidential and State campaign, with vast sums to spend, can make his authority in the party so complete for a long time to come that the result of the next election is a minor matter. The main thing is to tap the barrel; and Gov. Odell and his legislative adherents have their hands on the spigot.

At one time the city of Paris offered a reward for saving a drowning man; and rogues used to agree with the watermen, throw themselves into the Seine, and share the reward. In order to prevent this fraud, the reward was made 12 francs for saving a man and 36 for recovering his body; that is, there was a clear profit of 24 francs in letting him perish. The situation in this State is somewhat the same. Should the Governor, as chairman of the State Committee, be able to demand from the corporations a large and immediate reward for doing their bidding, he may profit more handsomely by recovering the dead body of his party than by rescuing the drowning.

THE ART COMMISSION, 1903.

The Municipal Art Commission has for some years been exercising a jurisdiction no less useful than anomalous. Over the acceptance, location, and relocation of works of art it has had full control since the charter of 1897. This power was extended to such public buildings as the Mayor might designate, and, in the amended charter of 1901, to all municipal buildings costing $1,000,000 or more. That gives the Commission a very substantial veto power. In the year covered in the annual report just issued, the Commission passed upon works of a value of $33,600,000; in about half of the models, designs, etc., submitted to it, it required improvement before final acceptance. In all, it passed upon 117 submissions in 1903, against 64 in 1902 and 23 in the previous four years of its existence. Thus, in the past two years the Commission, which had previously had somewhat nominal functions, has become distinctly a power to be reckoned with.

So far, attempts to override its authority have been unsuccessful. For example, a contractor on the Blackwell's Island bridge attempted to proceed upon plans which, while rejected by the Commission, had been otherwise regularly approved. The matter involved $7,000,000. The court ruled that, as the "Art Commission, . . . vested with the veto power by law, has rejected the original design, that disapproval disposed of it. The bridge could not thereafter be constructed in accordance therewith." If the Commission was fortunate in getting ample confirmation of its powers in this conspicuous case, another test case, that of the Bronx Court House, remains in a less satisfactory condition. It illustrates very well the kind of difficulty this new authority meets.

By authority of the Legislature, the Borough of the Bronx bought a site for the Municipal Court House. A worse location could hardly be imagined. The elevated railroad, high at that point, cuts diagonally across the proposed façade and almost envelops the building. The plans for this expensive structure came from a local contractor and builder, who resigned from the place of Building Superintendent just in time to reappear as the architect of the new Court House. The plans and designs were despicable, whether from the point of view of art or utility, but the Commission preferred to rest its veto chiefly upon the unsuitableness of the site. No important public building, the Commission held, should be erected in such an unfavorable location—especially in the Bronx, where land is yet comparatively cheap. President Haffen made the cause of his devotee, Mr. Garvin (the ex-superintendent and architect to be), his own, and at his instance an opinion was secured from the Corporation Counsel in which the Commission's veto of a site was judged illegal. Accordingly, the attention of the Commission has necessarily turned to the building itself, a model of which has been ordered under the charter provision. Naturally, such solicitude about a mere job—though a $1,000,000 one—has irritated President Haffen and his followers. Never before in the history of the Bronx had anybody interfered with a profitable transfer of real estate, or bothered about the place or looks of a public building. The baffled Haffens and Garvins at once suspected personal animus, and made preposterous charges against prominent members of the Commission. In a recent public hearing Mayor McClellan made short work of this gossip, and practically bade the protagonists of the Bronx produce the model

as required by law or cease from troubling.

Evidently the Art Commission, thanks largely to the Mayor, more than holds its own with Haffen and Garvin and the old-school political builders of the Bronx; but in the matter of its authority to regulate the site of a public building the question remains open. Mr. Rives's adverse opinion was based upon a literal reading of the charter, which gives no such power expressly. If the power exists it must be obtained inferentially, either as a necessary complement to the powers already conferred in the charter, or as a natural extension of the undisputed right to fix the site for all works of art. Clearly, a fine building may be almost as much impaired by bad location as a statue or a fountain. If the Commission, chiefly in the interest of dignified architectural effect, has the right to veto the plans of public buildings, it should have the cognate right of preventing the handsomest designs from being nullified by unsuitable surroundings.

Were such a power granted through judicial finding or the amendment of the charter, it would bring new and heavy responsibilities upon the Commission which it could fulfil only by cooperation with the various administrative committees of the city. Obviously, it is awkward for the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to acquire a site, only to have it condemned and virtually ordered resold. Under ideal conditions all new sites would be first discussed, and an agreement arrived at. In fact, as the annual report attests, such negotiations are already usual:

> "The work of the Commission has brought it into official relation with nearly every department of the greater city and the boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx. Most helpful coöperation has been had from all, of which we have availed ourselves to the utmost by liberal construction of the law providing:
>
> " 'In all matters of which the Commission takes cognizance pertaining to work under the special charge of a commissioner or department, the commissioner having such special charge shall act as a member of the Commission.' "

On the whole, then, the Art Commission has fitted into its untried and difficult functions with surprisingly little friction. Mayor Low turned over more than a hundred discretionary cases to it, where Mayor Van Wyck had submitted none. Mayor McClellan has already manifested his friendliness in very serviceable ways, and Commissioner McAdoo welcomes its counsel on police station sites. An even surer sign of the respect the Commission has won is the gradual but marked improvement in all the plans presented. The mere knowledge that drawings, models, etc., are to be rigorously scrutinized by an expert body, stimulates to their best work many who formerly looked upon the city as their softest client.

FROM WATERLOO TO ST. HELENA.—I.

PARIS, March 8, 1904.

There are as many as three members of the French Academy who devote all their time and efforts to an exact reconstitution of the history of the Emperor Napoleon and of his epic period. M. Frédéric Masson gives us volume after volume on this subject; M. Albert Vandal has written in succession the history of the Russian campaign, the history of the Eighteenth Brumaire and of the transition from the Directory to the Consulate. We owe to M. Henry Houssaye a very interesting and dramatic account of the years 1814 and 1815. Lately, M. Houssaye has followed Napoleon from Waterloo to St. Helena, and described what may be called the political agony of the Emperor.

Three days after his abdication, on June 25, 1815, Napoleon, who had resolved to sail from Rochefort for America, left for the Malmaison, where he intended to remain till the day of his departure should be fixed. He had a small following—only Marshal Bertrand, Generals Gourgaud and Montholon, and a few officers. He found at the Malmaison the Princess Hortense, and received there visits from his brothers Joseph, Lucien, and Jerome, the Duke of Bassano, Lavalette, the Duke of Rovigo. In the evening Gen. Beker arrived. His ostensible mission from Fouché, the President of the Provisional Government, was to see that Napoleon's safety should not be endangered; in reality, he was to watch the movements of Napoleon. Beker was a good and honest man. Napoleon, who understood at once the nature of his mission, told him that he might be tranquil; he would not break the engagements he had made. "If the choice of an officer had been left to me," he said to Beker, "I would have named you, for I have for a long time known your loyal character." He had a long conversation with Beker, and finally said to him: "I am impatient to leave France to avoid a catastrophe of which the odium would fall on the nation." He added: "Let them give me the two frigates which I have asked for, and I will start at once for Rochefort. But it is well that I should reach my destination without falling into the hands of my enemies."

The Malmaison was just what it was when Napoleon lived in it under the Consulate. "It had the same distribution of apartments, the same neo-Grec decoration, the same furniture, the same statuary, the same pictures, and, in the park, the same lawn, flowers, exotic trees." One can well imagine the Emperor's feelings when he found himself in the place which he had inhabited in his youth with Josephine. He spoke of her to the Princess Hortense, to Bassano. "Poor Josephine," he once said; "I cannot get accustomed to being here without her. I always seem to see her coming out of an alley plucking one of the flowers she was so fond of. . . . She certainly was more full of grace than any person I have ever seen." And he had divorced her, the only woman he had really loved. Viewing it at the distance of a century, we can well say that the divorce was a great mistake; it was a turning-point in Napoleon's career. He sacrificed too much to enter into the families of the old sovereigns, and to become a guest at the table of Olympus. The principle of adoption was better adapted to his system of government than the hereditary principle. He had long thought of adopting Prince Eugene, and the history of France would have been very different if Napoleon had not sought, as he did, the alliance with Austria. M. Frédéric Masson insists much in his late volume on the change produced in all the Emperor's plans and in his political conceptions by the marriage with Marie Louise and the prospect of leaving the imperial crown to a son allied to the imperial family of Austria.

Napoleon, as I have said, was very anxious to obtain two frigates to accompany him to the United States. Fouché officially asked the Duke of Wellington for a safe-conduct for Napoleon. Did he hope that Wellington would refuse it? So it was thought by many, who suspected that Fouché only wished to inform Wellington of Napoleon's desire to leave France. Marshal Davout considered the presence of Napoleon at the Malmaison a danger; he was afraid that Napoleon would place himself again at the head of the army. The Executive Committee which had taken the Government of France in hand, decided that the two frigates at Rochefort should be armed to transport Napoleon to the United States, that Gen. Beker should escort him, and that the frigates should leave the port only after the arrival of a safe-conduct.

"The safe-conduct!" says M. Houssaye. "If Fouché, with an ingenuity which it is difficult to suppose in him, had asked for it, he was quite sure now that it could not be obtained. Wittingly or unwittingly, Blücher's aides-de-camp misinformed La Fayette and his colleagues regarding the intentions of the Powers on the subject of the future French Government, but they told the truth on the question of the guarantees which they were determined to exact against Napoleon. The allies wanted to end with 'the perturbator of the world.' "

Metternich wrote to Wellington that "the three sovereigns considered it an essential condition of peace that Napoleon should remain in their keeping." Wellington, in accord with Blücher, said that he would not suspend military operations till Bonaparte was a prisoner. Lord Liverpool judged that "the best thing would be to put Napoleon in the hands of the King of France, who would treat him as a prisoner." Blücher wished simply to execute Napoleon before the Prussian army, "to render a service to humanity" (letter to his wife from Compiègne, June 27). Gneisenau wrote from Senlis (June 29): "If Wellington is opposed to the execution of Napoleon, he thinks and acts like a true Englishman. England owes nobody so much gratitude as this man, since, by the events which he has directed, the greatness and the wealth of England have been augmented. It is not so for us Prussians; we have been impoverished by Napoleon."

Fouché, who was always well informed, arranged matters so as to prevent Napoleon from leaving for Rochefort and to keep him at the Malmaison. He was quite ready to deliver him to the Allies if it was necessary in order to obtain an armistice. If he could obtain no passports, the Emperor preferred to remain at the Malmaison. In vain did his friends beg him to depart. On the morning of June 28, he sent M. de Flahaut to the Executive Committee to ask once more for passports. Flahaut saw the members at the Tuileries, but obtained nothing but angry words from Davout. "General," said Davout, "go back to the Emperor; tell

him that his presence is an obstacle to any kind of arrangement. He must go; otherwise, we shall be obliged to arrest him. I will arrest him myself." The Emperor was meanwhile taking measures for his departure. Orders were given to make a deposit of three millions in gold with the house of Laffitte, which was to send it to America, to supply from time to time the needs of Napoleon.

The last visitors were arriving: the Duchess of Vicenza, Madame Duchâtel, Countess Caffarelli, Countess Regnaud de St. Jean l'Angely, Talma the actor, whom Napoleon had always admired and protected, Corvisart the surgeon, who gave him a small bottle full of a red liquid. "See," said Napoleon to his valet, "that this bottle be always in one of my garments, so that I may seize it rapidly."

When he was alone, he read a book of Alexander Humboldt's, the 'Journey to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent.' He could not remain idle; he said to Monge:

"Idleness would be for me the most cruel torture. Now that I am without an army and an Empire, I see science alone capable of imposing itself strongly on my mind. But to learn what others have done is not enough for me. I want to make a new career, to leave works, discoveries worthy of me. I want a companion who can make me rapidly cognizant of the present state of science. We will together survey the new continent from Canada to Cape Horn, and in this immense journey we will study all the great phenomena of the world."

Monge offered to be this companion; but he was seventy years old. The Emperor thanked him with much warmth.

The Prussians were approaching; they were already near Gonesse. An officer of the National Guard came from Paris hurriedly, and advised the Emperor to be on his guard. He sent a few dragoons on a reconnoissance along the Seine. New instructions were sent by Fouché; he did not wish Napoleon to fall into the hands of the Prussians, and sent word to him that the two frigates at Rochefort were at his disposal. The Emperor made no further objection, and answered that he would leave the Malmaison. He offered, however, to the Executive Committee to play once more the part, not of an Emperor, but of a general, and to arrest the progress of the enemy with the remains of the Guard, not the army corps, which were still intact. The Emperor put on his uniform of the Guard, his boots, his spurs, his sword. He said to Beker: "I promise, on my honor as a soldier, a citizen, and a Frenchman, to start for America on the very day when I have repulsed the enemy."

Beker went to Paris and carried the Emperor's message to the Executive Committee. Fouché entered in a great rage; Napoleon's offer was refused. Carnot and Caulaincourt were silent. Beker retired, with a letter from Fouché to the Duke of Bassano, giving him notice of the refusal. He found the Emperor at the Malmaison, surrounded with officers and horsemen. "These people," said Napoleon to him (meaning Fouché and the members of the Committee), "do not understand the state of things. They will repent having refused my offer." Then he added immediately: "There is nothing now for me to do but to depart." He went to his room, deposited his sword and his military uniform, and put on civilian clothing. He entered the room where Josephine died, and remained alone in it for several minutes. He bade good-bye to his brother Joseph and to Queen Hortense, and made her a present of a diamond necklace. He took leave of the little garrison which had kept guard round him for a few days, and left in a carriage drawn by four horses, with Gen. Bertrand, Rovigo, and Gen. Beker, till he arrived at Rambouillet, where he wished to stop. Not a word was uttered.

Correspondence.

A REPLY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have, until now, maintained unbroken the following rule: Always profit by public criticism, but never answer it. I break this rule for the first, and I trust for the last, time because of the recent communication, headed "A Protest," from the pen of Professor Jameson. This communication concerned Messrs. George Barrie & Sons of Philadelphia, the publishers of 'The History of North America,' of which I have the honor to be the general editor. Its language was of such a nature as to demand a reply from me, although I am but incidentally mentioned in the article.

In the first place, to make my position clear, I desire to state that I have no connection with the advertising department of Messrs. George Barrie & Sons, and I am in no wise responsible for their circulars and pamphlets used to describe 'The History of North America.' I can therefore speak of the matter to which Mr. Jameson takes exception without that personal interest bred of authorship. In the second place, I am prepared to state, after due examination of the advertising matter issued by my publishers, that, aside from the hyperbole considered good trade form and in accordance with the usages of publishing firms, though personally distasteful to me, I find little to take exception to. That little consists of three instances. The first does not enter into the present discussion; the second and third involve changes that Messrs. Barrie & Sons consented to make as soon as their attention was called to the erroneous impression that the phraseology of their circulars might create. The two instances to which I refer are: the use of the word "by" instead of "to" in one circular, and the insertion of the words "determined on" or the omission of the words "through a committee" in another circular. I will not attempt to discuss the question whether or no these instances afford sufficient ground for the attack made by Mr. Jameson upon Messrs. George Barrie & Sons. I simply point out the fact that these instances resulted from slips made by the advertising department of my publishers, and were promptly corrected as soon as they were brought to the attention of the publishers themselves.

If Mr. Jameson, or any one of like standing, had stated to my publishers that in his opinion certain words or phrases were erroneous, there is no doubt, judging from my experience with the firm mentioned, that the suggestion would have received prompt, courteous, and complying attention. This would have been the case even if the objection had been so made to impressions created rather than to words printed. Even in the present case the Messrs. Barrie are desirous of removing all valid cause for objection, but such has been the character of Dr. Jameson's letter that though they, at my suggestion, modify their statements, they nevertheless insist upon their right to use the following phrases: "The American Historical Association some time ago, through a committee, favorably considered the question of a comprehensive monographic history" and "Based upon a plan suggested to the American Historical Association." Mr. Jameson has in his protest charged the said publishers with deliberate misstatement and wilful attempt to deceive. The best proof of the justice of their position is to maintain it in the face of ill-founded criticism. By so doing they will also demonstrate the erroneousness of Mr. Jameson's attitude. Yet they assure me that they will gladly receive suggestions from interested persons and will carefully consider such communications.

The statements in the advertising matter that have been so vehemently objected to by Mr. Jameson were based, so I am informed by my publishers, upon statements made by me in my General Introduction to 'The History of North America.' In so far as they are so based, they are strictly accurate. It is to be regretted that their strict accuracy is marred by the slips of composition already referred to. The statement made by Messrs. Barrie that the plan of 'The History of North America' is based upon the plan outlined to the American Historical Association is, however, strictly true. The existence of this plan is of record. It had been talked of for some time previous to the Boston meeting of the Association in 1899, but at that meeting definite action was taken, and the matter was referred to a committee "to consider the advisability and feasibility of publishing a monographic history of the United States" (Proceedings, 1899, Vol. I., p. 27). This reference to a committee seems a step nearer to the adoption of a plan for a history "to be issued under the auspices of the American Historical Association" than the action of the Washington meeting spoken of by Mr. Jameson. But a step that led still nearer was taken by this committee, which consisted of Profs. A. B. Hart, Herbert B. Adams, W. A. Dunning, John Bach MacMaster, F. J. Turner, Moses Coit Tyler, and Mr. Charles Francis Adams, for these gentlemen reported favorably upon the project (Proceedings, 1900, Vol. I., p. 18), and resolved to "ask the Council [of the Association] at the Detroit meeting to pass the following proposed vote." This vote embraced, among other provisions, the following conditions—"publications to be made in small volumes," under "an editor-in-chief," and the work to be "a coöperative history of the United States" (Proceedings, 1900, Vol. I., p. 19). Such was the plan proposed to the American Historical Association, such the plan upon which the present history is based, such the claim that is made by Messrs. George Barrie & Sons for their work. Because of these facts, it is evident that the statements made by my publishers are, with the instances rectified, absolutely true.

If Mr. Jameson will read my general introduction to 'The History of North America,' he will find that I plainly set forth the fact of the rejection by the Council of the

American Historical Association of the proposed plan, which he is quite correct in stating was not mine, and which I may add is nowhere claimed to have been mine. He will also find the following statement:

"This determination of the Council, although at the time it was uttered it gave rise to much adverse criticism, was, nevertheless, the correct one. The members of the Council realized fully the need of a general history. They were heartily in favor of it, but they wisely declined to involve the Association in the determination of those to whom the preparation of the work was to be intrusted or to assume the responsibility for the work, thus condemning all other works after its preparation had been completed."

Continuing, I speak of the fact that the action of the Association unfettered individual enterprise, and then I describe the manner in which 'The History of North America' was carried to a successful conclusion ('History of North America'; Lee; Barrie, Philadelphia, 1904. Vol. I., p. x.). It will, therefore, be seen that I in no way connect the present work with the American Historical Association, nor do my publishers intend so to do. They insist, however, and I am glad to coincide with them, that the present work is based upon the plan proposed to 'The American Historical Association.'

Trusting that this letter will close a controversy which I regret, I am, sincerely,

GUY CARLETON LEE.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, March 24, 1904.

Notes.

Messrs. Harper will shortly publish 'The Gems of the East,' by A. H. Savage Landor; 'Greater America,' by Archibald R. Colquhoun; 'Extracts from Adam's Diary,' by Mark Twain; and 'Memoirs of a Baby,' by Josephine Daskam.

'Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods,' by H. Irving Hancock, author of 'Japanese Physical Training'; 'Bog-Trotting for Orchids,' by Grace Greylock Niles; 'Norwegian Rambles'; and 'What Handwriting Indicates,' by John Rexford, are in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

'Working with the Hands,' by Booker Washington, is in preparation by Doubleday, Page & Co.

George W. Jacobs & Co. will shortly publish 'Phases, Mazes, and Crazes of Love,' by Minna Thomas Antrim.

In the revival of books to meet the current interest in the Far East two could not be overlooked. Mrs. Hugh Fraser's 'Letters from Japan' (Macmillan) have lost none of their attractive flavor, nor have they become antiquated, in the five years since we first spoke in praise of them. The two volumes of 1899 are now combined in one, with all the profuse and well-chosen illustrations, and with no abatement in elegance of manufacture, the type being large and open. The other work in question is J. Dyer Ball's handy dictionary of 'Things Chinese,' some eleven years old, and now issued in a fourth revised and enlarged edition (Charles Scribner's Sons). For ready reference there is nothing like it (for China), and it is as readable as ordinary dictionaries are not. Besides the alphabetic topical arrangement, there is a pretty full index, too little analytical, however, in parts. A third book, English like the others, and most recent, 'The Mastery of the Pacific,' by Archibald R. Colquhoun (Macmillan), has too obvious a bearing on the present crisis in the western Pacific not to be put forth again. Of this also we have spoken at length and favorably; and it contains, our readers will remember, notable chapters on the "Expansion of the United States" and "The Philippines and the Filipinos," as well as on the Dutch islands, Borneo, and Japan. The illustrations are fine, but the index very inadequate.

Guide-books are equally in season with the foregoing. From Charles Scribner's Sons we have Baedeker's 'Northern Germany' in a fourteenth edition, and 'Central Italy and Rome' in the same stage of revision, which need no comment; and a new edition of 'Philips' Handy Volume Atlas of the World,' edited by E. G. Ravenstein. This tiny volume, with rounded corners, readily slips into the pocket. Each map is attended by a page of geographical data; the maps are as far as practicable uniform in scale, and there is an extensive index. A rigid selection has secured clearness in the lettering. The British possessions have been especially cared for. Four plates are given to the United States.

Misses Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke pursue their laudable handy reproduction of the first folio Shakspere with 'The Merchant of Venice' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.). The apparatus of argument, literary illustrations, selected criticism, and glossary constitute much more than half the volume.

The tenth volume of the 'Cyclopædia of Law and Procedure,' edited by William Mack (American Law Book Co.), is, as the publishers very justly say in issuing it, "remarkable in several particulars." It is not only enormous in bulk (to this we have become more or less accustomed in legal publications), but, aside from a few definitions, it is entirely devoted to a treatment of the law of private corporations by a single hand; it is, in fact, a treatise on that subject by Seymour D. Thompson. Mr. Thompson in the last thirty years has been an indefatigable writer and editor, to say nothing of a term of twelve years on the bench of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, nor of his standing as a practitioner today; as an encyclopædist, this volume gives him a rank entirely by himself. It cites some 25,000 cases, and the author is to treat Foreign Corporations in a later volume of the same series. Judge Thompson's qualifications for his task are unusual, and the present volume, where we have examined it, seems very full and useful.

'Tolstoy the Man,' by Edward A. Steiner (The Outlook Co.), is a very surprising book. The publishers state, in an introductory note, that Dr. Steiner spent several months in Russia for the purpose of obtaining material for it; that he not only interviewed Tolstoy, but talked with the latter's intimate friends and his adherents in Moscow, saw many letters which throw new light on the great writer's doctrines and practices, and used other facts obtainable only from Russian newspapers and books. Dr. Steiner himself, in his preface, after a preliminary wholesale condemnation of the Russian Church, which, very obviously, he has never studied and does not understand, adds that he was favored with the use of an unsurpassed collection of Tolstoyana in Berlin, and had sources of other valuable material in Russia indicated to him. Allusion is also made to his having known Count Tolstoy many years ago, and having visited him thrice since the first meeting. After this strong introduction, the reader naturally expects a remarkable banquet of fresh, first-hand observations, sketches, and deductions. As a matter of fact, Dr. Steiner has simply compiled a portrait of the great writer from the latter's published works. All, or practically all, that is original or could not have been obtained from easily accessible works (which Dr. Steiner has quoted from the German, in default of acquaintance with the Russian language), is contained in the first sixteen pages of the first chapter. For anything apparent to the contrary, his knowledge of Count Tolstoy is confined to a meeting of a few hours, twenty years ago, and of about one day (including one night in the Count's house) during his journey of 1903. If that is not the case, and if he knew more, it is a pity that he suppressed it, since (with the scanty exception of the two visits just mentioned, the account, on page 223, of certain "disciples," and Dr. Steiner's perfunctory moralizing) the book is such as any intelligent reader could have compiled on an island of the South Seas from Tolstoy's own writings and what had previously been published about him. The proofreading of names is careless throughout, and puzzling for any would-be student—Tshertkoff and Therkow, for example, being intended to represent the same person, and the Count's eldest daughter being labelled "Tatyana Sevorna" instead of "Lvovna."

The third edition of W. J. Dibdin's 'Purification of Sewage and Water' (London: The Sanitary Publishing Co.; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co.) is, indeed, "revised and enlarged" almost beyond recognition; and in its present form seems to us the best existing summary of the conditions of the sewage disposal problem. Mr. Dibdin himself, when chemist to the London County Council, was among the first to recognize the importance of the bacteria in these processes, pointing out as early as 1887 that the oxidation of the organic materials by the activity of these organisms was their essential feature. The Lawrence experiments of the Massachusetts State Board of Health showed how an almost perfect purification could be secured by intermittent filtration through a layer of sand. It was the English observers, however, who discovered that beds of broken stone or coke furnished ideal conditions for the contact of air, sewage, and films of bacterial growth. Mr. Dibdin is naturally a firm believer in the strictly aerobic process, the so-called contact and trickling filters, since his own work at Barking and at Sutton was along this line. He treats Cameron's preliminary ripening process in the septic tank with somewhat less respect. In general, however, the book is a well-balanced one. The introductory chapters on the chemistry and bacteriology of sewage, on its sterilization and chemical treatment, are sound and helpful. Practically all the important work done in America as well as in England, is considered; the digests of the reports of the Royal Commission and of the Leeds and Manchester experiments being particularly admirable.

'The Grant and Validity of British Patents for Inventions,' by James Roberts,

M.A., LL.B., etc. (London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.), is designed as a guide for those who desire to take out British patents, and is written from the standpoint of the inventor rather than the lawyer. The first part consists of a clear and sufficiently concise statement of the principles governing the grant and validity of British patents, with special reference to the proper drawing and amendment of specifications and claims. This part contains copious references to the decisions of the courts. The second part consists of abstracts of the leading patent cases, very fully illustrated by drawings which are unquestionably useful for reference. The third part contains the clauses of the numerous statutes now in force relating to the grant of British patents. There is a full index to the decisions cited. The book, which is both large and handsomely made, will be useful to persons desiring to obtain patents in England, although the scope of the somewhat revolutionary act of 1902 remains to be determined by the courts. To lawyers practising in the United States, such a book cannot be of great importance, since the statutes which govern the grant of letters-patent in England and the United States respectively are radically unlike, and the decisions of the courts on the scope and validity of patents consequently repose on widely different principles.

The new wave of romanticism now passing over the whole of Europe has brought with it a renewed interest in what is perhaps the most typical figure of German romanticism of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the poet Novalis. Since Rudolph Haym and Wilhelm Dilthey, some thirty years ago, first laid the foundation for a just appreciation of this wonderful and enigmatic genius, a number of new editions of his works and a large array of critical studies of particular phases of his poetry have borne testimony to his reawakened popularity. The crowning evidence, however, of his ascendency upon contemporary thought is to be found in the work of a Frenchman of German extraction which has just appeared, M. E. Spenlé's 'Novalis: Essai sur l'Idéalisme Romantique en Allemagne' (Paris: Hachette & Cie). This is, beyond all doubt, the most exhaustive, the most profound, and the most artistic view yet given of Novalis's life, personality, and poetic significance. It is a model of impartial and at the same time sympathetic criticism, full of happy characterizations, wide in scope and condensed in expression; in short, a piece of literary research which itself is literature. The most valuable contribution to our knowledge of facts contained in this essay consists in the analysis of the relation between early German romanticism and the religious mysticism and scientific occultism of the end of the eighteenth century. Prof. Henri Lichtenberger, to whom the work is dedicated, may well be proud of such pupils as M. Spenlé and Fernand Baldensperger, whose remarkable study on Gottfried Keller was mentioned in these columns some weeks ago.

The economic development of China, and especially the rich province of Sechuan, is the main topic of the unusually interesting paper by Col. C. C. Manifold in the *Geographical Journal* for March. Here is a region nearly 70,000 square miles in extent, and "supporting the densest population to the square mile that is to be found in any agricultural area in the world; its soil allowing in many places of three crops in the year being taken off the same land. . . . A country with immense industries, holding great deposits of coal, salt, petroleum; and in the older formation of mountains fringing it are to be found copper, lead, quicksilver, and gold." Add a network of navigable rivers. There is already an enormous local trade, which could be indefinitely increased by direct communication with an ocean port. A feasible route for a railway from Burma through Yunnan has been discovered which, with the proposed extension of the French railway from Tonkin and the improvement of the navigation of the Yangtse, will probably secure this in the not distant future. Col. Manifold, who travelled some 9,000 miles in China, remarks on the decay of the Buddhist temples and monasteries nearly all over the land. "Except in Mongolia and Far Western China, little is done for the Buddhist religion now." The personal influence of the officials over the people was shown by the fact that, in an inland city which he visited, the French Lazarist Fathers were unmolested during the Boxer troubles, because the district ruler, "though he had only a few ragged, ill-armed constables to enforce his authority," discouraged any attack on the foreigners or their property. At one point he came upon men who were constructing a new road for the return journey of the Emperor and his court from Hsian-fu to Pekin, in obedience to traditional custom. It was a "very amusing thing to note that all the old obsolete watch-towers, of which there are often five or six to the mile, and which probably for many past reigns had been broken down and out of repair, were carefully covered over with matting, so that their ruined state, though it was known to the Court, should not force itself obtrusively on their notice, for by ancient edicts these towers must be kept in a proper state of repair and defence."

Nigeria was the subject of a paper read at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts in London by the wife of the high commissioner, Lady Lugard, better known as Flora Shaw, formerly head of the colonial department of the London *Times*. After calling attention to the importance of the wise and active development of the tropical dependencies, she gave a sketch of the way in which 500,000 square miles of territory and 20,000,000 people were brought under British control in four years. The means employed were an inconsiderable native force officered by a few whites. The people, however, welcomed them as deliverers from the barbaric despotism of the successors of the Moslem shepherds who conquered them a hundred years before. The tribute, for instance, which they demanded from their subjects was slaves, so that "slaves formed the currency of the empire, and large sums were reckoned not in coin, but in human beings." The result had been the gradual depopulation of the land, and the decay of agriculture and the arts for which the Hausas have been famous since the days when the Saxons still ruled in Britain. No attempt has been made to establish a European form of government, but the Indian system has been adopted of "ruling through native princes, by the intermediary of a British resident, who, with a small staff of white men, was established at the headquarters of each emir, and who acted as the guardian of the treaty rights conceded in each case by the emir. In less than four years every province in the protectorate had been brought within this scheme." To these officials Lady Lugard paid a high tribute as some of the very best types of Englishmen, whose "fairness and kindness in dealing with native questions and with the individual natives themselves had, perhaps, had more to do with the rapidity and completeness with which our administration had been established in Nigeria than any other single quality."

In a paper read before the Bergen County (N. J.) Historical Society in January, Mr. William A. Linn took for his subject "Baron Steuben's Estate at New Bridge" in that county. The estate in question, on which the dwelling house is still standing, had belonged to a Tory, John Zabriskie, and been confiscated, and was given to Steuben by the State of New Jersey in gratitude for his services in the war of independence, for his use and occupancy during life, but eventually, after a nominal sale at auction, in fee simple. Steuben, however, preferred to live and die on the land grant of the State of New York, and sold the New Bridge estate back to Zabriskie. Mr. Linn, who uses Kapp's biography of Steuben freely for a good summary of his career in two hemispheres, corrects it in the particular that Steuben is said to have refused the New Jersey gift on learning of Zabriskie's being impoverished by the confiscation, and to have interposed on his behalf; the facts being as just set forth.

We are requested to state that the following persons have been elected as the Organization Committee of the American Bibliographical Society: Chairman, Worthington C. Ford, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.; secretary-treasurer, George W. Cole, Graham Court, No. 1925 Seventh Avenue, New York city; Wilberforce Eames, Lenox Library, New York city; A. G. S. Josephson, John Crerar Library, Chicago, Ill.; and Azariah S. Root, Oberlin College Library, Oberlin, O.

The discovery of radium by Madame Curie, with the assistance of her husband (though Rutherford, who is the first authority on the subject in this country, speaks of her simply as "the discoverer") has had the effect to revolutionize our fundamental scientific ideas to an extraordinary degree. But it has another significance. It is not simply that a member of the sex which has been so rigorously excluded, as a whole, from laboratories, should have had the good luck to make one of the greatest of discoveries, but there is the happy conjunction in this case of a husband who insists that she shall have the credit that is her due. It is reported that one of the coveted distinctions with which France rewards her great men has been declined by M. Curie because it was not offered to Madame Curie as well.

—The April *Century* recognizes the uppermost topic in current interest by printing an article on the great Siberian railway, from the pen of the United States Consul at Antung, James W. Davidson, F.R.G.S. Aside from war interruptions, one may enter a car at Paris and proceed by rail to Pekin in sixteen and a half days—a feat the possibility of which was ridiculed as unworthy

of serious consideration by a Paris journal less than two decades ago. The distance from Paris to Port Arthur by train is given as 7,299 miles, about eleven-twelfths of it through Russian territory. The plan has been to establish virtually a through service between these points during the coming summer. Accustomed as we have been during recent years to look only upon the darker side of things Russian, it will surprise most readers to learn from Mr. Davidson of the great care with which the Russian Government provides for the welfare of its employees along this railway, even though they be mere Chinamen. With such facts as are here given, one must admit that the hold of Russia upon the Mantchurian territory is not one of mere brute force, but has in it an important element of substantial favors rendered. The luxurious provisions to be made for travellers on the forthcoming "train de luxe," which is to pass over the line weekly, are too numerous to be detailed here, even in outline. Suffice it to say that they surpass anything to be found in existing train service in Europe or America. A paper on "Landmarks of Poe in Richmond," by Charles Marshall Graves, has some very interesting drawings, including St. John's Church (where Poe's mother is buried and where Patrick Henry delivered his famous words, "Give me liberty or give me death"), the Allan house, the Swan tavern, and Duncan Lodge, the home of the MacKenzies.

—The March *Fortnightly Review* contains the discourse on the "Growing Distaste for the Higher Kinds of Poetry" recently delivered by the Laureate before the Royal Institution. By the higher kinds of poetry Mr. Austin means the epic and the dramatic. In stating that most readers turn with invincible repugnance from narrative and dramatic poems of any considerable length, Mr. Austin falls into an error of diagnosis. The difficulty lies not so much in positive dislike as in the fact that even the educated among us, whether of choice or necessity, are caught in the mad whirl of affairs which gives no time for extended reading in the lines of literature in question. A census of those who have never read the 'Canterbury Tales,' 'Paradise Lost,' or the 'Faerie Queene,' would possibly be far less instructive as to the real attitude of educated men towards poetry than a count of those who have gone through life with an earnest desire to read these works, have drawn them from libraries, borrowed them from friends, bought them, laid out detailed plans for their perusal, but have continually allowed themselves to be foiled out of a real pleasure by the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches. As to Shakspere, we feel satisfied that the Laureate falls into serious error of fact as well as of explanation. The countless editions of his works which are continually in process of distribution surely indicate a vast number of deeply interested readers, and readers to whom his real element of superiority—imaginative thought and imaginative action—is not especially repugnant, as Mr. Austin would have us believe. The relative infrequency of quotation from the great masters of verse, as compared with times gone by, is not to be attributed simply to ignorance of their works. We are governed largely by fashion in such matters, and it is not the style in the present age to wear one's literary heart upon his sleeve, as of old. Let us not be too ready to assume that all have bowed the knee to Baal. It has recently transpired that a busy scientist, in the rushing Harvard life of the present decade, could give deep thought to the age of good Queen Bess, and express his thought in no bad verse, as verse now goes; perhaps more than we know are giving hidden hours to the great poets of the past.

—'Memorials of Mary Wilder White' (Boston: The Everett Press Co.), compiled by a daughter, Elizabeth Amelia Dwight, and edited by a grand-daughter, Mary Wilder Tileston, makes its principal appeal to relatives and descendants for whom it was originally prepared; but the sub-title of the book, "A Century Ago in New England," hints at a wider circle for which it will have some interest as an evocation of certain aspects of New England mind and character in the closing years of the eighteenth century and the first decade of the next. Two charming silhouettes of Mrs. White confront us with sincere presentments of her dainty loveliness, but suggest a more vivacious disposition than her letters and her diaries disclose. Born in 1780, in 1801 she married a young West Indian planter and went with him to Guadeloupe, arriving at a time of local insurrection. For two years her life was crowded with vicissitudes, her husband and her brother dying, while her own health and safety were precarious. But the interest of her memoirs depends far less upon these stirring times and tragic stuations than upon the subsequent affairs of her quiet widowhood in Concord, Mass., and her life in Newburyport, where she lived after her marriage with Daniel Appleton White in 1807 until her death in 1811. The husband, a classmate of Dr. Channing, became, as Judge White, one of the local celebrities of Essex County. In the recent biography of Horace Binney he showed to better advantage in his mature correspondence than in the "tame extravagance" of his love-letters, herewith produced. But extravagance was in those times the general note, and the letters of the young girl and widow printed here are so stilted in their Johnsonese as to afford us that amusement which their defect of humor inexorably denies. There are interesting glimpses of Buckminster and Channing, and of various Concord people; most notably of Emerson's eccentric aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, with whom the subject of these memorials was intimate, collaborating with her in letters published in the *Monthly Anthology*, and writing her many privately that curiously reflect the tastes, the manners, and the reading of the time.

—'Ethics of Democracy,' by Louis F. Post (New York: Moody Publishing Co.), is, according to the author, a "Series of Optimistic Essays on the Natural Laws of Human Society." From the wording of the dedication to the memory of Henry George, we are led to infer that it is from the Ethics of Democracy that the Natural Laws of Human Society are to be evolved. But what are the Ethics of Democracy? The book is divided into seven parts, which deal with such subjects as "Individual Life," "Business Life," "Economic Tendencies," "Politico-economic Principles," "Democratic Government," and "Patriotism." In the course of it there is a good deal of writing which may almost be called eloquent, and a good deal that is nearly incoherent. The drift of the whole is Socialistic, but there is in it political economy of the most systematic kind, and political writing of a sound sort. The difficulty is that the author seems unable to distinguish what is sound from what is unsound, and the result is that we have a jumble rather than a book. The essay on Imperialism, for instance, contains a very clear statement of the anti-fatalist view of history; that on Trial by Jury supports the absurd idea that a verdict, however ridiculous, is sacrosanct, and that a judge who expresses his opinion of it commits a crime "worse than contempt of court," because it is a crime "against democratic government." In the same way, Mr. Post has some good general statements supporting the view that political economy is a science of *tendencies;* but in a chapter on "Our Foreign Trade" he solemnly assures us that "our swelling export balance" is largely composed of "tribute" in the shape of rents paid to alien owners of American lands for which "nothing comes back"—a view of our situation which would seem, if believed, to show that there is no hope for us. Indeed, Mr. Post compares our case with that of Ireland. As to public debts, he declares Repudiation to be a "sacred right," qualified, however, by the fact that it must neither be "dishonestly exercised" nor "dishonestly neglected." On the whole, it may safely be said that Mr. Post is not a guide to be implicitly followed, and that those who accept him as a teacher will find it exceedingly difficult to calculate to what conclusions he may not lead them.

—Mr. George E. Littlefield's account of 'The Early Schools and School-Books of New England' is mainly a description of the various text-books in copies of which he has found evidence that they had been used by children who in later years did their part towards developing in eastern Massachusetts what Dr. Crothers calls its "deeply rooted prejudice in favor of intelligence." For nearly forty years Mr. Littlefield's book-shop on Cornhill has been the haunt of Bostonians who care for the history of their town, and into it have come the attic clearings of a thousand-odd New England housewives anxious to get rid of the accumulations of their predecessors. While searching through these for the treasure which every bibliophile is always hoping to find in some pile of old books, Mr. Littlefield long ago realized that the schoolbooks which his fellow bookmen regarded as the veriest junk had an importance all their own, and by no means insignificant. They were the conclusive evidence of how New England got its education. Possessing the inherent Bostonian sense for the historical aspect of things, he began to collect these tattered and torn remains of schoolboy struggles, to look into them for the dates which show when the owners of the scrawling signatures were using the books, and to search for other evidence which would prove when the popular textbooks were first brought over from England, how long and how extensively they were used, and what influence they had upon the curriculum and the pupils. These gatherings give a very unusual value to the volume in which they are brought together. It is a contribution of considerable

importance to the historian of American education, and it would be most unfortunate if its aristocratic seclusion in the rare company of the "Club of Odd Volumes" publications should result in its being overlooked by those who are making that subject their especial study.

—The Japanese Government, through the Imperial Cabinet's Bureau of General Statistics, has sent forth its annual publication on the 'Movement of Population in the Empire of Japan' during the year 1900. The work is an elaborate quarto of 354 pages. The preface, title-page, heads of columns, and tables are in French. The addition of Romanized letters, with the Chinese script and Arabic numerals, make this work of easy consultation, as well as of high interest to the student of vital statistics. Under thirty-four categories, with the most careful classification of sex, age, and place, is given information concerning birth, death, marriage, divorce, diseases and registry. Expert medical knowledge and statistical skill have been employed upon the work throughout, which, however, does not present the total of the population of the Empire (now about fifty millions), for this is not the publication of a census, which hereafter is to be decennial in point of time and very elaborate as to methods of inquiry and publication. Incidentally this work disposes of some curious notions recently set forth, not only by newspaper writers, but even by medical and literary men of repute who, having been in Japan more or less remotely in the past, have not kept up with the movement of population and events. For example, it has been recently stated that *kakke* (beri-beri), which was formerly confined to the low-lying districts at the mouths of rivers, has been, because of improved means of communication by railways and steamers, converted into a national scourge, and will more than decimate the Japanese armies abroad during the coming springtime. As matter of fact, *kakke* has been so far eliminated from the Japanese navy that, as a rule, it is only the old and experienced surgeons who have treated a case on shipboard. The very minute tables of diseases, covering 95 pages, shows that in the whole Empire, excluding Formosa, there were in 1900 but 6,500 deaths from this disease, a figure which, it is safe to say, is scarcely one-tenth of what the facts would have shown fifty, possibly even twenty, years ago. Another ridiculous statement, made by a supposed high authority in London, a gentleman who had flitted through Japan, is that the Mikado's army was virtually controlled by the two clans of Satsuma and Choshiu, and that quarrels between the various clansmen were very common. This not only is untrue, in a nation that threw the whole clan system overboard thirty-four years ago, but is disproved by the facts of to-day. These tables follow the same plan that is used in enlistments and in furnishing commissions to officers, in that the procedure is for the most part not according to the legal or ancestral domicile, but according to the real place of business or residence. In a word, clans and clan "influence" exist only in memory. The subject-matter of longevity, as revealed by the tables, presents interesting phases, but space does not allow further notice of this highly creditable publication.

LORD ACTON'S LETTERS.

Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone. Edited, with an introductory memoir, by Herbert Paul. With two plates. London: George Allen; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904. Pp. 353. Cloth, 8vo.

An interesting Introduction to these Letters makes us better acquainted with a remarkable character which has hitherto been somewhat misunderstood. Lord Acton has been commonly regarded as a prodigious reader, a vast collector of books, an unrivalled storehouse of learning, prevented by some peculiarity in his character and perhaps by his very overfulness of knowledge from giving his erudition to the world in a book. Lord Acton's passion for reading and accumulation of learning, especially historical and religious, could not be overstated. It was calculated by a friend that he devoured on an average an octavo volume a day. It was true, also, that he disappointed the world by not writing a great book. Books, however, are not the only vehicles of knowledge and thought. Lord Acton contributed largely to periodical literature, lectured with great effect as Professor of History at Cambridge, and thus exerted no small influence on the literary and intellectual life of his time. Nor was he by any means a recluse. He took an active interest in public affairs, was for six years a member, though rather a silent member, of the House of Commons, and so versed in foreign politics that at one time there was an idea of sending him as Ambassador to Berlin. He was very social, a good talker as well as a lively correspondent, and a first-rate judge of cookery and wine.

The present volume contains only Lord Acton's letters to Miss Mary Gladstone, now Mrs. Drew. But he opens himself freely on leading questions, both of Church and State, as well as on his special literary subject, the treatment of history. He writes, as he says himself, "in serene confidence to the most chosen of correspondents." His idea of history, to speak first of his special line, appears to have been that it should be philosophic, dealing essentially, not with personal character and action, but with the ideas and spirit of the age; or with personal character and action only as revelations of ideas and spirit. The ruling influence he takes to have been always fundamentally religious. To get a great corpus of history written on this principle in its application to successive periods appears to have been his aim in organizing the composition of the "Cambridge Modern History," an enterprise the result of which is doubtful, not only because the narrative is unavoidably dry, but because it seems hardly possible to get a set of minds sufficiently in philosophic unison to carry on the vast narrative in the same spirit and from the same point of view.

The practical answer to this vexed question as to the proper mode of treating history seems to be that there are different modes of treating it, each good in its way as being adapted to a particular class of readers. The philosophic mode alone commends itself to a grand expert like Lord Acton. But, to be read by people in general, the narrative must be lively, and it can hardly be lively without being personal. The one historian of whom, in these Letters, Lord Acton speaks with unqualified admiration is Stubbs. Stubbs is worthy of unqualified admiration in his way as a master of profound and accurate erudition; but ordinary readers would find it a weary task to plod through those three incomparable volumes. Nor is it likely that, when they had accomplished the task, a vivid impression would be left upon their minds. Lord Acton vilipends Carlyle as an historian, and in a less unqualified way Macaulay. Those writers have their defects, undoubtedly, though Carlyle can hardly be taxed with failing to portray the spirit of the age with which he deals. But the ordinary reader surely has learned from both of them a great deal of history—history in the main true—which he never would have learned from a narrative of the English or the French Revolution on anything like the method of Stubbs.

In politics Lord Acton was a Liberal, inclining, apparently, sometimes rather to the aristocratic, sometimes to the democratic, side of the party. He is always for liberty, of which he projected a History—an arduous undertaking, and, if completed, a bulky affair it would have been. He is for a House of Lords, on the ground that the elective house is always varying with the changing moods of the people, and that something is required to temper the violence of the variations. But the question is whether the action of the House of Lords is really regulative. Lord Acton says it represents the land. He should rather have said that it represents the landowner.

If Acton is chary of admitting the personal element in history, he is not chary of admitting it in politics. His admiration, or rather adoration, of Mr. Gladstone is unbounded. He says that when our descendants shall stand before the slab that is not yet laid on the monuments of famous Englishmen, they will say that Chatham knew how to inspire a nation with energy, but was poorly furnished with knowledge and ideas; that the capacity of Fox was never proved in office, though he was the first of debaters; that Pitt, the strongest of ministers, was among the weakest of legislators; that no foreign secretary has equalled Canning, but that he showed no other administrative ability; that Peel, who excelled as an administrator, a debater, and a tactician, fell everywhere short of genius; and that the highest merits of the five, without their drawbacks, were combined in Gladstone. Gladstone was a great and memorable statesman. The meed of honor justly due to him is ample enough. The only proceeding of his hero in which Lord Acton can find any fault is his obituary eulogy of Disraeli, which, no doubt, involved some inconsistency, and had better have been pronounced by the Speaker or by the leader of Disraeli's party; but the leader of the House could not help himself; he had to play his official part. Of Disraeli's distinction there could be no doubt. These Letters unluckily do not extend over that period of Mr. Gladstone's life when he had coalesced with Parnell and was struggling to carry Home Rule.

Saving his personal devotion to Gladstone, Lord Acton's view of politics is independent, and some original and weighty remarks will be found scattered over these Letters. Of the United States he says,

defending extended suffrage against his opponents:

"They will admit much of my theory, but then they will say, like practical men, that the ignorant classes cannot understand affairs of state, and are sure to go wrong. But the odd thing is that the most prosperous nations in the world are both governed by the masses—France and America. So there must be a flaw in the argument somewhere."

His opponents might demur to the case of France, and with regard to America they might point to sources of prosperity far other than political. Having made a special study of the American Constitution "in the amplitude of its safeguards and in its fatal want of elasticity," he observes that a "monarchy cannot be too Constitutional, but a Constitutional republic is a difficult thing to work." In one of his lectures he expressed a hope that the United States would not undertake the government of Mexico, observing that "a confederacy loses its true character when it rules over dependencies, and a democracy lives a threatened life that admits millions of a strange and inferior race which it can neither assimilate nor absorb." Attention had not then been so much called to the danger of admission by another gate, that of foreign conquest, of millions of strange and inferior races, the assimilation of which would be more difficult still.

But the most striking, we might almost say astounding, thing in the Letters is the writer's handling of the Papacy. It was well known that Lord Acton was a Catholic of the Liberal school, one of the circle which, with Lacordaire and Montalembert, had undertaken the arduous work of reconciling submission to absolute authority over the soul with practical liberty of thought and action. He had stood forth as the ardent ally of Strossmayer and Döllinger against the Jesuit and the Jesuit-ridden supporters of Infallibility in the Vatican Council. But he was not, like Döllinger, cut off from the Church. He was never, so far as is known, threatened with excommunication. Nor was it generally doubted that he had lived and died in practice and doctrine a devout Catholic, and a faithful liegeman of the Papacy, though one of the moderate school. There was nothing to contradict this in his alliance with Mr. Gladstone, who was essentially a Catholic, hoping to restore, on the basis of moderate Catholicism, liberated from ultramontanism, the unity of Christendom. Such passages, therefore, as the following, which, to avoid any danger of misrepresentation, we give entire, astonish us, and cannot fail to astonish and even to horrify not only the ultramontane, but any believer in the Papacy as the headship of the spiritual world.

In a letter to Mr. Gladstone quoted in the Introduction, Lord Acton says:

"I have tried in vain to reconcile myself to your opinion that Ultramontanism really exists as a definite and genuine system of religious faith, providing its own solutions of ethical and metaphysical problems, and satisfying the conscience and the intellect of conscientious and intelligent men. It has never been my fortune to meet with an esoteric Ultramontane; I mean, putting aside the ignorant mass and those who are incapable of reasoning, that I do not know of a religious and educated Catholic who really believes that the See of Rome is a safe guide to salvation. . . . In short, I do not believe there are Catholics who, sincerely and intelligently, believe that Rome is right and that Döllinger is wrong. And, therefore, I think you are too hard on Ultramontanes, or too gentle with Ultramontanism. You say, for instance, that it promotes untruthfulness. I don't think that is fair. It not only promotes, it inculcates, distinct mendacity and deceitfulness. In certain cases, it is made a duty to lie. But those who teach this doctrine do not become habitual liars in other things" (pp. 63, 64).

"For there are many opinions, not only sanctioned but enforced by the authorities of the Church of Rome, which none can adhere to without peril to the soul. The moral risk on one side is greater than the dogmatic risk on the other. He can escape heresy in Anglicanism more easily than he can escape the ungodly ethics of the Papacy, the Inquisition, the Casuists, in the Roman Communion. The solicitation, the compulsion, will be made irresistible in the latter. A man who thought it wrong to murder a Protestant King would be left for hell by half the Conferences on the Continent. Montagu, Bramhall will not sap this man's Catholic faith so surely as the Spanish and Italian moralists will corrupt his soul" (pp. 233, 234).

"The Inquisition is peculiarly the weapon and peculiarly the work of the Popes. It stands out from all those things in which they coöperated, followed, or assented, as the distinctive feature of papal Rome. It was set up, renewed, and perfected by a long series of acts emanating from the supreme authority of the Church. No other institution, no doctrine, no ceremony, is so distinctly the individual creation of the Papacy, except the dispensing power. It is the principal thing with which the Papacy is identified, and by which it must be judged.

"The principle of the Inquisition is the Pope's sovereign power over life and death. Whosoever disobeys him should be tried and tortured and burnt. If that cannot be done, formalities may be dispensed with, and the culprit can be killed like an outlaw.

"That is to say, the principle of the Inquisition is murderous, and a man's opinion of the Papacy is regulated and determined by his opinion about religious assassination.

"If he honestly looks on it as an abomination, he can only accept the Primacy with a drawback, with precaution, suspicion, and aversion for its acts.

"If he accepts the Primacy with confidence, admiration, unconditional obedience, he must have made terms with murder.

"Therefore, the most awful imputation in the catalogue of crimes rests, according to the measure of their knowledge and their zeal, upon those whom we call Ultramontanes. The controversy, primarily, is not about problems of theology: it is about the spiritual state of a man's soul who is the defender, the promoter, the accomplice of murder. Every limitation of papal credit and authority which effectually dissociates it from that reproach, which breaks off its solidarity with assassins, and washes away the guilt of blood, will solve most other problems. At least, it is enough for my present purpose to say that blot is so large and foul that it precedes and eclipses the rest, and claims the first attention" (pp. 298-300).

If there were such a thing in the papal code as posthumous excommunication, the soul of Lord Acton would be in some peril. It certainly will lose the benefit of any masses that may have been purchased for it, and the payment for which may be still standing to its credit. Moreover, the present work will not miss the distinction, very gratifying to its publishers, of prompt insertion in the Index.

ACTUAL GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

Actual Government as Applied under American Conditions. By Albert Bushnell Hart. (American Citizen Series.) Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

As appears from Mr. Hart's preface, and indeed throughout the volume, this is a descriptive work. It is designed for teachers and students as well as ordinary readers. He calls it "an attempt to describe the government as one might undertake to describe a great railroad." But as a great government is not only a working machine, but an historical growth, description involves some history, and this Mr. Hart gives *pari passu* with his description. The history and law, however, are kept in the background, the main object being description. This covers an encyclopædic field, *e. g.*, the individual and his personal rights, including citizenship; the whole frame of government, including the State and Federal Constitutional systems; suffrage; elections; party and machine organization; State and Union in their relation with one another; the State legislatures, executives, and courts; local government and its problems; Congress; the Presidency; the civil service; the Federal judiciary; land and land-holding; boundaries and annexations; Territories and colonies; taxation and finance; foreign intercourse; foreign commerce; war powers; the organization of commerce and transportation; education; religion; public morals, and public order. In view of the use contemplated above, there is also a short list of "a few of the most helpful books on American government," and a "select bibliography" on American government of some twenty pages. To our mind this bibliography is of little value as a guide. Essential books, such as the 'Federalist,' the Debates in the Convention, and Cushing's well-known Manual of the law and practice of legislative assemblies, are omitted, while, on the other hand, some 850 volumes of periodicals are referred to, including the entire series of 'Appletons' Cyclopædia,' the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*. There is little trace of selection in the list.

Mr. Hart's essay in political description, of a kind not before attempted, is important, but it is written *currente calamo*, and the author appears to be indifferent on the score of accuracy. So long as he gives a general impression of the subject in hand, he cares little about the correctness of details. This is especially noticeable when he deals with legal subjects, and frequently results in great confusion; and as almost all government is in large part law, is a very serious defect in a manual for students and teachers. For instance, in his account of the English Habeas-Corpus Act, which contains the principle of habeas corpus imbedded in our system (p. 26), he describes it as providing that *any person who thinks that another is unjustly imprisoned* may sue out the writ. Fortunately for prisoners, the remedy is not so narrow. The writ must issue even if the person committed applies for it. In discussing the tariff (p. 401), he says that for many years passengers were allowed to bring in wearing apparel "suitable for the voyage." The quotation marks imply quotation from the statute; but this was not either its language or its meaning. By the old act, *"wearing-apparel and other personal effects* (not merchandise), not including articles not actually in use and necessary and appropriate for the use of such persons for the purposes of *their journey* and present comfort and convenience," were free of duty (Tariff of 1890, sec. 752). It

was not the voyage, but the whole trip or journey; the difference is very great.

Again, at p. 524, in discussing the first great "Granger" case, Munn v. Illinois (94 U. S. 113), Mr. Hart says that the Granger movement was "checked" by this decision of the Supreme Court, and describes the judgment as being that any State regulation must be *reasonable*, and that the courts must judge whether a given rate is reasonable. Not only is this wrong, but the decision was exactly the opposite of what it is here stated to have been. The Court decided that the State of Illinois might fix the maximum of charges for storage of grain in warehouses; that the question was one "of power"; that what was reasonable compensation was a legislative and not a judicial question. So far from being a check to the Granger movement, this decision was its *magna charta*. If railroads can still look to the Federal courts for protection in these matters, it is owing to the issue of subsequent litigation, and in spite of Munn v. Illinois, not because of it. At page 357, in discussing Federal jurisdiction over "national forts and sites," Mr. Hart seems to leave the question of concurrent State criminal jurisdiction where he finds it; as a statement of law the passage is confused, and nothing more.

These instances, which have been taken almost at random, if they stood by themselves, might be of little importance; but Mr. Hart's indifference to accuracy is by no means confined to law: it runs through the whole book. Any one would suppose, from his account of the nominating system (p. 91), that "caucus" and "primary convention" were interchangeable terms. Unless caucus and primary are distinguished, it is impossible for the student to understand that the nominating system has undergone a vast change. The present congeries of nominating conventions has taken the place of the earlier order, in which, from 1800 to 1824, Presidents and Vice-Presidents were nominated by party *caucuses* of members of Congress. The earlier system was supposed to be undemocratic, because it was not representative, and was superseded by the latter. Mr. Hart's method of dealing with the subject suppresses the history, which is essential. When he writes about the "previous question" (p. 251), he confounds the previous with the *main* question, and speaks of a motion, so far as we know not hitherto even imagined by writers on parliamentary law, "that the previous question be now put." Oddly enough, not content with this, he displays the confusion in his own mind still further by adding that if this motion is carried in the affirmative, debate at once ceases, "and the 'previous'—*that is, the then pending*—question must be voted on."

In dealing with foreign affairs there is the utmost vagueness. On page 432 Mr. Hart twice states that we had a "war" with France in 1798. It is unpardonable in a publicist to describe these troubles as a "war" in the same breath with the war of 1812 and the Mexican war. The *Alabama* claims are disposed of (without being described further than as a "great international difficulty"—"the fitting out of Confederate cruisers in British ports") by saying that, after the civil war was over, the United States took up the "problem," and settled it "to its satisfaction." Our relations with Japan are summed up by saying that "in 1854 we broke in the crust of Japan and began trade with that country." This is of no use to a student, and is not supplemented by any account of the present treaties with Japan, by which extra-territoriality has been abandoned and Japan brought within the "family of nations." At page 376 the Monroe Doctrine is discussed. The writer of a book on "actual government" might have been expected to give the text of the Doctrine, but that is not Mr. Hart's way. He describes it as "some phases" of "the principle of special and paramount interest in American questions."

His account of the general foreign policy of the United States is very unsatisfactory. He gives two pages to a history of it (p. 431), and there was an excellent opportunity in such a book to exhibit it as a policy involving the substitution of arbitration for war in the settlement of disputes, freedom of expatriation and repatriation, and the support of neutral rights and duties. Whatever may be its future, no history of it is good for anything which does not give these points great prominence. We get no real history of it at all here. An instance of a very reckless use of language is the author's statement that the United States exercises "something like a protectorate" over Mexico, "not formally through the Government, but by the influence of American capital there," which "practically requires a guarantee from the Mexican Government" that order be maintained and property be respected. This is a strange sort of protectorate.

Mr. Hart is at his best in pure political description, and in this field he brings out or enforces points of importance. His fourth and fifth chapters on suffrage and elections, and party and machine, are favorable specimens of his work. What he says of the inevitable *predesignation* of favorites in any system of nomination (p. 110), of there being only one ultimate relief from the extreme evils of party organization (p. 111), and of the possibility of administering a rebuke to party leaders by staying at home (p. 111), is all good. In what he says about police (p. 575) he calls attention to a fact generally overlooked, but deserving of attention, that, except for the enforcement of liquor laws, no State has organized any system of centralized rural police, such as exists throughout England and all over the Continent.

The Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney. By Thomas Cary Johnson. Richmond, Va.: The Presbyterian Committee of Publication. 1903.

In this volume of some six hundred pages is told the life story of a typical Virginian of the educated class, of the school bred under the economic and social conditions of the slave system, of which the spirit affected his whole body of thought upon theology as well as upon politics. For the old South had its peculiar atmosphere, quite unlike that of the North, created by the books it read or refrained from reading, and especially by the habitual classification of men into the born rulers and the born subjects.

Dr. Dabney was a Presbyterian theologian, with a genius for discussing with vigorous tongue or pen every other theme which pertained to the intellectual and social life of his neighbors. Born in 1820 and dying in 1898, his career covered most of the exciting debates and transactions of the rise and victory of the anti-slavery movement, around which gathered, also, many disturbances of the ecclesiastical world, for the Methodist and the Presbyterian churches fell asunder under the ferment of that great moral awakening of the nation which men of Dr. Dabney's type stoutly refused to recognize as having any moral or religious significance. For thirty years he was the head of a Presbyterian theological school, the Union Seminary of Hampden-Sidney College, an institution which he resurrected into considerable vigor from a long moribund state, but which afforded for him, as its most important work, a scholar's quiet for issuing a host of letters, articles for periodicals and books, chiefly upon subjects relating to his church and its confessions, but also covering questions of stirring interest in the domain of politics.

We are given here an entirely sympathetic, if sometimes possibly too eulogistic, account of his weighty influence in his native State, from which it appears that the term *conservative*, which is employed as a characteristic epithet for his attitude towards all problems, old and new, is quite too mild to describe a defiance of most of the views of the universe, philosophic, scientific and social, which have dominated and still control Christendom, under the Copernican astronomy and Darwin's conceptions of the development of life. His biographer, in a summary of the ideas for which he had fought for a full half-century, reports him as having been constantly

> "at war with the atheistic and infidel theories of physical science which have so largely prevailed; with the various forms of evolution, anti-biblical in their essence; with Pelagianism in every form, and Unitarianism in every shade of theology. He knew that man was never evolved from the ape; that there was a radical, fundamental, and essential difference between a man's consciousness when suffering for sin and a dog's when chastised by his master for a fault in behavior. He knew that God created the world *ex nihilo;* for God has told us so in His Word. Materialism, Herbert Spencerianism, and agnosticism are equally false. He expected confidently in God's own time the re-vindication of Calvinism. His opposition to any change of the Westminster Confession of Faith was almost absolute."

It may be added that he unremittingly opposed the reunion of the Presbyterian churches North and South; and to him is ascribed a decisive influence, by his vehement eloquence, in rejecting every proposal of peace from the Northern presbyteries. As Dr. Van Dyke, a bearer of one such plea for harmony, expressed it, "He stripped every leaf from the olive branch and made of it a rod to beat us with." And the secret of this bitterness was not so much any shade of theoretical difference between the parties as the insistence with which Dr. Dabney held, from first to last, that slavery was divinely ordained, having its warrant in the Bible, and that the Northern churches had unpardonably insulted their Southern brethern before the separation by condemning slaveholding as inconsistent with Christianity. Oddly enough, this theological controversialist was invited in the spring of 1862 to become Stonewall

Jackson's chief of staff—a function which he performed for the summer campaign, but which sickness compelled him soon to abandon. The chief fruit of that military experience was a somewhat furiously partisan life of Jackson, which has most of the defects of war history written from the standpoint of a Southerner who is in the thick of the prejudices of his class.

Altogether here is an impressive portrait, with all its virtues and blemishes, of an old-school Virginian to whom his native State was the fairest spot on earth, and his fellow-citizens of the slaveholding régime models of intelligence and manly virtue. His was undoubtedly an exceptionally strong intellect, and, the premises of the creed of his acceptance being granted, with the Bible as an inerrant guide to all truth, no man could put forward a stouter reason for rejecting every opinion based upon recent physical science or historical criticism. But Dr. Dabney belonged to an old order of faith and reason; his world from the first had been essentially provincial, as the world which defended negro slavery as divine and wise notably became alienated from most of the influences which have broadened the vision and sympathies of the rest of enlightened Christendom. The fact that men like him possessed unsullied integrity, severe conscientiousness, and utter lack of selfish ambition but added to the harm they were able to do by keeping their countrymen out of the great spiritual currents of the present century. They were essentially seventeenth or eighteenth century men.

Champlain, the Founder of New France. By Edwin Asa Dix, M.A., LL.B., formerly fellow in history of Princeton University. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. 1903. Pp. 246.

"What can the man do that cometh after the king? Even that which hath been already done." This utterance shows prophetic foresight of our authors who have written books about Champlain. His own narrative, penned by himself and printed while he lived, ranks among the best of unconscious autobiographies. In many ways it is analogous to the Anabasis of Xenophon. Each was the primitive reconnoissance of unknown races in a world unknown. The one has become a French classic as the other was a Greek. Parkman's life we may compare to the fullest abridgment of the ancient original, extending to well-nigh a hundred pages of Grote, while this latest effusion by Mr. Dix, and shorter volumes by Sedgwick and others, and the historic patches scattered in Winsor, Fiske, and the rest, are not unmixed with matters which, if not baser, distract attention from that continuous view of a single personality which a true biography exacts.

The original three volumes form a French pudding so rich in plums that no gatherer there has been able to carry them all away with him. The first comer naturally did his best to master the sweetest, and those who followed him, if not treading in his tracks, have snapped up trifles either unconsidered by the first gleaner, or considered by him irrelevant to his purpose, which was solely to paint his hero and his environment by characteristic touches. Mr. Dix's production seems a case in point.

A single typical example will make our meaning plain. Nineteen lines in Parkman comprise the entire existence of Madame Champlain from her first mention, a child of twelve, till her death about twenty years after that of her husband. Mr. Dix, on the other hand, consecrates a hundred lines and ten more to her marriage ceremony, with details as largely fanciful as sensational. In Sedgwick, a more brief abridger, these nuptials are granted more ample room than Parkman (whose book is much larger) gives to her whole career. The remark that Champlain's Hélène lacked the character and force to make her a real helpmeet, seems to be altogether Sedgwick's own, while Winsor holds that the marriage did not come off till ten years after the pompous function or phantasmagory.

We regard Mr. Dix's work as only an abridgment, notwithstanding his pages are no fewer than Parkman's. Our reason for thus classing it is not merely its diffuseness and peppering with condiments little needed except for claptrap, but for his scantiness of exact statements, dates, and index, and his maiming every chapter by leaving it without any itemized references to sources or key to its contents, both in the outset and all along to the end. Above all do we regret the inadequate treatment of cardinal points, as, for example, the relations of Champlain to the Jesuits and others who strove to rule or ruin him.

Parkman's 'Champlain,' a new departure in American historical narrative in 1865, within six years had reached its ninth edition, and roused for works of its class a popularity before unknown. It proved, among other surprises, that our Puritan ancestors had no sufferings to be compared with those of the first French Canadians, which nothing but French *bonhomie* could have lived through. It described a live-and-let-live policy, a *modus vivendi*, by which a superior race could settle among a weaker one and yet not destroy it. His offering was the result of patient and shrewd research at home and abroad, and led to the publication or reissue of not a few of his sources, which, if not manuscript, had become of extreme rarity. None of his contemporaries knew so much as he, through bitter experience, of that aboriginal world in the heart of which Champlain had founded New France and so laid its cornerstone that it still lives in the language, customs, and institutions of millions. He portrayed a character which readers know not whether to admire most as heroic or wise or good, greatly falling with his falling colony, but living to raise it into newness of life.

How much, at the end of forty years, has Mr. Dix added to Parkman? The first new things to strike the eye are pictorial—Champlain's wedding signature, his fifty-foot monument at Quebec, not erected till 1898, and two welcome portraits of him (one in his best years, and then as aging), though we are not told their provenance. The other five drawings—Quebec, St. Croix, and three fights with Iroquois—were all known to Parkman, but judged too puerile for reproduction, being such as a child of ten would draw, innocent of rudimentary regard to proportion and perspective. The youthful voyage to Central America, which Parkman had condensed into less than two pages, is expanded by Dix into eighteen, a chapter called "The Making of a Sailor." In order to gain verge enough for this Spanish episode, as well as for a panorama of European glories in the renascence during Champlain's first decades, there is a plentiful lack of a fitting introduction similar to Parkman's earliest adventures of the French themselves in the very quarter where Champlain's life and labors were to round out more than thirty years—above all, the traditional and historic possibilities of a pre-Columbian and pre-Cabotian discovery of America by Breton fishermen. The most thrilling addition in Dix is a single date, 1634, instead of 1639, as the year in which Nicollet, an explorer dispatched by Champlain, reached either a Wisconsin affluent of the Mississippi, or a river interosculating with it, and returned in time to gladden the last lingering illness of his great captain, and thus help him to depart in peace. How peculiarly this date was rectified with even legal proof, after Parkman wrote, we are not told, though we might have been, in a tithe of the space squandered on ad-captandum fancies or fringes.

Mr. Dix is a fascinating writer. Thanks to modernity or we know not what, in two readings we unawares came to his finis. Readers will thus often get as much from him as from Parkman, even when Parkman has given them more. It is praise enough for this most recent writer to place him in the front rank of the series of biographical followers who must all go behind the pioneer that blazed their way—the first American pathfinder and pathbreaker in the sphere of the father of New France.

Essays on Great Writers. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick, jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

Such compulsory companionship among writers as we find in this volume inevitably yields one or two choice incompatibilities. Montaigne, Cervantes, Scott, and Thackeray can doubtless always forgather as men of the world, if not on a common ground of literary aims and ideals; elective affinities uniting Macaulay and D'Annunzio are not revealed through unexpected collocation. What brings these studies together is community of original appearance in a literary magazine, and an undeniably even-toned uniformity in the discussion of the respective places in literature of these famous men—from Mr. Sedgwick's point of view. His undisguised sympathies are chiefly with writers who use his own speech and frame their teaching in view of a high, yet worldly, purpose. The "kindling of enthusiasm for large causes," "power for good" (p. 39), would thus seem to be the fundamental, if not supreme, tests of the inherent worth of great literature. It is consequently without dismay that we fall (p. 231) on the otherwise disconcerting declaration: "Surely, there is more poetry in the making of the British Empire than was ever printed in France." Such a criterion might serve for a comic comparative study of the present poet laureate and Hugo.

Mr. Sedgwick's treatment of D'Annunzio is for this reason quite unsuited for serious critical discussion, inasmuch as the Italian novelist's ineradicable curiosity over pathological cases fills this transatlantic reader with equally incurable disgust and anger. D'Annunzio, as the most cursory reading will show, proceeds on the tacit

assumption that relatively virtuous and sane characters are of distinctly less importance and interest, for purposes of novel-writing, than madmen or perverts—a proposition hardly entitled to rank among universally accepted canons of fiction either in Italy or elsewhere. Still, to any one who has read as much of his work as from Mr. Sedgwick's indignant comments might appear, the incisive satire of the would-be Juvenal should be obvious. Deeper-reaching criticism might go on to point out that great satirists do not, as a rule, dwell quite so complacently on the merely voluptuous. The incongruous union (not blending) of a sharply observant satirical nature with a Southern temperament passionately exuberant has resulted in an amorphous product, interesting to placid critics, and safe enough for persons whose moral equilibrium is sufficiently stable to stand the shock of a book. But the sad-colored spectacles of the conventional moralist at his easy task obscure for him the real intensity of artistic qualities which rudimentary good taste usually prefers to discover elsewhere. And, strangely enough, several of the earlier works of D'Annunzio are themselves far more convincing examples "of the vain struggles of the primary instincts against the moral nature of man" than the two foremost illustrations that Mr. Sedgwick goes out of his way to select; for we confess to some surprise at seeing (p. 63) "Œdipus Tyrannus" and 'The Scarlet Letter' specially designated as verifying the triumph of any *moral* principle. Similarly unguarded assertions are found in the essay on Macaulay. How can any one who has read such of his letters as Sir George Trevelyan saw fit to publish, declare that Macaulay "never had the education of a great private, personal emotion"? We are also informed that "he never was in love; he never comprehended the meaning of religion" (p. 158)—apparently because he prudently kept silence on both topics.

In the essay entitled "Some Aspects of Thackeray," Mr. Sedgwick sets forth his own social and artistic convictions with a plumpness born of confidence in their strength. His estimate of the great worldly philosopher's work rests on the à-priori premises already referred to, that high purposes and a positive faith are the essentials. In both these respects Thackeray is found wanting. He impassively waived the deeper issues of philosophical and religious inquiry. "He is never . . . disturbed by any scheme of metaphysics" (p. 335); "Thackeray lacked the poet's eye; he could not see, and was not troubled" (p. 341); "Thackeray is not a democrat" (p. 342). All which is very true, but totally irrelevant if we can but accept an artist's nature as his Maker and the world together have fashioned it towards variety and individuality in art. Nevertheless, Thackeray had his own faith in nobility of personal character, in all things tending to great ideals of life and conduct, though not connected with the shadowy schemes of expansionism and chimerical personal equality. He would, indeed, have been the last of men to entertain the social-democratic idea here described as a "wish to have a ready channel from man to man through which the emotional floods of life can pour" (p. 343). We may hope that, even in a republic, there still remain some few who understand the results of his classic self-restraint and dignity. As to the hackneyed charge that his women are all fools or knaves, the rebuttal is ready in the persons of Mary Titmarsh, Madame de Florac, and Ethel Newcome. Again, if "Sir Pitt Crawley, Jos. Sedley, the struggle over Miss Crawley, Harry Foker, the Chevalier de Florac . . . are all in the realm of farce" (p. 337), surely a very thin partition divides its bounds from reality.

In "English and French Literature" the reader must not expect to find a judicial comparison of their respective merits; on the contrary, the exultant confidence in the unapproachable superiority of Anglo-Saxondom and its products inspires throughout a note like the chortle of a jubilant mother at a baby show. We can have no quarrel with the candor that inveighs against sham or borrowed admiration in literature; we are as fully aware as Mr. Sedgwick of the bogus quality in much pretentious cosmopolitanism; but the damaging admission of a resolve to read foreign literatures through English or American prejudice removes the subject from the region of argument by reducing every expression of opinion on his part to the more or less entertaining fact of a private preference. "What English-speaking person in his heart thinks that any French poet is worthy to loose one shoe-latchet in the poet's corner of English shoes?" (p. 204). Careful study of the best French prose might perhaps suggest a more effective use of suitable metaphor; it is difficult to guess how the logic might be mended when we read, as the summary of the contention, that "men who have thrown off the bias of nationality have disqualified themselves for the task"—in other words, the only comparative criticism of any weight is to come from those who deliberately shut their eyes to all qualities save those they had rather see. What we are in this dogmatic way called upon to admire is the "audacious spirit" or "adventurous capacity" in English writers, which their French rivals, it seems, have failed to develop because of their fondness for Paris and its reputed "classical benches." The whole passage (pp. 220-1) in which this strange specimen of argumentation is presented is remarkable as containing the closest-piled question-begging we have met with for long months. Want of "audacity" seems perversely inapplicable to the literature which for two hundred years has been almost a synonym for brilliant innovation; but the examples here quoted stop with Corneille, of whom it is casually remarked that he "has the nobleness of a *jeune fille*." The absence of the adventurous spirit renders it impossible for the French to plant colonies, for, "wreck them on a desert island, Villon will pick blackberries, Ronsard will skip stones, Montaigne whittle, etc." Here again the pleading is unfortunate, since not only is France to-day the second colonizing power in Europe, but one of the most striking characteristics of her explorers and travellers is a well-nigh unrivalled adaptability and inventiveness when thrown on their own resources, unhampered by bureaucracy, in an untrodden country. Nay, more: if Mr. Sedgwick had chosen to look for examples elsewhere than among the comparatively few men who support his thesis, he might have found, at random, an ample tale of French writers of distinction with capacity for practical activity as well, notably Molière, Voltaire, Bossuet, Beaumarchais, Chateaubriand, Guizot, Thiers. Systematic prejudice and paradox have their uses; not, however, as aids to literary criticism in any sense deserving such honorable designation.

The Haymarket Theatre: Some Records and Reminiscences. By Cyril Maude. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Of all existent theatres in London only two, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, are so intimately associated with the history of the legitimate British drama as the little house in the Haymarket. The present building dates only from 1820, but its predecessor, on an adjacent site, was opened almost exactly one hundred years earlier, and flourished, with the ordinary vicissitudes of theatrical fortune, until the new Theatre Royal was ready to take its place, so that, practically, the story of the two houses is one and covers a period of nearly two centuries. During this time the stage of one or the other was trodden by nearly all the most famous players on the scroll of theatrical fame, from the rascally Theophilus Cibber down to Mr. Beerbohm Tree; and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the history of the Haymarket Theatre, since its foundation, corresponds with that of the British stage. Any reader expecting to find any such comprehensive review in this volume will be grievously disappointed, but if he be an amateur, unfamiliar with theatrical literature, he will be well entertained by a copious collection of anecdotes, culled from various textbooks, which are just as good now as when they were first printed. To do Mr. Maude justice, it must be admitted that he makes no pretence of being either student, critic or historian, or anything more than a retailer of gossip. He apologizes incessantly (not by any means unnecessarily) for his innumerable sins of omission and commission, and is so evidently conscious of his own deficiencies that he disarms serious criticism; but it is permissible to wonder why he should have undertaken to explore a mine of such wealth if he meant to be contented with the observations of earlier investigators.

It would not be reasonable, perhaps, to look in a superficial work of this sort for new or rare material concerning the earlier theatre. Mr. Maude chatters pleasantly enough about Charlotte Clarke, Foote, Garrick, Macklin, Bannister, Palmer, Shuter, Elizabeth Farren, the Kembles, the elder Mathews, Theodore Hook, and other notabilities, but all his anecdotes are hoary. To the two Colemans he devotes a little more space, and quotes some figures which indicate that actors and playwrights as well as the manager reaped considerable profits in the eighteenth century. Foote, for instance, drew more than £1,500 from the Haymarket treasury in 1777 in six months, although he acted for only a week. Considering the relative value of money, this compares very favorably with modern incomes. The rent of the theatre at that time was £200 a year. To the elder Coleman belongs the honor of having organized the first stock company at the Haymarket. The younger, in the later days of his career, was Examiner of Plays, and exhib-

ited much ingenuity and unscrupulousness in multiplying the fees of that office. He used to exact a separate fee of two guineas for every new song, glee or overture introduced at a benefit performance, and thereby turned what no doubt seemed to him a pretty penny. But one actor was too clever for him. He strung together all his songs, recitations, imitations, etc., in play form, and managed to get a license for them in bulk, as if they were a single piece. This must have been the origin of the modern farce comedy. According to some extracts from an old Haymarket diary or log-book, of which more would have been welcome, it appears that there was mighty little discipline among the members of the company. Both actors and actresses seem to have absented themselves at their own sweet will, and not infrequently one or more of the pieces on the programme could not be performed because important players were in the vocative. The closing days of the little theatre were the most brilliant, when Elliston, Liston, and Young, "Dicky" Suett, Dowton, Munden, Kelly, Mrs. Glover, and others scarcely less famous, constituted a veritable galaxy of talent. Mr. Maude, in writing of them, draws freely from the pages of Charles Lamb and other familiar authorities. The extracted matter is good, but not an improvement upon the original.

It is, however, infinitely superior to the trivial and often silly stuff with which Mr. Maude has filled the latter half of his book, which deals with the eighty years of the present Haymarket Theatre. With the drama, with acting, with the history of the house it has almost nothing to do. He gives the names of most of the eminent nineteenth-century players, from Madame Vestris to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and mentions a few plays, but has scarcely a line of description, criticism, or intelligent comment, and nothing remotely resembling a comprehensive or consecutive sketch. He furnishes no lists of characters, plays, companies, or authors, attempts no comparisons of acting or managements, but confines himself to an occasional empty generality, and fills up the intervals with foolish stage stories, paltry personal anecdote, pleasant references to fellow-actors and critics, ebullitions of gratified pride at being the manager of so illustrious a temple of the drama, and other irrelevant balderdash. Although a good many pages are devoted to Benjamin Webster—one of the most powerful and versatile actors of modern times, called the English Lemaître—and to Benjamin Buckstone, who ruled the Haymarket gloriously for more than a generation and made it known the world over as the English home of high and low comedy, there is nothing in his book, except the portraits, to show what manner of men they were. The fact that he is not old enough to have had much personal knowledge of either can hardly be accepted as a justification of Mr. Maude's presuming to write about them. At least he might have published a few casts of some of the many old comedies in which Compton, Chippendale, Howe, Coe, Widdicombe, Buckstone, and others won some of the most substantial and artistic triumphs known to the London stage of the nineteenth century. The true story of the Haymarket is yet to be written, and it is to be hoped that some day a competent theatrical student will undertake the task.

History of the Commercial and Financial Relations between England and Ireland from the period of the Restoration. By Alice Effie Murray. London: P. S. King & Son.

It is unusual to find a subject such as that described in the title of this book handled by a woman. Miss Murray had a distinguished career at Girton College, was elected to a research studentship at the London School of Economics, and was one of the first woman students to obtain a doctorate in economics and political science. Her book is a useful and serious contribution to the history of the lamentable relations between England and Ireland, of special value to Irishmen as being written by an English student, and evidencing industry, care, and appreciation of economic facts.

It is a common complaint of Englishmen that the Irish are continually lamenting over the past and admitted misgovernment of Ireland instead of addressing themselves to making the best of the present conditions; but, as Mr. Hewins in the preface says, "there is no subject on which we [English] are more ignorant, or the study of which is more likely to correct extravagant views of British genius." Miss Murray shows that the present backward condition of Ireland and relative decline are largely due to causes long at work, the effects of which persist though the immediate causes have disappeared. The object of her book is to give a plain historical account of the commercial and financial relations between England and Ireland during the last 250 years, and to show how those relations have reacted on the history of the two countries and their political life.

After the Cromwellian wars Ireland was little better than a wilderness. The estimated population was 1,100,000, of whom 300,000 were English and Scotch adventurers and settlers, to whom the greater part of the land had been assigned on its confiscation from the former owners. The Protestants possessed three-quarters of the land, five-sixths of the housing, and two-thirds of what foreign trade there was. The native population was in a condition of the greatest misery, subjected to the degrading and demoralizing effects of the penal laws, and were kept so for over 200 years.

To the restrictions placed on the cattle trade, the provision trade, the woollen, cotton, glass, and other smaller industries Miss Murray ascribes the destitution, repeated famines, and misery that prevailed without intermission, as well as the present relatively backward condition of Ireland. To these were superadded the effects of the land system and the penal laws, "more subtly degrading and more demoralizing to the character of the people than the bloodthirsty enactments in France or Spain against the Protestants"; laws, in the words of Edmund Burke, "as well fitted for the impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." While export and import duties, sometimes absolute prohibition, killed trade and industry, exportation of the inhabitants was compelled or encouraged. After the Cromwellian wars "thousands of young men, boys, and girls had been sent off as slaves to the Barbadoes and Jamaica." "Between 1725 and 1728, 4,200 men, women, and children were shipped off to the West Indies alone." In such circumstances the Irish revenue was quite insufficient for the wants of the country. Small as it was, it was burdened with "an enormous pension list, of which only a very small part was given to persons resident in Ireland." All the remunerative offices in the Government, Church, and army were in the hands of Englishmen who hardly ever set foot in the country. "Pensions to Kings' favorites, and sinecure offices of all kinds, not only ground down the people by unnecessary taxes, but also perverted the morals of the upper class of Irishmen." Among those in receipt of pensions on the Irish Establishment were the Countess of Walsingham £1,200, the Countess of Lippic £1,200, Lady Betty Waldegrave £800, Lady Kilmansegg £1,250, Countess of Bellamont £1,500, Princess Amelia £1,000, Princess Augusta £5,000, Lady Yarmouth £4,000, the Queen of Denmark £3,000. Many of these pensions were, in the words of Archbishop King, "for services that, though very obliging to the person who gave the pension, yet were not proper to be alleged as motives in the grant."

The volunteer movement and Grattan's declaration of Irish rights were largely due to the effect produced on the minds of Irishmen by the American war of independence. The popular feeling in favor of free trade for Ireland was shown not only by the excitement and speeches all over the country; the volunteer artillery paraded in College Green with the motto on their cannon, "Free Trade or a Speedy Revolution." Following the example of the American colonies, "non-importation leagues" had been established all over the country. In Dublin an association of ladies resolved "that we will not wear any article that is not the product or manufacture of this country, and that we will not permit the addresses of any of the other sex who are not equally zealous in the cause of this country."

The renunciation of the legislative and judicial supremacy of the British Parliament in 1783 was followed by a short period of general prosperity in trading and industrial matters. Real free trade existed. Customs were looked on as a means of raising revenue, not of affording protection. As compared with duties still levied in England, those in Ireland were infinitely lighter, though different trades clamored from time to time for protection. The financial provisions of the Union were grossly unfair to Ireland, and proved even more unfair than had been anticipated. There was an enormous increase in the separate debt of Ireland. The amalgamation of the English and Irish Exchequers in 1826, and the imposition of indiscriminate taxation on two countries whose wants and circumstances were wholly dissimilar, was disastrous to Ireland. The poverty and misery of the Irish people culminated in 1848, and since then there has been a decrease in population from 8½ to less than 4½ millions. The greatest increase in the permanent taxation of Ireland, which was gradually assimilated to that of Great Britain, took place between 1853 and 1860; and since then, for what are called imperial purposes, taxation is practically the same on individuals in both countries.

As no separate records of the trade and commerce of the two countries have been kept since 1826, it is impossible to make any comparison between the two countries based on figures of exports and imports. Miss Murray recognizes fully the excessive burden of imperial and local taxation on the declining population of Ireland, but is inclined to look on this as a question between classes, not between the two countries as separate financial entities:

"The huge expenditure on Irish services," she says, "lies in the political and social condition of Ireland and the fact that the Government is really not conducted on a peace footing. A large number of soldiers is always kept in the country—their cost is reckoned as 'Irish services'—while the Royal Irish constabulary is in reality a standing army, and the most expensive police force in the world."

In the concluding chapters she exaggerates enormously the beneficial work of the new Agricultural Department and the Congested Districts Board, as well as the importance of some minor industries conducted partly or wholly as philanthropic enterprises. One example of this may be given: "Basket work is carried on as a cottage industry in several places; at Letterfrack in Connemara the industry is especially flourishing." This industry was started about fifteen years ago by an Englishwoman, Miss Sophia Sturge, and is carried on in a small iron building where probably there were never more than ten workers at one time. Miss Sturge learned the trade thoroughly, and turned out some excellent workmen, one of whom is said to be now doing a good business in the trade at Pittsburgh. After nine years' devoted work, Miss Sturge's health broke down, and the industry in the hands of a manager has almost ceased to be what it was under Miss Sturge's management—a useful technical school for a very small number of boys. It is difficult to buy basket work of any description in Dublin that has not come from England or France, and as a commercial undertaking Letterfrack basketmaking has never been a success.

As a whole, Miss Murray's book is unique; crammed with facts vouched by reference to the original documents—acts of Parliament, Parliamentary papers, official statistical returns—and illustrated by quotations from contemporary observers and writers during the whole period treated. The list of authorities named in the bibliography extends to twenty-two pages; there is a good index; the type is excellent. The labor must have been enormous, and the student of Irish questions has a book of great interest and of real value for reference.

Pewter Plate: A Historical and Descriptive Handbook. By H. J. L. J. Massé, M.A. With 100 illustrations. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904. Imperial 8vo, pp. xxi., 299.

Pewter, a mixture of tin with other alloys, generally a small proportion of lead, was an important metal in the domestic economy of nations for several centuries. It took the place of "trenchers treene" and wooden platters, eventually to give way to the cheaper and more easily cleaned vessels of pottery and glass. This handbook is the first to be published on the subject, in the English language at all events, following closely the issue of Mr. Welch's 'History of the Pewterers' Company' of London, to the year 1760; and to the touch plates illustrated in that work Mr. Massé has compiled a much-needed index. After explaining that the custom of recasting damaged vessels instead of repairing them was the cause of the disappearance of much old pewterware, Mr. Massé traces the etymology of the word pewter, referring to the laxity of its use in German and French under the term tin, just as copper and brass are classed together in the French *cuivre*. The sources of tin and lead are given, also a table of the various alloys which make up the several grades of pewter and Britannia metal (which is only a pewter of good quality, containing no lead). The history, ordinances, and troubles of the craft in many countries precede a description of the various vessels and the mode of their manufacture. The ware was mostly cast, to be finished sometimes by hand, sometimes by turning in a lathe. "In early times the moulds belonged to the craft guild or fellowship, and were lent to the brethren who required them, provided they knew how to make proper use of them." Many of these moulds are preserved in various museums, and the old spoon moulds of colonial days are to be found in those of this country. Domestic and church utensils are fully described and illustrated, with copious extracts from wills and inventories. Nor does the author neglect the cleaning and repairing of pewter, furnishing instructions as to removing scratches and indentations.

The most interesting chapter to the collector is that on "Pewter Marks." Whether there was any common mark of the London Pewterers' Company is not quite clear; the rose crowned, which is found also on Scotch, Flemish, Dutch, French, and German wares, and the X crowned, were stamped on the goods, not by the Pewterers' Company, but by the craftsmen themselves. The maker was compelled to register or strike his *touch* on the plate at the Hall, sometimes with his name at length, with or without a date, according to the regulations then in force. It will be evident that in most cases only an approximate date can be given to pewter vessels, as there were no yearly letters like those used by the silversmiths. The small imitation hall-marks used in addition to the maker's touch were copies of silver marks; the leopard's head, the lion rampant, and a figure of Britannia being most common. That there was always friction between the London goldsmiths and pewterers is certain. In the records of 1635, complaint is made to the Lords of the Council of pewter marked like silver, which resulted in the pewterers receiving "the order from the Lord Maior and Court of Aldren concerning the strikeing of the Marke proper to the Goldsmithes."

An inventory of the principal works to be found in the museums of Europe is given, followed by a list of touches from the five touch-plates preserved at Pewterers' Hall; miscellaneous English and foreign marks, in alphabetical order; a list of foreign makers; a bibliography (unfortunately omitting the many interesting articles published in periodicals); and finally a list of Freemen up to 1824, the date at which the last touch was struck on the plate at the Hall and the trade of pewterer had practically ceased.

Mr. Massé is to be thanked for this interesting book on an ancient craft, now extinct, or at least moribund, and of which so little has hitherto been known. For a future edition he asks for rubbings of marks, and it is to be hoped that these may be produced in facsimile by some photographic process, without trusting to descriptions alone, as in the present work.

Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers. (Paris Révolutionnaire.) Par G. Lenôtre. Deuxième série. Perrin: Paris. 1903.

Those who know something of the older Paris and of its Revolutionary days will discover much fascinating diversion, and not a little instruction, in M. Lenôtre's new series of stories forming the second volume of his 'Paris Révolutionnaire.' Like the earlier collection, this is made up of painstaking studies of the minor characters who either do not appear upon the ordinary historian's stage or are named and vanish. And yet these personages are sometimes pathetic victims of the tragedy, and occasionally they play an important if obscure part. For example, here is the Abbé de Cajamano, who figured in the strange Malet conspiracy of 1812. Pasquier, who as prefect of the police barely escaped being a victim of the conspiracy, refers to him simply as a Spanish priest, and adds that a vain search was made for him after the arrest of the chief conspirators. This priest is the subject of one of M. Lenôtre's most interesting studies, which incidentally throws some light on the conspiracy itself. The story is based upon the *dossier* of the affair preserved in the National Archives. The sequel shows that in this instance Pasquier's memory was at fault, for the Abbé was not only arrested, but tried, and imprisoned until the return of the Bourbons. He was one of those poor creatures practised upon by the malignity of fortune, so dumbly innocent that when he did not stumble into the toils of a real conspiracy he was treated as too suspicious-looking a person to be trusted outside of La Force.

Another figure, fantastic, burlesque were it not real, is the Baron de Géramb, who suddenly appeared in London in 1810, and confided to the ministry his project of throwing upon the French coast an army made up of deserters from the foreign regiments serving under Napoleon. He explained that he had already armed and equipped 24,000 Croats, whom he offered to deliver at cost, including transportation to London. The Government finally deported him to Denmark, whence he was extradited to Paris and shut up in Vincennes as a supposed English spy. He ended his days as *procureur-général* of the order of Trappists. Nearly all the other sketches describe men or women of the Revolution—Madame Fouquier-Tinville, the carpenter Simon and his wife, who for a time had the care of the Dauphin, Madame Hébert, "la mère Duchesne," and others. One of the most curious chapters, describing the career of an Englishman named Greive, tells how Madame DuBarry came to be arrested and sent to the guillotine. According to M. Lenôtre's theory of the evidence, this man had been concerned in the stealing of her diamonds, and, to cover up the crime, decked himself out as an "enragé" Jacobin, and hounded her systematically until she perished on the scaffold. It should be noted that while M. Lenôtre's interpretation of the facts in such a case may be questioned,

his method of investigation is sound and exact, resting upon official records either in the National Archives, the archives of the police, or in other similar collections. As he is a successful dramatist, he has a strong sense for the points of a story.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Baedeker, Karl. Northern Germany (fourteenth revised edition, $2.40 net); and Central Italy (fourteenth revised edition, $2.25 net). Leipzig: Karl Baedeker; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Ball, J. Dyer. Things Chinese. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.
Burton-Brown, E. Recent Excavations in the Roman Forum, 1898-1904. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 net.
Chamberlin, Thomas C., and Salisbury, Rollin D. Geology. In 2 vols. Vol. I.—Geologic Processes and their Results. (American Science Series.) Henry Holt & Co. $4 net.
Dove's Theory of Human Progression, with memoir by Alexander Harvey. Twentieth Century Press. $1.
Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Reprints of contemporary volumes, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. 31 vols. Vol. I., 1748-1764. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $4 net.
Elson, Louis C. The History of American Music. (History of American Art Series.) The Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Engelmann, Richard. Pompeii. Translated by Talfourd Ely. Famous Art Cities; No. 1. London: H. Grevel & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
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McFadyen, John Edgar. The Messages of the Psalmists. (Vol. V. of Messages of the Bible.) Charles Scribner's Sons.
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Sichel, Walter. Disraeli. London: Methuen & Co. 12s. 6d. net.
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The Young Missionary. The Life of Annie Kennard Downie, by her mother. Philadelphia: American Baptist Pub. Soc.
Turgénieff, Ivân. Novels and Stories. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Vol. VII., Smoke; and Vols. VIII. and IX., Virgin Soil. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net per vol.
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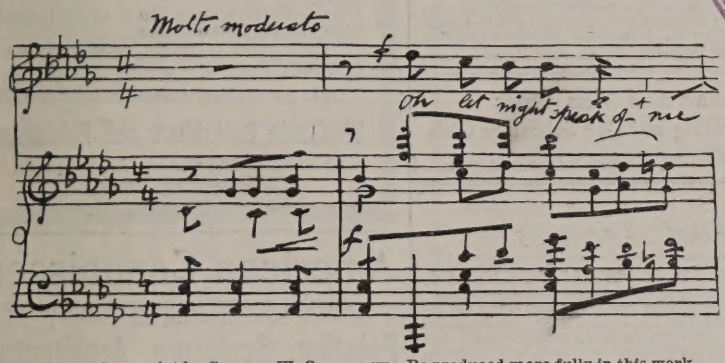

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1904.

The Week.

Judge Parker will not be tempted to interpret the marked turning of Democrats all over the country to him, which, as all can see, makes his nomination at St. Louis highly probable, as a personal compliment. It is not magnetic leadership which draws all eyes to him, not popular qualities, not oratory nor enthusiasm, nor even a skilful political organization, but chiefly the anxiety of his party to find a deliverer. An unprecedented combination of ignorance and insolence, of wealthy vice and reckless agitation, had been formed to steal a march on decent Democrats and capture the Presidential nomination before they woke up. It is the growing horror of this Bryan-Hearst conspiracy which has led the unbought members of the party to look so eagerly to Judge Parker. He has appeared to them available; he has stood for that dignity and honor of the party which Hearst and Bryan would drag in the gutter; and, with his own State now united in his support, honest Democrats everywhere are thinking of him as the best man with whom to beat off the degraded corruptionists seeking to buy and prostitute the Democracy. It is already a great triumph for decency. We now look to see the Bryan-Hearst movement sink rapidly into ridicule and impotence. Its only chance of success lay in its audacity and unscrupulousness, and in the hope of its promoters that Hearst, having named himself for the Presidency and resolved to buy his way to the White House, would be treated as if he were a reputable citizen. But the truth has been told. He has found that money will buy everything but character, and that character still counts. The self-respecting and unbribed elements of his party are showing him that they will none of him; and a speedy concentration upon Judge Parker will soon leave him as soundly defeated as he is already hopelessly discredited.

Mr. Bryan's insistence that the State of New York is not necessary to Democratic success is simply childish. Indeed, we should be ashamed of a well-grown child that could not take pencil and paper and figure out the absurdity of the statement. Mr. Bryan ought to go to Washington and produce his table of electoral votes, with New York left out, for the benefit of Democratic Congressmen. Their unanimous opinion is that a candidate who could not carry New York would be beaten before he began. That is the reason why all eyes turn to this State, and why the Democrats of the South and West are so outspoken in saying that if the party in New York is united for Judge Parker, they will fall in line and make him the nominee at St. Louis. But, of course, when Mr. Bryan says "success" he does not mean winning the election. That is the last thing he cares for. He will count himself successful if, by any means, even the vilest coalition, he is able to control one-third of the delegates to the convention, and so to throw himself athwart the path towards sanity and victory at the polls. Every day brings out more clearly his attitude of rule or ruin. But every day also makes it more plain to the party that it must shake off a leadership which has advanced rapidly from disaster to disgrace.

The Vice-Presidency is now the career that is open to talent. Gov. Van Sant of Minnesota is being pushed by his friends for the place; and Iowa renews the talk of Secretary Shaw. The trouble is said to be the vacillation of Senator Fairbanks of Indiana. Roosevelt, according to all reports, has chosen him as a running mate, and has issued peremptory orders to Indiana to get enthusiastic over Fairbanks. But, unhappily, the Senator—unlike his vivacious colleague, Beveridge—is not a man who either acquires or inspires enthusiasms. Indiana, imitating Margery's bereaved hen, remains "more than usual calm." While constituents continue apathetic, the cool and calculating Mr. Fairbanks keeps his eye on 1908, and halts between two opinions: whether he stands a better chance for the Presidency by remaining Senator or becoming Vice-President? What is wanted in the second man on the ticket is a heavy respectable, to whom the spellbinders can point as a model of sobriety and conservatism—a fitting foil for Mr. Roosevelt's strenuousness. Any gentleman who can fill these specifications will hear of something to his advantage by communicating in strictest confidence with T. R., White House, Washington, D. C. No man under fifty need apply.

Representative Overstreet is getting into water that is both hot and deep. Postmaster-General Payne declares that he originally sent to Mr. Overstreet, chairman of the House Committee on Post-Office and Post Roads, a list of "cases" without the names of Congressmen attached. Mr. Overstreet was not content, and in writing demanded names, which were accordingly furnished. And, finally, Mr. Payne charges that the dates of two letters have been changed so as to make it appear that the Post-Office Department, and not Mr. Overstreet's committee, is responsible for dragging statesmen into undesired publicity. In short, according to Mr. Payne's testimony, Mr. Overstreet, or some wicked partner, is the cause of all the woe since the "Charges against Members" was published to a scoffing world. This new development in the scandal only makes it the more evident that a suppression of investigation by the Republican majority will put a terrible weapon into the hands of the Democrats.

Mr. Bonaparte of Baltimore is the wrong passenger to wake up. Ex-Postmaster-General Smith made the mistake of sneering at his report on the postal frauds, and got a rejoinder which would have permanently suppressed a less exuberant person. Now comes Senator Gorman, caustically referring in the Senate to Mr. Bonaparte as a "professional reformer." Immediately we hear the swish of a sabre from Baltimore. "If I am a professional reformer," remarks Mr. Bonaparte, "Senator Gorman is nothing but a professional lobbyist." He further invites a comparison of the pecuniary profits derived from the two occupations. This may be called twitting on facts, but the Maryland Senator laid himself fairly open to it. He has been guilty of such indiscretions before. When Mr. Roosevelt was Civil Service Commissioner, he once brought Gorman to book handsomely. The latter's ignorance, or malice, was put in the clearest light, and Mr. Roosevelt's letter about "clinging, trustful Senator Gorman" excited much merriment.

Let no misguided campaign committee claim Panama honors for the President. Mr. Roosevelt, like the Colombians, the Nicaraguans, the United States Senate, the French Panama Company, and the Panameños, was merely a tool in the hands of Philippe Bunau-Varilla. Should anybody ask us how we know that Bunau-Varilla was the god from all the Panama machines, we answer that he admits it himself. In an interview with Jules Huret of *Figaro*, he recounts with exemplary candor all the stages of his triumphant negotiations, from the heyday of the Nicaragua scheme that was, to the statue of De Lesseps that M. Bunau-Varilla is to accept in lieu of an ambassador's pay. Three times Bunau-Varilla came to America—once to circulate his pamphlet 'Panama: Past, Present, and Future'; again to present the Panama Company's offer of sale, 1902; still once more to convert Senator Hanna, "homme d'une probité indiscutable et jouissant

d'une très légitime influence sur le Congrès." On this occasion M. Bunau-Varilla succeeded in getting the Panama route accepted as an alternative by Congress. Among those Congressmen who doubted there were volcanic disturbances in Nicaragua, he circulated the Nicaraguan postage stamp bearing a great volcano in active eruption. An actual eruption came opportunely to his aid. "J'avais l'air de commander aux élémens," he says, with fine simplicity. When the Hay-Herran treaty was ratified by the Senate, M. Bunau-Varilla returned to France "reassured."

But this well-earned ease was rudely broken by the hideous plot of the robber politicians of Bogotá. For the fourth time M. Bunau-Varilla returned to America, resolved on closing the matter up at all hazards. The moment was opportune. The Panameños only needed to be reminded of their oppression to rise. "I got in touch with the representatives of the Isthmus at New York; I believed it my duty to advise the revolution. They believed me, and effected it." The appalling speed with which event followed event in the early days of last November is now matter of history. Only M. Bunau-Varilla's comment on Gen. Reyes's tardy arrival, as plenipotentiary at Washington, deserves to be added to the record. Reyes "was too late. Not only was the dinner served, but eaten and digested. I had finished." This is the narrative that M. Bunau-Varilla in all soberness ("après les premières effusions") gives to *Figaro* and to the world. Truth, as usual, puts fiction in the shade. Mr. Roosevelt's part in the transaction is reduced to a fortunate conjunction with the dominating planet of Bunau-Varilla with a canal to sell, and this old wives' tale carries with it a ghastly suggestion that it is the inner truth of last November's bunco game.

It is but an expected decision which the French court renders against the Colombia shareholders in the Panama Company. Their suit, however, was the least of the legal difficulties in the way of the transfer to the United States. The vexation at Washington, the friction between members of the Cabinet, the array of Government counsel dispatched to Paris, signify an obstacle far different and more awkward. This is, we understand, nothing less than the discovery that the Panama Company has never really agreed to sell out for $40,000,000. Its committee reported in favor of that proposal, but the requisite formal action was not taken. Consequently, this country is in the pleasing situation of having bought property for which the price has not been fixed. This accounts for the angry talk about what the Administration will do if the Frenchmen attempt a "hold-up." The whole case is certainly one of brilliant management. First, we announced to Colombia that we had decided on the Panama route, and then blandly asked her what she would take for it. Next, having ridden over Colombia's rights, we turn to the Panama Company with our $40,000,000, only to find that it has never agreed to that sum. Doubtless the snarl will be unravelled; but what a policy of blunder!

After the corner in Northern Pacific stock, three years ago, under the purchases of the two rival interests, it was found that, out of the $155,000,000 Northern Pacific stock, the "Harriman party" controlled $78,108,000, or more than half, while the "Hill-Morgan party" controlled the bulk of what remained. Confronted with the disastrous results of a corner operation, the Northern Securities expedient was contrived. The Harriman interest turned over its Northern Pacific stock in exchange for Northern Securities shares and $8,900,000 cash—the cash, apparently, being paid by the rival interests. The Hill-Morgan interest turned into the merger what it had of Northern Pacific stock, and some $124,000,000 stock of the parallel Great Northern. Obviously, therefore, with Northern Securities stock exchanged for both Northern Pacific and Great Northern shares, that interest held the larger part of the stock in the merger company.

That company having been declared illegal, two methods of dissolution theoretically existed—one, to restore the absolute *status quo*, so that each individual participant in the merger should receive exactly the shares which he deposited, whether Northern Pacific or Great Northern; the other, to distribute the Northern Securities assets pro rata, each shareholder receiving his due proportion of the stock of both these companies. The second of these plans has been officially proposed, on the ground that, since Northern Securities stock has been largely bought and sold on the open market, restoration of the *status quo* is impossible. But the Harriman interest demands that it be restored precisely; intimates that the official plan may be illegal; and offers, for its own part, to return the exact share certificates which it received for its Northern Pacific stock. This it is able to do because it borrowed, on the credit of a railway owned by it, the money for the Northern Pacific purchase, and because it has tied up in a collateral trust the shares which now represent that purchase. The court is asked to decide between the two schemes of dissolution, and it is possible that voting control of the Northern Pacific will be settled, as between the two rival interests of 1901, in that way. This fact should be enough to put the public on its guard.

Friday's holiday in the anthracite region shows what a makeshift the 1903 agreement between the operators and miners was. April 1 was the anniversary of the day on which the soft-coal miners achieved their eight-hour victory. The anthracite workers have not yet reached this goal, but they decided, at the instigation of President Mitchell, to celebrate just the same, although the operators had declared that there would be no holiday. Mass meetings were held in different localities, and the speakers asserted that the next move should be for an eight-hour day and for the payment of coal by weight. In short, the purpose of the miners to strike again in 1906 was clear. This vividly recalls President Roosevelt's letter to the Strike Commission in 1902. These were his words: "You will endeavor to establish the relations between the employers and wage workers in the anthracite field on a just and *permanent* basis." The Commission awarded the miners a nine hours' day with a ten hours' wage, and a three years' agreement between the operators and the men was arranged. President Roosevelt may have considered the compact final, but it is now manifest that the miners regarded it merely as a truce. They had obtained all that was possible for the moment, and were prepared to bide their time. Thus we see that the people of the United States must get rid of the idea that any real relief from the exactions of organized labor is in sight.

The committee of the National Woman's Trade Union Label League, which asked President Eliot why he refused to allow his speech on labor to be published under the union label, received the answer which might have been expected; he objected because the label condoned the closed shop, and the closed shop implied the denial of free competition. Why the committee thought it worth while to put the question is one of the insoluble "mysteries of a woman's heart." President Eliot is the strongest advocate of individualism in this country. His theory of education postulates the right and the necessity of allowing the individual to bring his peculiar talents to their highest possible development. The good of society, he maintains, is subserved not by uniformity of product from our schools, but by variety. This principle of training each person to the task for which he is specially fitted President Eliot would apply to the whole course of education. In college he would throw large responsibilities on the student and teach him to choose and act for himself. He would have the world also an open field, where each professional man or manual labor-

er shall be free to produce the largest amount of the best quality within his power. The trade union, in so far as it limits the output and prescribes hours and qualities, reduces the most swift and skilful to the dull level of mediocrity. It is this side of unionism which President Eliot has rendered great service to his generation by assailing.

The Chicago *Tribune* has been making a strong effort to get at the real facts in the case of the St. Charles, Ark., race riots, in which thirteen negroes were killed. It sent one of its staff correspondents to the scene of the butchery, and after a week's investigation he has printed a story which, as the *Tribune* truly says, is almost incredible in its horror. The town of St. Charles has a white population of 200 or 300, the blacks numbering 500 or 600. The *Tribune* correspondent does not speak very highly of the latter. Their fondness for drink and the game of craps is especially noted. These shortcomings bring them into dangerous relations with "low-down" whites, for whom whiskey and craps have also unlimited attractions. The whites chew off the same plug with the negroes, they drink out of the same bottle, and they gamble with them. In the words of a prominent citizen of the locality, when a white man does that the negro is the better of the two. Now, the St. Charles butchery grew out of a drunken quarrel between a white man and two negroes over craps. The negroes made the mistake of supposing that, as they were good enough to drink and gamble with, they could adopt a general attitude of familiarity towards their Caucasian associate. They tried it, and quickly realized their mistake. Subsequently they assaulted him and his brother, and a race war began.

A reign of hysteria set in. The old, inoffensive, ante-bellum negroes, knowing what was likely to happen, flocked to town, and offered to give up their guns. Everybody has a gun in that region, on account of the abundance of game. These old blacks knew that the possession of firearms rendered them liable to assault in a time of excitement. Furthermore, they lost their heads through fear, and told stories about a secret society among the younger negroes for the purpose of overpowering the whites. There was probably no real foundation for the report, but, as the *Tribune* correspondent says, the white men took no chances. Indeed, their panic seems to have equalled that of the blacks. Armed with guns and pistols, they began the work of gathering in the negroes and locking them up in a store belonging to one of the latter. Even the peace-loving blacks thereupon took to shooting. The climax came when a body of white men surrounded the place where thirty-three negroes were confined, and, calling out six, shot them as an object-lesson to the others. The Northern reader will, of course, be shocked by this account; but the Chicago *Tribune* correspondent says that the better class of white men in Arkansas County—and perhaps even Bishop Brown—"if not equally shocked," are grieved and indignant "at the length" to which the feud has been carried. The incident shows that the vicious whites are as great a menace as the blacks, and that in many parts of the South the action of the community is governed, not by the calm judgment of the white element, but by hot-headed boys and young men.

Premier Bond's statement that no correspondence respecting the consolidation of Newfoundland with Canada has passed has presumably more than personal weight. For the first time in her existence as a colony, Newfoundland is assured of the extinction of the vexatious French rights. It is natural, then, that she should wish to find herself in her new liberated estate before sinking her political entity in that of the Dominion. For the present, the annexation scheme will probably halt, though it seems inevitable that it should finally be effected. Meanwhile it should not be forgotten that the relations of Newfoundland with European countries and with the United States are really closer than those with the Dominion. In particular, there is a growing trade between our ports and theirs. This might be greatly increased by the passage of the Hay-Bond convention, a measure which deserves to be approved for its own sake and for its value as an entering wedge whenever the union between Newfoundland and the Dominion shall be accomplished.

There are more reasons than one why Mr. Balfour should regard the present state of British finance dejectedly. The Government's fiscal year closed on Thursday under a cloud. In April, 1903, Mr. Ritchie, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, estimated that the revenue for the coming twelve months would be £144,270,000. The actual result, however, has been only £141,546,000. That is, the estimates have not been reached by £2,750,000, or about $13,750,000. There has been a shrinkage in about every branch of the revenue, except the Post-Office, which up to March 12 had registered a gain of about £1,400,000 over the estimate for the full year. The larger part of the loss has fallen on the receipts from the income tax. Up to three weeks ago these had amounted to only £26,777,000, against Mr. Ritchie's estimate of £30,500,000 for the year. In customs there was a decline of $12,500,000, while the excise returns showed a decrease of $15,000,000. An increase of at least a penny in the pound in the income tax is of course to be expected, and it is predicted that the duties on sugar and tobacco will be raised. It is also feared that the Sinking Fund will have to be suspended in part. The question of raising additional revenue is in itself an ugly one. While the Government has been increasing its expenditures on an enormous scale, it has also been adversely affecting general money conditions, thereby reducing profits and impairing the effectiveness of the income tax.

But this is the least of the evils that confront the present Government. It is common opinion that the heavy expenditures have come to stay. The South African war revealed the rottenness of the army administration, and the need of large appropriations for an efficient army can no longer be put by. Imperialistic ideas necessitate maximum expenditures on the navy. And, of course, the Irish land scheme and the educational measure have greatly added to the burdens of the Government. The people may tolerate an income tax of 12d. in time of peace, but their willingness to go higher is doubtful. That the Government will have to take refuge in a widening of the basis of indirect taxation seems likely. The discussion on the new budget is due in the next few weeks, when the whole question of the future revenue policy of the Kingdom is very likely to be brought up. While "the City" expects a wider basis of taxation, there is a strong feeling that this should be strictly for revenue purposes. But is it conceivable that Mr. Austen Chamberlain can propose any material departure from the present revenue methods without at once precipitating that debate on the question of preferential duties which Mr. Balfour is so anxious to avoid?

The Japanese Government has at last allowed a number of war correspondents to join the army in Korea. That probably means that the concentration is completed and the line of attack so plain that nothing is to be feared from revelations in the press. It seems, however, that the strict censorship has been relatively of little avail. If it has been difficult to trace minutely the Japanese advance from Seul, there has never been any reasonable doubt that the main force was following the route of 1894. It now appears that Japanese scouts have reached Wiju, and the preliminary stage of the war is practically over. It has been a matter of some surprise that the Russians have not opposed the Japanese advance through the mountains. At many places a small force could have blocked the way for days or weeks. The waiver of a campaign in Korea bears out those who believe that the effective force of the Russians has been grossly overstated.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND ECONOMY.

Several noteworthy speeches have lately been made in Congress on economy. Representative Hemenway's has probably commanded most attention, by reason of his position as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. It should, however, be read in the light of the previous address of Mr. Burton of Ohio. The latter showed that the wealth per capita of the United States had increased much faster in the last fifty years than the burden of national taxation. But he considered this no excuse for extravagance; on the contrary, it should lead us to adopt a policy of conservatism. He questioned whether it was not essential that the burden of taxation should be decreased from year to year, "so that the standard of living may be raised, and capital may always be ready for the development of commerce and industry and for increasing the wealth of the people."

Mr. Hemenway has made an attempt to practise what Mr. Burton has preached. In presenting the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill—the last of the general appropriation bills—he stated that his committee worked out a reduction of $17,147,116 from the estimates submitted to it, and of $28,915,208 from the total voted for the present fiscal year. In his last annual report the Secretary of the Treasury estimated the revenue for 1905 at $704,472,060, and the expenditures at $727,474,206. But the chairman of the Appropriations Committee refused to accept these figures. He has cut the appropriations down to $682,774,144, or nearly $22,000,000 under the estimated revenue. A part of this saving is due to the omission of a river and harbor bill.

In these economies the Appropriations Committee has taken a step in the right direction, and the nation should be duly grateful. It has tried, in a measure, to stem the tide of extravagance which has been rising with such great force of late. Yet it has fallen far short of doing all that is needed. This is clearly seen when the reductions are studied in detail. Appropriations for public buildings have been reduced $7,955,550, those for river and harbor contract work $12,355,950, and those for the national homes of disabled volunteer soldiers $1,112,124. Furthermore, the last Sundry Civil act carried an unusual number of items that need not be continued another year, ranging from $100,000 upwards and aggregating nearly $7,000,000. Everything counts, and all these gains are to be welcomed. But, after all, the waste still goes on at the bung while a saving is attempted at the spigot.

What the country needs is a true spirit of economy. The reductions made by the Appropriations Committee in the estimates for 1905 denote economies, but they do not indicate that either Congress or the nation has any desire for real economy. To understand what that means one should read Representative Burton's speech. He refers, among other things, to the demand for good roads. It is not pretended that these have to do with interstate commerce, but they would enable the farmers to get their products to market more readily and would confer a social benefit. Mr. Burton points out that "expenses are most judicious, are most carefully applied to public objects, are disbursed most economically and efficiently when and in proportion as there is an immediate local interest in the use to which they are applied." But the tendency is strongly in the direction of foisting on the national Government schemes which should properly be undertaken by local and even private interests. Various Congresses have appropriated nearly $26,000,000 for expositions, more than half this amount having been voted in the last six years. Representative Burton asks if this class of Government expenditure should not be abandoned.

Chairman Hemenway does not say anything about greater carefulness in the matter of pensions, but a reform there would be in line with true economy. He has figured a surplus of $22,000,000 for 1905; but how is this result going to be affected by the new pension ruling? The Secretary of the Interior says that the disbursements on this account will be increased $5,400,000, but there is no certainty that they will not be swelled by several times that amount. Representative Miers of Indiana has figured that they may be $14,000,000 larger. Representative Burton sees the danger of the pension situation. He says: "Under what rule should this appropriation be made? Are we willing to establish in this country the standard that for patriotism, for devotion to country, the reward and the chief reward must be in dollars that are raised by national taxation?" He also attacks the rural free-delivery expenditure, which has increased from $448,000 in 1900 to $8,000,000 in 1903, the estimate for 1905 being $20,773,700. This service, he asserts, costs nearly five times as much as the revenue derived from it. It is in the matter of pensions, rural delivery, and a big navy that one looks for the real evidence of national extravagance. Regarding such outlays, the Appropriations Committee has nothing to say. The best it is able to do is to stop up a few small cracks, and to put a plug in one good-sized hole. Evidently, the main thing with Congress is not economy, but merely to prevent a deficit from looming up in sight in a Presidential year. That it will succeed in doing even this is by no means certain.

NEW LAW FOR OLD REPUDIATORS.

It is now some twenty-two years since the last effort of an individual bondholder to collect his money from a repudiating State failed in the Supreme Court; and it is almost as long since the last angry investor sought the columns of the *Evening Post* to pour the vials of his wrath upon those Southern States which had borrowed money from him and refused to pay it back. These bonds—many millions of them—defaulted and ignored, with their big sheets of uncut coupons, have lain in dusty pigeonholes; and repudiation, as a national issue, has seemed almost as much a matter of history as abolition or reconstruction. But some brokers in this city seem to have found a way to turn these repudiated bonds into cash, even though the bondholder himself has only the satisfaction of the angry creditor who says to his lawyer: "Collect this debt and you can keep all you get." South Dakota holds, in the present instance, the place of the collecting lawyer.

The decision in the case of the State of South Dakota vs. the State of North Carolina, recently handed down by a divided Supreme Court, places the repudiated bonds upon an entirely new footing. It would be going too far, of course, to assert that this decision gives these bonds full standing and a value in the market; but it is well within the facts to say that it makes many of them available as cash for some purposes, and that it suggests the possibility of another decision which may make certain issues of them fully collectible. It all hangs, of course, upon the Constitutional provision that a State cannot be sued by a non-citizen, while any State may sue a sister State.

In the spring of 1901, the Legislature of South Dakota passed a most unusual bit of legislation, clearly suggestive of the events that followed. The character of the statute is sufficiently indicated by its title: "An Act to Require the Acceptance and Collection of Grants, Devises, Bequests, Donations, and Assignments to the State of South Dakota." A few months later Mr. Simon Schafer, a New York broker, addressed to the Hon. Charles H. Burke, member of Congress for South Dakota, a letter which set forth that he "had decided, after consultation with the other holders of the second-mortgage bonds of the State of North Carolina, to donate ten of these bonds to the State of South Dakota." The letter went on to say that the holders of these bonds had waited thirty years in the hope that North Carolina would pay; that the bonds were all due, together with an accretion of 170 per cent. of interest; that the holders had been advised that they could not sue North Carolina themselves, but that South Dakota could; and the communication ended by saying that "the owners of these bonds are mostly, if not entirely, persons who liberally give charity to the needy, the

deserving, and the unfortunate. These bonds can be used to great advantage by States or foreign governments; and the majority owners would prefer to use them in this way, rather than take the trifle which is offered by the debtor. If your State should succeed in collecting these bonds, it would be the inclination of the owners of a majority of the total issue now outstanding to make additional donations to such governments as may be able to collect from the repudiating State. The donors of these ten bonds would be pleased if the Legislature of South Dakota should apply the proceeds of these bonds to the State University or to some of its asylums or other charities."

South Dakota proceeded at once to sue on the bonds. North Carolina defended, and, after holding the case under advisement for some six months, the court reached a decision. Justice Brewer, who wrote the prevailing opinion, had clearly in mind the nature of the transaction between Mr. Simon Schafer and South Dakota. "Apparently," he says, "the statute of South Dakota was passed in view of the expected gift, and probably the donor made the gift under a not unreasonable expectation that South Dakota would bring an action against North Carolina to enforce these bonds, and that such action might enure to his benefit as the owner of other like bonds." But he held that South Dakota was, bona fide, the owner of the bonds; that, therefore, the Supreme Court had jurisdiction of the case as one between two States; and he decreed that "the State of North Carolina pay to the State of South Dakota the said amount (twenty-seven thousand, four hundred dollars), with costs of suit, on or before the first Monday of January, 1905."

From this opinion and decree Justices White, Fuller, McKenna, and Day dissented. They doubted whether the Supreme Court had jurisdiction in the suit as one between two States. To put it roughly, they questioned the good faith of the donation from Schafer to the State. Moreover, they contended that the original owner could not give to the State more than he had, and that he had nothing, because, in the language of Justice White, "whilst the contracts of a sovereign State may engender natural or moral obligations, and are, in one sense, property, they are yet obligations resting on the promise of the sovereign and possessing no other sanction than the good faith and honor of the sovereign itself." The dissenting opinion is vigorous in tone and worked out with much elaboration and undeniable power.

But the decision is that North Carolina must pay. Let no investor, however, be moved by this to drag his long neglected State bonds from old desks with a vision of unexpected windfalls. First, give your bonds to a State. Then, too, these bonds are of many issues, of many kinds, and of differing conditions. Undoubtedly a great many of them are similar to the ones just passed upon; for such the present decision will of course be a binding precedent. As to others, only the actual test or trial will show whether they can be collected in the way South Dakota has gone about it.

REMEDIES AGAINST UNIONS.

According to a dispatch from Joliet, Ill., the Bates Machine Company of that place, having got an injunction against the Machinists' Union and its members, has brought a suit for $200,000 against the same defendants. This is one of a number of such suits reported in this country within a comparatively recent period, for the purpose of applying to labor unions the same responsibility for the consequences of their acts as have the courts of England under the well-known Taff Vale decision. Without going into technical details, the principle involved is that, whether incorporated or not, unions and their managers, while they may strike and agitate as much as they please, cannot make use, as part of their machinery, of agencies which directly interfere with employers' rights of contract or of property. If by intimidation (*i. e.*, threats of violence) they block the means by which the employer carries on his business, they must answer for it; and the persons responsible are those who cause the damage, whether they call themselves a union or not. In all cases of this sort in which a union is one of the defendants, the importance of the principle invoked lies in the fact that the funds of the union may be levied on. Verdicts for damages against walking delegates would usually amount to little. Judgments collectible out of unions' funds are another matter.

Such suits, if maintained, are the common-law remedy which the injunction, obtained on the equity side of the court, rounds out and completes. The criminal law affords a third means of redress which is familiar to everybody. If the acts complained of or threatened amount to breaches of the peace or illegal violence, the sheriff and the posse, and in the last resort the military, may be called on to preserve order and remove or prevent any obstacles to the ordinary movement of business and employment of labor. But the sheriff and his posse, and even the troops, especially if they are local militia, may sympathize with those whom they are called out to keep in order, and hence greater and greater reliance has come to be placed in the civil remedies—but with this difference: that in the United States injunctions have been resorted to, while in England the aid of the courts has been invoked, and with great success, to establish the principle of pecuniary responsibility.

We have never seen any attempt made to explain this curious difference. On the face of the matter, since the general principles of law governing the whole subject are the same in the two countries, we should have anticipated that the two remedies would be developed *pari passu* in the United States and in England; but such has not been the case. Injunctions against strikers have been our way; the English method is to make the unions and their managers responsible agents. But at length American employers are beginning to see certain merits in the common-law principles laid down by the English courts, and we know of no reason why the English decisions should not be followed here, as we understand they have been already in one or two courts.

The development in this country of the common-law remedy has all the more interest for us because it comes at the same time that a determined effort is being made to emasculate that remedy by way of injunction through act of Congress, at least so far as the Federal courts are concerned. It may well be that the proposed act—the object of which is to take away from the Federal courts and Federal suitors the right to an injunction in cases of labor disputes—will either fail of passage or be held unconstitutional; for, although the Supreme Court has generally taken the view that the inferior Federal courts derive their powers entirely from Congress, it is altogether another question whether Congress can discriminate between one class of suitors and another, and prohibit injunctions in cases affecting labor unions while allowing them in all other cases. But, however this may be, the proposed legislation applies only to the Federal courts, and the right to injunctions against threatened invasions of property is one clearly recognized in the State courts.

But if the remedy by injunction is to be taken away or weakened, it becomes all the more important that the common-law remedy, as applied in England, should be recognized here. We have managed the matter hitherto with the aid of sheriffs and police and troops, reinforced by injunctions, pretty badly—that is, with an immense amount of rioting and loss of life and destruction of property. In England they have managed it much better without general recourse to injunctions, but with the aid of the knowledge of the labor leaders that lawlessness on the part of the union would have to be paid for in money. It is dangerous to argue from one country to the other, but of one thing we may be very sure, that, until the law measures out the same responsibility for the labor agitator as that to which it holds every other citizen, there will be no peace. The day is long gone by when the courts tried to inter-

fere with strikes as such. The danger which threatens us is that the labor unions aim at an absolute despotism over their members, combined with irresponsibility. If they could attain their ideal it would give them a complete *imperium in imperio*, in which the sympathy of the mob should exempt them from pursuit by the militia or police, the amiability of the Legislature shield them from injunctions, and all pecuniary penalty should be avoided by remaining unincorporated. They would then dictate the terms on which all labor should be employed, and would fail of complete success only because, in the process, they would have driven capital to find refuge in some other quarter of the globe where there was still equality before the law.

TINKERING THE CAPITOL.

The best architect of his time, Charles Bulfinch, built the Capitol at Washington. Another accomplished architect, Thomas U. Walter, added the great dome. If the House of Representatives has its way, an obscure clerk, with no architectural training of any sort to his credit, and with numerous architectural indiscretions to his discredit, will be allowed to tinker as he pleases the work of Bulfinch and Walter. On Tuesday week, without dissent, the House added to the Sundry Civil Service bill an appropriation of $500,000, being the first instalment of $2,500,000 to be spent on an east extension to the Capitol under the direction of Elliot Woods, Superintendent of the Capitol Building and Grounds. The plan of enlarging the Capitol is an excellent one; but Mr. Woods is not the man to carry it out satisfactorily.

Mr. Woods owes his present title and position to a Congressional subterfuge. He was the chief clerk of the late architect of the Capitol, Mr. Clarke, in which business capacity he served well and won the personal interest of many Senators and Representatives, notably of Mr. Cannon. On Mr. Clarke's death the office of Architect of the Capitol was abolished, and the layman Elliot Woods was smuggled in as Superintendent of the Capitol Building and Grounds. Evidently, he has mastered the art of pleasing, if not of architectural design, for he is now in charge of the Congressional office building, which is to cost $3,000,000. That appropriation was a colossal blunder, but for Mr. Woods to rebuild the front of the old Capitol is a piece of colossal impudence of which only a wholly untrained man could be capable. Indeed, he has tried to mask the enormity of his intentions by professing to carry out the plans of Thomas U. Walter. Now, these alleged plans are, first of all, obsolete, and, next, they are merely sketches or hints which only a trained architect could successfully interpret. The Senator or Congressman who imagines that Mr. Woods can carry out Mr. Walter's scheme as Mr. Walter saw it in his fancy, would be capable of giving a Michelangelo sketch to a sign-painter to execute. The mere suggestion of employing on the Capitol anything short of the best talent in the land is a deplorable index of ignorance in Congress.

For the carrying out of the eastern extension of the Capitol is a problem of great difficulty. Architecturally, it has been necessary ever since Mr. Walter carried the new dome out over the eastern colonnade, with the result that the lantern of the dome is actually wider than the supporting building. Mr. Walter's plan was to build out the east front under and beyond the overhanging lantern, and incidentally to provide additional office accommodations. That need is now pressing, so that artistic and practical considerations combine to urge the prompt execution of the plan. But it is a task of great delicacy. It would be easy to deface the whole eastern aspect of the Capitol irretrievably; and even if the work were respectable in detail, small sins against proportion would inevitably cheapen our most impressive monumental structure. In Mr. Woods's hands the extension would mean vulgarization. His ill-advised efforts in Statuary Hall and the Supreme Court Room have already given only too lamentably the measure of his taste. To set him at tinkering the east front would be disastrous.

Why, it may be asked, did the early Congresses employ Bulfinch, and the civil-war Congresses Walter, but later ones Woods? What curious history of deterioration of taste and knowledge lies behind this antithesis? To answer these questions would be to write a history of American civilization. It is better to strike at the two chief fallacies that obscure the Congressional intelligence in architectural matters, namely, personal favoritism and economy. We waive the question whether or not Mr. Woods is amiable, and pass to the fallacy of economy. On various occasions architects have been roundly berated in Congress for charging the customary 5 per cent. commission. This charge has been characterized as extortionate; even Senator Lodge has declared that it ought to be cut in two. It seems to carry no weight with Congress that business men and corporations pay this fee without question. Right in Washington the Pennsylvania Railroad is paying it on a new monumental station, while grave Senators are vehemently protesting that splendid buildings may be put up without the intervention of an architect, and, of course, without the remuneration of any of the suspected craft. It is difficult to treat this folly and ignorance with any patience. That it actually costs a conscientious architect 3 per cent. on the cost to plan and supervise a monumental building is perfectly demonstrable. That the 2 per cent. actual profit in the transaction is more than saved to the client could be readily shown. For only the architect stands between him and imperfect—hence costly—plans, needless alterations, and inferior materials.

If the Senate and House imagine that there is any economy in paying Mr. Woods's salary and expenses in lieu of the usual architect's commission, they greatly deceive themselves. Cheap plans are usually the dearest for any building, and in a monumental edifice the possibilities of sheer waste through ignorance are enormous. Mr. Woods has already frittered away a round million dollars on internal alterations of the Capitol which are largely impairments. Congress should wait until he has shown his quality on the great office building before it begins to save money by letting him try his hand on the Capitol.

Apparently, the clause directing that the Capitol be extended by unskilled labor was slipped into the Sundry Civil Service bill without any realization of its meaning. It remains for the Senate to repair this negligence of the House. Fortunately, there are a few Senators who respect the historic associations of the Capitol, and have learned that even in the designing of buildings talent and experience are better than audacity and ignorance. All cultivated people throughout the land count upon this remnant in the Senate to save from disfigurement the noble building left us by the enlightened employers of Bulfinch and Walter.

TEACHING THE TIBETANS.

Lord Rosebery, commenting in the Lords on the Tibetan expedition, declared that it was all about a taste in tea. The followers of the Lama liked Chinese tea; they must be taught to like Indian tea; hence Col. Younghusband's diplomatic mission with a brigade. Joking aside, Lord Rosebery's sally gives at least a part of the reasons for the shambles at Guru. The whole story of the expedition is so instructive a chapter in the embarrassments of empire that it deserves briefly to be reviewed.

Tibet is a dependency of China, and signatory of treaties with England under which the English have hoped to enjoy certain trade privileges. These Tibet has been slow to grant, remaining true to her instinct of isolation. Col. Younghusband's expedition had the unprecedented duty of compelling a foreign Power to resume and perfect these old trade negotiations. Note that this was not in any proper sense a punitive expedition. No outrage was alleged; there was no more or better reason for an expedition in the winter of 1903

than there had been every year since the treaty of 1893. It was professedly a friendly effort to lead the Tibetan horse to the diplomatic water and make him drink. Of course, the bugbear of Russian ascendency at Lhasa and the imminence of the war in the Far East helped to hurry up Col. Younghusband.

To pundits in international law we submit the status of a formidable military body which enters foreign territory for the amicable purpose of expediting negotiations. Apparently, it may be regarded as a hostile army or a swollen diplomatic escort, according to the temper of the invaded people. As Col. Younghusband moved into the Dalai Lama's kingdom he had the chagrin to be ignored in either capacity. Nobody opposed and nobody treated with him. After a fruitless wait of some months at Khamba-Jong, hardly beyond the Indian border, the expedition was reinforced and proceeded toward Lhasa.

At last they met a Tibetan general "with a quaint retinue," and perhaps two regiments of troops who held a wall across the highroad. Col. Younghusband doubtless exchanged the usual compliments with the native commander, and expressed the purpose of his mission, namely, negotiation. The general from Lhasa was willing to negotiate, but requested Col. Younghusband first to retire to Yatung. The request was in itself reasonable, for Yatung is the furthest town in Southern Tibet that is open to foreigners. Probably the demand of retirement was hardly an ultimatum. Col. Younghusband was not likely to retrace his steps over the frightful passes he had just conquered. Very likely if Col. Younghusband had simply held his ground and demanded that the negotiations begin at Guru, he might have carried his point. But all this is mere speculation, for suddenly there happened one of those sickening tragedies which seem inevitable when a stronger force deals with a despised race.

Col. Macdonald, driven by what necessity does not appear, conceived the unhappy idea of dispersing the Tibetans "without the use of arms," and apparently hoped to capture the general and his force without striking a blow. Mind you, these Mongols were in their own land, guarding their own road, and in peril of capture by strangers. They were simple folk, and knew nothing about the ulterior designs of the British Empire upon their territory. Of course, they resisted, till, caught between their own wall and the British machine guns, they lay dead in heaps around their leader. It is no sentimentalism that cries out upon such a blood-letting. We know that advancing the boundaries of civilization is stern work, and that the blood of native martyrs is the seed of new spheres of influence. The Tibetans deserve commiseration above our Indians or Filipinos only because their offence was purely commercial. They do not take scalps nor run amuck, there is no pressure of pioneers over the ridges of the Himalayas, England has not bought the roof of the world with a price. In short, all the usual palliations of the slaughter of weak folk by strong fail in this case. These people have been slain for an hypothesis, massacred to maintain a commercial forecast. That Indian tea may go north, that Russia may not slip south, this general with his quaint retinue and his half-armed soldiers is shot down. The generous features of war are wholly absent; all is as sordid as the terrorizing of a tribe for gold in the Congo rubber forests.

The chances are now for war and forgetting of the tortuous stages by which the conflict was brought about; for setting the matter down to the inevitable costs of empire. But anybody who considers the transaction in the light of morals will find that in this matter the British are condemned for utter hypocrisy. To send a brigade into a foreign country is war. War, then, it should have been; or else a longer patience for the sake of peace. If the British wanted Tibet for trade reasons, or strategic, they had abundant precedent for marching in and taking it. What damns the Younghusband expedition is that it was solemnly organized in the name of the peace of the world and the betterment of relations between the Emperor of India and the Lama.

It is a sardonic coincidence that just as England is slaughtering some thousands of Chinese subjects in Tibet, Sir Robert Hart should be presenting his plan for the reorganization of the Chinese army. To reconcile these two events will sorely tax the much-abused "Oriental imagination." For, in a sense, the rehabilitation of the Chinese army would be a step towards avenging the wanton slaying at Guru. Here we strike the essential viciousness of the Younghusband expedition. It was and is a very probable way of embroiling England with China. The British Government would never have dreamed of sending an expeditionary force to Eastern China, but, yielding to Colonial pressure, it has invaded the Western plateau on the theory that the Tibetans needed only to be sufficiently bluffed. Now the Government has learned at some cost that people will fight when their land is invaded and they themselves subjected to personal indignities. If no larger complication arises from the tragedy of Guru, it will be due to the prostrate condition of China, and no thanks to Mr. Balfour's bungling diplomacy. Meanwhile, the Chinese reformers, who observe foreign politics with a keen eye, must gain some amusement from the attempt of England to arm China against Russia in the East, while an armed expedition, "the diplomatic character of which remains unaltered," we are assured, is shattering Chinese domination in the West.

OF PORTRAITURE.

All the arts employed in portraiture break down somewhere. Who can put his finger infallibly upon the true bust of Cæsar? Is the Stratford bust or the Droeshout print more like Shakspere, or is neither a veracious presentment? Shall Houdon, Peale, or Stuart fix for us the lineaments of Washington? May we rest in Carpenter's oil painting of Lincoln, or in Marshall's engraving, or in Saint Gaudens's Chicago statue? But with Lincoln we are already in the age of the daguerreotype and the photograph. Yet this only increases our perplexity, so numerous and diverse are the camera's reports. Bad posing and focussing distort and vulgarize; and then the man himself, sun-pictured at various ages, undergoes great changes of expression, takes on new lines of care and responsibility and sadness, from beardless becomes bearded. In the end, everybody forms a sort of composite image of the great statesman, and selects whatever print or photograph comes nearest to this abstraction.

Photography from life does, indeed, enable us to form unerring inferences about the subject's appearance, at least in a general way—the fashion of the hair, for one thing, the size and shape of nose, mouth, and ears, the space between the eyes, the character of the brows; yet each liable to correction for untrue planes, points out of focus, and the maladroitness or trick of the printing. Retouching, Rembrandtesque lighting, conceal features essential to be known, or falsify the complexion. Deliberate flattery is the fortune of many a photographer; but with the best intention to be honest, he may and perhaps must fall short quite as often as he produces something authentic. In a rather extended comparison of photographs submitted by candidates for teachers in our public schools, when (we are speaking of women) there is every motive for heightening personal attractiveness, we have found the original usually better than her effigy. In fact, as was said by an old sea-captain of "fast sailers," to get ahead the camera needs "a great deal of assistance."

Perhaps that age is most fortunate when *one* artistic memorial finds universal acceptance with contemporaries, and determines the conception of posterity. Still, being one, it must needs be popularized, and then begins the divagation that lends so much instructiveness, through grave copying of copies, to a collection of portraits of any historical personage. His admirers who buy for their walls are influenced partly by their ideal, partly by the art of the reproduction, content to have, if not the real hero, a worthy tribute of genius in whatever form, graphic or glyptic.

Let us suppose that such a collector or admirer wishes to procure the genuine Jean Jacques Rousseau. Perplexed by the multitude of representations — full-face and profile; bonneted, peruked, and bare-headed—divisible under some half-dozen types, he seeks a clew to the labyrinth. To sum up, he finds the death-mask made by Houdon, who used it for numerous busts; the pastel portrait made from life in 1753, by Maurice Quentin de la

Tour—the original now preserved in the Musée de Saint-Quentin; the replica from the same hand, made in 1764 and now in the Musée Rath at Geneva; the oil painting made by Allan Ramsay in London in 1766, now in the National Gallery in Edinburgh. The wax *modèle* in relief made by Isaac Grosset the elder at the same date—who knows what has become of it? It is not included in the list of this artist's works given in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' These are the sole authoritative standards.

Confining ourselves to the two paintings, we remark that Ramsay's portrait begot grander and finer engravings than La Tour's. His own country was not unmindful of the prophet, but Rousseau was a veritable lion in England; and whereas La Tour's work was a labor of love, Ramsay painted by order of David Hume, and the two engravings then and there made after him, by David Martin and by Richard Purcell (alias "C. Corbutt")—the latter reversed—are superb folio mezzotints. Comparable in scale, if somewhat coarse in execution, is J. B. Nochez's line engraving after Martin, published in Paris in 1769. In the case of La Tour, the first engraving appears to be L. J. Cathelin's (1763), bearing no name, but only Rousseau's device, *Vitam impendere vero*, in accordance with his authorization of July 21, 1762, to the Maréchale de Luxembourg, then the owner of the pastel of 1753. (The fine engraving by Augustin de Saint-Aubin from the same portrait is reversed.) So far so good, and now we may choose between the La Tour in French fashionable costume and Ramsay in Armenian bonnet and fur-bordered cloak. Which is the real Rousseau? Either, one might respond; in spite of a difference so great that they never would be suspected to stand for the same man—for they were taken thirteen years apart, or between the time when the Citizen of Geneva was delighting the Court with his opera, "Le Devin du Village," and the time when, having renounced that citizenship upon the public burning of his 'Émile' in his native place as well as in Paris, he began his long wanderings, haunted by the monomania of a universal conspiracy against him.

A man's opinion of his own portrait is proverbially discredited. In this case we cannot tolerate "Rousseau juge de Jean-Jacques" as in his famous Dialogues. He had a pronounced predilection for La Tour's portrait of him. It has, in fact, a smiling expression, not "touching," as Bernardin de Saint-Pierre found it, yet with the "je ne sais quoi d'aimable, de fin." Diderot, who viewed it in the Salon of 1753, thought La Tour (a wonderful technician, in his opinion) to have made rather a pretty thing than a masterpiece; and criticised the dress of the courtier, that masked the author of the Discourse on Inequality, and even the comfortable rush-bottomed chair he was seated in—clearly not the man implied in Marmontel's lines affixed to the pastel—

"Sages, arrêtez-vous; gens du monde, passez."

Ramsay's canvas, to our eyes, conveys far more strikingly the personal charm and the lively intellect of Jean-Jacques. It shows also those "regards perçants et inquiets," that "œil oblique," of the self-tormentor, which Dusaulx noticed in their first interview three years later. Rousseau sitting for it (or standing in a constrained attitude, if we may believe his subsequent account) found no fault with it. He speaks, in his letter to Du Peyrou of March 29, 1766, of the "good painter," whose work the King had asked to see, and which was so much approved that it was to be engraved. Later, upon his breach with Hume, the portrait seemed a part of the foul conspiracy by which he had been brought to England, and he denounced it (but apparently upon the engravings) as an attempt to make a sullen and frightful Cyclops of him.

Was Hume disappointed? The first night out from Paris, it will be remembered, the poor Frenchman, sleeping in the same room with his patron, heard him cry out with the ominous words, "Je tiens J.-J. Rousseau!" Had he really "got" him, with Ramsay's aid? We shall never know how good the likeness is. The National Gallery of Scotland has "got" it, and our collector must put up with an engraving. Martin's he cannot fail to envy for its art, but if he compares it minutely with a photograph direct from Ramsay, he will discover fatal aberrations, the parent of countless others in the long line of repetitions. Not without reason did Rousseau censure it for the eyes, which, if not Cyclopic, are larger and more open, are lighter, and have none of the rather beady expression of the painting. This change carries the eyebrows and forehead higher, affects the width of the head, alters the angular curve of the Armenian bonnet, thickens the upper lip of the wonderfully sensitive mouth, and in other ways departs from the model. Yet no expense was spared to command the best talent for this copy.

Photography, which enables us to make this damaging comparison, also paves the way for a nearer approach to a trustworthy engraving. The defects we have noticed may have been those of the draughtsman combined with the engraver's. It is now possible to photograph upon the wood-block, and to have the base as true as the camera can make it. This has actually been done within the past few weeks by the indefatigable Gustav Kruell, and we are prepared to say that here and now for the first time in any country has Ramsay's portrait been engraved in a manner to inspire confidence, as well as in the highest style of art. It comes in good time, for in 1912 the world will be celebrating the 200th anniversary of the birth of Rousseau.

FROM WATERLOO TO ST. HELENA—II.

PARIS, March 23, 1904.

We left Napoleon at Rambouillet. He spent the night there, being slightly indisposed, and started thence on the 30th of June. At Tours he had a brief interview with M. de Miramon, formerly one of his chamberlains. He passed through Poitiers and Saint-Maixent unrecognized, and reached Niort in the evening of the 1st of July. He stopped there at a small inn in the faubourg. Being recognized, crowds gathered at the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" At Niort he received a letter from the Maritime Prefect of Rochefort, Capt. Bonnefous, who said that an English squadron was blockading the port. It seemed extremely dangerous to him to attempt to force a passage. The squadron, under the command of Admiral Hotham, consisted of three men-of-war, two frigates, and a division of small ships, but it was spread over a very great distance, from the point of Quiberon to the mouth of the Gironde. There was in reality before Rochefort but one big ship, the *Bellerophon*, and two small ones. Bonnefous's letter greatly annoyed Napoleon, who was only partially consoled by the popular ovations. In accordance with his instructions, Gen. Beker wrote a new and pressing letter to the Executive Committee in Paris; but Napoleon already saw no other way out of his difculties than to place himself in the hands of the English. Many offers were made to him by the officers of the garrisons; he knew, however, that large armies were marching on Paris. He left Niort, after giving a napoleon to each soldier of the Second Hussars Regiment, and started for Rochefort. In every village which he passed through, he was cheered and received with acclamations.

Within a few days, the Maritime Prefect of Rochefort had received orders to arm two frigates, the *Saale* and the *Méduse*, to embark Napoleon and his followers for the United States. The frigates were to leave port immediately after Napoleon's arrival, provided that "the enemy were unable to oppose their departure." All was ready when, on the morning of the 3d of July, the Emperor arrived. He was anxious to start at once, but Bonnefous said that the winds were not favorable. Napoleon presided over a sort of council of war, to which he summoned Vice-Admiral Martin, who lived near Rochefort. The council decided that it would be impossible for the French frigate to escape the vigilance of the English ships. Admiral Martin advised the Emperor to go on horseback or in a small boat to Royan, at the mouth of the Gironde, where was the corvette the *Bayadère*, Capt. Baudin. "I know Baudin," said he; "he is the only man capable of conducting the Emperor safely to America." The proposition was accepted, and Bonnefous sent a courier to Baudin. Baudin answered the next day:

"The Emperor can confide in me. I was opposed on principle to his attempt to reascend the throne, as I considered it fatal to France, and events have justified only too well my previsions. To-day, there is nothing that I am not disposed to undertake to spare my country the humiliation of seeing its sovereign fall into the hands of our most implacable enemy. My father died of joy when he heard of the return from Egypt of Gen. Bonaparte. I should die of grief on seeing the Emperor leave France if I thought that, by remaining, he might still do something for her. But he must leave only to live an honored life in a free country, not to die a prisoner of his enemies."

Baudin offered to conduct Napoleon to America either in one of his ships, the *Bayadère* or the *Infatigable*, or on board the *Pike*, a very swift American ship, which he would convoy. "In case of an encounter, I would devote myself with my corvettes, and, however superior the enemy might be, I should be sure to check him." Napoleon, unfortunately for himself, temporized. He still had some hope of receiving English passports; he had not quite abandoned the hope of a military, of a popular, rising. If all was lost, he meditated giving himself up to England. No news came, the wind continued to be unfavorable, the English squadron was still in

sight. Many of the Emperor's followers arrived. Napoleon received a visit from his brother Joseph, who offered to start with him. The inhabitants of Rochefort made constant demonstrations of loyalty to the Emperor.

On the 8th of July Beker received a letter from the Provisional Government in Paris. Fouché sent this order: "Napoleon must embark without delay. . . . You don't know how much the surety of the State is compromised by his hesitation. You must in consequence employ all forcible means while endeavoring to show the respect due to Napoleon. He must make no further offer of his services; our duties to France and our engagements with the Powers forbid us to accept them." Beker, on receipt of this communication, pressed the Emperor to come to a decision. Napoleon told him to prepare transportation for himself and suite to the island of Aix, not far from the place where the two French frigates were waiting. He left Rochefort and took the road to La Rochelle. At Fouras the transports were in readiness. The shore was covered with sailors and women, who screamed "Vive l'Empereur!" Once on the sea, which was very stormy, Napoleon ordered that the transports should take him directly to the frigates. He was received with military honors on board the *Saale*. The next day, the weather being better, he made a long visit to the island of Aix, reviewed, though he was in civilian clothes, a regiment of marines which had been very recently formed, inspected the fortifications, and talked with the officers, as if he were still the head of the army. Returning on board the *Saale*, he found a fresh dispatch from the Provisional Government, which gave Gen. Beker precise instruction, namely, that a ship should be placed at the Emperor's disposal, but that on no account, once departed, could he land again on French territory.

Napoleon decided to send Rovigo and Las Cases to the commander of the English squadron. The commander of the *Bellerophon*, Captain Maitland, received them with great courtesy. He was ignorant of recent events, except the result of the battle of Waterloo; he had heard nothing about the passports which Napoleon asked for, but would refer the subject to his chief, Admiral Hotham, who was stationed at Quiberon. Meanwhile he should be obliged to attack the French frigates if they left the port, to visit all neutral and merchant ships, and, if Napoleon was found aboard, to keep him prisoner pending the decision of the admiral. At the close of a conversation which took place during breakfast on board the *Bellerophon*, Maitland suddenly said, "But why should not Napoleon ask for an asylum in England?" The French plenipotentiaries, who expected this suggestion, answered that England was very near France, and its climate would not suit Napoleon.

The negative result of the interview with Maitland alarmed the officers and sailors of the French frigates. The captain of the *Méduse* offered to make a night attack on the *Bellerophon*, and to sacrifice his ship in order that the *Saale*, with Napoleon on board, might make its escape. This heroic proposition of Captain Ponée touched the Emperor, but he thought he no longer had a right to accept it, as he had ceased to be Emperor. He was advised soon afterwards that Captain Philibert, in command of the whole French squadron, had received orders not to expose his ships to any danger. Thus cut off from counting on the frigates, he fell back on the idea of delivering himself up to the English. He left the *Saale* and landed in a boat on the island of Aix, with Gourgaud, Bertrand, and Beker. His suite followed him. The captain of the *Méduse*, Ponée, exclaimed: "What a pity he did not come on my ship! I would have forced the blockade. . . . He does not know the English! Poor Napoleon, you are lost!" The officers of the regiment of marines in the island of Aix made plans for Napoleon's escape; but, since he had left the Malmaison, he had never seen but three ways open to him worthy of his character—to take boldly again the command of the army; to embark on the French frigates with regular passports and go to America; or to give himself up to England. After some hesitation—some preparations even for an escape on a Danish merchant ship which was waiting in the Gironde—Napoleon took his final resolution and sent Las Cases to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*. Maitland did not know the ulterior designs of his Government, but he gave the French plenipotentiaries to understand that Napoleon would find in England a suitable reception. "Even if," he said, "the ministers had a different will, public opinion, powerful in our country, would force them to act according to the generous sentiments of the English nation." General Lallemand accompanied Las Cases. His participation in the military events which had followed the return from Elba led him to ask if Napoleon ran the risk of being delivered to the Government of the Bourbons. "Certainly not," said Maitland. The English captain said more than he had a right to say, and the account of his assurances partly induced Napoleon to write his famous letter to the Prince Regent:

"Your Royal Highness, exposed to the factions which divide my country and to the enmity of the greatest Powers in Europe, I have put an end to my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to sit at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of its laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as from the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

The Emperor confided this letter to Gourgaud, by whom he wished it to be placed in the hands of the Prince Regent. Gourgaud returned for the third time to the *Bellerophon*. Meanwhile, a messenger from the new Minister of the Navy, Count Jaucourt, had arrived, enjoining the Maritime Prefect Bonnefous to prevent all communication of Napoleon with the English squadron. Napoleon left the island of Aix and went on board the brig *Epervier* on the 15th of July, at sunrise.

"He wore his sword, his little hat, the green coat of colonel of the Chasseurs de la Garde. It was the first time he had put it on since his departure from the Malmaison. The commander of the brig, Lieut. Jourdan de la Passardière, received him. All the sailors were on deck, much moved, with tears in their eyes. Napoleon inspected them, hailed, as during the days of victory, by the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur!' Lieut. Borgnis-Desbordes, sent by the *Saale*, said to Jourdan in a whisper, 'Make haste, for they may come to arrest the Emperor.' 'Not on the *Epervier*,' proudly said Jourdan, 'as long as I live.'"

Beker accompanied the Emperor on the brig, and asked if he ought to go further, as far as the English squadron. Napoleon looked long at him and answered gravely, "No, General Beker; return to the island of Aix. It must not be said that France delivered me to the English."

Correspondence.

PORTO RICAN ASPIRATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A paragraph in your issue of February 25, relating to Porto Rican affairs, is likely to mislead those who are unfamiliar with insular politics. In it you speak of a resolution adopted by the "Federal Assembly," calling for statehood or independence. From this the casual reader might infer that the Legislature of the island had taken such action.

Now, the House of Delegates is the only elective body in Porto Rico, and is composed of Federals and Republicans, who represent the two political parties. The House is strongly Republican. During the month of February, and coincident with the session of the House, a group of Federals and their sympathizers met together at the Hotel Olimpo in Santurce, a suburb of San Juan, and passed the resolution to which you refer. A political gathering at the Madison Square Garden or in Carnegie Hall might have an equal significance. There is, therefore, no more reason to suppose that this resolution represents the aspirations of the people at large than there would be for assuming that the United States in 1901 believed in free silver because of the sixteen-to-one plank in the Democratic platform.—Respectfully,

Arthur Hugh Frazier.

Executive Mansion, San Juan, March 28, 1904.

CUBAN ARCHIVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am indebted to Señor Vidal Morales, Archivist of the Archivo Nacional in the castle of La Fuerza, Havana, for the following information bearing on the possibility of tracing material on the history of Louisiana in Cuba. Prior to 1842 each superintendent of a province had his own archive in his office. The general archive was created by royal decree in 1842. Since its creation it has occupied three buildings in succession. In 1889 there is a record of transfer to Seville, made by royal decree under the archivist in charge, N. Comejo. All the archives remaining in Cuba are now gathered together in the Archivo Nacional.—Yours truly,

William Beer, Librarian.

Howard Memorial Library, New Orleans, March 30, 1904.

IS ITALY DECADENT?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is a curious sign of our later lack of enlightenment, this present tendency to deride and underestimate the land to which we owe our literature, our art, our music, our science—in short, our civilization. A specially blatant expression of it appeared in a recent number of the *Bookman*, un-

der the imposing title of "Historical Significance of Decadent Literature," in which that singularly ill-informed writer, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, declares, not only that Italy is decadent, but is "an old corpse reeking with rottenness, degradation, and disease; a thing of the past; gangrene crying out for decent burial." All of which "hideous facts" she finds "epitomized in the novels of D'Annunzio." As D'Annunzio is adored in Paris and despised in Rome; as his great public is in France, where his works are first published in French, it might seem that decadence would be found in the nation that admired the decadent writer, rather than in the race that rejected him.

The absurdity of laying such stress upon the writings of a single author would make the statement not worth refutation if it were not so striking an illustration of a widely prevalent and utterly false idea concerning a noble nation, to which the modern world has been so deeply indebted for all that makes life worth living. Literature and art have long ago acknowledged their obligation; and the most modern of sciences, electricity, has adopted the names of Italian inventors as words to express the new powers with which it deals. The test of the decadence of a nation is not the work of an individual writer, but the decrease of its fecundity and consequent loss of population. It is not in Italy that you hear of "race-suicide." On the contrary, the growth of the population is so great that the land cannot support it, and, though the excess is spreading out over the world, the number at home is not perceptibly diminished. Had the writer of this mendacious attack on Italy really, as she says, "been born with the faculty to see," she would have recognized valuable qualities in the vast Italian immigration to our shores. She would have noticed their sobriety, industriousness, faithfulness, which have been remarked by careful observers wherever Italian laborers have appeared—by people, too, who had been misled by the prevalent misconception of Italian character, and expected to find their quiet towns invaded by a horde of brigands, but afterward declared that a better and more orderly set of workmen had never appeared in their midst.

To one who has lived for the last decade in Italy and learned to appreciate and admire the Italian character, it is most gratifying to find the stupid prejudice against the race thus disappearing. When one really knows Italy, one knows how to appreciate the simple, healthy, sober family life he sees everywhere about him. The decadent exists in Italy, as in Boston; but the decadent most in evidence in Italy is the degenerate foreigner, the Englishman, the German, the idle American, whom the Italian authorities are arresting and striving to drive out of the country. The leisure class in any country is not the representative of the nation's life; and a race that is three or four times as prolific as the New England Yankee is far from decadence.

Everywhere in Italy the careful observer is struck with the great progress which this young nation has made in its brief existence of less than three decades. In that short period they have become a literate people, and are rapidly becoming an industrial as well as an agricultural community. The Italian cities, from being hotbeds of filth and ignorance and disease, are to-day cleaner and healthier than our own; and, what is more, the streets are safer. Crimes have been committed in the streets of Boston and New York this winter which one never hears of in Rome and Milan; and when we reflect on the ugly disfigurements we allow in our thoroughfares, and the amount we expend in beautifying our cities, comparing our vast means to Italian poverty, we are not prone to accuse the Italian of being behind us in civilization.

Poor as the Italian nation is, and burdened with immense expenses for an army and navy on which its very existence depends, it yet finds $20,000,000 a year for the support of its common schools; and its charities are the most extensive and splendid in the world. I have not space to enumerate the many proofs of life and activity —the factory chimneys everywhere rising, the great increase of commerce, the endless evidences to be seen if one is really "born with the faculty of seeing." If one insists that he has found only rottenness, degradation, and disease, we must remind that prejudiced observer of the remark of the distinguished French lecturer to the discourteous clergyman, who could find nothing but rottenness and filth in the Parisian Sunday: "These things can also be found in New York if you like to wallow in filth." But that fact does not prove that New York is rotten and a decaying corpse.

WILLIAM P. ANDREWS.

SALEM, MASS., March 29, 1904.

"THE ABOLITION OF WAR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the readers of the article under the above title (*Nation*, No. 2020) the following passage from Montesquieu may be of interest:

"If great conquests are so difficult, so vain, so dangerous, what can be said of this disease of our century which leads to the maintenance everywhere of an inordinate number of troops? It has its reduplications and necessarily becomes contagious. For as soon as one state increases what it calls its forces, the others suddenly increase theirs, so that nothing is gained thereby except the common ruin. Each monarch maintains all the armies that he could have if the peoples were in danger of being exterminated, and this state of exertion of all against all is called peace. Therefore Europe is so ruined that three civilians in the condition in which are the three most opulent powers of this part of the world would not have anything to live on. We are poor with the wealth and commerce of the whole world. . . . The result of such a condition is the constant increase of taxes; and—what prevents all future remedies —they no longer depend on their revenues, but they carry on war with their capital. It is not unprecedented to see states mortgage their capital even during peace, and employ for their mutual ruin such extraordinary means that the most prodigal young nobleman would hardly be able to invent them for himself" ('Deux Opuscules de Montesquieu,' pp. 40, 41).

Such passages against war are frequent in most of the other French writers of the eighteenth century. Buffon, who often declares against war, says in his introduction to the 'Époques de la Nature': 'Would to Heaven that the names of all these so-called heroes whose crimes or sanguinary glory have been celebrated, were buried in the night of oblivion."

TIMOTHY CLORAN.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 1, 1904.

PROFESSOR BUTCHER'S LECTURES AT HARVARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps some of the readers of the *Nation* would like to have their attention called to the course of lectures from Professor Butcher now in progress at Cambridge. This course is the initial one of a lecture foundation established by Gardiner Lane, esq., in memory of his father, the late Professor Lane. Professor Butcher is well known for his distinguished service in classical scholarships. His career began as Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. From '76 to '82 he was Professor of Greek in University College, Oxford. Since 1882, for more than twenty years, he has been professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, where he succeeded the brilliant but somewhat whimsical John Stuart Blackie. Mr. Butcher recently received a signal mark of honor when Mr. Balfour presided at the banquet which was given him on occasion of his retirement (to the deep regret of all) from his professorship of Greek. Lovers of Homer have long been familiar with Mr. Butcher's translation of the Odyssey, in association with Andrew Lang. Since then have followed: 'Demosthenes,' 1881, 'Aspects of Greek Thought,' 1891, and 'Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art,' 1898.

The audience which welcomed Mr. Butcher on Monday was one which it would have been hard to match in any other place in our country. The semicircular audience room of the Fogg Museum was crowded to the doors. Professor Morgan introduced the lecturer in words glowing, but not a whit too warm, and Professor Butcher expressed with deep feeling the gratification which it gave him to stand before an American audience in such a place and with such surroundings. The lecture was a rapid survey of what was most distinctive of the Greek and Hebrew genius.

Mr. Butcher began by a reference to Dodona, with the wild and primitive worship of Zeus. Thence he passed to the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and showed how Apollo was the prophet of Zeus, and how the mind of the supreme God was declared by gifted priests in measured, wise, and beautiful utterances. He pointed out how Delphi concerned itself in politics, could not maintain its incorruptibility, and how, when it failed politically, Athens took up and completed its work.

The Hebrews, said Professor Butcher, were doomed to sterility. They had no public spirit, no art. Art, in their view, led to idolatry and was accursed. Even the searching for causes, so passionate a quest of the Greek, was vanity to Ecclesiastes. But what poetry they had! Consider the unapproachable beauty of the Psalms, the sublimity of Job, the grandeur of Isaiah. A considerable portion of the lecture consisted of an analysis and comparison of "Promotheus Bound" and the Book of Job. One rarely finds a finer piece of literary criticism than this study, which, we may be sure, will appear in book form.

The lecturer discussed the Greek and the

Hebrew view of history. The story of the Jewish past is the story of the generation of man. History, to the Jew, is the drama in which God himself is the chief actor. Much of what arrests attention in the view of historians of other nations is nothing to the Hebrews, who always look for the underlying spiritual significance of events. Herodotus alone, in his search for the divine providence, approaches them.

One of the most beautiful passages in the lecture was the description of Plato's 'Republic.' Plato does not expect all mankind, or a large part of mankind, to be interested in, or to be elevated by, his discourse. He is in search of a true method of training intellect and character for those who can appreciate and use this method. Greek culture was always a culture for the few. Even their wonderful artistic faculty, we must realize, was not possessed by all.

The Greek was not much inclined to speculate about the future. "Uncertain is the future," said one of his proverbs. But the Hebrew prophets laid hold of the future with invincible trust. The loss of the Hebrew's country seemed to point him to the city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God. "I do not ask you," said Professor Butcher, "to estimate the value of the contribution of each race, considered by itself alone, to our modern life and thought. Both are indispensable. Each is the supplement of the other."

It is impossible to give any just idea of how filled with fresh thought the lecture was, how stimulating and quickening; and seldom does an audience of the highest cultivation give such proof of appreciation as Professor Butcher's audience gave by their eager attention and enthusiastic, prolonged applause. Not only Cambridge is to be congratulated in securing this brilliant course of lectures, but Columbia and Johns Hopkins, which Professor Butcher visits later.

ROBERT P. KEEP.

FARMINGTON, CONN., April 3, 1904.

MONUMENTA POMPEIANA: ITALIAN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Cornell University Library, and presumably other large book collectors in America, are in process of acquiring a foreign repository of art, some of whose peculiarities seem to merit the attention of your readers. I refer to a serial publication entitled "Monumenta Pompeiana" now coming out, fascicle by fascicle, in Naples, Italy, reproducing in exquisitely colored plates various Pompeian mural decorations, and in cosmopolitan fashion explaining those plates with quadruple parallel texts in Italian, French, German, and English. This work, large portions of which must be of intense interest and delight to professional archæologists, should prove of more than passing interest and pleasure to all lovers of decorative art throughout the cultured world, not only on account of the remarkable excellence and instructiveness of the Pompeian originals here reproduced, but also because of the intrinsic beauty of form and color in the reproductions. Naturally, it is an expensive work. Twenty-four fascicles (71 pages, folio) have already been received at Cornell; some twenty-six are still expected. Since each fascicle is listed at $2.40, and there are to be about fifty fascicles in all, the entire set will cost approximately $120. The purchaser may in reason set his expectations of thorough workmanship fairly high. I have indicated the general opinion held at Ithaca concerning the finish and value of the plates in this collection. What is to be said of the rest of the work, namely, the explanatory text?

The Italian version we may suppose readable enough, and the French and the German we may leave to the scrutiny of such scholars in those tongues as are amused by comparative study of idiom. I should like to direct the notice of your readers, among others, students of our language, to that part of the text which is designed for the special edification of an intelligent public in Great Britain and America; that is, to the grotesque and painful English that offers to interpret these admirable plates for the laity. The following choice exotics are from an anthology of ludicrous excerpts made for my own entertainment and for the diversion of a class in English composition. The first selection consists of two paragraphs accompanying Plate XLIV.:

"The wall reproduced on this plate contains a painting exhibiting Peronas and Micon. It is a subject practised both in mural pictures and in plastic works, also found at Pompei: Peronas feeding with her own milk her old father, Micon, shut in prison and doomed to die of hunger for capital crime. The sad legend reported in fact that young Peronas having requested to visit her father, had been introduced into the prison, after having been submitted to guardian's perquisition, to ascertain whether she brought any food [the Italian corresponding to the preceding sentence reads: "La pietosa legenda infatti narrava che la giovane Perona, avendo chiesto di visitare il padre ed essendo stata perquisita dal custode, se mai recasse alcun cibo, venne introdotta nel carcere"]: and that with her own milk she feeded the extenuated old man ["l'estenuato vecchio"]. After some days, being the prisoner still in life, the guardian surprised of the strange phenomenon, took to himself to spy through the hole of the prison, in order to see what was th er the matter during the daily visit that the young woman paid to the old man. On seeing such a pitiful deed, he reported it to the magistrates, who in homage of so rare a filial devotion, granted grace of life to old Micon, restoring him to liberty.

"That there existed wonderful paintings relative to such a case of filial love, and too, so highly known and admired as to serve for original of reproduction to minor artists, such as pompeian decorators, this is desumed from Valerius Maximum himself (v., 4.), a chief literary source of Peronas' piety."

A second sample of English rich and strange may not encroach too far upon your space. The text in question is supposed to illuminate Plate XLVII., which reproduces a wall-painting representing athletes in the palæstra. I give a fraction of one paragraph:

"In the pavilion to left appears another athlete quite naked, who followed by a *puer* scours (*destringit*) his forehead with the silver strigilis (currycomb) holding in his right hand. As a matter of course, athletes, before fight, were wont to anoint their body with oil in order to draw off their adversary's grasping. Then the floor of the palaestra was spread all over with sand, to avoid that gymnastic men, falling down, should be exposed to lethal consequences. To the oil, with which palaestricus were anointed, and to the sand with which they blotted, add sweat an [un]avoidable consequence of strife and you may easily get an idea of the pitiful state in which said palaestricus left the field of battle. Consequently the imposing necessity of scouring with strigilis, that commonly were bronze ones."

Such is the ridiculous and unpardonable jargon that stammers through a fourth part of this polyglot key to Pompeian mural decoration. Were we dealing with the "explications" of an irresponsible guide-book sold around the entrance of some Continental picture-gallery, we might find less reason for public comment. This series of "Monumenta Pompeiana," however, is another sort of enterprise, and deserves no silent criticism. It is a pretentious and costly work, full of invaluable pictorial matter for the student of history and art. Moreover, it could not be executed without sanction from the Government that maintains so strict surveillance over the ruins at Pompeii. There is no excuse for the gross negligence shown by the anonymous publishers in permitting the editorial matter to appear without revision by a competent English proof-reader.

LANE COOPER.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, CORNELL UNIVERSITY, March 30, 1904.

Notes.

Whatever the cause, one can but recognize the set of publishing towards a revival of books of travel. A new series is to be begun by A. S. Barnes & Co. with the title "The Trail-Makers: A Library of Great American Explorations," under the consulting editorship of Prof. John B. MacMaster. It will include Lewis and Clark's Journal, the Journey of Coronado from Mexico to Kansas and Nebraska (1540-2), translated and edited with an introduction by George Parker Winship, and many more standard works.

"The Narrative of Captivities" undertaken by Burrows Bros. Co. of Cleveland opens with 'A Short Biography of John Leeth, with an Account of his Life among the Indians,' edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. It is a thin duodecimo of 70 pages, including the index and the editor's introduction. It follows the first edition of 1831. Leeth was a South Carolinian, born in 1755. His capture by the Delawares at the trading post among them, now the town of Lancaster, O., occurred in 1774, and resulted in his adoption by and long practical identification with that tribe. From fur trader he passed to farmer, and so ended his days in 1831 not far from the scene of his first and only genuine captivity. He was an unlettered man, and the narrative was written out by Ewel Jeffries. There is a facsimile of the title-page of the 1831 edition.

The tireless Mr. Thwaites puts his hand also as editor to the "Early Western Travels, 1748-1845," just launched in Cleveland by the Arthur H. Clark Co. This is a much more stately series of reprints than the foregoing; octavo in size, and typographically very open and handsome, with broad margins. The first volume embraces the Journals of Conrad Weiser (1748), George Croghan (1750-1765), Christian Frederick Post (1758), and Thomas Morris—whose portrait alone is given—(1764). The reprint is reasonably literal, and the pagination of the original publication is indicated throughout; some omissions not involving the main text have been made. An analytical index is reserved for the conclusion of the series. The annotations are abundant and highly valuable. Each piece is preceded by a biographical notice. Morris's

Journal is the only one that possesses any claim to be called literature, and it is a fitting climax to the collection. This British captain was presented by a Miami chief with "a volume of Shakespear's plays; a singular gift from a savage"; and soon after, near the Miamis' fort, when almost the whole village was sallying out to dispatch him, he "had the good fortune to stay in the canoe, reading the tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra." There will be thirty-one volumes.

The late Thomas Arnold's reprint, 'Dryden: An Essay of Dramatic Poesy [with the Defence of the same],' has been brought to a third edition by his son, William T. Arnold, partly from the father's notes (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). It has a twofold claim to attention—for its theme and in itself as English prose; for general reading as well as for a text-book.

In conjunction with Hodder & Stoughton, London, Dodd, Mead & Co. publish two attractive little volumes, Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' commented by L. Morel, LL.D., and Borrow's episode of 'Isopel Berners,' edited by Thomas Seccombe, who furnishes an appetizing account of Borrow, followed, in dramatic fashion, by a list of the "Dwellers in the Dingle, and Some Others." A brief summary from 'Lavengro' then ushers in the extract proper.

The fifth edition (1896) of Bartholomew's 'Handy Reference Atlas of the World' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) marked the greatest change from the original edition of 1888, by the insertion of fresh double-page maps, and especially by the utilization of the back of each for smaller maps, adding 50 per cent. to the total. Maps and statistics are now put forth revised to date, and the duodecimo atlas will continue its career of usefulness and convenience known to many. It might have been well to exhibit the union of New York and Brooklyn, though the area of Greater New York is substantially embraced in the special map of this city and its environs. The index is one of the best features of the volume.

Mrs. James T. Fields's 'Charles Dudley Warner,' one of the attractive volumes of the Contemporary Men of Letters Series (McClure, Phillips & Co.), is hardly more than an elaborate sketch of its subject. Without being a record of personal acquaintance, even to the extent that it might profitably have been, it is warmed throughout by a sentiment of intimate appreciation. No one has written more affectingly than Mr. Warner of "being a boy," yet, even with the help of his delightful book, little is made here of his early years in western Massachusetts. A more serious lack is that of any treatment but the slightest of Mr. Warner's editorial work upon the Hartford *Courant*, his source of livelihood. What politics he held, what causes he espoused, how he stood in 1884—all this is silence. There is, to be sure, a letter from an associate on the *Courant*, but it conveys little of the desired information. We are better informed of the steps by which the humorist became a humanist, and the writer of 'My Summer in a Garden' a student of sociological problems, eager for reform. It is significant of Mrs. Fields's method that her emphasis is much heavier on Mr. Warner's interest in the Elmira Reformatory than on his novels, her mention of which is hardly more than casual. A single quotation from Mr. Warner's article in the *North American Review* on the Elmira institution is nineteen pages long. We look for criticism and behold quotations, where we are most directly concerned with Mr. Warner's literary work. Indeed, Mrs. Fields seems frankly to confess her lack of critical efficiency when, in her closing pages, she takes over bodily an Easy Chair paper written by Mr. Howells at the time of Mr. Warner's death. She could not have availed herself of a more just discrimination.

Under the title, 'Teutonic Legends in the Nibelungen Lied and the Nibelungen Ring' (Philadelphia: Lippincott), Prof. W. C. Sawyer of the University of the Pacific has brought together a somewhat motley array of matter pertaining to the saga in question: an essay by Prof. Fritz Schultze of Dresden on some legendary elements in German literature; a translation of Dr. Wägner's prose version of the Nibelungenlied; a synopsis of Richard Wagner's Nibelungen Tetralogy, and, finally, an outline of the Volsunga Saga. While none of these constituent parts of the book contains anything of particular merit or of such a nature as to attract scholars, they combine to make a rather convenient volume for readers who wish to have a general idea of the principal forms which the Nibelungen legend has assumed from the oldest Germanic times to our own day.

It is a curious fact that, while the Welsh and Irish remember their ancient legends and associate them with the landscape, the English or American tourist in England cares mainly for the modern literary associations. It is not the memories or the traces of the Roman occupation that lend a romantic interest to the neighborhood of Rottingdean or Burwash, but the fact that Mr. Kipling till lately lived in one of those villages, and now lives in the other. That is why one meets so many bicycles making the pilgrimage from Brighton. One visits Rye, not because the Danes used to land there in the ninth century, but because it was there that Mr. Henry James wrote 'The Awkward Age.' In his guidebook to 'The Ingoldsby Country' (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan), Mr. C. G. Harper makes the needful concession to this passion for the modern, and sets out to identify the villages, churches, and manors in Kent that were in any way connected with the "Ingoldsby Legends" or their author. But, though he covers the ground conscientiously, his heart is not so much with the Rev. Richard Barham and his haunts as with Thomas à Becket and the drama that ended with his murder in Canterbury Cathedral at the hands of Fitzurse, one of Barham's ancestors. Canterbury is, of course, the capital of the Ingoldsby country, which runs along the whole north coast of Kent, Barham's county. Mr. Harper's book is the best guide to Kent as a whole that we have seen, and his illustrations are excellent. To read this attractive volume is to acquire a great deal of English history unawares. It is to be hoped, moreover, that it will revive for many readers an interest in the famous "Legends"; they are neglected in these days partly because the fashion in humor has changed, partly because they were meant as a protest, now almost equally out of date, against the Ritualistic innovations of the Oxford school. We are more tolerant now of all forms of superstition, but it may be noted that the Roman Church, more consistent, or with a longer memory, still includes the "Ingoldsby Legends" in her Index Expurgatorius.

'Birds of California,' by Irene Grosvenor Wheelock (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), is largely a compilation, but a reasonably successful one. The author is heavily indebted to the pioneer manual, 'Handbook of the Birds of the Western United States,' by Florence Merriam Bailey, and to scattered publications by well-known California ornithologists. The illustrations are numerous, though crude, and the text holds the reader's attention, but narrowly misses the commonplace. The book is not wholly free from minor errors in fact. For instance, the author speaks of a bittern, one of the slow-flying birds, as flying swiftly; she calls the flesh of the coot tough and rank; and she appears to confound the bobolink with the sora rail when she says that the bobolink is shot as game under the name of ortolan. She also credits the cuckoo with clipping the hairs from caterpillars on which it feeds, though in reality the hairs are found as a matted lining to the bird's stomach. Such slips incline the ornithologist to somewhat careful scrutiny, but the book will doubtless have considerable influence in popularizing Western ornithology.

'With the Birds in Maine' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the latest work of Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. It will entertain people who know little or nothing about birds, and will interest ornithologists who wish to learn of the author's Maine experiences. The songs and the love-making of birds are the principal themes. Here and there Mrs. Miller, like many other successful writers of nature studies, pushes the pen with more profit to herself than to the reader, but the latter part of the book is above such reproach, and the chapters on the chebec and early morning studies show her at her best.

The patriotic spirit awakened in American school children by the observance of national days has led a meeting of schoolteachers in London to advocate the establishment of an "Empire Day" for the purpose of bringing about a closer union between the mother country and its colonies. Its observance will consist of special public exercises in Imperial history, literature, and geography. To further this movement it was urged that the British schools should send to the native schools in Asia and Africa parcels containing compositions, photographs, curiosities, pressed flowers, etc. This suggestion was strongly supported by Dr. William Garnett of the Technical Education Board.

A "revolt against American cotton," according to Consul-General Mason of Berlin, in the Consular Reports for March, is foremost among the economic movements in Europe at the present time. It is shown in the simultaneous effort of Great Britain, France, and Germany to emancipate their textile industries from dependence upon it. In Germany the campaign is more vigorous than in the other countries, largely from the fact that her African colonies are economically disappointing. Among the practical measures proposed to secure a colonial cotton supply are the sending over a number of young Germans to be educated at agricultural schools and on plantations in

Texas, under contract to spend a given number of years as superintendents of plantations in the colonies. A German-American from Texas has already been sent to East Africa to examine the cotton grown experimentally there, and to explore and estimate the area of land in the colony adapted to its cultivation. "Coolie labor from China will be employed in case the native tribes prove too incompetent." Other subjects treated are the German beet sugar industry, the new patent law of Mexico, and alcoholism in France, to the alarming increase of which the French press has been calling attention. There is one saloon to every eighty-three inhabitants, and the annual consumption per capita is 4.81 gallons, as against 1.37 in the United States, and .51 in Canada.

An interesting literary find was recently made in the Royal Library of Munich, where five leaves of an original thirty-six line Gutenberg Bible were found pasted fast to the backs of five different volumes. Two of these leaves, both of which originally came from the Munich Jesuit College, evidently belonged to the same copy of the Bible, containing the thirty-second, thirty-third, thirty-sixth, and thirty-seventh chapters of Isaiah. A third sheet, containing Jeremiah, 7 to 9, manifestly from the same copy, came originally from the Fürstenfeld cloister. The other two sheets are of unknown origin, one containing a part of Hebrews, the other fifteen lines from Ezra.

The committee having in charge the preparations for the eighth International Geographical Congress has sent out a preliminary programme. The Congress is to be held in September of the present year. The general session will convene in the beginning of the month in Washington, and there will be group meetings in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chicago, to be followed by final session in conjunction with the World's Congress for the Sciences and Arts in St. Louis. Excursions from St. Louis to Mexico, to points of geographical importance in the West, and to Canada, are also part of the programme.

Dr. August Wolkenhauer, assistant in the Geographical Institute of Göttingen, has prepared for publication the most important German travelling charts from 1478 to 1573, and these will soon make their appearance. The Academy of Sciences in that city furnishes the funds for the publication of this unique collection of new material.

A Roentgen Congress is to meet in Berlin in the Easter week of 1905, the occasion being the tenth anniversary of the discovery of the Roentgen rays. The congress will have as its chairman Professor von Bergmann, of the University of Berlin.

—The Laureate's recent lament as to the repugnance of his countrymen towards the higher forms of poetry in general, and Shakspere in particular, is hardly borne out by the account of play-going in London which John Corbin contributes to the April *Scribner's*. Shakspere has never failed to appeal to the heart of the nation, Mr. Corbin holds, when his plays have been adequately presented; but the actor-managers, "treading perilously between the devil of the luxurious and the deep sea of the poor," rarely give him a fitting presentation. Mr. Corbin is quite hopeful of the results which might follow the establishment of a theatre with sufficient subvention, preferably from private beneficence, to keep the best English plays constantly alive on the boards. Montgomery Schuyler writes in a very commendatory way, on the whole, of the architecture of the St. Louis Exposition. The emphasis put upon the mere determination to surpass all previous efforts comes in for a word of well-deserved criticism. "The superlative degree has seldom been so systematically worked. Every structure is the biggest or the longest or the widest or the tallest ever devoted to a like purpose in the world." The architectural scheme as a whole he regards as noble and impressive, and happy in its adjustment to the one prominent natural feature of the grounds, the ridge skirting the south and east. The idea of this adjustment, however, came too late to be perfect in its execution. Mr. Schuyler's paper is accompanied by six full-page illustrations from drawings by Jules Guérin. Mrs. George Bancroft's letters end with this issue. Her comments on the progress of the Revolution of 1848 furnish their most salient feature. While warmly sympathetic with the revolutionists on the Continent, she yet admired the loyalty of the English to their traditional institutions. Disraeli's opinion, expressed to her personally in conversation, that the renovation of European society on liberal principles was impossible, and that the revolutionary movement meant the dissolution of European civilization, she regarded as "a godless, atheistic and un-Christian doctrine," which he himself could not really believe.

—If a fallacious belief could not outlive successful refutation on the field of logic, the propaganda of Mrs. Eddy would certainly fall before the assault of John W. Churchman in the April *Atlantic*. Mr. Churchman proves at considerable length that Christian Science ignores the canons of history, is false in its philosophy, is a travesty on science, and fundamentally at variance with Christianity. It is safe to say that his argument will meet with ready acceptance at the hands of those who approach such questions from the logical point of view; and it is just as safe to prophesy that the Christian Scientists themselves will have even less trouble in believing his refutation out of existence in their particular sphere than they find in disposing of sin and disease. Col. Higginson's paper this month is devoted to a comparison of the aristocracy of birth with the new aristocracy of the dollar, with results favorable to the coin. The new distinction is based generally on present achievement, not on some accident of the past; it is easier to get into and easier to fall out of, and may pass in the end from an aristocracy of the millionaires to an aristocracy of the millions. Nor does it, he holds, tend to obscure merit apart from money. The apparent worship of the dollar is but the foam on the advancing wave of civilization; a brilliant oration, or a clever magazine article, may in a day bring to some poor young man or woman more real fame than the acquisition of a million can confer. Henry D. Sedgwick considers the effects of our strenuous devotion to material advancement from another, and extremely suggestive, point of view in an article on "The New American Type," based upon the recent exhibition of portraits in the American Art galleries. The physical stability with its consequent mental calm, the peace of body and of mind shown in the portraits of the age of Reynolds, have given way to the shrewd, quick, nervous type illustrated by Zorn's Daniel Lamont, and, in the extreme, by M. Besnard's Senator W. A. Clark—faces showing equipment for dealing vigorously with the immediate present, but no trace of the imagination, logic, intellect, and faith required in the treatment of the remote; "the type of the McKinley era." Theodore T. Munger contributes an extremely interesting and discriminating paper on 'The Scarlet Letter.'

—Louise Morgan Sill furnishes the April *Harper's* with an account of a Buffalo-Duluth voyage on our "Inland Seas." Perhaps one ought not to begrudge her the luxuries of the best inland boats that float, but any one well acquainted with the lakes must concede that a line which condescends to touch but four or five points from Buffalo to the head of Lake Superior, misses many of the most interesting features of the lake region. We do not know who is at fault that President Thwing's papers on "European Universities" are cramped within such narrow limits—just three pages of text for the University of Upsala, with half a dozen illustrations. It is a shame that a really good subject, with a good writer, should be so sacrificed. The desire to present some tidbit for everybody in the menu of a single magazine may possibly be in some danger of resulting in an insufficiency of solid nutriment for anybody. The Easy Chair's delightful reflections on a new version of Luigi Cornaro's treatise on the art of temperate living offer an interesting contrast, in point of view and method, to the recent series of articles in the *Popular Science Monthly*, in which a medical writer gives scientific counsel for maintaining life and strength beyond the usual limit. Mr. Howells is willing to follow the philosophy of Horace—drop out of the game soon enough to avoid becoming a nuisance to those who follow after. Even when Cornaro was congratulating himself upon the sage advice which a century of experience enabled him to give to the Venetians, his competition was probably hindering from a career of usefulness younger men who had their own right to be heard. The reasoning sounds good, but his readers will doubtless excuse Mr. Howells from applying it to himself, however long his own temperate life may leave the Easy Chair at his disposal.

—'The Political Theories of the Ancient World,' by Westel Woodbury Willoughby (Longmans, Green & Co.), is, as the author explains, "the first of a number of volumes" which he hopes in time to publish, "covering the entire history of political philosophy." In Mr. Willoughby's previous publications (his 'Social Justice,' published in 1900, was noticed in these columns) he has outlined his general political theory, and it would be unfair to attempt to criticise this volume except as an introduction to what the author will, if good fortune attend him, make a final work. In criticising 'Social Justice' we interpreted the fundamental theory of Mr. Willoughby to be that of a believer in a sort of a divine right of rulers. This implies paternalism, and in the end leads us to the doctrine of the white

or the Teutonic or the Caucasian Man's Burden, but must not be confounded, apparently, with the divine right of kings, which Mr. Willoughby disavows. In his present preface he refers to the necessity of some underlying philosophy of government in such work as he has undertaken, but the volume itself is devoted to history and analysis. It is divided into two parts, the first relating to Oriental and Greek, the second to Roman, political theories. The author's learning and reading are very wide, and his method painstaking. Of course he goes over ground traversed at all points by many other writers, but as an analytic compendium the work stands by itself and will be found useful. The author suggests that Professor Dunning's 'History of Political Theories,' which appeared when the present volume was still in manuscript, is different in scope, though it covers the same period. Sir Frederick Pollock's 'Introduction to the History of the Science of Politics,' as Mr. Willoughby says, covers the whole history of political philosophy. He notices the fact that there is very little to be met with in English in this field of research. To explain the reason might furnish the subject for a separate essay.

—Mr. Henry Vignaud is continuing his preparation for his long-announced work on the precursors of Columbus by extending his researches into the details of the discoverer's personal career. His second publication in this field is 'A Critical Study of the Various Dates Assigned to the Birth of Christopher Columbus: The Real Date 1451' (London: Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles). This volume is made up of an elaborate summary of the various statements which have been used as bases for the manifold attempts to guess at the exact age of Columbus when he made his most important voyage, of a destructive analysis of the arguments which seem to favor any other date than 1451, and a presentation of the fact which convinces Mr. Vignaud that he is championing the only possible date for Columbus's birth. The opinion most generally current among students is admirably stated by Mr. Vignaud in his next to the last paragraph: "Only two dates can stand against discussion (1446-'47 and 1451). Objections may be made against either, but fewer can be urged against 1451 than against 1446-'47." With this statement probably all who have carefully examined the evidence without preconceptions would agree. Unluckily, Mr. Vignaud, having made his point, goes on to affirm that "if logic has not lost all its rights, the fact that Columbus was born in 1451 is as solidly established as many other events which have become historical, and which no one has ever been bold enough to question." It may be that these other events are merely awaiting some one of Mr. Vignaud's boldness to shatter all their foundations.

—As in his Toscanelli volume, Mr. Vignaud claims too much, and proves his claim too conclusively. He shows so successfully that each statement pointing toward any other date is capable of being variously interpreted, that the reader's mind revolts when he demands that no possible alternative shall be admitted against his translation of a single statement in three words: "major annis decemnovem." If this means that Columbus was nineteen years of age when these words were written, on October 31, 1470, as they very likely do; and if Mr. Vignaud knows all that might be known about legal terminology and the everyday practice of Genoese scriveners in 1470, then Columbus was certainly born in 1451. Mr. Vignaud's researches in legal lore are sufficient to enable him to show that if the statement had read "major annis XVI.," or "XVII.," or "XXV.," no deductions whatsoever could have been drawn regarding the precise age of the person so referred to in a legal document. It may nevertheless be true that, as he has been able to find nothing to prove the contrary, nineteen actually meant nineteen to Genoese lawyers in 1470. As a destructive critic Mr. Vignaud has few superiors, even in the art of self-destruction.

CABINET GOVERNMENT.

Parliamentary England: The Evolution of the Cabinet System. By Edward Jenks. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

What are the advantages and what are the faults of cabinet government? This is the question forced upon the readers of Mr. Jenks's bright and suggestive 'Parliamentary England.' It is an inquiry to which we propose to give an answer.

Some forty years have passed since Bagehot for the first time brought into view the chief excellence of the cabinet system, which lies in the fact, before his time constantly overlooked, that an English cabinet links together the Executive and the Legislature. It prevents, on the one hand, the occurrence of that discord between the executive and the legislative power which has more than once in our own country weakened the hands of the Federal Government, and has in France been on several occasions the cause of, or the excuse for, a revolutionary crisis. It prevents, on the other hand, the direct participation of the legislative body in the functions of government, and thus averts that form of parliamentary tyranny which, in the seventeenth century, exposed the Long Parliament, till dissolved by Cromwell, to the hatred of the English people; and in the eighteenth century rendered the celebrated Convention detestable to the whole civilized world. The one defect of Bagehot's doctrine is that it is stated in rather too limited a form. The advantage on which he insists is not peculiar to cabinet government; it belongs to every kind of parliamentary executive. The Council which forms the executive of the Swiss Republic is elected for a definite period by the Federal Legislature; it is unlike an English ministry, but it certainly secures the existence of permanent harmony between the executive and the legislative power.

Another merit of the cabinet system, which is also brought into view by Bagehot, is the power of the executive to dissolve the Parliament by which it has been created. This power of dissolution ensures in the long run harmony between the executive, the Legislature, and the nation. No doubt a ministry may keep in power for a short time although, if the opinion of the country could be immediately taken, it would be ejected from office. But, as members of Parliament grow every year more and more sensitive to the opinion of the electors, it is in the highest degree improbable that a ministry could for many years continue in existence if it had ceased to command the support of the majority of the electorate.

An English cabinet has two additional merits upon which Bagehot does not lay any great stress. English ministers are appointed to office, not by election, but by selection. Hence, the risk is avoided, which (to judge by the experience of France and of the United States) is a serious one, that men should be elected to the highest offices in the country not because of special fitness, but because of their not having incurred any special unpopularity. Insignificant mediocrity arouses far less opposition than admitted eminence. Hence, where appointment to office is the result of election, it happens more often than not that the man who is elected as, *e. g.*, President, owes his appointment not to the number of his friends and admirers, but to the fewness of his foes or detractors. No man who studies the modern history of England can doubt that selection has in this case worked better than election. Many dullards and some fools have been cabinet ministers, but, on the whole, the men who have sat in cabinet have usually been some of the ablest party leaders in Parliament. The men who have been prime ministers have usually been statesmen of considerable talent and of strong character. Grey, Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Salisbury could not by any sane critic be called politicians of inferior ability. To put the matter broadly, the prizes of parliamentary conflicts have in England fallen to the ablest parliamentary leaders.

The cabinet government, lastly, has been found compatible with the maintenance of an able and independent civil service. This is a point which has to a curious extent escaped attention. A good deal of senseless wonder and of sterile satire has been excited by the circumstance, which is past denial, that the parliamentary heads of the governmental departments have not, as a rule, been experts acquainted with the business which is nominally given into their charge.

> "I stuck to my desk, and I never went to sea,
> So they made me commander of the Queen's Navee,"

are lines which have remained impressed upon the popular memory because they sum up in ridiculous doggerel the actual and apparently grotesque practice of placing at the head of offices where special knowledge is required, politicians who do not pretend to possess this knowledge, or, indeed, to be anything more than Parliamentary leaders endowed with industry and with common sense. The reason why a scheme of selection which appears on the face of it ridiculous answers its ends better than any one would expect, is that a permanent body of trained civil servants supplies the technical knowledge which rarely falls to the lot of parliamentary secretaries or undersecretaries. It is to the high character and the independent position of English civil servants that cabinet government owes half its success.

The defects of cabinet government, though hardly noticed even by so acute a constitutionalist as Bagehot, have become by this time patent. The way in which the cabinet links together the Executive and the Legislature when combined, as it is at the present day, with the dependence of Members of Parliament upon the will

of the electors, makes an English ministry far too sensitive, not to the permanent opinion of the country, but to the transitory sentiments of the electors. An American President, if he is a man endowed at once with boldness and sagacity, may, if he chooses, defy in his executive capacity the sentiment of the moment even though it is reflected in the votes of Congress. Such a course is hardly open to an English premier. He knows that a vote of the House of Commons may at any moment turn him out of office. He learns that his supporters fear that, if a particular step is taken, they will lose their seats at the next election, and he learns that the bye-elections are going against his Government. Our premier may be a person of really high principle—he is quite willing to resign office; but he is not willing to see a policy reversed which he believes to be essential to the prosperity of the country. How can one expect a prime minister under such circumstances to defy popular feeling for the benefit of the nation with the boldness displayed at one or two crises by President Lincoln? It is not in human nature that a man should sacrifice objects of the highest importance when he thinks he can attain them by means of a little truckling on minor topics to popular sentiment or popular folly—by consenting, for instance, to repeal a Vaccination law which, though it protects the country from smallpox, is hateful to a body of energetic faddists, or by saving from the gallows some murderer whose execution might shock the prejudices of an influential class. We may well doubt whether, if some new Dr. Dodd committed a capital crime, an English premier of the twentieth century would venture to hang a clergyman in face of petitions for the villain's life presented by the whole body of Anglican clergy.

Cabinet government, again, as it exists in England, is and must be party government; and the final judgment to be pronounced on the cabinet system will be found to depend on the critic's view, not of political partisanship, which must exist in every free state, but of that artificial and complicated political phenomenon which, under the name of party government, has existed in England for certainly not much more than two centuries. Of the characteristics of this system it is impossible to say anything at the end of an article dealing with another topic; it is well, however, to insist upon the consideration that cabinet government of the English type is bound up with the English party system.

A last quality, which one hardly knows whether to call a defect or a merit of cabinet government, is the extraordinary flexibility of this part of the English Constitution. This is a feature of English Constitutionalism which Mr. Jenks brings well into view. One of the reasons why men well versed both in the law and in the conventions of the Constitution have found an extraordinary difficulty in describing the nature of an English cabinet, is, that cabinet government changes its features from generation to generation—one might almost say from year to year. It was one thing under William the Third; it was another thing under the first two Georges; it underwent a change in the early part of the reign of George III., and assumed a different aspect when, in later years, the second Pitt commanded both the support of the Crown and the support of the nation. The cabinets of Peel again, or of Lord John Russell, differed much in character from the cabinets formed by Mr. Disraeli or Lord Salisbury. At this very moment the relations between Mr. Balfour and the other members of his present cabinet, and between the Cabinet itself and the eminent Unionists who have left it, is full of perplexity and ambiguity; and, behind all the differences which may arise from the character and position of different statesmen, there lies at any rate the possibility—some would say the probability—of a fundamental revolution in the relation of the electors to the ministry. It is, at least, conceivable that at each general election the electors may, as a rule, so clearly express their will that a given statesman shall be premier as to make the English prime minister be, in fact though not in form, as truly an elected head of the State as is the American President. But we here trespass upon the field, not of history, but of speculation, and can with certainty reach nothing but the conclusion that no part of the English Constitution lends itself so easily to fundamental change as does the system of cabinet government.

THE INDUSTRIAL SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Engineer in South Africa: A Review of the Industrial Situation in South Africa after the War, and a Forecast of the Possibilities of the Country. By Stafford Ransome. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

The title of Mr. Ransome's book expresses accurately its contents. The author is a man well known as a mechanical engineer, who has acted as correspondent in many lands for technical and non-technical journals, and who therefore can discuss with the skill of a trained writer the engineering subjects he undertakes to elucidate. That he is a mechanical, and not a metallurgical, engineer is conspicuously evident from the familiar way in which he treats subjects allied to mechanics, and the elementary and diffident manner in which he approaches metallurgical processes and problems. To the lay reader this may be an advantage, for the chapters which he devotes to the treatment of the Kimberley diamond fields and the Transvaal gold mines are sufficiently simple and explicit to be understood by the most unlearned in the mysteries of mining and metallurgy.

Mr. Ransome visited South Africa in 1902 as special correspondent of the *Engineer* (which vies with *Engineering* as the most influential organ of that profession in Great Britain), and the book is an amplified edition of his letters to that periodical. It therefore confines itself to subjects of interest to the engineering and allied trades. But, as South Africa is as dependent for its development on the services of the engineer as is our own West; as even its agricultural resources can be utilized, to any notable extent, only by the aid of artificial irrigation; and as the political conditions are indissolubly associated with the industrial outlook, the scope of the book and its general interest are wider than its technical origin. The author deals with South Africa as no longer a congeries of antagonistic political states, but as an industrial unit, in which the Cape Colony is probably a more serious discordant element than even the extinct Orange Free State and the Transvaal. He describes the harbors of Cape Colony, Natal, and the Portuguese Possessions, and their relations to existing and projected railways. He points out that intercolonial free trade, the total abolition of transit duties, and sweeping reductions in railway charges are now being brought into play, as one of the results of the war. This abolition of artificial barriers must change the old current of commerce, while at the same time cheapening the cost of production and lowering the rates of wages, which are now high because of the extravagant cost of living.

Throughout we are struck by the similarity of conditions in South Africa to those prevailing in sections of our own land, and are reminded actively of the problems which faced us in the Reconstruction period. But while there are striking points of resemblance, there are as striking phases of difference. Over our arid regions there was scattered in small groups a scanty population of red men; this vast tract in Southern Africa, of nearly 2,000 miles from South to North, is inhabited by a comparatively prolific and populous negro race, estimated at five millions, which resisted the advance of civilization as obstinately as our own Indians. One Kaffir war succeeded another; the Zulu war, in which was obliterated a British force at Islandula and occurred the tragic death of the Prince Imperial, the grand-nephew of the great Napoleon, fighting under the British flag; the more recent campaign against Lobengula in Rhodesia, and the existing revolt of the natives in South West Africa against the Germans, are the deplorable, though perhaps the inevitable, forerunners of our selfish civilization, with its iron roads, steel guns, and inexorable commercial requirements. If these be the forerunners, one of the consequences is an urgent demand for labor to work the mines and cultivate the land as it shall be reclaimed from the desert in large tracts by artificial irrigation. The scarcity of labor and the sources from which to draw the necessary supply has become the burning question in the recently conquered territory.

The diamond mines of Kimberley do not seem to feel the scarcity as acutely as the gold mines of the Rand. This may be due, strange to say, to the system which has been forced on the diamond miner of impounding the negro labor. It savors of slavery, yet is apparently popular with the natives. Diamond robbery is of course a profession; but, to minimize the losses, a negro who engages for a given period as a laborer in the diamond mines resigns all liberty of action and is shut up in an enclosure which contains all the elements of a well-provided and well-regulated town. But at the gold mines of the Rand no such precautions are necessary and no such provision is made, and the negro, with his natural improvidence, leaves his work to spend his savings, however small. The high prices paid him by the Commissariat Department during the war, and the generally demoralizing effect of the struggle on his excitable temperament, have combined to discourage him from engaging in steady work at the old standard of wages; and therefore the famous Rand mines, through whose vigor-

ous development the magical revival of prosperity in South Africa was expected to be effected, are not worked up to their capacity, and are not producing within 20 per cent. of their output before the war. Still, despite this drawback, rapid increase of production is being made, for the value of the gold turned out from 6,000,000 tons of ore in 1903 was $62,500,000, as against only $35,000,000 from 3,400,000 tons of ore in 1902. When it is borne in mind that to produce the 18,000,000 tons of pig iron made by us in 1903 there was mined only five times as much ore as the Rand mines turned out, and that the value of the gold bore about the same proportion to the value of the finished product of our steel works, viz., as $60,000,000 is to $300,000,000, we can appreciate the vast importance of that industry to South Africa. And as the mines already opened are capable of greater development, and the gold-bearing rocks are being traced far beyond the limits formerly assigned to them, if progress is to be made, labor in far greater quantities than is or will be available from native sources must be secured. It is estimated that 250,000 low-wage laborers are required now, and that within five years more than twice that number will be called for. The negro, if willing to work, could not supply the demand. Unless the cost of living is sufficiently reduced to allow white wages to fall far below the present standard, the whites can be used only as foremen or skilled workers, or in the proportion of one white man to five laborers; and therefore the only alternative, in the opinion of the majority of the employers, is the introduction of Chinese labor under restrictions. This, as our readers know, has been decided on. The hope entertained is, that ultimately the agricultural possibilities of the country will be realized, and that then the cost of food and clothing will fall, and, the climate not being insalubrious, South Africa will become the home of a large and prosperous English-speaking population; for Oriental contract labor, no matter how well treated and under what restrictions introduced, engenders antagonism in the free white man, and is an incongruous element in our modern industrial system.

Of more interest than even the story of the gold mines is that of the Kimberley diamond fields, which our author tells with clearness and detail. As South Africa has already unearthed 68,000,000 carats of the 83,000,000 of carats which are estimated to have entered the market of the world from earliest times, her diamond mines have acutely influenced the price of that gem; but not to the extent that would have taken place had Cecil Rhoades not intervened to restrict production, by the organization of the De Beers Consolidated Mines Limited, and had not the marvellous growth of wealth and taste for the diamond as the expression of wealth, in this country, made for it a market which it seems almost impossible to glut. Fortunately, the rich, who buy the diamonds, are not the only class of our people who take an interest in the South African diamond fields. Our skilled artisans, as diamond cutters, are rapidly withdrawing that profitable industry from Amsterdam and London, and a modification of the rose brilliant form with twenty facets has even been patented here under the designation of the "Twentieth Century."

Besides gold and diamonds, South Africa has abundance of good coal, which has made it possible to construct across her deserts, in advance of white immigration, more miles of railroad, that infallible harbinger of progress and prosperity, per head of population than even we have built in our own West. South Africa, in fact, surprises us with startling statistical contrasts. The area of the British possessions is 856,000 square miles; the white population is only 898,000, or a little more than one white man to the square mile. And yet the railroad mileage is about 6,000, or one mile of railroad to every 148 white inhabitants, and the exports amount to the large sum of $170 per head of population. As mines and railroads are operated only by machinery, of this our shops should furnish their full share—the more so as our own schools, mines, and mills have sent to South Africa many of the men who have been foremost in developing its mineral resources.

The History of American Music. By Louis C. Elson. Macmillan Co.

Boston has so long been in the habit of considering itself the centre of music in America that on taking up a history of music in this country by a Bostonian one expects, as a matter of course, to find his city treated as the hub, and New York and other towns as mere spokes radiating from it. Mr. Elson, however, is not guilty of such bias. Throughout his book he endeavors to preserve the proper perspective; in his last chapter ("Qualities and Defects of American Music") he thus sums up his tale of two cities:

"Boston has been chronologically the first in the field of oratorio and orchestra, and may still be considered the centre of these schools of music in America. But the city is provincial in the matter of grand opera, and has but little public taste in organ music. In piano recital and chamber music New York and Boston are about equals."

It was in New England that music first assumed a non-European hue. The Englishmen of Virginia had sung their imported songs unchanged, but the less artistic music that was developed in Puritan Boston soon lost some of its foreign qualities and became indigenous to the soil. On this topic of the religious beginnings of American music Mr. Elson has a long chapter (with numerous facsimiles), which is surpassed in interest only by his chapter on Indian and folk music. He notes that some of the Indian tribes were quite unmusical, and while others had many kinds of song, "they resemble each other so greatly in most instances (in musical content) that the mine of folk-music in this direction is far more restricted than the large repertoire would seem to indicate." He concludes that Indian music is not folk-song in the true sense, being too local and too little understood for that, and that it is not a substantial foundation for the native composer to use in classical work. He admits that MacDowell's "Indian Suite" is both important and beautiful, but holds that the actual Indian themes on which it is built do not, of themselves, suggest anything national, and that the composer might have evolved a hundred equally effective original figures, had he wished to. In the plantation music of the South Mr. Elson has more faith as a mine for composers. To the charge that the negro music of the South is African, he replies that it is distinctly a result of American surroundings—of plantation life and camp-meetings, with their improvisational style, strong rhythms, and feverish ecstasy. "Here, then, is the true folk-song of the United States, if it possesses any at all." Stephen Foster, America's chief folk-song composer, attended many negro camp-meetings. After him the spirit of plantation music was utilized in symphonic works by Chadwick and Dvorák.

In his chapter on Instrumental Music and American Orchestras, the author calls attention to the fact that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries instrumental music was by no means so common as vocal music, and was heard much oftener in Baltimore, New Orleans, Philadelphia, and New York than anywhere in New England, where there was still a prejudice against it, as being frivolous and allied to immorality. There were no music stores before the nineteenth century. Mr. Elson cites testimony to the effect that in 1828 there was only one oboeist in America, that New York did not possess one till 1839, and that the English horn was a novelty in 1843. But these things would have seemed less strange had he cited an article, written in 1837, in which Berlioz complained that even in Paris there was at that date no bass trombone or contrafagotto. The first use of the conductor's bâton in the United States appears to have been in 1843, and up to 1860 there was more of ambition than of true achievement in the orchestral work of the country. Tributes are paid to Theodore Thomas, "who has done more to raise the standard of music in America than any other man"; to Anton Seidl, who did for the opera what Thomas had done for the concert hall, while at the same time bringing the New York Philharmonic Society to its highest point of efficiency and prosperity; and to the many other men prominent in the annals of music.

It will be observed from the foregoing remarks that the scope of Mr. Elson's book is broader than its title indicates, for it deals with music in America as well as with American music. This enabled him to make a much more interesting book than if he had confined himself solely to the composers and their works. His method of disposing of these composers is ingenious. Chapter eight is devoted to five "American Tone Masters"—Paine, Chadwick, MacDowell, Horatio Parker, and Arthur Foote. This is followed by chapters respectively on the men who have most distinguished themselves in orchestral, operatic, song, and pianoforte composition. The plan has only this disadvantage, that a reader who opens the book for facts regarding the greatest of American song writers will not find him even mentioned in the chapter on "American Song Composers." However, the index will refer him to the place where MacDowell is discussed from all points of view.

American Women in Music have a chapter to themselves, and the author gallantly gives more than seven pages to Mrs. Beach, who, he thinks, can compare favorably with any woman who has yet entered creative musical art. Allowing for local and national patriotism, there is no harm in thus blowing our own horn. Mr. Elson is habitually inclined to optimism, but he is right

in claiming preëminence for this country in the making of pianos. He also asserts that our public schools give more attention to music than similar institutions in any other country in the world. He makes the sensible suggestion that instead of devoting all the time to concerted singing, the schools should teach the general appreciation of music; the chief desideratum in this country being intelligent audiences of music-lovers. In reference to American musical criticism and authorship, to which a chapter is devoted, Mr. Elson expresses his satisfaction because the sentimentalists have never been in the foreground. He laments the excess of piano playing, and warns against characteristic faults—haste and love of bigness. "If only there were less of striving to create symphonies that no one wishes to play or hear, of operas that show straining and labor in every part, and more of genuine unforced music in the smaller forms! The chief trouble with most of the American composers is an ambition that o'erleaps itself."

However, when all is said and done, he is right in declaring, in his final paragraph, that "much more has been done than the world at large is aware of." His book will be most useful in calling attention to neglected treasures, and in giving a bird's-eye view of a field which is really more interesting than one might think. The author's lucid style and thorough knowledge of his subject count for much, and the publishers have brought out the volume in an *édition de luxe*, specially suited for gifts. There are 25 full-page photogravures, and 102 illustrations in the text.

Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley. With the original narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membré, Hennepin, and Anastase Douay. By John Gilmary Shea. Second edition, with a facsimile of the newly discovered map of Marquette, of Marquette's letter, and a steel portrait of La Salle. Albany: Joseph McDonough, 1903. Pp. lxxx., 268.

This small quarto (7x9), the maiden effort of Shea, first in a line of more than fifty publications, if we include his Cramoisy series, was born in 1852, served its generation, and was "quietly inurned." Why does it revisit the glimpses of the moon? The truth is, it was Shea's best production; it has become rare; as a source-book and otherwise it retains a value all its own. Its real theme is the cycle of Marquette and La Salle, with the original narratives describing the primal voyages of both upon our greatest river. Three writers who furnish collateral evidence will be vainly sought among the more than three-score and ten tomes of the "Jesuit Relations." Many who cannot consult that thesaurus would gladly learn the mutual relations of the grand explorers through a non-partisan presentment, and that compacted into a single volume. It has been too much forgotten that each of these pioneers was viewed with distorted eyes by his contemporaries, and most of all by Catholic coreligionists. In our decade it is stoutly maintained that Marquette, the chaplain, now stands in the Washington Rotunda where his chief, Joliet, ought to stand; but in their own day no question as to their comparative merit had arisen. While both were equally praised—by their own party, clerical or political—both were depreciated or set at naught altogether by admirers of La Salle as the preëminent pathfinder. The end and aim of Shea was to secure authentic copies of documents relating to the grand voyage of both pioneers, to translate them so far as he found them only in French, annotate and lay them before his readers. He would thus help them to make up their own minds as jurors or judges. The relations of Radisson and De Soto to the continental river were beyond his scope.

At the date of these primitive explorations New France was agitated by a total-abstinence crusade styled by Shea a "brandy war," in which abstainers and drinkers came to bristle up like cats and dogs against each other at sight. A point in dispute, to this day not fully settled, was whether to permit or to prohibit the sale of ardent spirits to Indians; the Bishop of Canada denounced this traffic, and the Jesuits, of whom Marquette was one, imposed and exacted the threatened penalties to the letter. The result was that total-abstinence Jesuits were largely displaced by secular authorities, especially in the sphere of La Salle, and their places filled by Franciscans, called Recollets, who were known to be more lenient to sellers of cognac among natives. Each order naturally became, in the eyes of the other, a Nazareth out of which no good could come.

Marquette's Mississippi voyage with Joliet was in 1673, and a copy of his Journal and Map, slightly mutilated, was printed in Paris in 1681. A corrected copy of the original French with an English translation; Marquette's last letter which he died before finishing, partly in facsimile; as well as the best life of the journalist ever written—Shea's own labor of love—first appeared in the present volume. Marquette's Jesuit narrative to average readers is a plain tale of truth and its own sufficient witness; but, however just a man first in his own cause seemeth, his neighbor cometh and searcheth him. Franciscans or other anti-Jesuits at once took the field, and many of their charges are printed by Shea in their own words. A typical specimen of their animus or animosity is afforded by Father Douay. This Franciscan had gone with La Salle on his last expedition, witnessed his murder, canoed up the famous and fatal river, and published statements (first printed in English by Shea, p. 80), like the following concerning the Journal of Marquette:

"I had brought with me the printed book of Joliet's pretended discovery, and I had remarked in all my route [up the Mississippi] that there was not a word of truth in it." . . . "It would be easy to show that it was printed only on false memoirs." . . . "It was only twenty or thirty leagues [instead of ten times as far] below the mouth of the Illinois River that Joliet descended in 1673." . . . "It was said [in the Journal] that he went as far as the Akansa, yet the Akansa assured us that they had never seen any Europeans before La Salle" (p. 227).

The Franciscan was not alone in holding that Joliet's party never went any distance below St. Louis. The present reviewer a generation ago was told by Henry Shaw, in St. Louis, maker of the grand garden, that he found such a tradition generally believed there, and not by fur traders only, with whom he had begun to deal in 1820. Shaw himself believed it, though it is unlikely that he had ever read Douay. Slanders die hard. Other Douays must have started the tradition before the first settlement of St. Louis, and the nucleus of the cycle war was a glass of whiskey.

The original text of Shea with every note is facsimiled in the reprint so far as types can consummate or compass the feat, being reverenced as no less sacrosanct than the McKinley tariff in the eyes of beet-sugar apostles. It recalls the watchword ascribed of old to British Tories: Touch not a cobweb of St. Paul's for fear you shake the dome. The obsolete notes are good milestones to mark how fast time moves on. Minneapolitans will not object to one concerning the Falls of St. Anthony: "They are no longer beyond the pale of civilization. There is now at the head of the cataract a village with schools and churches" (p. 116). Manifest mistakes, however, should have been corrected. Shea gloried in being first to show that Nicolet was on Mississippi waters as early as 1639. He would have welcomed Sulte's subsequent ingenious and conclusive proof that he was there five years earlier, in 1634; but his editor suffered 1639 to stand. Few books are so unfinished if not deformed through lack of an index. This work, demanding comparative study for appreciation, has special need of such an opener and intelligencer for dull workers.

Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi: A Study of the Babis or Beha'is founded by the Persian Bab and by his successors, Beha Ullah and Abbas Effendi. By Myron H. Phelps, with an introduction by E. G. Browne, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903. Pp. xivi., 260.

One of the most singular phenomena in the life of the present day is the grasping after new things on the part of the religious-minded. Any preacher or teacher, apparently, may secure a docile and appreciative following, provided he makes a large enough claim and speaks with a voice of sufficient authority. The craving is not essentially for knowledge and light; it is for guidance and assurance. Some slight admixture of philosophical ideas—or terminology—seems sometimes to assist, but the main thing, first and last, is the personality and claim of the new leader. Yet, in singular contradiction to this, is an equally plain attitude on the part of the Christian Church. It, always excepting the Roman communion, is gradually abandoning its supernatural sanctions, yielding its claim of a divine authority, and finding its end in an idea of philanthropy and a system of ethics. The eclipse of faith has become an eclipse of religion; the voice of a personal God calling man to intercourse with Himself is becoming the voice of men crying out for love, mercy, justice towards one another. All this is intelligible enough, in view of present drifts of thought. But the question cannot but rise whether this second phenomenon does not stand in a causal relation to the first; whether those who still retain the religious attitude and craving are not thus driven to satisfy themselves in these strange ways, and to follow religious authority wherever they can find it, and whatever it may be.

Mr. Phelps's present book is a curious instance to the point. Students of the

Muhammadan East have watched the growth of Babism since the Comte de Gobineau first drew attention to the new movement in his 'Religions et Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale' in 1865. They have traced its development out of the Shaykhi sect of Shi'ism to its formal abandonment of Muhammadanism as all but a stage in revelation, much as Muhammadanism regards Judaism and Christianity as such stages antecedent to itself. They are familiar with its claim to be the last revelation and manifestation of God to men, and with the widening acceptance of that claim in Persia and even elsewhere in the Muhammadan world. But then, many prophets and systems such as this have come and gone before now, and left that world pretty much as it was. These, however, had not passed the limits of Islam. Now Babism breaks the barrier, ceases to be a mere Muhammadan sect, and enters upon a career as a world religion. So the little circle of Orientalists are suddenly surprised to find that a queer religious movement of the obscure East, supposedly known to themselves only, counts its thousands of followers in America—avid of new things, if not the mother of them—and that a member of the New York bar has written a book gravely urging the cause of this sect with his fellows, and finding in it the religion of the future for East and West alike, a veritable revelation and guidance for us all who now are wandering in darkness. So far, we may judge, has the failure of the Christian Church gone, and yet so great is the longing with some at least for a positive religion.

Such is the essential point of interest in Mr. Phelps's book—the light it throws upon an American condition; those who wish to study Babism will, of course, turn to the books upon it by Prof. E. G. Browne. Yet even here are some things not to be found elsewhere. First among them is an eighty-page sketch of the lives of the leaders of the Beha'i wing of Babism, dictated by the sister of Abbas Effendi, the present head. It is not a very pleasant story to read, because it suggests to the Orientalist wholesale suppressions and one-sidedness throughout; but to Mr. Phelps it seems to be a kind of gospel. Further, Mr. Phelps gives chapters on the philosophy, ethics, standards, etc., of Babism, drawn from conversations, through an interpreter, which he had with Abbas Effendi during a month's residence at Acre. These, in spite of their second-hand nature, are most carefully constructed, and are evidently trustworthy at every point. The proof of this Mr. Phelps may hardly care to hear, but it is that they reproduce from page to page the commonplaces of Muslim philosophy and mysticism. Here, then, is little or nothing new except the imposing personalities and devoted characters of the leaders. The system is simple Sufiism combined with the hierarchical and prophetic system of the Isma'ilians—which gave us the Fatimid dynasty, the Assassins, the Druses, and divers other things—and a dash of ideas derived from Christianity and strangely transmogrified. In the last, if anywhere, is the new element, and its startling results (unhinted at here) may be read by the curious in Mr. Browne's 'Year in Persia.' The same writer's introduction to the present book is a sane and illuminating estimate of the whole movement, giving weight where weight is due, and recognizing the common Oriental character of much which seemed to Mr. Phelps so wonderful and new.

The Fat of the Land: The Story of an American Farm. By John Williams Streeter. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

We take it to be a favorable symptom that (in the making of many books) architectural, horticultural, and even agricultural romances are now finding a place. House-building, every one knows, appeals to the imagination; children play at it before they can walk, and Spain is crowded with castles, although they may be "by hopeless fancy feigned" on lands that are for others. *Cras ædificabit qui nunquam ædificavit*, and few of those who have builded, even if they build no more, but dream of what might have been. This delightful compound of fact and fancy, this combination of the necessary and the luxurious, this satisfaction of both body and soul, has too long been left to be treated by prosaic architects. Love-making, labyrinthine as it is, has been, as Mr. Howells complains, thoroughly explored; the most desperate expedients are employed by authors in their vain attempts to make us think they are not telling the same old story. Moreover, love-making, granting it to be the end or final cause of existence, is not the whole of it; people live through it, and live after it for years, not having exhausted all capacity for romance. The spending of these years for those who have wealth and leisure has æsthetic possibilities that are fascinating, and workaday people can enjoy these possibilities in imagination if not in reality.

Of architectural and horticultural romances we need not here speak; but the agricultural romance is comparatively undeveloped. Essays on such themes as 'Ten Acres Enough,' or 'Three Acres and a Cow,' and how a poor man by assiduous companionship with pigs and geese and hens may keep body and soul together, exist in plenty; but the hard reality is too prominent for romance. It is well that there are many who can find poetry within these narrow limits; for whom small doses of nature are efficacious. But the book before us has nothing to do with sordid details; it is written for the country gentleman, or the gentleman farmer, and for those who like to read of the life led by these fortunate people. There are cows and hens and pigs, of course, but they are on the scale of Job's possessions. Single animals are not reckoned; they are turned off in hekatombs. Everything is on a grand scale. There is no lack of land, nor of capital, nor even of labor—although here lies the shadow on the picture. There is a happy family and an abundance of pleasant friends. The city is close at hand, available for recreation or for business, and affording an excellent market. The author, who is the protagonist in the tale, was country-bred. He worked as a day laborer when a lad, and was well prepared to direct laborers when ill health compelled him to give up his profession. He wasted no time. As soon as the sentence was pronounced, he set forth and bought his land. In a year or two he had practically effected his improvements, and after seven years his profits were handsome.

He assures us that he exaggerates nothing, and we see no reason to disbelieve him. Given a man who has always loved farming, who has sixty or a hundred thousand dollars that he can lose without serious embarrassment, and who has a head for business, and why should he not prosper? Millions of farmers who are both poor and incapable make a living; myriads if not millions more, having some money and wit, grow rich. The lesson of this book—for it is in a broad way a practical book—is that a rich man may live like a lord on his acres, and may at the same time make his acres support him. As Bagehot used to say, business is more amusing than pleasure, and to carry on a farm as one would carry on a factory is to combine poetry with profit. No occupation is more healthful; in no way can children be given a better start in life. Even without a love for nature and for outdoor life, a man might succeed at farming, just as a man might be a banker while hating the confinement of an office.

As to the actual practice of the art, it is not to be learned from this book. We see the general plan and hear the general results, but the thousand details which have to be considered in business are scarcely mentioned here. Nevertheless, the book is in the main so sensible, so clear, so businesslike, and even so impressive, as to make it not improbable that it will persuade some men of wealth whose time hangs heavy on their hands to turn their attention to agriculture.

The lamented author of 'David Harum' thought it necessary to encumber his capital horse stories with a wretched attempt at romance, and Dr. Streeter commits a like blunder in mingling some lovemaking with the care of pigs and poultry. It does not follow because all these things went on together on the same farm that they should all go into the same book. We should, perhaps, have been inclined to pardon this disregard of the unities had it not been for the introduction of an episode of painful brutality. Two college boys, possessing all perfections, assisted by their coachman, repel an attack made on the ladies of their party by nineteen drunken miners. In the struggle one of the latter is killed; but the college boys must needs at once celebrate their victory with a revel largely devoted to getting the coachman drunk—although his reformation had been the aim of prolonged efforts. Their conduct may have been natural enough, and their valor magnificent; but when gentlemen represented to be of the highest breeding are introduced, it is necessary to take some pains with their manners and with their hearts. The author would have done better had he confined himself to writing about his "factory-farm," and not ventured into a field where any lack of refinement of feeling is felt like a discord in music.

The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. By the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.' The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Few Americans ever visit Rügen, Germany's biggest island, which lies in the Baltic, off the coast of Pomerania. The birthplace of the poet-patriot Arndt is now the haunt of Germans who desire cheap hotels, bathing, and scenery over which they can ejaculate "Wunderschön!" It happened that, one hot day in July, Elizabeth, weary of watching her garden turn brown in the sun, conceived the happy thought of exploring Rügen—the "island of twists and

curves and inland seas called Bodden; of lakes and woods, and frequent ferries, with lesser islands dotted about its coasts; with bays innumerable stretching their arms out into the water; and with one huge forest running nearly the whole length of the east coast, dipping down to the sea in places, and in others climbing up chalk cliffs to crown them with the peculiar splendor of its beeches." "The Man of Wrath" was left at home, distrustful as usual of such impulses, and Elizabeth set out to drive round Rügen in a victoria, in the society of her incomparable maid, Gertrud. She was ferried over, horses and all, to that delightful island, where the sky is a vivid blue, the shores a vivid green, and the sunlight bland. What Elizabeth really means by that unconventionality of hers of which she is always talking is merely that she prefers to be alone with the scenery. One of Rügen's attractions for her had been the entire improbability that she would meet any other person of her own class of society—the "Junker" class. The crowd of bathing guests of the lower middle classes she could avoid; but before her holiday was half over she encountered her own cousin Charlotte, who insisted on taking Gertrud's place in the victoria—and the fun, for Elizabeth, was at an end.

But not for the reader, who is now introduced to a personage seldom met with in English fiction, the German variety of the New Woman. Charlotte had thrown over the conventions of the Junker class, and had insisted on going to Oxford for an education. In her last year she met and married a famous German savant, "blinded," as Elizabeth says, "by the glory of having been chosen by the greatest man Oxford had ever seen." Education alone would have been enough to separate her from the Junker class; marriage with a man who was capable of wearing a white satin necktie in the evening placed her beyond the pale. Finally Charlotte became a lecturer "in the cause of Woman," and left her famous Nieberlein to his researches on the Phrygians. With her entry this glorified guide-book becomes really entertaining. Presently, by a happy accident, appears Nieberlein himself—one may expect to meet professors in Rügen—and Elizabeth embarks on the romantic enterprise of reconciling the New Woman to her old-fashioned husband. The reader will not regret, as she did, that in the interest of this scheme she saw less than she intended of Rügen itself and its rather monotonous beauties.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albanesi, E. Maria. Susannah and One Other. (Fiction.) McClure, Phillips & Co.
Benson, Arthur C. Rossetti. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
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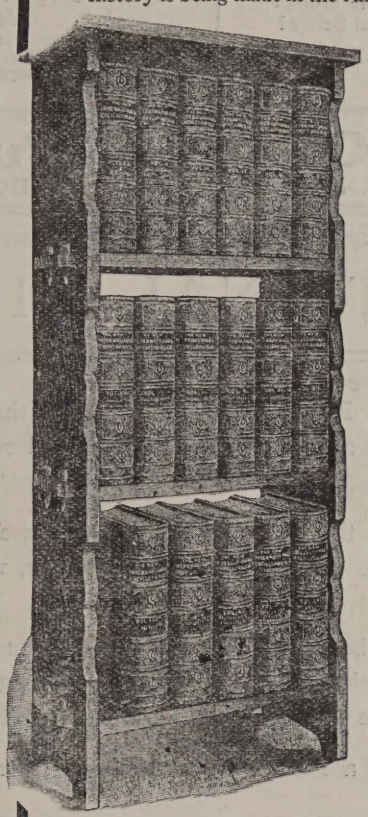

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1904.

The Week.

Mr. Cleveland's declaration for Judge Parker has "thrown the Bryanites into a rage." But is not this their normal condition? So far as our observation goes, they are never really happy unless angry. And as for turning them against Judge Parker, they were against him long before Mr. Cleveland's interview. They had already detected alarming symptoms of sanity in the New York candidate. Of his political opinions, they knew no more than the next man, but the mere fact that his eye did not roll, that he was cool and quiet, and associated with intelligent people, was enough for them. So they instantly began to cut themselves with knives and to grow frantic, after the fashion of the prophets of Baal. Republican editors are shaking their heads pityingly over these signs of Democratic discord. But the general conclusion will be, we suspect, that it was a peculiarly lucky day for Judge Parker that brought him, with Mr. Cleveland's endorsement, the threat of war to the knife by Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan's political estate is rapidly becoming one of vanity and vexation of spirit. Indeed, it is almost pitiful. He is reduced to a strange combination of helplessness and effrontery. Whatever he had left in the way of a personal machine has been boldly bought up by Hearst, and he is now little but a tail to that ignominicus kite; yet he shouts as loudly as ever. But it is the cry of a despairing man. Even in his own State he is making pathetic appeals to his old friends not to desert him; and with a really ludicrous failure to perceive the indelicacy of it all, he calls for subscriptions to his paper, the *Commoner*. Whether he is trying to save his party organization or save his newspaper, people will find it hard to decide. At any rate, it is the strangest of campaign slogans yet raised: "Now is the time to subscribe!"

The action of the Kansas Democratic convention on Thursday will be taken, on the whole, as marking a further decline of the Hearst movement in the West—and it is only there that it has had any real strength. Three weeks ago it was thought impossible to prevent Kansas Democrats from going madly for Hearst. On Thursday, however, his followers were not in control of the convention, and numbered only a minority of the delegates chosen. A "harmony resolution" was adopted, expressing admiration for his attacks upon the Coal Trust, but nothing was said about his Presidential candidacy. This was bad enough as it stood, and every such dallying with a notoriously unfit man must hurt the Democratic party East and West; but, considering what was claimed in advance by the Hearst boomers, and what was feared by his opponents, the result is a distinct setback for the unspeakable candidate. Many will agree with the comment of a shrewd observer in this city: "Well, if Hearst cannot do better than that in a sure Republican State where Democrats come cheap, it is all up with him."

Mr. Roosevelt, the well-known author, openly censured, in his speech at the publishers' dinner in Washington on Thursday night, some of the tendencies of Mr. Roosevelt the President. This plain-spoken literary man had strong words of condemnation for all empty national boasting, especially for the use of language which might give offence to foreign nations. Evidently he had in his mind that series of speeches, made by a peripatetic President last year, which so fluttered all the European dovecotes. That rash public man whom Roosevelt the writer has now so effectively rebuked, took precisely the "big-stick" tone which is so offensive and dangerous in the mind of the author who entertained the publishers with a plea for sobriety and restraint. At Tacoma, for example, on May 22, 1903, the President declared that this country must be "dominant" over the Pacific Ocean, and that we must have a fighting navy able to cope with that of any "great Power" that might "throw off the restraints of international morality." Little did he think then of being taken to task one day for such inflammatory utterance by Roosevelt the bookman! Nor did Mr. Roosevelt, the dweller in the still air of delightful studies, spare that President who has been bidding his countrymen "play a great part" in the world and go forth to "police" all nations. To the clear gaze of that cultured maker of books, Theodore Roosevelt, all this appears as both silly and unpatriotic. "When all is as it ought to be in nation and State and municipality, here at home, we can then talk about reforming the rest of mankind. Let us begin at home." So true is the saying that a statesman who is also a littérateur bears a sword with two edges. One of them he can turn against himself.

Additional protection for the President—any law that will make his life more inviolate—is heartily desired by all good citizens. The bill now before the Senate does not, however, accomplish this end. The minority of the Committee on the Judiciary raises the objection that the bill puts the President, Vice-President, Cabinet officers, and foreign ambassadors and ministers—say fifty men in all—in a superior and distinct class, entitled to a higher degree of protection than other officials, citizens, and inhabitants of the United States. The plea against class legislation is weighty, but it might be overborne were there positive merits in the measure. As a matter of fact, there are none. The present law affords all the protection that any law can afford. Nothing can be gained by punishing with death an unsuccessful assault with intent to kill. The hand of a Presidential assassin would not be stayed for an instant by the expectation of death in case of failure. The criminal hopes to murder, and he looks for nothing but capital punishment. We do not increase the dignity or safety of the President by writing a bloody statute upon our books.

The Recessional should have been sung while the House was voting on the Philippine Shipping bill. The Spight amendment, deferring until 1909 the application of our coastwise laws to the Islands, was rather more than the "stand-patters" could swallow. It was bad enough to have to allow the Philippines until July, 1906, to get ready for the change, but some concession had to be made to decency. Under the decadent rule of Spain, the Manila merchants could ship their goods to other parts of the world, or to their fellow-colonists, in the vessels that would carry them the cheapest. One flag was as good as another to them for this purpose. But that is altogether out of keeping with our ways. Our motto is, "The flag and an appropriation"; only, in this case, we propose to furnish the flag and make the Philippine merchants furnish the appropriation. By limiting their trade to American ships, we shall, of course, make them pay higher freight rates than before. But we take good care to remind them that, though they are in the United States, they are not of it. The Islands are a part of our coast line, but they are foreign territory when they attempt to ship their products to this country. Goods carried from Boston to San Francisco by water have to go in American ships, but they do not pay duties on arrival. We apply the first half of this policy to the Philippines, but not the last. No doubt the Filipinos are anxious that some power should stir up our conscience, "Lest we forget." Is it possible we have forgotten the British Navigation laws, and the part they played in bringing about the American Revolution?

The full report of the Senate's memorial oratory in honor of the late Senator Hanna leaves one marvelling that the most august legislative body in the world has no more adequate method of eulogizing its dead. Senator Hanna had not left a great mark upon national legislation, so that there was hardly material for a comprehensive funeral oration. But he was a man of singular capacity for friendship, and his death was a matter of real regret to most of his associates. It was fitting that some brief and simple expression of this personal regard should be made, and it is not surprising that as many as fifteen Senators spoke. What is surprising is that, dealing with a very simple theme, they should have managed to fill thirty columns of the *Congressional Record* with stilted rhetoric and whatever commonplace gleanings of poetical scraps were supplied by their private secretaries. Of course, there were exceptions. Mr. Foraker's staccato paragraphs show at least the desire to be generous without being fulsome toward a departed adversary. Mr. Blackburn's address was a handsome appreciation of a political opponent. Much may be forgiven to the personal grief that led Mr. Scott into hero-worship of very doubtful taste, while Mr. Beveridge's rhetoric gilds impartially empire stretching beyond the setting sun, and the funeral pomps of a friend. Others, too, were not wholly unworthy of the occasion. But what shall be said of Mr. Elkins's pious periods, interlarded with verse; what shall be written of the other eulogies that begin with a poetical quotation and end with a prayer? In a way, the least said about them the better.

Weighty and admirable words were pronounced by Judge Adams at St. Louis on April 5 in sentencing Senator Burton. The latter may obtain a new trial, and may even be welcomed back into the Senate, but an ineffaceable stigma has been put upon him. As the judge said, the great lesson of his conviction is that "public office is not a sure or safe passport to private thrift." Burton was careless and got caught. He may well protest that he is no more blamable than thousands of other officeholders, except for being less cunning than they. But the law of the land has now laid its heavy hand upon him. It should be a solemn warning to all engaged in the kind of crime of which he has been proved guilty. Many a Senator should tremble as he reads the remarks of Judge Adams, reasoning of righteousness and judgment to come.

Secretary Moody's guarded references, in his annual report, to the project of a General Staff for the Navy have now passed into open opposition. Before the House Committee on Naval Affairs he argued strongly on Monday against the creation of a body which might usurp the authority of the Secretary himself. Under our system, a civilian must be at the head of the navy, responsible to the President, and he to the people. Mr. Moody made it very plain that he feared lest an overweening General Staff should impair that full control and employment of the navy which ought to rest with the Administration. But the Secretary is a firm believer in seeking expert advice and in making the navy as efficient as possible. Hence his advocacy of the bill to create a general board of technical advisers to the Secretary, the detail of officers composing it to be regulated by law. The measure seems to be a sensible compromise. It may not be passed by Congress this session, but it is certain that the General Staff bill will not be.

Joseph W. Folk seems likely to be nominated by the Democrats for Governor of Missouri. His boom is an example of popular uprising in the teeth of machine opposition, for there is no man in the State more bitterly hated by the machine men of both parties. When he began his work in St. Louis as Circuit Attorney—the office corresponds to that of district attorney here—he found that the criminals who were robbing the city and State were the machine ring, backed by a certain number of presumably respectable bankers, street-railway and gas "magnates," and brewers. There is no politics in "graft," and both Democrats and Republicans were busy carrying off all they could lay hands on. Mr. Folk followed the trail of corruption up to the Lieutenant-Governor, and he even found footprints pointing to the door of United States Senator William J. Stone. He has fought the thieves in spite of the vast political, social, and financial influence they could muster. He has made his campaign for the nomination strictly on an "anti-boodle" issue. The machine has exerted all its power, but Folk is sweeping the primaries, and is demonstrating afresh the truth that the people have not forgotten their ancient faith in courage and honesty.

Gov. Odell may not desire to "go out in a blaze of dishonor," but the Legislature has no such false pride. The closing days of the session have been marked by a commingling of trickery and effrontery rarely seen. Whatever else may be said about the Elsberg Rapid Transit bill, its apparent throttling in the Assembly is an obvious breach of good faith. The distinct understanding was that all three rapid-transit bills were to be passed. On that condition alone were they got through the Senate. The agreed plan was to send all the bills down to Mayor McClellan, and let him decide which ones to accept for the city. But, once in the Assembly, or, rather, in the hands of the Committee on Rules—*alias* Speaker Nixon—the jugglery began. The other bills were reported out and passed, but the Elsberg bill was "put to sleep." Now, this raises an issue more vital than that of rapid transit or municipal control. The question is, Are we at the mercy of legislative cheats? Are our representatives at Albany men of honor, or are they mere thimble-riggers? The matter comes back ultimately to Gov. Odell. The Legislature has pretty clearly given the State its measure. All accounts agree, Republican correspondents uniting with Democratic in the verdict, that these last days have been a very riot of corruption. Bills which could be neither defended nor explained have floated through on a wave of "deals." All these have yet to go before the Governor. What he does with them will best show his future plans. If he means only to set up as boss, caring nothing for public opinion and perfectly willing to have Roosevelt lose the State, he will leave the plunderers undisturbed.

Gov. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania has at last been shamed out of his plan of resigning his office to become a candidate for the Supreme Court. It was all a clever little scheme of the Republican machine to "side-track" Pennypacker, and to use the remainder of the Governor's term in the way in which it "would do the most good to Quay." This last consideration should alone have been enough to deter an upright public officer, and, in addition, Gov. Pennypacker had given the people a distinct pledge that, if elected, he would serve out the full term. In spite of this, he has dallied and shuffled, and it was generally supposed that he would do the bidding of the boss. It appears, however, that public opinion has been too much for him. The State bar had expressed itself in the strongest terms; the press has been almost a unit in denouncing the Governor's proposed resignation. In the end, he retreats. That is always difficult to do gracefully, and it seems particularly comic in the case of Pennypacker, who had so valorously proclaimed his superiority to newspaper criticism.

"The strike is hell," said Bishop Spalding last week before the House Committee on Labor at Washington. No one can question the Bishop's friendliness for labor, and he has never shown it more clearly than by this statement, apropos of the Foss arbitration bill. He does not deny that strikes, like war, are sometimes necessary. The strike, he believes, is the great weapon of labor organizations, and to deny the right to it would be to deny the right to organize. Though the Bishop admits the possible usefulness of this way of settling labor

disputes, he evidently thinks that it has not, on the whole, improved things. Men who have been out on strike have gone back to work injured morally. Even the children have learned evil ways. And as to the relations of capital and labor, Bishop Spalding believes they are not improving. It is worth noting that while he was warmly advocating a Federal arbitration law, he failed to speak in unqualified approval of the most signal attempt so far in our history to settle labor troubles by Government aid. He believed the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission did great good, but he said that some evils had resulted from it. In many cases it had encouraged labor leaders to make demands not at all times justified by conditions. It was not shown, however, that a permanent tribunal would be any more successful. Bishop Spalding believes that the proposed arbitration board would never be called on to determine what is a legitimate profit on capital. Its province would be to settle disputes as to "hours, treatment, and pay." It is rather hard to see how such questions could be raised without at the same time bringing in the question of profits. The first claim of a body of strikers is that their employers are making money enough to pay them more wages. The bishop says that wages should be determined by the cost of living. They not only should be, but they are; so that, despite anything he may say, the work of a Federal arbitration board would most likely be confined to the question of what is a fair profit for capital and what the cost of living for labor. Bishop Spalding affirms that where a business does not permit the payment of living wages, "according to the American standard of living," it ought to be closed up. But what is the American standard of living? Is it fixed and immutable?

Honor and personal veracity, we are told, are the very basis of business in Wall Street; but the testimony in the Sully case hardly bears out the theory. On the face of it, Mr. Sully with two associates agreed to squeeze a rising cotton market for all it was worth. It was a personal, not a business, transaction. Orders were given by word of mouth and without memorandum; Mr. Sully did the buying without margin or collateral; profits were divided informally at a series of meetings, which, apparently, had the character of afternoon teas. Large portions of the winnings were turned over to one member of the pool for distribution to the others. No two fishermen who whipped a stream together, or amateurs who cracked a safe, ever made a more friendly division of the booty. Gamblers usually exact the formality of an I. O. U. when no cash passes; with these gentlemanly cotton speculators it was only a matter of "Dear boy, buy me 20,000 bales, if you and the fellows are in." Unhappily for those who maintain that Wall Street is the favorite abode of naked truth, these idyllic manners were only for a rising market. Mr. Sully had never demanded cash for the speculative holdings of his associates, but he was forced to give cash, on strictest business principles, when the sale of those holdings meant the hastening of his ruin. These gentlemen who had conducted vast transactions orally in the cheering aroma of the tea-room, suddenly became very pedants for accounting. We leave all sporting men to judge whether one may lean on a successful gambler in his prosperity, but "give him the marble hand" when his luck forsakes him; for the whole matter lies in a sub-moral plane, where the ordinary ethics of business seem to fail.

The details of the Anglo-French treaty only put its comprehensiveness and wisdom in a stronger light. France has gained notably, but at no cost to England. Special commissions to the Hague Tribunal will adjudicate the few outstanding disputes. Apparently, every cause of present or potential friction has been removed. France gains in the Southern Sahara at the expense of British Nigeria, thus getting a better route between Lake Tchad and the Niger. As an offset, and for the recognition of her predominance in Morocco. France agrees never to fortify the north coast of Africa near the straits. The disputes owing to French occupation of the Newfoundland coast go before the Hague Tribunal, which will award damages. England concedes unchallenged occupation of the tiny Los Islands off the coast of Sierra Leone. The New Hebrides, which are held under a vexatious joint protectorate, will be the care of a new joint commission. In Egypt and Madagascar bygones are to be bygones. In Siam the convention of 1896, which practically only bound both Powers to keep out of the Menam valley, is reaffirmed. France gets navigation rights on the Zambesi. Best of all, Egypt and Morocco are to be open on equal terms to the world's trade for a period of twenty-five years. In general, the treaty should be hailed with joy at Paris; and, if England has done practically all the yielding, she gets more than an equivalent in the good will of her traditional rival.

Major Seeley's unopposed return from the Isle of Wight is another of those pin pricks which must sooner or later drive the Balfour Ministry into nervous collapse. He voted with the Opposition, it will be recalled, on the Transvaal Chinese Labor act, at the same time resigning his seat. His constituency have given him a handsome vindication, and have sent him back to St. Stephens no longer a Unionist, but an Independent. Mr. Balfour did not venture to run a regular candidate against this popular insurgent. It would be hard to beat Major Seeley, the hero of a gallant rescue on the coast, in his home constituency. But all observers must see that his case may prove a precedent for other disaffected Unionists. Mr. Balfour has for some time made it a virtue to grant his followers perfect freedom of opinion; now, apparently, he does not even require their votes. Free traders, retaliators, and protectionists are theoretically supposed to live in amicable debate together, while the Ministry tacitly agrees to present to its own divided supporters only non-contentious measures. Clearly a responsible Government cannot stand very long on this basis.

A minor skirmish in Tibet and reports of the concentration of the Lama's troops in defence of Gyangtse show that war is probably inevitable. Against the protests of China, Lord Curzon has refused to arrest the expedition. Had this been done, the killing at Guru might have been compounded, and negotiations begun. But Col. Younghusband has orders to negotiate at Gyangtse or nowhere. There he can hardly get without fighting, and another battle will commit England irretrievably to an immensely difficult and expensive war. No wonder the average Englishman at home is beginning to ask if too great a price is not being charged that the stealing of a few yaks may be avenged, that a little tea may be exported, and that Lord Curzon may add to his present distinctions the title of Duke of Lhasa.

A careful analysis of the Tibetan correspondence in India reveal the Younghusband expedition as chiefly an expression of Lord Curzon's impatience. At successive points protests were received from China, accompanied by professions of willingness to treat when a viceroy en route should arrive. These representations were wholly disregarded, as were observations on the unnecessary strength of a nominally diplomatic escort. Lord Curzon declined to be turned from his plan of negotiating with a brigade. It should be recalled also that the last Tibetan treaty, that of 1893, had expired under a five years' limitation. The total offending of Tibet was the giving of a trade preference to the suzerain, China—the policy Canada adopts to-day. In pure morals, then, the Younghusband expedition was as indefensible as would be the dispatching of Gen. Chaffee and a division to Montreal in order that Canada might be forced to give us the terms she gives England. There can be few more discreditable chapters in the history of diplomacy, or, for that matter, of treacherous conquest.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LAW.

An instructive light is thrown upon Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards law by the report of his Civil Service Commission, which was sent to Congress on Tuesday week. It covered suspensions of the civil-service law by successive Presidents, and revealed the surprising fact that Roosevelt's name led all the rest. Sixty times during his less than three years in office has he availed himself of his power to set aside the law. McKinley had done it but three times. Yet no one can doubt that Mr. Roosevelt has a reformed and legally protected civil service more at heart than his predecessor had. In fact, he has done a vast deal for that cause. As the Commission point out, he transferred 294 exempt positions to the competitive class by the revision of the rules a year ago. More than one of the schemes of the spoilsmen in Congress to break down or nullify the law, the President has neatly foiled. All this is to be admitted, yet it only heightens the special wonder with which we see him brought in guilty of this amazing list of suspensions of a law of which he is the peculiarly zealous champion.

We can account for it only on the hypothesis that the President thinks of a law rather as a convenience than a guide and rule. He is absolutely confident of his own good intentions, while statutes are meant for the restraint of the bad. As Civil Service Commissioner himself he would vociferously call Senator Gorman to book, but how can any man question his own pure motives? The thing that he very much wants to do becomes, *ipso facto*, the most desirable course of action conceivable. All obstacles to it are to be impatiently brushed out of the way; and if a legal obstacle exists, out of the way that goes, too. Thus, he greatly desired to appoint his old friend Joe Murray to be assistant commissioner of immigration at this port. But the office was in the competitive class. It was, of course, absurd to think of Joe winning in competition, so the short-cut was taken of suspending the law and shoving the President's incompetent friend right into the office. Similarly with the 59 other suspensions. All of them were with the aim of getting something "done"; and that the law was "done" in the act does not seem to have troubled the President in the least.

Whether it is due to defective education, or is a case of what the novelists call "imperfect sympathy," the unfortunate fact is pretty clear that the President has a peculiar conception of the purport and force of law. This was most innocently displayed in his recent pension order, which troubled and silenced so many of his friends. We observe, by the way, that the *Tribune* has at last found its voice on this subject. Perhaps it could no longer rest under Mr. Smalley's telegraphing to the London *Times* that the pension order was so bad that not even the *Tribune* could defend it. Its defence is, however, as lame as it is belated. It does not touch the real point, which is that the Executive undertook to give to an order of his the same validity as an act of Congress. This was brought out with the utmost simplicity in the terms of the order itself. "Whereas," it ran, "by act of Congress in 1887, when thirty-nine years had elapsed after the Mexican war, all soldiers of said war who were over sixty-two years of age were placed on the pension roll"—therefore, what? Congress should now pass an act doing the same for veterans of the civil war? No; just a simple "ordered" that what Congress had then done by law, the President would now do by fiat.

This whole matter has very properly been referred to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate to determine if the President has exceeded his power. It is no defence to say that similar rulings have been made before. One illegality does not warrant another. Senator Mallory, who discussed the subject in the Senate in so lawyer-like a fashion as to win a compliment from Senator Spooner, brushed aside all the *tu-quoques* in which the *Tribune* takes so much satisfaction, and pressed home the question whether, in 1904 as in 1893, power had not been assumed by the Commissioner of Pensions, acting under the President's order, which he did not lawfully possess. Any one who wishes to get at the exact legal nub of the business would do well to read Senator Mallory's speech, especially his colloquy with Senator Spooner. The latter came very near admitting that the President had usurped one of the Constitutional powers of Congress.

If Senator Spooner is not careful, he will acquire a reputation similar to that of a great medical expert—that of being called in principally in dangerous cases. It has already got so that people shake their heads and say the President must have been in a more critical condition than was thought if Dr. Spooner had to be sent for. Several times before last Saturday's consultation over the acute attack of pension-order, has the Wisconsin specialist put the other practitioners aside, and told how to pull the patient through. It is, no doubt, pleasant to be bulletined as the skilled physician who saved the sick man's life when others failed, but it has to be saved so often! One complete defence and vindication of President Roosevelt has hardly ceased to reverberate in the Senate before Mr. Spooner has to undertake another. He is a born debater, and seems to enjoy taking a retainer to extricate a client from any scrape, no matter how black-looking. But it must occur to him sometimes that his powers might be more worthily employed. There was once a Senator who was known as the Defender of the Constitution. The mere title of Defender of the President is not one, we should say, that Senator Spooner would prefer.

The pension order shows us not only how singularly insensitive Mr. Roosevelt's temperament is on the side to which law appeals, but also how dangerous a north star to sail by may be his larger good. He was after votes. Putting technical disputes one side, the order would never have been issued except to help the President's reëlection. That is the real larger good before which everything else must give way. To persuade grave-minded citizens that a candidate acting on that principle, and careless of his means, is a safe man, will require more than the certificate of Gen. Grosvenor, more than the whitewash of ex-Secretary Root, more than the casuistry of Senator Spooner.

USURPATION AS AN ISSUE.

Mr. Bourke Cockran's brilliant speech in the House on Saturday not only perturbed the Republicans, but actually won votes from them on a division. It was on the theme of Executive usurpation. Of this, the Democratic party is obviously preparing to make a political issue. It cannot be denied that they have plenty of material.

We do not remember any period in recent history—not excepting the second Administration of Grant—when there has been a greater readiness on the part of the Executive to attempt encroachments on the rights of House and Senate, or greater success in such attempts, than in the past few years. In several conspicuous instances—that of the "constructive" recess, that of reading into an appropriation bill the word "Panama" for "Colombia," that of the recent pension order—the President has effectively nullified the prerogatives conferred by the Constitution upon Congress. He has acted in these matters very much as if he were defying his opponents to impeach him, but he seems to have come out of each encounter stronger and more lawless in temper than ever.

In much the same way, last year, the Executive solved the currency question by decreeing what should and what should not be surplus reserves—a matter down to that time not dreamed to be anything but legislative. In fact, during this Administration, construing out of existing law or treaty permission to do something which it never contemplated, has come to be a regular means of overriding the difficulties presented by the Constitutional division of powers. All this is, of course, the baldest sort of usurpation—much more defiant than the gentle means of overcoming opposition in the treaty-making branch so persuasively employed by McKinley and so ably explained by Mr. Hoar in his autobiography—namely, that of retaining Senators in advance to do executive

work which must afterwards come before themselves as Senators for ratification. This is, too, just the sort of usurpation that had been predicted as inevitable ever since the Philippines were seized and the colonial policy launched. The Imperialist who finds that he gets on successfully abroad with no law, will always resort to it as little as possible at home. This is what has always happened elsewhere; now it has happened here. At bottom, the Anti-Imperialist issue and the anti-usurpation issue have been all along one and the same.

How far the Democrats will be able to make use of usurpation as an issue is, however, another matter. Many of their present leaders have made the mistake from the first of thinking that they could profitably curry favor with the expansionist sentiment of the country, while, if anything like usurpation should be attempted at home, they could then rally round the Constitution and defend the rights of the two houses and the people as Daniel Webster or Charles Sumner would have done. But this is exactly what an Opposition has not the power to do. When Senator Gray signed the Treaty of Paris, after protesting against it, and it was ratified by the aid of Democratic votes, he and those who helped him struck a blow felt ever since. It was they who paved the way for all the acts of domestic usurpation of which such bitter complaint is now made. From condoning and trying to take advantage of the Philippine iniquity, it was not a long step to helping ratify the Panama treaty. On their theory, the constructive recess, the surplus-reserve decree, and the pension order should have aroused a storm of opposition; but by that time the faculty of opposition had become partly atrophied or paralyzed.

All this will handicap them in drawing up a platform. It is difficult for the same men to let usurpation have full swing at Washington, and then arouse the masses about it like lion-hearted Jeffersonian Democrats. Their words may be very fine, but to judge by their acts they would themselves be usurpers, given the opportunity. Even about the pension order they are afraid to say much, because they themselves stand in awe of the Grand Army vote. After all, they feel, it was a good trick. To those who remember that down to 1896 an issue relied on in every campaign was the dangerous centralizing tendency of the Republican party—a centralization always tending to despotism and usurpation—the situation is perplexing; to Democrats who remember what a glorious cry it made for them under Tilden, a distressing one.

Yet all of these considerations have an obvious relevancy to the movement to nominate Judge Parker. A blameless judge, who has been on the bench of the courts of last resort of his State for eighteen years, may certainly be thought to represent law and Constitutional restraints on the Executive very well, as against a candidate whose sole political principle, as elucidated by his friends, is to "do things" for the sake of the "larger good." Moreover, Judge Parker's skirts are clear of all complicity in the lawlessness of the past six years. He has not helped on, as have half the Democrats at Washington, the work of destroying the Constitution. When Bryan took up the anti-Imperialist issue in 1900, people laughed because he advised the ratification of the Treaty of Paris. But, so far as is now known, with Judge Parker as a candidate, Anti-Imperialists, Cleveland Democrats, Cleveland Republicans, Independents, and the independent press could all unite in supporting him as the champion of Constitutional liberty against unprincipled lawlessness. The issue is all the more important because in this election very little but the Presidency is at stake. For the next four years Democratic legislation is out of the question. But whether we want Executive usurpation to go on or not, we can settle out of hand.

NEEDS OF AMERICAN SHIPPING.

The House bill to provide for a commission to report on the American merchant marine has given Representative Rainey of Illinois the opportunity to say a few things that will surprise most persons. The commission is to travel all over the United States. In Mr. Rainey's opinion, the farther it travels the farther it will get away from the real sources of information. You cannot, he says, study problems of navigation at the banquet table or out of parlor-car windows. The commission will be dined and wined by boards of trade and city councils, but will add nothing to the literature of the subject. The Library of Congress already contains nearly 2,000 works on ship subsidies. That the object of the proposed commission is to work up sentiment in favor of a ship-subsidy measure seems clear. Indeed, the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, in reporting the bill providing for this peripatetic board, frankly declares that strong appeals have come from the West for action in favor of subsidies, and a compilation of their views "will aid Congress greatly in the discharge of a duty that seems at this time to be absolutely imperative."

But when the actual situation of the shipbuilding business is reviewed, the duty does not seem quite so imperative as the committee implies. That the industry is in a depressed condition just now, nobody can deny; but that is not peculiar to this country. That there has been money in the business, despite the lack of subsidies, is easily shown by the census figures in the matter of wooden ships; but that is because wood could be produced in this country as cheaply as in England and Germany. The companies building steel vessels have had hard sledding in many cases; and particularly of late, owing to the general decline in the demand for freights, and to the injection of large amounts of water into their capitalizations. The shipping business at best is very precarious. The demand for tonnage has fluctuated in a most violent manner in the last decade, and rates have risen and fallen in an erratic fashion. Foreign governments do not take the view that they should protect the industry against such dangers. Great Britain allows its shipbuilders to buy their material where they can get it cheapest. This country is blessed above all others in its supplies of iron and in the intelligence of its workmen, but we dump iron and steel in Great Britain and Germany at a lower figure than the producers of those countries, while our mills cannot, or will not, make prices at home which will enable the United States to build up a merchant marine for its foreign trade.

To develop a large ownership of vessels is of more importance than to create artificially a large shipbuilding industry, but there is no good reason why we should not pursue both lines successfully. If our yards cannot turn out vessels as cheaply as foreign yards, the people of this country should be allowed to buy their ships abroad. But they would not be compelled to do so if our builders could get their material on equal terms with European constructors. With steel plates selling in this country at $41.40 a ton, against $25.50 in England and $30.23 in Germany, there is little chance of a great amount of tonnage being built here for the foreign trade. In some cases, under our navigation laws, it pays to build here even at a higher cost. This is illustrated in the case of the two great steamers now being built in this country for the Great Northern Steamship Company, the *Minnesota* and *Dakota*, each of 21,000 tons register. The cost of these is greater than if built abroad. The vessels are to ply between this country and the Orient, but if built in Europe they could not touch at any two American ports.

Mr. Rainey has gone to first sources for his information. He has drawn some valuable testimony from the Cramps. Here is their statement, and it goes pretty near the heart of our shipping troubles: "As it is at present, we are entirely at the mercy of the combination of the large plate-mill interests of the country, who have established 1.75 cents per pound (about $40 per ton) as a base price for steel plates, as against $25 a ton for the same class of materials in Great Britain." In other words, American shipyards are at the mercy of a steel monopoly fostered by the tariff. In 1897, steel plates in the United States fell practically to the British

price, and in 1898 they even went slightly below it. But in 1899 the price shot up very much above the British quotations. Our steel manufacturers are working more as a unit now, and are trying to make American consumers pay high prices while meeting the foreign markets at the world's price. They are not succeeding in every case. The Cramp Company wrote to Mr. Rainey on March 11, 1904, that the United States Steel Corporation was then seeking a foreign market for its surplus products, and that in case a shipbuilder should threaten to purchase any of his materials abroad it would lose no time in modifying its prices to such an extent as would place the American builder on a more equal footing with the foreign builder. Under such conditions, state the Cramps, the Steel Corporation would consider such materials "in the nature of export articles"; and they say that they know of cases where the price has been lowered in this way.

But, unfortunately, such reductions apply only to material to be used in ships exclusively for foreign trade. In such cases the steel comes in duty free. But, as already stated, such ships are practically out of the question. Business from this source is too insignificant to cut much of a figure. The fact is, the entire steel and iron shipbuilding industry of the United States is at the beck of a Government-fostered monopoly. If a large American merchant marine is desired, the work should be begun at that end.

HIGH RENTS AND THE UNIONS.

The present excitement on the East Side, caused by a general increase in rents, has been brewing for some time. For the last two years rent has been going up, and not only in the district south of Fourteenth Street. It has risen also in Harlem, in the Bronx, in Brooklyn, and in suburban towns. Though several fantastic explanations are offered, such as the alterations in old buildings required by the new tenement law, higher taxes, and the rapacity of landlords, the real reason is perfectly plain. Like everything else, rent schedules are regulated by the law of supply and demand. In the last three years there has been very little building of apartment houses and tenements in Manhattan. On the lower East Side, where evictions are now so frequent, there is probably less actual housing space than in 1902. Great areas of buildings have been demolished to make way for schools, parks, bridge approaches, and other public improvements. The approach to the Delancey Street bridge, for example, necessitated the destruction of about 400 tenements, housing perhaps 10,000 people. On the other hand, the growth of population has never been so great. Immigration, especially from the countries which chiefly people the lower East Side, has been the largest ever known. As there has been no proportionate increase in building, the Hebrew population, in the last three years, has spread over nearly the whole city. In that period at least 30,000 have left the lower East Side and established a new Ghetto in Harlem. About the same number have settled in the Twenty-sixth Ward of Brooklyn. In the Bronx a new tenement section, composed entirely of Russian and Polish Jews, has grown up in the territory between Crotona and Claremont Parks. It numbers about 25,000. There is hardly any part of the city, indeed, in which settlements of Russian and Polish Jews will not be found. And wherever they have gone rents have advanced. The demand for accommodations, that is, has been much greater than the supply.

The true explanation of this unfortunate rent increase, therefore, must be found in the causes underlying the cessation of tenement building. This is accounted for in several ways. During the past year the mortgage loan market has been unfavorable, though building operations in tenements have not been hampered from this cause as much as the larger and more hazardous class of undertakings. The high price of building materials has also stood in the way. Probably the greatest deterrent, however, is the demoralized state of the building trades. The extortions of the unions and the contractors, the combinations which have been made against investors in buildings, the high wages, and the incessant strikes, have paralyzed what, without these untoward influences, would now be a most flourishing industry. The increase in wages is especially significant. Thus, in 1897 the prevailing rate for bricklayers was $4. They now receive from $5 to $5.50. Plasterers then got $4; they now get $5. Carpenters six years ago were eager for employment at $3.50 a day; the rate at present is $4.50. And so all along the line.

No rational objection to these increases could be raised were they entirely economic. But in many cases they are the result of what are little less than conspiracies between the unions and the contractors. They are accompanied not by greater, but by less, efficiency among the workmen. Builders have been obliged to hire more men than they needed, and to submit to constant loafing. More disastrous still have been the incessant strikes. These are so frequent, on both a large and a small scale, that no builder begins an operation with any assurance of finishing it. Most building is speculative, carried on with borrowed money. Strikes mean large losses in interest, and, by preventing completion of the building in time, may cause great losses in rent. Last year's lockout, lasting nearly six months, not only prevented the beginning of hundreds of new structures which would now have been ready for occupancy, but prejudiced the whole investing public against the building business. As a result, the present real estate situation is extraordinary. Property never earned greater returns, and the demand for housing was never so unsatisfied, and yet practically nothing is done to meet this public need. Hitherto the builders could always be relied upon to keep ahead of the public requirements, but that old tradition is now upset.

Hence one of the humors of the East Side situation is the indignation of the labor unions. The labor leaders are foremost in denouncing the landlords, and have already planned several meetings of protest. The landlords, however, are simply taking advantage of an existing scarcity to put up prices. According to prevalent business standards, they cannot be blamed. Nor can all the wrath of police justices, rabbis, labor leaders, and ward politicians help the matter. In times of famine the prices of provisions go up. We have now what is little less than a house famine, and naturally rents are increased. If the labor unions, instead of denouncing property owners for conditions for which they themselves are largely responsible, will go quietly to work and end the present reign of terror in the building trades, construction will be resumed on a large scale. Then, and then only, will rents be reduced to a lower level.

ANOTHER THEOLOGICAL FLURRY.

Canon Henson of Westminster bids fair, by his *Contemporary* article on "The Future of the Bible," to stir up the pure minds of theologians to as great a zeal against heresy as Canon Farrar did twenty years or more ago. The latter struck mainly at the stark doctrine of endless punishment; but Canon Henson is for throwing overboard the whole baggage of miracle. What he calls the "prodigies" of the Old Testament he would have the clergy cease to read in the churches as though they were longer to be taken as historical; and he intimates that criticism is compelling the abandonment of much of the supernatural element in the New Testament as well. Of course, there is already a vast outcry about all this. Resolutions and petitions are pouring in upon Canon Henson's ecclesiastical superiors. The demand is that the heretic be burned—that is, of course, only in the comfortable modern fashion: dismissed from his living with tears, and asked cordially to dinner afterwards.

Such a flurry, like Professor Bowne's recent trial for heresy, has necessarily the air of being an anachronism. A sense of unreality seems to attach to all concerned. Canon Henson, on his part,

is impelled to extreme statements; his opponents, on the other hand, are driven to reactionary utterances which do not express their own real thought. This is one of the points made in Mr. Henson's article. He says that one of the results of the new light cast upon the Bible is to frighten "many of the best of Christian men," and lead them to "take their place in the ranks of obscurantism and exert their whole influence on the side of authority." Just as Pusey and Newman took alarm at German Biblical criticism, and fled to mediævalism for refuge, so to-day where the free study of the Scriptures is making one heretic, it makes two bigots. It is something more than a coincidence that, at the very moment of this excitement in England over the doctrine of inspiration, we in this country should be witnessing the formation of a league of clergymen to uphold the tenet of the verbal inspiration of the entire Bible, whether men will hear or forbear. It almost seems a case for Matthew Arnold's gentle sarcasm at the expense of good men a little too anxious to "do something" to aid the Creator.

In all such controversies it is necessary to bear in mind the difference between what men think and what they say in public. Most educated men think alike about these questions—that is, when they converse together privately and in confidence. The enlightened men in the ministry are few to-day who would not admit that miracles are a burden upon Christian belief, rather than, as they used to be considered, its great proof and bulwark. The spirit of the age does its work even upon the most refractory. Paley and Butler are not quoted to-day in the pulpit as often as Drummond and Benjamin Kidd. The emphasis has insensibly changed. Thought runs in different channels. Every one who has the privilege of frank talk with the younger clergymen knows how the thing has gone. The miraculous means little to them, except as a difficulty to be got over by one knows not what method of accommodation and adjustment, or a purely Hegelian zest for extracting the "spiritual meaning" out of an event that never happened. This is what Sir Oliver Lodge has in mind when he calls for a revised statement of the Christian creed. He desires a theological symbol that would come somewhere near expressing the actual beliefs of Christians, instead of those doctrines which they accept only in a forced and non-natural sense, and by torturing them out of their obvious meaning.

We mean nothing invidious to theological controversialists when we say that their utterances in synods and church congresses do not always represent their real thought. The same thing is true of others—politicians, for example. There is a certain conventional doctrine of party or creed which simply has to be asserted publicly. But just as we are in the habit of discounting political oratory, so we wisely will clerical. When a heresy-hunt is afoot, many of those who join in the chase know in their hearts that their place is with the hunted. Canon Henson will doubtless be the subject of pained rebuke by many who privately think much as he does—though, of course, they do not think that he is wise in blurting it out. We speak only by way of caution, and out of abundant charity. It must not be imagined that all who appear to shut their eyes to the light really do so. In these matters we should bear in mind the distinction which Garrick made when he said to Coleman, who protested he could eat no more of a dainty of which he was very fond, "But could you not if you was in a dark closet all by yourself?"

In one of Canon Henson's contentions we confess to seeing but little force. He would have the miraculous stories of the Old Testament omitted from public reading of the Bible, on the ground that they pervert the minds of them that hear. But he ought to take comfort from Tennyson's Yorkshire Farmer. The majority of church-goers, like that good man, pay small attention to the substance of what is read to them in church. They think the minister knows his business. The words about Biblical wonders have a pious sound; they carry with them rich and dear associations; and that is enough. It is a purely clerical fear that Scripture reading from the pulpit produces higher critics in the pews. One can understand how a clergyman might inwardly writhe at the passages he is compelled to read as if he believed them literal truth; but it is not necessary for him to suppose that his hearers share that peculiar anguish. It is, indeed, primarily for the sake of the ministry itself that a closer connection should be sought between the profession of the mouth and the belief of the heart. It is in the minds and consciences of clergymen that all these questions are most acutely harassing; and it is for them to find some means of harmonizing the new truth with the old emotion and morality.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON, April 9, 1904.

Easter week is not the most favorable time for meeting in Washington. Especially this year, when, in addition to the crowds assembled to see the races, the four hundred representatives of the Publishers' Association filled the hotels, a certain confusion was unavoidable. The Orientalists who spent the first hours of the one hundred and sixteenth meeting in vain search for a hotel of hospitable disposition were, however, of a philosophic temperament, and the slight initial annoyance was soon dissipated by other pleasanter circumstances—the thoughtful care of the local committee, the kindness of the Cosmos Club, whose doors were opened wide to receive the Society, and not least by the springlike weather, the fresh verdure and blossoming magnolias of the grounds about the United States National Museum, where the Society held its meetings.

The number of papers read was, as usual, difficult to harmonize with the scanty time allowed by a session of two days and a half. A new rule seemed imperative, and was adopted, in accordance wherewith only those papers were presented the writers of which were on hand to read them. This rule cut out papers enough to give some leeway to the members actually presenting (instead of merely sending) their notes and essays. The communications fell into several divisions, the Aryan and Semitic folds being enlarged or added to by the new interest in comparative religion and in Tagálog, Bisáyan, etc. The technical papers ranged from observations on the Greek name of the last native King of Babylon by Professor Moore of Harvard—who showed that Nabonnedos, and not Nabonidus, is the old form (the latter being a corruption)—to the form of letters in the Philippine alphabet, by a new member, Mr. Wolfenson of Johns Hopkins.

In connection with the subject of the Philippines, it is interesting to note that the Society has just received as another new member an officer of the United States army, Lieut. MacKinlay, who offered as his first paper before the Society a dissertation on some of the minor languages of Luzon—the valuable result, not of compilation from the writings of others, but of personal contact with the natives. It is to be hoped that this example will be followed by others, and that the excellent opportunities for studying Philippine dialects will be utilized by our officers. In course of time we may have (as was observed on the presentation of Lieut. MacKinlay's paper) as illustrious combinations of soldier and scholar as are exhibited by Rawlinson and other English military savants.

The more general papers on comparative religion were mainly on more familiar ground. Professor Toy discussed recent views of totemism, criticising chiefly the theories of Frazer and Lang, and Miss Morris gave a careful study of the influence of war and agriculture upon the religion of the Kyans and Sea Dyaks; but in the other communications of this division the speakers confined themselves to the Semitic field. Syrian and Arabic survivals of surrender of personality to deity, by Professor Curtiss; a discussion by Dr. Foote of the connection between the Cherubim and Ark, together with renderings of the poetic form of Ecclesiastes by Professor Haupt, came under this head; while in the same division fell the two Babylonian papers by Dr. Ward and Professor Jastrow, respectively, the former scholar giving a drawing of a god interpreted as Nergal (in Chaldæan art), and the latter offering a fresh explanation of the nature of Ninib, as a form representing an intermediate stage between Bel and Marduk, and drawing to himself the characteristics of other gods. Professor Lyon remarked on this that the chief god of a tribe can scarcely be said to be a mere sun or storm god, but he is, as chief,

a god of various functions. The question whether religion can be regarded as universal formed the subject of a paper by Professor Hopkins.

The session for the series of papers just mentioned was inaugurated with an informal luncheon and *conversazione*, at which were present as invited guests of President Gilman not only the members of the Society, but also the ambassadors of Japan and China, and several distinguished scholars. At this special meeting informal talk was in order, a generous relief to those jaded with three preceding sessions of formal dissertations. Some of the new members gave accounts of Oriental travel undertaken in the last year. Professor Walcott spoke of the investigations carried on under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution, and the survey of the Pacific yet to be carried out; Dr. Crosby discussed the results of his expeditions to Abyssinia and Tibet, and Mr. Fairchild gave glimpses of life as he found it along the Euphrates. Prof. Max Müller told modestly of what he hoped to do in Egypt in the course of his projected excavations, and Professor Jackson exhibited photographs taken on his recent trip to Persia. This feature of the annual meeting has proved so attractive that it will not easily be allowed to drop. Indeed, one enthusiast suggested that in future all formal papers should be read simply by title, and that the Society devote itself simply to conversation and good fellowship.

Of the other papers, Hammurabi's code was discussed by Professor Lyon, who argued that the law previous to the time of this ruler had been worded in the language of the learned, and that Hammurabi converted it from a Sumerian into a Semitic (and more accessible) form. The Ginsburg edition of the Hebrew Bible was criticised by Professor Moore, who showed that it was far from being as perfect as it had been proclaimed to be. Professor Lanman gave an account of the Harvard Oriental Series, and exhibited advance sheets of the works hereafter to be published therein. The discussion of the term Yâwân (as a designation of the Greek empire of Alexander) by Prof. Torrey proved interesting to both Semitic and Aryan scholars, since the equivalent Yâvana in India also designated the same empire. Professor Torrey showed that in Daniel and First Maccabees the expression Hellas was an equivalent of this imperial (not geographical) Hellenic country. Of specially Aryan contributions there happened to be few at this meeting. Professor Jackson gave an account of the Sanskrit drama "Priyadarsikâ," and Dr. Gray contributed a sheaf of papers on Indo-Iranic literature and history, while Miss Grieve sent from India some folk-stories of Ramdas, and Dr. Abbott, also of India, told of his discovery of a new Kashmiran Sanskrit alphabet. From St. Petersburg came also a bibliography of later Sanskrit dramatists by Dr. Schuyler.

A paper on the amplificative plural in Assyrian by Mr. Ember differed from many of the technical communications in being intelligible to most of the audience. Mr. Ember claimed that the plural of majesty was the sole cause of the form Elohim, and that this term did not conceal an historical antecedent of polytheism. This he illustrated by the use of the words "by the rivers of Babylon," *i. e.*, "by the great river" (Euphrates). Dr. Foote's paper on the Ark and Cherubim raised the question whether there was any genetic connection between the Assyrian winged bulls and the Cherubim, and answered the question negatively. In the remarks that followed, it was clear, however, that he had not convinced all the Babylonian scholars present.

This sketch of a few of the five and fifty papers offered to the Society will give a general idea of the character of the meeting; for many interesting papers of more technical character the reader must be referred to the pages of the Journal of the Society.

The meeting was not without other features. The venerable Dr. Boehtlingk, the Nestor of Sanskrit scholars, this year completed the sixtieth year of his membership in the Society—an extraordinary record, duly recognized by the members, who sent the aged scholar a message of affectionate regard. The meeting was honored by the presence of Professor Delbrück, the leading syntactical scholar of the world, who came to Washington to attend the meeting. He has been for many years an honorary member of the Society.

At the hospitable invitation of the local Biblical Club, the Society at its last session adjourned to meet in Easter week next year at Springfield, Mass.

Correspondence.

A STUDY IN OPTIMISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A monthly magazine, which gives in its opening pages a review of "the progress of the world" furnishes, in the issue of this particular month, an interesting series of examples of that light-hearted content with things as they are which makes for profitable journalism.

The review opens with an account of the Supreme Court decision in the Northern Securities case. The chief lesson of this is one of gratitude to President Roosevelt for enforcing the law, coupled with congratulations for Justice Day because, "although a close personal friend of Mr. McKinley, and also of Mr. Hanna," he joined with the majority of the court. Incidentally, the railroad officials are cheered by the expression of a hope that the "very proper" Foraker amendment to the Sherman Act, exempting railroads from its operation, will soon be passed.

Another theme for gratitude is found in the safe establishment and recognition of the Panama Republic, together with the brilliant speech of Mr. Elihu Root at Chicago in defence of the Administration, the oblivion which we are told has overtaken the calumnious defamers of the President, and the triumph over partisanship which led half the Democratic Senators to vote for the ratification of the treaty.

The postal frauds next claim attention, but the moral of this review of the situation is that Congress is a body of men of "remarkable probity," and that we should deprecate the inconsiderate action of the new Postmaster-General in associating the names of Representatives with criminal conduct, in presenting "a trivial mass of information," especially at the awkward moment when renominations are impending! The tone of this passage reminds one irresistibly of the attitude of Horace Walpole toward one who had disturbed social serenity by some breach of good form.

A paragraph on the election scandal in Denver admits a "fearfully depraved condition" in Colorado politics, but has for its conclusion that such disclosures should not dishearten us, since the very fact that they are made "is a sign of health and vigor in the body politic."

Time fails me to note in detail how the editor extracts cheering reflections of the same character from the Smoot investigation, the "disability" pension order of the wholly "practical" Commissioner Ware, and from the prophetically visioned beneficence of our growing navy for Panama as for the Philippines; how we are warned not to think ill of St. Louis because of her reputed municipal misdeeds; and how we are to be hugely satisfied with the Hague award in the Venezuelan case, particularly with the fact that the United States was charged with its enforcement—a charge which Secretary Hay has since repudiated.

This is a review of the progress of a single month, truly notable for its spirit of childlike cheerfulness. Could Pope have held more convincingly that "whatever is is right"? To this editor not only do the clouds have silver linings, but the lining covers both sides. But stay: there is a limit to his optimism. Reformers, protestants, troublesome minorities—these are the only persons not covered by the mantle of his charity and hopefulness. We have seen that his only censure this month is for the conduct of Mr. Bristow in hurting the feelings of Congressmen; in another paragraph the members of the Philippine Independence Committee are implicitly excluded from the "sane and judicious" part of our countrymen; and it was in the same impartial review, a month or two since, that the opposition of the press to the "Panama project" as arranged by the President was alleged to be chiefly due to illicit friendship for the transcontinental railways. Would it not be more consistent for the editor to stretch his optimism one point further, and admit some compensating good in the survival of a remnant of pessimism sufficient at least to serve as a foil for the spirit of national self-satisfaction which he so ably represents? A.

Stanford University, Cal., April 4, 1904.

THE SOCIOLOGISTS AND THE OPEN SHOP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In discussing the question of the "open shop," a surprisingly great number of very intelligent men—I have in mind at the moment half a dozen such who are readers of the *Nation*—react in a curious fashion. "If," they say, "we do not somehow restrict employers, what will prevent their taking an unfair advantage of labor?" Further discussion uncovers the fact that these men readily grant that the question of the open shop is the question of equal freedom—the question whether the people, through their government, propose in fact, and not merely in theory, to see to it that the non-unionist may choose his lawful occupation with the same immunity from violence or intimidation that the unionist or other -ist enjoys. Moreover—and here is

where we begin to look askance at them—they tell us that they are neither anarchists nor revolutionists, and that they still hold that the primary function of our sort of government is to maintain social good order. In plain words, the problem for them seems to be: Given the basic postulate of the duty of Government to enforce equally the bodily safety of unionist and non-unionist, how to avoid certain inevitable but undesired consequences of the performance of this duty?

The proposal to discuss, first of all, the probability of arriving at a solution of such a problem causes an immediate collapse of interest. One is made to feel that his proposal marks him as a sort of metaphysical crank, or worse; and further discussion is clearly hopeless. Even if the charge were pat, one might still prefer to accept its consequences rather than join in the prevailing attempt to eat our equal-freedom cake and have it, too. Matter of this sort published in "Correspondence" columns accomplishes nothing. But is it not possible for you, without raising the question of the plus or minus value of that economics and that sociology which pretend to be more than merely historical, to point out more specifically than has been usual the fact that the question which the National Industrial Association raises as to the open shop is in no sense an economic question? We have said that it shall be our first governmental business to see to it that men shall choose their lawful occupations with immunity from intimidation so far as in us lies to prevent it. More and more in the past twenty years we have stood idly by talking much and doing little about the intimidation of the non-unionist. When men have protested, our more educated citizens have offered economic and sociological panaceas instead of answering a plain charge in an honest way. Surely men must see that it is no time for panaceas. The problem, the really great problem, is: Why does the great educated public fail to connect with the train of industrial conversation? Why does it fail to see that its integrity and its judgment are in question? And if the misuse of the name science seems too remote a cause, can you not at least bring out more clearly what the industrial problem really is, and put the economists and the sociologists on the defensive?—Very truly,

S. D. Merton.

St. Louis, Mo., April 7, 1904.

INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The prejudice which the great English nation harbors against Germany appears in the most unexpected places. I copy the following amusing paragraph from the February number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* (pp. 284-5):

"Don't write on subjects of which you know nothing; don't, for instance, attempt to describe an American girl, or a French girl, if you have never met one. Try a German—they are less characteristic, and *any ordinary heavy sentimental type will serve your purpose.*"

I hope your many German readers will enjoy this tidbit.—Respectfully,

A German American.

Rome, March 30, 1904.

THE CRITIC AT FAULT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Every reader of the *Nation* enjoys a scalping, and I have myself sometimes taken the tomahawk and knife in hand, and have helped to make a holiday in your columns for the members of the tribe. I feel, therefore, no disposition to cavil at the clearly phrased and easily comprehensible review of my book on 'Actual Government' in your issue for March 31. If it be true of the writer of that book, as your reviewer believes, that "he cares little about the correctness of details"; that "Mr. Hart's indifference to accuracy . . . runs through the whole book"; that he indulges in "very reckless use of language"—you are doing a public service by exposing such a pretender. True or otherwise, the author of a book reviewed by the *Nation* must always fall back upon the doctrine of the English college song,

"If God and I should disagree
On questions of theologee,
I'm damned to all eternitee.
Poor blind worm!"

It is not, therefore, to differ with the kindly reviewer, but to enforce his lesson, that I write this letter, for it appears that the vice of inaccuracy, which he considerately glosses over with the polite phrases quoted above, is more widely diffused through our country than he suspects. Your reviewer says of me:

"Any one would suppose, from his account of the nominating system (p. 91), that 'caucus' and 'primary convention' were interchangeable terms. Unless caucus and primary are distinguished, it is impossible for the student to understand that the nominating system has undergone a vast change. The present congeries of nominating conventions has taken the place of the earlier order, in which, from 1800 to 1824, Presidents and Vice-Presidents were nominated by party *caucuses* of members of Congress. The earlier system was supposed to be undemocratic, because it was not representative, and was superseded by the latter. Mr. Hart's method of dealing with the subject suppresses the history, which is essential."

This extract proves conclusively that thousands of the American people do not read the reviews of the *Nation*, and hence have contracted the fatal vice of inaccuracy, since the term "caucus" is habitually used in Massachusetts, and presumably throughout New England, for precisely the form of assembly which in other parts of the country is called "primary meeting" or "primary convention." It was so used in the Boston newspapers this morning; it is so used in Dallinger's 'Nominations for Elective Office'; in the morning mail came a postal notice to attend a "caucus" in my ward, to nominate delegates to various conventions. Governors, legislatures, and party bosses perpetuate the error to which I have unhappily given currency, and they actually suppose that they are entitled to the usage of a century.

Perhaps they might take warning if they read my book (as the reviewer has evidently been unable to do), for, upon page 95, in the course of the very discussion which he finds inaccurate, is a description of that congressional nominating "caucus" which I am accused of "suppressing." Elsewhere in the book the word "caucus" is used in the third sense of a conference of party men in a legislative body, a sense with which the reviewer is doubtless acquainted, in spite of the fact that he does not mention it; perhaps space limits compel him to state only a part of what he knows.

Questions of the various meanings of "caucus," or of the inclusion or exclusion of particular statements, are not significant in themselves; but there are ethics even of the stake—a Sioux might justly complain if expected to sing his death song in a tongue known only to his captors. The truth is, that when one undertakes to deal with the subject of American government, in a comprehensive way, one must make in cold print not less than twenty thousand statements of fact; and no knowledge, experience, care in writing or verification will prevent mistakes, some of which seem preposterous when observed in the first printed copy or pointed out by considerate friends. I have under my hand a list, many times longer than the reviewer's, of errors detected and corrected for a forthcoming second edition; and I should be glad to be informed of other mistakes. When we see a writer evidently so well qualified as the reviewer, in his half-dozen illustrations of the inaccuracy of the 'Actual Government' falling instanter into an error of his own, there seems little hope of arriving at absolute truth this side of the millennium.

Very truly yours,

Albert Bushnell Hart.

Cambridge, Mass., April 8, 1904.

[We did overlook the statement on page 95. We make the apology which is due to Professor Hart in this particular of our review.—Ed. Nation.]

VOODOOISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Evening Post* of April 2 I find an article on "The Home of the Voodoo," in which cannibalistic practices of Haytian negroes are luridly set forth. The writer remarks that his authority, Sir Spencer St. John ('Hayti or the Black Republic,' 1884), is a trustworthy observer whose accounts have never been refuted. Had he taken pains to examine the literature of the subject, he would have found the imaginative character of these stories sufficiently expounded in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (April-June, 1888; January-March, 1889). The truth is, that the word Voodoo and the notions associated with the term, are not of African but of European origin. As heretics, the Waldenses, or Vaudois, obtained evil repute as sorcerers; they were therefore credited with all the orgies ascribed to witches, and the name, losing specific application, passed over into a designation of any enchanter. The dialectic form *Vaudou* came with French immigrants to Hayti and Louisiana, and, extending itself to English-speaking districts, is used to denote a negro conjurer and an imaginary negro sect.—Very truly yours,

William W. Newell.

Cambridge, Mass., April 4, 1904.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Rhodes Will prescribes as qualifications for the scholarships social influ-

ence and success in athletics. The trustees seem to have made a wise use of their discretionary power in enacting that this part of the Will should be observed only in its spirit. Social influence and success in athletics, however good in their way, are not academical qualifications. The process of ascertaining the first would be invidious as well as difficult, while of athleticism our universities already have more than enough. It appears, however, that the object of the testator was not so much academical as ethical and perhaps political. He wished to form a character with aims and principles like his own. Is it certain that such an object could be well combined with that of university education?

Apart from the distribution of the scholars among the colleges, it does not appear that any new regulations for admission at Oxford have been made—at least beyond the extension of privileges already enjoyed by the British colonies. The University has always been open to natives of all countries. A Rhodesian scholar from a Southern State may there find himself passing an examination by the side of a West Indian negro.

For a post-graduate course, if that is in contemplation, I fear Oxford is not yet equipped. She is undergoing a two-fold transition: from the state of a finishing school of culture for the gentry to that of a university as an emporium of learning and science; and from that of a confederation of colleges with a tutorial system of instruction to that of a university with a professorial system—her condition before the colleges were founded. From an expression in a letter of the Chancellor of the University I should gather that the difficulties of the transition have yet to be overcome.

For my own part, I cannot help wishing that the money had been simply left to the University for the benefit of all comers. A stipend of $1,500 a year is sure to attract candidates. But, apart from Mr. Rhodes's ethical and political designs, I fail to see clearly what object can be gained by transferring a number of promising students in the formative period of life from the universities of this continent to a social and political atmosphere different from that in which their lives are to be passed. I have seen something both of English and American universities, and my impression is that, all things taken into consideration, an American or Canadian will gain no more by being transplanted to Oxford or Cambridge than an Oxford or Cambridge man would gain by being transplanted to a university on this continent. However, the experiment will be made with care, and certainly with perfect good will on the side of Oxford, and we shall presently see the result.—Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, April 5, 1904.

Notes.

'The First Folio of Chaucer,' to wit the first collected edition, by Thynne, in 1532, is to be reproduced photographically by the Clarendon Press. Professor Skeat will supply an introduction, and the edition will be of 1,000 copies only. To scholars this reprint will be welcome, for Thynne is the sole authority for several Chaucerian pieces; but the appeal is to the reader and bibliophile as well, since the luxury of reading Chaucer in black letter is now only for the well-to-do, and the issue of the Kelmscott folio did but set a new temptation before the aspiring collector. The present edition will be put, according to binding, at $50 and $60, or about the price of a clean copy of Speght's folio of 1602.

'Our Mountain Garden,' by Mrs. Theodore Thomas, will be published during the present month by the Macmillan Co.

The interval that has elapsed since the first publication of Samuel Parsons, jr.'s, 'Landscape Gardening' (Putnams), in 1891, and the present reissue might have been employed to better it even if it remained, what it virtually is, an essay on the treatment of lawns. But there is much good matter in the book. It is of less importance that the art of process illustration for such topics has greatly improved meanwhile.

'Burdett's Hospital and Charities, 1904' (London: The Scientific Press), is the familiar, freshly authoritative year-book of philanthropy; a mine of statistics and discussion of the economic working of the charitable institutions involved. Sir Henry Burdett speaks of the past year as a hard one for hospitals, in consequence of business conditions, but this has been met by diminishing outlay. Laying down the rule that as hospitals fulfil their function efficiently there is a lessened pressure on their beds, he makes exception in the case of paralysis, whose patients have increased at the rate of 133 per cent., and the funds for their treatment only 21 per cent., in the past nine years. Sir Henry adds that he has "pointed out the dangers and risks to the insurance offices" from the terrible strain of modern life, and adds that he "has for upwards of twenty years been himself insured against the risk of paralysis." The heightened cost of maintenance in modern hospitals is that of nursing, which is essential to rapid relief and restoration.

"The Langham Series of Art Monographs" (imported by Scribners) are companionable little books of good English manufacture, bound, at choice, in flexible boards or cloth. The general editor, Mr. Selwyn Brinton, leads off with 'Bartolozzi and his Pupils,' and promises that these little volumes shall avoid the highroads and seek the "unexpected byroads and green-shaded lanes" of art. Francesco Bartolozzi unquestionably is an artist of the by-paths. Having shown conspicuous ability in the handling of the etching needle and burin in Italy, he came to Pitt's England and stippled the prettiness of Angelica Kauffmann and others in a fashion that ravished all men of feeling then, and still allures the gentler sort of amateurs. His English adventures and popularity were practically a great refusal of enduring achievements as an artist. His plates are stippled not with steel, but with sugar, and only an occasional superb rendering in line suggests even the great craftsman that had gone. Such hard sayings the reader will not find in Mr. Brinton's book. He writes as an enthusiast, and almost prevails by presenting, in reproduction, the early plates rather than the characteristic ones. He adds a select catalogue of three hundred prints, so that his essay will be of practical value to the novice. The work is intelligently done, and at first hand. There is really nothing to cavil at except a lack of critical attitude.

Mr. Edward F. Strange's 'The Color Prints of Japan' is of better fibre. He meets frankly at the outset the contempt of Japanese connoisseurs for the wood-cut designers, asserting boldly that we Occidentals, being free from certain Japanese idola, are really the better judges. In this connection it should be noted that Dürer drew his illustrations and Rembrandt pulled his prints not for the cultured, but for the vulgar. Good sense characterizes Mr. Strange's little treatise throughout, though naturally it is a cruel business to dispatch some forty draughtsmen in about twice as many 16mo pages. But generally he has kept an even course, allotting space and emphasis with judicial amenity. As to signatures, we could wish that more had been reproduced, and both this book and the foregoing should have been provided with an index.

An ideal handbook of rugs would contain concise information as to the materials and weave of each kind, a minimum of description of designs and colors, and an abundance of illustrations showing the chief variations of the standard patterns. In other words, a slight amplification of Mr. Mumford's textile tables, extra-illustrated by about 100 cuts, only a tithe of which need be colored, would meet every need of the frequenter of the American rug mart. Measured by this standard, Mrs. Mary Beach Langton's 'How to Know Oriental Rugs' (Appleton) falls far short of the ideal. It is deficient in such vital matters as the number of knots to the inch; it repeats the current guesses about symbolism in design without any increment of knowledge or vivacity; it fails to warn the buyer specifically against the commoner forms of rug doctoring; in fine, it is relatively useless for the quest, and dull reading at home. Of course, the twenty illustrations (twelve in color) may fairly stand to the credit side. No book of low cost has so many and, on the whole, so representative a display. The critical limitations of the writer may be judged by her cheerful acceptance of the modern silk products of the Turkish and Persian looms, and by the delightful tidbit of misinformation that Cabistan rugs are of "runner" shape because they "are claimed by some to be made for the special purpose of spreading between the graves of the relatives of the wealthy."

Messrs. Gayley and Flaherty's 'Poetry of the People, Comprising Poems Illustrative of the History and National Spirit of England, Scotland, Ireland, and America' (Ginn & Co.), justifies its title at all points save "poetry"—that is, there is a jumble of good verse and bad, as Professor Gayley admits in his preface. Nothing, for example, can be said in favor of including in a text-book, such as this is meant to be, either the John Brown song or "Tramp, tramp, tramp." They are base examples as poetry, in spite of the former furnishing one "familiar quotation," and cannot be read apart from the music. A better literary excuse can be found for "Dixie" and "My Maryland," which must be taken, we suppose, to illustrate the "history" of America, since they stand for quite the opposite of American "national spirit." Indeed, what delight shall the ingenuous Northern youth take in the line "Huzza! she [Maryland] spurns the Northern scum"?

Is it worth while to remind him of the general contempt poured by secessionists upon the white laboring population arrayed against them? This collection ranges from "Sir Patrick Spens" to "The Lost Leader," "Annie Laurie," "The Shan Van Vocht," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Ben Bolt," "Ye Mariners of England," "The Concord Hymn," "Home, Sweet Home," and "O Captain, My Captain." It is at least convenient for reference.

Mr. L. J. Spencer of the British Museum has translated the great work on 'Precious Stones' of Dr. Max Bauer, published in 1896, and the most complete on this subject extant. The translation (London: Charles Griffin & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.) preserves in the main the scope and plan of the original work, but some additions have been made to bring it up to date. The descriptions are clear and accurate throughout, and convey an immense amount of information, valuable for the expert as well as interesting to the general reader who may wish to learn something of the most popular branch of applied mineralogy. The volume is handsomely printed on heavy paper, and the eight colored plates, identical with those of the German edition, give a superb representation of the principal gem minerals.

The Mississippi Historical Society (Oxford) appears to have no difficulty in procuring material for its Publications. The seventh substantial volume, of 500-odd pages, has come to hand, edited by Prof. Franklin L. Riley. The civil war and Reconstruction take up a large but not excessive space, and one of the most readable papers is that by Miss Mary J. Welsh, on "Makeshifts of the War between the States," in respect of food and clothing particularly. It would seem almost by a canon of Southern rhetoric that these reminiscences end with the words: "The Southern whites and the Southern negroes are mutual friends and in a measure mutual dependents, but equals, *never!*—except before the law." And very little of that! But already, in his address of welcome to the Society at its sixth annual meeting, the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, John Sharpe Williams, obeyed the same compulsion. The philosophy of the South's sectional history, he said, will be shown to have been ever consistent—"that unvarying purpose being this: the preservation of our racial purity and racial integrity—the supremacy in our midst of the white man's peculiar code of ethics and of the civilization growing out of it—equally peculiar." Yet he confesses that the "peculiar institution" "was not our *Cause*, though we thought so once and fought for it among other things."

In reviewing in these columns the 'Estetica' of the well-known Italian scholar, Benedetto Croce—which now comes to us in a second and revised edition—we called attention to the prominence accorded in it to the æsthetic speculations of the philosopher Vico as an early and profounder precursor of Baumgarten, the reputed founder of the science of æsthetics. Signor Croce is the chief European authority on all subjects connected with Vico's life and works, and the many minor articles and treatises which he has devoted to this subject are of high importance. He has now added to these a 'Bibliografia Vichiana' (Naples: Tessitore), an extended bibliography in three parts, presented originally to the Accademia Pontaniana of Naples. The first part contains a list of all the editions, translations, and manuscripts of Vico's works; the second, a list of all the historical and critical treatises on Vico's work and thought, with a conspectus of the various judgments on his system of philosophy; while the third contains hitherto unpublished material, such as letters to and by Vico, contemporary documents, and the like.

La Critica, by the way, the bi-monthly periodical of which Signor Croce is the editor, is now in its second year, and maintains the originality and acuteness which distinguished it from the very start. The second volume continues the series of essays on contemporary Italian literature by the editor himself, with valuable bibliographical notes. The two concluding papers are devoted to Gabriele D'Annunzio, and no more illuminating study of his resplendent but abnormal genius has yet appeared in print.

The figure of Harlequin, the conventional clown of improvised Italian comedy, reappears in the popular drama of many European nations. Dr. Otto Driesen has now attempted to discover the sources of this typical character, and in his monograph 'Der Ursprung des Harlekin: Ein kulturgeschichtliches Problem' (Berlin: Duncker) controverts the accepted opinion of an Italian origin. He finds that the Harlequin was first introduced into the *commedia dell'arte* about 1572 by an Italian comedian playing in Paris, that the character was based on an old French legendary figure, which from time immemorial had been given a semi-diabolical form, and that its original home was, therefore, not Italy, but France. The book is enriched by a score of curious illustrations and by appendices containing rare or unpublished documents illustrative of the general theme.

With the last number of the second volume (November, 1903-March, 1904), the periodical the *American Author*, edited by Mrs. M. P. Ferris for the Society of American Authors, suspends publication "for lack of financial backing."

One would hardly look in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* for a discussion of the "Sources of Shakspere's 'Tempest.'" We therefore direct attention to Mr. W. W. Newell's paper bearing that title in the October-December number (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It was originally read before the Shakspere Club in Cambridge, and its pertinency in its present setting proceeds from the resemblance to be traced in a Massachusetts version of an English nursery tale, "Lady Feather Flight," to Jacob Ayrer's "Die schöne Sidea," one of the supposed sources of the "Tempest." Mr. Newell supplies an original translation of part of the German drama.

The oceanography of the North Polar Basin, with which the *Annales de Géographie* for March opens, is an extended review by Prof. M. Zimmermann of F. Nansen's third volume of the scientific results of his expedition. It closes with the remark that the work shows a logical mind eager for precision and gifted with rare constructive qualities, and exhibits the same scope that characterizes his previous path-breaking works. The editor, M. Vidal de la Blache, describes the map of France in preparation by the Service Géographique. Urban geography is cared for in an analysis of the historic and economic development of Montluçon, and colonial in an account of Tunis and its environs, the natural features, climate, water supply, products, and people. A large part of the "Chronique" is devoted to recent events in Panama, together with some facts about the canal.

A general interest attaches to the latest Bulletin of the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission, on the "Forest Fires of 1903." The reporter is William F. Fox, Superintendent of Forests, who illustrates his text with several effective photographs both of devastation and of means of prevention and extinguishment. The locomotive engine appears as a constant danger, and it has very properly been rigged so as to constitute a pump to repress its own conflagrations, as is shown in one of the views. In the Adirondacks the estimate of standing timber alone destroyed during the year is $666,000; in the Catskills, $29,000.

A paper of unusual interest on the higher portions of the Sierra Nevada ('The Geomorphogeny of the Upper Kern Basin') has lately been written by Prof. A. C. Lawson for the Bulletin of the Department of Geology, University of California, iii., 1904, in which the share taken by the extinct glaciers of the summit region in fashioning its form is well set forth. Adjacent glaciers so far enlarged their amphitheatres by retrogressive erosion as to reduce the intervening ridges in some cases to narrow and low serrated spurs; trunk glaciers enlarged and deepened preexistent stream valleys so as to give them the trough form characteristic of glacial channels; and the branch troughs open in the sides of the main troughs as "hanging valleys." A number of excellent plates illustrate the article, and show the region described to be particularly attractive to mountain climbers who study the forms of the heights they overcome.

Atlanta University is pursuing this year an investigation into the extent and causes of crime among negroes in Georgia. The need for exact information on such matters is manifest. Mr. W. E. B. DuBois, who is in charge of the work, appeals for contributions of funds from persons interested in extending and making effective this inquiry.

—How our intervention in Panama is regarded by Latin-American opinion appears from an article in the *Revista Positivista* (Mexico) by Professor Aragón, "La Republica (!) de Panamá y la Diplomacia Contemporanea." The writer finds in our professions of tutelage over the Spanish-speaking republics only a pretext for aggrandizement on the part of a nation dominated by plutocracy, militarism, and imperialism, with a civilization, as revealed in its homicides and lynchings, resembling that of the stone age. The creation of the State of Panama was a speculators' *coup*. The revolution was purely the work of the United States, and will ultimately lead the way to an avowed protectorate. Representatives of a party which in 1860 declared every project of disunion to be abhorrent, Messrs. Roosevelt and Hay welcomed the disunion of Colombia with a promptness which will always cast a shadow upon their political records, and prevented a friendly nation

from subduing an insurrection on its own soil. Yet the United States has always posed as the defender of the weak and the oppressed. The one bright spot in the situation was the opposition manifested by the advocates of the Nicaragua route. The writer adds: "The events in Panama should furnish food for thought to the governments of the other republics. In view of the advances of Yankee imperialism, by what conduct shall they avert the danger of being devoured by the immense octopus (*pulpo*)? We must above all, with perfect good faith, sink our causes of discord, and group ourselves about our respective flags with fraternal embraces; for without union, without morality, without obedience to law, without respect for authority, without love of work, without the fixed purpose to form a nation strong and august by its virtues, we shall be the plaything of the unscrupulous ambitions of foreigners more powerful than ourselves. In a word, to preserve order in our own homes, to work for progress, and to inspire ourselves with love, will be our way of avoiding all pretext of interference on the part of those who covet the whole or a part of what we possess."

—Volume IX. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.), covering the period 1593-1597, presents no one document especially salient for its importance, but it contains twenty-seven, several of them with accompanying papers, which all contribute in greater or less degree to a better comprehension of the character of early Spanish colonial administration and to a better knowledge of the progress of conquest in the Philippine Islands. Among them are several hitherto unpublished, which are of some considerable value to the historian as well as to the general reader. The range of subjects covered includes: the progress of christianization of the natives, which was slower than most of the Spanish historians would have us believe; the never-ending controversy as to prerogatives between lay and ecclesiastical authorities, of which this volume reveals the king's evident conclusion that Gov. Dasmariñas was rather more in the right than Bishop Salazar, while the Pope showed an inclination to side with the representatives of the Church; the first steps in conquest of the Moros of Mindanao; the resultless efforts of the Spaniards to intervene to their own advantage in the war between the kings of Cambodia and Siam; the sending of friar-emissaries to the great shogun of Japan, Hideyoshi, then victorious over the Koreans and adopting a high-handed attitude towards the new European settlements in the Philippines, by which steps the Spaniards hoped both to get a better footing for missionary work in Japan, and to gain time to complete the first walls of Manila ere the supposedly threatened invasion of Japanese and Chinese might find them too weak for effective resistance; the many-sided rivalries over the rich trade with China, between Spaniards as against Portuguese, Spaniards in Mexico, Peru, and other American possessions as against those in Manila, and between the various cliques competing for that trade in Manila itself. The difficulties of reconciling the conflicting interests of his growing domains and of governing possessions on the other side of a still but partially explored earth, in the days when sailing craft furnished the only mode of communication, are well brought out in the instructions given by Philip II. in 1596 to Gov. Tello, sent out to succeed Dasmariñas, who had lost his life in an ill-judged expedition to Siam. This volume contains, besides one of the usual photographic facsimiles of the conclusion of one of its manuscripts, two representations (1683 and 1748) of the coat of arms of Manila, and a curious old map of Luzon, Formosa, and a part of the China coast made by one of the Spanish navigators and explorers then in the Philippines. He was urging the conquest of Formosa, as a stepping-stone on the way to China.

—Volume X. is made up entirely of translated transcripts from documents in the rich archives of Seville. These had not, however, entirely escaped attention before, as might be assumed; in particular, the reports from Auditor Morga, herein contained, have at least in part been made use of by Filipinos who have in recent years engaged in the friar controversy. This volume covers the years 1597-1599. In editing the account of conquest in Mindanao in 1597, a slip has been made in the location—about Lake Lánao; the region meant is evidently Lake Liguasán, up the Rio Grande de Mindanao, as it was something like half a century thereafter when Spanish explorers and Jesuits reached the "Lake Moros" particularly so called. A translation not up to the standard of the work helps create confusion here. As for the contents of the volume in general, they are mostly crimination and recrimination of the civil authorities by the ecclesiastics, and vice-versa. Sturdy old Judge Morga's statements ring true, as they usually do, and he distributes his censure impartially between both sets of representatives of Spain. Listen to Archbishop Santibañez describing Gov.-Gen. Tello: "Your Majesty . . . should picture to yourself a universal idea of all vices, placed in a lawyer. . . . He is not one of those men who accompany a vice by a virture, and among many vices follow one virtue; but he has not even an indication of a virtue." The number of friars had in 1598 crept up to about 300, including lay brothers.

—Mr. Louis Dyer read before a recent meeting of the Oxford Philological Society a paper on "Early Relations between Arcadia and Olympia." These were revolutionized as a result of the Peloponnesian war, but not until the foundation of Megalopolis, the forcible occupation of Olympia, and the celebration of Olympian games by Arcadians in 364 B. C. known as the Anolympiad. We can draw a sharp line at the Anolympiad, before which Arcadians and Eleans celebrated the Olympia as one home community; it was Arcadia and Elis against the world. Before that time Arcadians and Eleans achieved the highest standards in athletics. Pausanias catalogues 168 victors who are approximately dated. Of these, 65 came after the Anolympiad. Of the 103 earlier ones 52 came from the rest of the Greek world, 51 from Arcadia and Elis—30 Arcadians and 21 Eleans. Arcadians were more numerous, and also had the training of their many local games not open to Eleans. Eleans were excluded from the Isthmia where Arcadians competed; the Pythia and Nemea were more easily accessible from Arcadia than from Elis. No wonder the Arcadian Lycomedes boasted of his countrymen's superior sturdiness and stoutness of limb (Hellenica, VII., i., 23). Their local games were countryside events until the foundation of Megalopolis, and only prepared them to compete at Olympia, managed by the Eleans, who had a *savoir-faire* recognized in 400 B. C., when Sparta, under provocation, still kept the Eleans in charge at the Olympian games (Hellenica, III., i., 81). Before the Anolympiad, Arcadian and Elean victors showed community of taste in the choice of sculptors for portraying their victors. The leadership in taste belonged to Arcadians, who favored a group of sculptors from Sicyon just at the time when the Sicyonian treasury at Olympia was built. After the Arcadians withdrew, there was a collapse of good taste. Shoals of latter-day monuments indicate this along with a surviving habit of grouping together Arcadian and Elean victors, adhered to by Elis after Arcadians ceased to compete seriously. The victors' statues set up before the Anolympiad are a still plainer record of the close companionship of Elis and Arcadia. The same fusion shows in Thucydides's subdivision of the Pepolonnesus commented on by Pausanias, and in Pindar's VIth Olympian Ode, as well as in Elean and Arcadian coinage, and in Pausanias's unsuccessful attempts to define the boundary between Elis and Arcadia. For the most ancient times, reaching beyond even the many myths and legends into which Arcadia and Elis are inextricably interwoven as one country, we have the witness of deep-level Olympian excavations. The vast array of primitive votive offerings accumulated on the Altis implies a resort to Olympia from at least the whole of the area drained by the Alpheius and all its tributaries.

—The common representation that the late Frances Power Cobbe, whose death was cabled on April 6 (she was born in 1822), was weaned from her original evangelical belief by Theodore Parker's influence, is not correct. From 1840 to 1844 she worked her way out of orthodoxy without much outside help. In 1846 her mother died, and while slowly rallying from this dreadful blow she made acquaintance with Parker's writings, entered into correspondence with him, became one of his most valued friends, and, in England, the principal advocate and publisher of his opinions. In 1852, a severe illness having warned her of life's precarious tenure, she resolved to pass on ("like bread at sacrament") the truth of which she had become convinced, and her 'Essay on the Theory of Intuitive Morals' (1855) was the first consequence of this resolve. Its method was suggested by Kant's 'Metaphysic of Ethic.' It was written with a glow of enthusiasm which the dullest reader hardly could withstand. At the same time it was well reasoned out as a criticism upon Paley and Bentham and the elder Mill and the "celestial prudence" of the traditional doctrine of salvation. The later utilitarianism of Spencer, Sidgwick, and Leslie Stephen found her a vigorous antagonist, with perfect confidence in Martineau's ability to cope with them if she could not. 'Intuitive Morals' was a very able, noble, and heart-stirring book. Its next successor, 'Religious Duty' (1857) had much less spontaneity. In 1864 she published 'Broken Lights,' with the exception of 'The Duties of Women' (1880) her most popular book.

It was a fair review of the High, Broad, and Low Church parties in the English Church, the "attitudinarians, latitudinarians, and platitudinarians" of some kindly wag. 'Dawning Lights' soon followed, but was an inferior book. She had not waited long enough for her stream to gather head again.

—Miss Cobbe's gradual absorption in the cause of anti-vivisection was her literary ruin. Resigning her post on the *Standard* (with which she had been connected since the *Echo*, a halfpenny daily, passed into silence), because it had published a pro-vivisection article, she gave herself heart and soul and purse to the propagation of her humane ideas. These colored everything she wrote. Science at length became to her only another word for vivisection, stained with its victims' blood. Her passionate interest in this matter originated in her personal interest in dumb animals, especially in dogs. Strangely enough, it never made her doubtful of the morality of the sportsman's bloody work nor inclined her to a vegetable diet. As early as 1863 she wrote upon this subject for *Fraser's Magazine*, but in 1874 some harsh experiments excited her indignation, and, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seeming slack in its opposition, she united with others in forming a Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection. Of this she was the secretary for ten years from 1875, writing 173 larger and smaller tracts, with innumerable articles and letters. The failure of restrictive bills in Parliament only served to convince her that absolute prohibition was the sole way out. To this for the last years of her life she gave herself with tireless energy.

LESLIE STEPHEN AS A CRITIC.

English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century. (Ford Lectures, 1903.) By Leslie Stephen. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Putnams. 1904.

What were the qualities which made Leslie Stephen, towards the close of his career, the first among living English critics? 'English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century' supplies for any intelligent reader the answer to our question. His preëminence among the writers of his time was not due to any single talent; it was not due to his mere literary gifts, great though they were. It was due to the obvious presence, in every work which he has produced, of four qualities rare in themselves and hardly ever found in combination—sincerity, individuality, humor, and the scientific spirit.

"So far as my reading has gone," writes Leslie Stephen in the 'Science of Ethics,' which to some of us constitutes the most impressive and weightiest of all his works, "I have found only two kinds of speculation which are absolutely useless—that of the hopelessly stupid, and that of the hopelessly insincere." Of stupidity he can never have felt himself in danger, and there is not a book he has written which does not show the determination that, whatever else it should lack, it should possess the merit of sincerity. Let it be noted that sincerity includes a good deal more than the honesty of a teacher who is determined to say nothing which he does not believe to be true, and even to state on every topic which he handles the whole truth as it is seen by him. This is much, but for complete moral and intellectual sincerity something further is needed. The perfectly sincere man will instinctively aim at a certain kind of simplicity; he will not be led astray by the dictates of vanity, or even by the innocent egotism which attaches unbounded importance to a writer's own watchwords or phrases. Stephen was free at once from the conceit, and from the conceits, of your man of letters. His abhorrence of vanity and his sense of humor led him, indeed, greatly to undervalue the worth and the effect of his labors; he was a teacher who possessed far more disciples than he knew of.

"I do not believe (though again I cannot be certain even of this negative statement) that there is a single original thought in the book from beginning to end. By original, I mean, of course, a thought which has not occurred to others; though I, of course, also claim to have made every thought which I utter my own by reflection and assimilation."

These words, taken from the 'Science of Ethics,' show how little he claims for himself as a teacher of ethics.

"I hope and believe that I have said nothing original. I have certainly only been attempting to express the views which are accepted, in their general outline at least, by historians, whether of the political or literary kind."

This is his humble claim as Ford lecturer when handling a topic of which he was the acknowledged master. Humor, it may be allowed, here takes the form of gentle irony. Still, it is manifest that Stephen had no conceit of his own powers. He was preëminently a man of letters, but he did not even overrate the importance of literature. "Nations," he reminds his readers, "have got on remarkably well, and have made not only material but political and moral progress, in the periods when they have written few books, and those bad ones; and, conversely, have produced some admirable literature while they were developing some very ugly tendencies." He never dreamed that the writers of books were the modern priesthood, commissioned to supply mankind with spiritual guidance. Throughout his works are scattered memorable sentences which embody some profound truth admirably, because lucidly, expressed; but rarely, if ever, does he use what have been called sacramental terms. He never attempts to popularize a doctrine by embodying it in some expression, such as "sweetness and light," the "grand style," the "dismal science," and the like, which undoubtedly are for the moment effective, but which substitute words for argument, and, by becoming a sort of literary slang, vulgarize the ideas which they are supposed to embody.

If the power of our author's criticism is due to its sincerity, its charm arises from a quality which, for want of a better name, we may call "individuality." By whatever word this quality be called, it is nothing else than the capacity of a writer to stamp his work with the impress of his own individual character. This is an entirely different thing from egotism, and is a gift in which many powerful and interesting thinkers are deficient. Many are the men who, though endowed with much personal and much conversational charm, leave in their books no trace of the brilliancy, the sympathetic humor, or the easy play of intellect which was the delight of their friends. Readers who have felt something like personal affection for Dr. Johnson fancy that they know him from his works. This is in the main a delusion. If Boswell had never lived, is it certain that even Dr. Birkbeck Hill would have revelled in the writings of Johnson? We doubt it. We trace Johnson's character in his books, if indeed we ever read them, but we in fact read into the writings on which Johnson's fame is supposed to rest, the personal traits which have been revealed to us by Boswell. John Austin, again, delighted his friends by his exalted character, by the charm of his conversation and the wisdom of his thoughts. A passage in the Autobiography of John Mill is now the only memorial of Austin as he appeared to the circle of friends who knew and admired him. The 'Province of Jurisprudence Defined' tells us nothing of Austin but his logical power, and contains nothing but the dogmatic utterances of a logical jurist; it utterly lacks individuality. Stephen, on the other hand, is himself in every line that he has written. His 'Hours in a Library' and his 'Ford Lectures' recall at any rate the conversational charm which no one who has ever come under its influence will forget. In this matter, as in some others, he resembles Bagehot, for when Bagehot explains the mysteries either of Lombard Street or of the English Constitution, readers feel that they are not so much reading a treatise as listening to a most interesting talker. With Stephen, criticism turns into an hour in a library with the most delightful of companions.

"I will confess that the last time I read 'Clarissa Harlowe' it affected me with a kind of disgust. We wonder sometimes at the coarse nerves of our ancestors, who could see on the stage any quantity of murders, and ghosts, and miscellaneous horrors. Richardson gave me the same shock from the elaborate detail in which he tells the story of Clarissa; rubbing our noses, if I may say so, in all her agony, and squeezing the last drop of bitterness out of every incident."

Here we have acute criticism, but its interest is immensely enhanced by our keen sense of the critic's personality.

This individuality stands, of course, in the closest connection with that humor which gives a peculiar flavor to Stephen's works, and is itself bound up with his intense delight in biography. Sir George Trevelyan writes of Macaulay and his sisters that "when they were discoursing together about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in its pages." These words equally apply to Stephen; he was not a mere student, but he lived with the people of the past as if they had been his intimate friends or associates. He would grow warm over a slander on Hobbes in the way in which most of us are heated by a libel on a living friend; he neither forgot, nor wished to forget, that Hazlitt, eminent as he was as a critic, was from some points of view a cad.

We have seen somewhere imputed to Stephen a want of insight into character. A more curious mistake on the part of a

critic can hardly be imagined. The charm of literature was to our author the study of human beings, and he studied human nature with extraordinary acuteness. If any one wishes to test Stephen's gift for analyzing character, let him consider carefully the various passages in the Ford Lectures where reference is made to Pope. Nowhere do we get anything like so fair an estimate of the greatest of English satirists. We have brought before us, on the one hand, the absurdity of the notion adopted by Pope and accepted by his age, that "Homer was in the sphere of poetry what Lycurgus was supposed to be in the field of legislation," and "had at a single bound created poetry and made it a vehicle of philosophy, politics, and ethics." But, on the other hand, we are not suffered to forget that

"Pope manages to be really impressive, and to utter sentiments which really ennobled the deist creed—the aversion to narrow superstition, to the bigotry which 'dealt damnation round the land,' and the conviction that the true religion must correspond to a cosmopolitan humanity. I remember hearing Carlyle quote with admiration the 'Universal Prayer':

> " 'Father of all, in every age,
> In every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,'

and it is the worthy utterance of one good legacy which the deist bequeathed to posterity."

Sincerity, individuality, a sense of humor, are, in Stephen, combined with the scientific spirit. He never for a moment forgets, or lets his readers forget, that, while every man is a distinct individual, marked by traits peculiar to himself, yet every man, however eminent, is influenced by the spirit of his time. To perceive this general truth and to accept it, is nothing; there is no one who now does not know that every one is in a sense the creature of his age. But vague generalizations of this kind are in themselves excessively worthless and often excessively delusive. No one proclaimed the platitudes or truisms of so-called scientific history in more sounding language than Buckle, but no writer of any eminence ever threw less light on the relation between men's character and the circumstances of their age. Stephen has no tremendous laws of progress to announce; he entertains no great belief in wide generalizations; but in the Ford Lectures, as in most of his writings, he insists again and again upon the consideration that

"the philosophy of an age is in itself determined to a very great extent by the social position. It gives the solutions of the problems forced upon the reasoner by the practical conditions of his time. To understand why certain ideas become current, we have to consider not merely the ostensible logic, but all the motives which led men to investigate the most pressing difficulties suggested by the social development."

But he does much more than enounce this principle: he traces out its actual working as exhibited in the literature of the eighteenth century. Take, as one example of this extraordinary capacity for blending philosophy with the history of literature, the account given of the "Wits" and their influence. We seem at first to be hearing a series of anecdotes or epigrams about the leading writers of a brilliant age, but we are made gradually to see that all the men of that age, however different their talents and their opinions, held in common a belief in the supremacy of common sense. This faith was shared by Locke, by Berkeley, by Pope, by Addison, by Steele, and by Swift; it marked a revolution in the opinions of educated men, and separates the eighteenth from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

"Politically, the change means toleration, for it is assumed that the vulgar can judge for themselves; intellectually, it means rationalism, that is, an appeal to the reason common to all men; and in literature it means the hatred of pedantry and the acceptance of such literary forms as are thoroughly congenial and intelligible to the common sense of the new audience. The hatred of the pedantic is the characteristic sentiment of the time."

And this state of things gave predominance to the "Wits," who were "scholars and gentlemen, with rather more of the gentlemen than the scholars," who lived in London and formed a kind of island of illumination amid the surrounding darkness of the agricultural country, who met at coffee-houses in a kind of "tacit confederation of clubs to compare notes and form the whole public opinion of the day."

But to detach our author's philosophic ideas from the epigrams, the anecdotes, and the quotations by which they are illustrated, is of necessity to spoil them, for his possession of the scientific spirit is manifested not by the enunciation of abstract principles, but by showing every reader how in fact the general ideas of an age, whether sought for in the lives, in the conversation, or in the writings of actual men and women, blend with and govern its literature. The true answer, in short, to the question with which this article opens is, that Leslie Stephen was the most eminent critic of his time because he was much more than a mere critic; he was at once a man of letters, a biographer, and a truth-loving and subtle thinker.

SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong. By Edith Armstrong Talbot. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

General Armstrong wrote in certain "Memoranda" of December 31, 1890, three years before his death: "I wish no biography of myself made. Good friends might get up a pretty good story, but it would not be the whole truth." His wish has been faithfully disregarded. His daughter appeals from that to his habitual appreciation of the value of any simple and sincere story of a useful life. We have such a story here; if not "the whole truth," enough for our rebuke and instruction in righteousness, without any filial exaggeration, with little revelation of its subject's private life or of the traits which endeared him to his domestic circle, with the exception of his humorous hilarity. With this he was as well furnished as Garrison or Lincoln, his two great allies in the redemption of the American negro. A fourth with these is Mr. Washington, who in popular estimation overtops Gen. Armstrong; yet but for Gen. Armstrong's work it is probable that we should never have heard of the founder of Tuskegee.

It is easy to conceive that an ethical psychologist quite indifferent to Gen. Armstrong's philanthropic work might find the course of his development an interesting study, so little was there in the boy that was fatherly to the man, so slow was he in coming to himself, so dominant was his gayety in his first experience of war, so accidental was his entrance on the work that soon enlisted all the energy of his eager and intrepid soul. The father was a missionary in politics in the Hawaiian Islands, overflowing with energy and enthusiasm, and exerting a great influence. He did not deceive himself as to the reality of the Hawaiian convert's religion. "The heathen saint," he said, "is about equal to your New England sinner." Mrs. Talbot's first chapter is a vivid reproduction of the Hawaiian life, in which her father was immersed till he was twenty-one. It was a very happy life for him when he was out of bounds or travelling with his father on his missionary rounds. A good deal must have passed over from it into his ultimate work. It is frankly confessed that the missionaries generally regarded the Hawaiians much as the Southerners did their slaves, but the boy's friendly contact with them made him more sympathetic with the freedmen when he was thrown into their company, and he inherited his father's conviction that there was no color line in souls.

The father's death in 1860 did not prevent young Armstrong's going to Williams College, as he had before intended, nor did it long repress his customary cheerfulness. Quite shocking to his mother's ideas of propriety must have been his unconventional style of consolation. At Williams he "shocked people by his levity and irreverence." "Missionary or pirate," he declared to be his alternative; and the expectation of his college mates leaned to the less exalted horn. But to Dr. Hopkins's demand upon his higher nature he could not but respond. Giving up all thought of the ministry, he entered on a more genuine religious life. His brief college course terminated with his graduation in 1862; not earlier only because he now, and for a long time after, considered himself an Hawaiian citizen. But the drift of his friends into the army was too strong for his sympathetic disposition. Ignorant of tactics, he raised a company in Troy and received a captaincy. The most striking characteristic of his earlier service was its moral indifference. Army life meant for him little more than a good time. The fortunes of his regiment conspired to this effect. It was long in getting into action, and it was ingloriously bagged at Harper's Ferry and sent to Chicago on parole. Later, at Gettysburg, he was in the thickest of the fight, and his letter about it to his mother overflows with the sincere joy of battle. He was a strict disciplinarian, and at first his men "hated [him] worse than Satan." After their common baptism of fire and their assurance of his splendid courage, he could write: "You cannot imagine the beauty and the pleasure of the relation in which I now stand to this regiment."

In November, 1864, he was made colonel of the Eighth United States Colored Troops, then stationed in front of Richmond. The progress of his mind to this event is the most interesting part of his biography. The prospect of the Emancipation proclamation stirred his heart: "Then we shall be fighting for a principle." His first impression of negro character was from the negro servants in his regiment, and he thought them "worse than Kanakas." He was soon for

abolition, "more on account of their souls than their bodies." He was much impressed by his talk with a rebel general:

"The general said he thought it was more reasonable to fight, as I was doing, for a principle than to fight merely to restore a Union which was only a compact and to which they were not practically bound when they considered the other side had violated the agreement. The truth is, I partially agreed with him. The Union is to me little or nothing. I see no great principle necessarily involved in it. I see only the 4,000,000 slaves, and for and with them I fight."

Before taking the colonelcy of a colored regiment, he had seen colored troops subjected to "a hellish fire" and had written, "No men were ever braver than the slaves of Maryland." With Lee's surrender came a feeling of sadness, "a feeling that the colored soldiers [of his own command] had not done enough; had not been sufficiently proved." Sent with his regiment to Texas to assist in the overthrow of Maximilian, in the Gulf of Mexico he enjoyed a vision of his future work in much the fashion which it finally assumed. But he had not settled down upon his ultimate foundation. Business tempted him, and he joined the crowd that besieged President Johnson begging for office. Perhaps there never was a complete "wholeness of tissue" in his character. It is certainly instructive to find him, when he had got fairly at work, naïvely pleased that "everybody calls me General." Applying to Gen. Howard for a position in the Freedman's Bureau, he was first turned away and then saved for his life-work by the merest chance, being made at once an agent of the Bureau for ten counties and Bureau Superintendent of Schools over a wide area. The building up of industrial schools was from the start part of his hope and plan. Believing heartily in the Bureau, he was, nevertheless, quick to see the defects of its operation. He welcomed negro suffrage, and held fast his faith in it through all the discouragements of the Reconstruction period, and wrote in 1887, "After all, being a citizen and a voter has more than anything else made the Negro a man." It was his salary from the Bureau that enabled him to begin the work at Hampton, to resist the temptation to a Congressional career, and to get along without a coveted assessorship of Virginia taxes.

Chapter VI., "The Beginnings at Hampton," is a clear presentation of Gen. Armstrong's methods and ideals in his inauguration of the work which made for him a place among the great philanthropists. From the start he understood perfectly that the methods of industrial education which had failed at Wellesley and Oberlin were not to be revived. For many years the intellectual advantages at Hampton attracted more than the manual training. The colored people distrusted a form of education which approved itself to many North and South as effective in the creation of a colored labor caste. But what drew Gen. Armstrong to industrial methods was their ideal elements, "labor as a moral force," "hard work done for the sake of the product and rewarded by the satisfaction of accomplishment"—a very different conception from that of technical training as at once the course and end. Very inspiring is the story of his struggles, his oppositions, and his victories. His Hampton singers were his Amphion's lute, and to their music the walls of his great buildings rose on the shore so rich in historic associations. Much of his energy went to the raising of money for his work, and his speeches in advocacy of its claims had the impetuosity of his attack at Gettysburg. One dream he never realized—that of bringing the whites and blacks together in a common scheme of education. The introduction of Indians at Hampton was purely accidental. In the event it proved remarkably successful, and a telling practical rejoinder to the à-priori theorist so ignorantly confident as to what the Indian cannot do. An interesting reflection on Gen. Armstrong's experience in raising money was his persuasion that the times, good or bad, made little difference.

No chapter of this biography is more pertinent to our present burdens and anxieties than one dealing in a general manner with "The Negro and the South." Gen. Armstrong was profoundly sympathetic with the Southern white people. Their tampering with the colored vote impressed him as more dangerous for them than for the blacks. His optimism was more cheerful than it would be were he living now. The ten years since his death have witnessed a sad increase of anti-negro race prejudice, especially in the Northern States. Yet the answers to a series of questions recently sent out by Mr. Washington are convincing that the cause of negro education is not suffering from any general lack of confidence, whatever noisy opposition there may be to it, here and there. It should be mentioned that it was the *form* of the Blair Bill that made it objectionable to Gen. Armstrong, and not its essential principle of national aid to Southern education.

This review would be grossly inadequate if it failed to mention the profoundly religious spirit in which he carried on his work. But this spirit was distinctly individual. Nominally orthodox, Gen. Armstrong lived in cordial sympathy with liberal religionists, and looked to them preëminently for the sinews of his holy war. To know the negro as he knew him was to believe in him, and the more we have of his enthusiasm, tempered with his wholesome common sense, the more effectively shall we resolve the problems which are now pressing on the public mind.

Fifteen Years among the Top-Knots. By L. H. Underwood, M.D. New York: American Tract Society.

This book makes plain the fact that there is no country on earth in which hats and hair mean so much as in Korea. Each has a language of its own. By glancing at a man's headgear one may at once interpret his political position and appraise his social value. As for his hair, the way in which it is plaited or rolled gives sure index to his place or importance, and even measures both the quality and quantity of his utterances. Until a man is married he wears his hair in a braid down his back, and is not expected to talk in the presence of those who, either from age or from marital dignity, are his superiors. When a "boy" gets him a wife, he thereby becomes a man. Then he twists his long hair into what looks like a door-knob or a roll of navy tobacco, and the coil serves a variety of useful purposes. It is a most convenient handle for the policeman when subordination or capture is necessary, while in the hands of a discerning wife it is an instrument of unlimited possibilities. Among the higher classes, the top-knot is duly protected by various bird-cage-like structures of horsehair, over which goes the hat, which, besides being of varied shape and material, attains a weight and occupies an area that appear to us preposterous. Mrs. Underwood, the wife of the accomplished linguist, translator, and missionary, Dr. Horace Underwood, thus pictures critically the Koreans of the sterner sex, who heap their hair on their scalp; for, in the land of white clothes, the women dress their hair very plainly, massing it in a roll which lies at the back of the neck. The general costume of both sexes is white. Perhaps in no country does the process of starching yield more pleasing results, for the gloss attained by long beating with little poles like small Indian clubs makes the white, pink, and green clothes glisten to a most remarkable degree. Indeed, the contrast between them and the mud and the general unpaved condition of things in the Korean cities is one of the many striking features of a country which, despite the monotony of life and the poverty of the great majority, presents many oddities.

Mrs. Underwood is the first to give a woman's view of things in Korea. She went out as a medical missionary and unmarried. Changing her name, she decided to take her bridal trip in northern Korea, which, indeed, her husband had previously visited. Yet against her proposed enterprise she was unanimously warned by native and foreigner. Despite all the dangers duly catalogued in advance, and though handicapped by rheumatism, she made her way in the rude sedan chair of the country, which, with a woman's wit and art, she transformed into a comfortable vehicle. Real dangers from rude villagers and ruffians, both official and non-official, drunken and sober, were met and overcome by tact and courage. The travellers were able to reach the Yalu River, and, to Mrs. Underwood's joy, a boat ride in which they could compare Chinese and Korean civilization, was undertaken. The contrasts were striking. On the eastern side men in dingy white, who lived in thatched huts of mud and wattle, scratched the fields with an iron-shod pole drawn by oxen; the trees around them being mostly of pine, and the physical features showing a life and origin different from those on the western side. This was Korea. On the Mantchurian side were oaks and deciduous trees. Houses of brick or stone and roofed with tile, farmers in blue and ploughing with horses, showed a land of industry and thrift. The Chinese, whatever their faults, are industrious, and live in a land where property is protected and incentives to work are many. The Korean toiler, crushed by ages of oppression, cannot be certain for a moment of his wages or accumulation, for Korea is the country in which the gentleman, so called, is the parasite of society, living on the sweat and blood of the taxpayer and worker.

During Mrs. Underwood's fifteen years in Korea, many journeys were undertaken, medicines dispensed, and the healing of the sick carried on, while her husband organized churches, looked after his flock, and developed in his people not only a new world of ideas, but also the noblest of economic virtues, self-support. Her book is a real contribution to our knowledge of hygiene, or rather the lack of it, in

Korea, for we have the conditions of the average native set before us in a vivid and realistic way. It matters not upon what side we look, we discern everywhere the widespread and profound bureaucratic corruption that reigns in a country which still supports a large mass of real or expectant office-holders in idleness. This was shown especially in the time of the cholera invasion, when the Americans alone faced the foe with their quarantine, their personal care of the sick, and their distribution of the relief fund; the Government officials having the persistent habit of "eating" the money which ought to have gone for the sick. The Koreans call the cholera "the rat disease," believing that the cramps are rats gnawing and crawling inside the legs, going up till the heart is reached. Their method of prevention and cure was to offer prayers to the spirit of the cat, to hang a paper cat on the house door, and to rub their cramps with a cat skin. Some of the affected districts were almost impassable on account of ropes, about five feet high, stretched across the streets to which paper prayers were attached.

Besides noticing a thousand things interesting to the student of Korean life, this narrative gives the best statement from intimate inside knowledge of the situation in the palace and in Seul when Queen Min was murdered by Japanese ruffians. The King fled to the Russian legation for a year's stay, and Japan's prestige in Korea was for the time destroyed. Mrs. Underwood was the Queen's physician, and speaks of her in high admiration. For a long time the King was so fearful of being poisoned that he would eat only the food cooked by the American missionaries, who in some cases had to act as the royal bodyguard, largely because the King (since become "Emperor") would not, literally, let go their hands while in pitiful, though well-grounded, fear of personal violence. There may be two opinions, possibly, about the wisdom and propriety of American teachers of religion thus assuming such remarkable duties, but the rigors of the situation are not to be lightly explained away. The pictures of missionary life and work are vivid and detailed. Incidentally and by suggestion rather than by overt statement, we see how surprising it is, to noblemen reared in the atmosphere of pride and intrigue, that American missionaries should trust the common people as they do. It is probable that the natives who approached Dr. Underwood with the suggestion that he should establish a Presbyterian state church, were simply already within the shadow of the possibility of being forced into the Russian Church. One may discount the author's opinions as to the things said about both the Russians and "the Romanists," yet it seems reasonably certain that native intriguers tried to get up in Korea a disturbance like that of the Boxers in China, even going so far as to forge and send out an incendiary proclamation. It is almost beyond dispute that the same semi-political claims put forward in China by the French missionaries have been demanded and received by their confrères in Korea, and that the French minister at Seul has backed the pretences of his countrymen with diplomatic pressure.

The book, besides being neatly printed, is well illustrated with half-tone reproductions of photographs, but lacks an index.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition. Volume III., Glaciers and Glaciation, by Grove Karl Gilbert; Volume IV., Geology and Palæontology, by B. K. Emerson, Charles Palache, William H. Dall, E. O. Ulrich, and F. H. Knowlton; Volume V., Cryptogamic Botany, by William Trelease, C. H. Peck, P. A. Saccardo, C. E. Cummings, D. A. Saunders, J. Cardot, I. Thériot, and A. W. Evans. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904. Imp. 8vo, with many illustrations.

Perhaps no journey is possible outside of the polar regions which would bring under direct and easy observation a greater number of living glaciers than that which the geologists of the Harriman Expedition have recorded here. With more than fifty busy cameras, the difficulty has been the selection of the most appropriate and beautiful illustrations from the multitude available. Dr. Gilbert's choice has been excellent, and the series of one hundred and twenty-four plates and text-figures offer the reader a worthy representation of the most characteristic features of Alaskan glaciation. The time spent at each of the many glaciers visited was necessarily small, and a large part of it was devoted to rapid surveys of the limits of the most important, in the hope that the record thus made would be available for comparisons at future dates, so as to give an accurate idea of the expansion or retreat of these mysterious rivers of ice. In one instance the work was most timely. Three months after the reconnoissance mapping of the Muir and its associated glaciers by this expedition, an earthquake so affected them that, during the five years which have followed, the bay into which they discharge has been so clogged with floating bergs that no vessel has been able to approach the locality of the survey within several miles. This condition of affairs has not occurred previously since Glacier Bay was first explored by John Muir.

Dr. Gilbert's volume is a summary of observations made, and a discussion of theories involved, upon which the data obtained by the party throw more or less new light. There are no startling discoveries. In the general view of glaciation in northwestern Alaska the writer comes to conclusions more in harmony with those of the mass of geologists than with the sensational and exaggerated opinions which have been expressed by at least one of the popular writers on this topic.

In volume four Professor Emerson discusses the general geology and lithology, of which perhaps the most conspicuous feature is the recognition of the Vancouver series of Dawson (Yakutat of Russell). This was proved to occur in many localities from Vancouver Island to Bering Strait, and identified by its fossils, which later in the same volume are illustrated and described by Ulrich, and referred to Liassic age. Dr. Palache has a chapter on the Alaska Treadwell mine, in which the previous conclusions of Becker are confirmed and added to, followed by a description of the geology of the vicinity of Stepovak Bay, Alaska Peninsula. In this locality Eocene strata were discovered bearing characteristic fossils, and filling an inexplicable gap in the geological column as hitherto developed for the Territory. Dr. Palache also contributes a list of minerals identified. Dr. Dall describes and illustrates the Eocene fossils collected by Palache, the Miocene marine fossils, and those of the boulder clay of Douglas Island. The volume is completed by a chapter on the fossil flora of Kukak Bay by Dr. Knowlton. In all, seven new genera and thirty-eight new species of fossils are added to our knowledge through the collections made on the expedition.

The volume on cryptogamic botany has been prepared under the supervision of Dr. Trelease by a number of specialists, and contains, perhaps, the largest addition (numerically) to the flora previously known. Formerly less than a dozen species of fungi had been authentically identified from Alaska, while the present catalogue enumerates two-hundred and forty. Four hundred and fifty-nine species of algæ, four hundred lichens, four hundred and sixty mosses, and fifty-seven ferns, bring up the census of Alaskan cryptogams to the very respectable total of 1,616 species, of which over one hundred are entirely new to science. Some use of the native plants is made for food by the aborigines, who dry dulse in large quantities, while the use of sphagnum, as an absorbent and as a wick for the Eskimo lamps, and of certain lichens for staining wooden ware and basketry, are noted. The cryptogamic flora of Alaska is essentially similar to that of the boreal region generally, but the moist and even climate of southeastern Alaska is so favorable that mosses and ferns attain an almost tropical luxuriance, while on the level tundras of the northern part of the Territory the sphagnums, reindeer lichens and stone lichens find a congenial habitat, and often form a natural carpet a foot in thickness. The volume is illustrated by forty-four full-page plates, many of them colored, and concludes with an excellent index.

The luxurious form in which the earlier volumes appeared is continued, and the illustrations are of the best, forming a striking testimony to the care and taste of the unwearied editor and the generosity of the patron of the expedition.

Memoir of Benjamin Franklin Stevens. By G. Manville Fenn. London: Printed at the Chiswick Press for private distribution. 1903. Pp. 310.

The last third of this volume is an account of the "Catalogue Index of *Manuscripts* in the Archives of England, France, Holland, and Spain relating to America, for twenty years, from 1763 to 1783." The compilation of this work was a labor of more love than lucre for Mr. Stevens, during nearly thirty years. It required a staff of assistants, residence in each of the countries enumerated, tirelessness, and confidential admission to copy documents that could never be removed from their secret cells—a favor never before granted so largely to any searcher. One hundred and sixty-one thousand authentic papers, never published with authoritative accuracy, were thus enumerated and cited. This catalogue is the sole key to American documents in European archives as a combined collection. These multitudinous papers with titles filled fifty volumes; those arranged chronological-

ly and descriptively a hundred volumes; while the alphabetical index required yet thirty volumes more. In 1882 Mr. Stevens offered this master-key to the original sources of American history to Congress, and its priceless historical value as absolutely unique was attested by the first scholars in this country and abroad; yet the offer, though he would have allowed the Government to make its own terms, was rejected during the decade thereafter; Stevens dying at the end of it, still at work on his *opus magnum*, or rather *maximum*. His faith was unfaltering that his writings, like the Sibyl's books, must be appreciated before all of them or their originals could be burned up.

Early in the sixties, however, Mr. Stevens had been employed by the State of New Jersey to transcribe whatever relating to its annals could be gleaned in the Public Record Office of England; and in the nineties, under the auspices of Congress, he published in facsimile a long and most interesting series of European manuscripts —a collection at once secured by instalments by all good libraries, and which no writer on the period or any part of it can afford to leave unstudied. Preëminent in interest are the private letters of high officials in all lines and in each country.

The two-thirds of Mr. Fenn's book which form the personal narrative of his friend Stevens often lack continuity. Fifty pages give a fair account of Stevens's birth and Vermont boyhood far up the Connecticut till at twenty-one, after a single year at Burlington College (owing to pulmonary and purse weakness), for lack of $180 a year he despairs of further education. The next five pages tell us little about the stripling —not a full sentence to show what he was doing—but they carry him through more than five formative years. They exhibit him in London at the close, and there assisting his older brother in that bookish work in which they both labored on to the very end. Their first great enterprise, the purchase of the Humboldt library and endeavor to sell it *en bloc*, went up in smoke. The aggregate was burned, and there was no insurance. This collapse, like the Chicago fire, only quickened energy. The younger Stevens was made the United States dispatch agent, and in some undescribed way so magnified his office that it helped him on and up. Their Humboldt failure was nothing to their Franklin success—an exploit regarding which Mr. Fenn vouchsafes us not one word. Their Franklinian gleanings—trifles which no others had considered worth snapping up—yielded them £7,000 from our Government.

Mr. Stevens, dying in 1902, lacked but one year of the Psalmist's three-score and ten —a life fairly prosperous, but exceptionally useful and happy. Though more than half his years were spent abroad, and he seldom revisited his birthplace, he yearned for it with an untravelled heart, as if it were the fountain of endless youth. In his country seat near London he reproduced its name, Barnet, slightly changed. Though Barnet had been long decadent, he gave $1,000 for keeping in order the sepulchre of his fathers. He grew old among sugar maple and butternut trees he had imported from the home of his childhood, and the gray squirrels whose gambols upon them were among his early memories. Born in full view of Mount Washington, which was then still held to be our highest mountain, he remembered among household words half a dozen peaks, each with a physiognomy which he could no more forget than the lineaments of his mother's face. His career furnishes a new illustration of the saying, old as the hills, that mountaineers die of homesickness, while lowlanders never do—Swiss, not Dutch. Before he was born, this proverb, as translated into Vermontese, asserted that no country is worth living in where a man cannot find his way without a guideboard.

Further Recollections of a Diplomatist. By Sir Horace Rumbold. London: Edward Arnold. 1903.

We live in an age of recollections and reminiscences. A public that has grown weary of pseudo-historical novels has apparently demanded something of more living interest, and, in response to this demand, every one whose career has brought him in contact with A., B., C., and other equally distinguished people is busy setting down his recollections of them in the best language he can command. A hundred years ago such books were generally entitled "personal narratives," thereby affording to a certain witty judge an opportunity of emphasizing the legal distinction between what is personal and what is real. But, while the writers of these modern *ricordi* may occasionally indulge in a little "embroidery," as a rule their pictures are fairly trustworthy, and will doubtless be of service to the future historian of the period.

A year ago Sir Horace Rumbold published 'Recollections of a Diplomatist,' describing his diplomatic career from 1849 to 1873. The present volume continues the story to 1885, and next year we presume there will be 'Still Further Recollections.' The earlier volumes depicted a dozen different diplomatic posts; the present one is confined to Santiago de Chile, Buenos Ayres, Berne, and Stockholm. The descriptions of the scenery of Chile and Sweden are interesting, and perhaps nothing in the volume is better than the following account of a tidal wave on the Pacific Coast:

"The hitherto motionless sea, stretching its perfectly smooth, glassy surface in the sweltering noontide as far as eye could reach—the glittering expanse only broken by a group of rocky islets in the nearer offing—suddenly began to recede from the shore, at first quite gently and majestically, carrying with it a certain number of vessels torn from their moorings close inland, and leaving others uncovered, like boulders strewn on the naked sand at low tide. Away rolled the 'painted ocean,' parting entire company with the land, and sweeping past the islets, which it also left quite denuded. Presently it returned, still with placid, unruffled aspect, but added impetus, forming, as it neared its natural boundary, a towering watery mound, upwards of fifty feet high, which, after overwhelming all the craft it had at first left behind it, made a clean sweep of every building on the shore line."

Political conditions in all countries change so much in twenty-five years that Sir Horace's records in this regard are rather out of date, and of no particular importance. Moreover, they are always tinged with the ultra-conservative dye of his political bias. His antipathy to this country is quite in keeping with his general views, and crops out in somewhat unexpected places, as when he speaks of Argentina as suffering from the adoption of a constitution precisely similar to that of the United States. He has also the temerity to refer to one American lady (by name) as "a duchess after an entirely new pattern," and to another, the wife of an American attaché, as "a lady who spoke both French and German well, but with an accent which lives in my ear as a perfect curiosity of its kind." Sir Horace is evidently a keen judge of literary values (from the book-selling point of view), and realizes that his dislike of Gladstone and his admiration for Beaconsfield are not quite as marketable commodities as personal remarks about people who are still living and are likely to hear from kind friends that he has referred to them in his book.

Studies in Theology. By J. Estlin Carpenter and P. H. Wicksteed. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

The dual authorship of these lectures and addresses adds a good deal to the interest of either set, because it gives us two different and differently cultured minds, reacting on subjects of supreme importance. The effect approximates that of a joint discussion, though Mr. Wicksteed and Professor Carpenter have much more in common than in difference, and though neither apparently has written with the other in his mind. The quality of either's writing is scholastic overmuch, but Mr. Wicksteed as the Dante scholar and the ardent Ibsenite has a more literary inclination than Professor Carpenter, whose studies have been almost entirely in the direction of Biblical criticism and Hindu religion. Their illustrations and allusions smack of the different soils in which they have worked. Especially does the first lecture, "The Religion of Time and the Religion of Eternity," invite us to remark how far Mr. Wicksteed's study of Dante has carried him into the mediæval world, and with what enhancement of his sympathy with mediæval forms of sentiment and thought. It is the method of progress, in discarding what is evil, to discard some things that are good, and afterward to go back and gather up these things in such fashion as it may. Illustrating this principle, Mr. Wicksteed contends that the Renaissance and Reformation broke too absolutely with the mediæval world; that if they did not "throw out the baby with the bath," they threw out some good things with the bad. Among these are "the conceptions of eternity, fruition, and the vision of God." Mr. Wicksteed develops these in an extremely abstract manner, but his lecture really has a very practical application to the temper of the modern world. It is medicine for that sickness from which John Stuart Mill was suffering when he was overtaken by melancholy lest the progress of successful philanthropy should leave him with no more worlds to conquer. It was Richter's doctrine that "it is not the goal but the course that makes us happy," and Lessing's that "if he held truth captive in his hand, he would open his hand and let it fly in order that he might again pursue and capture it"; and of the same kind is the proverb, "Man never is, but always to be, blessed." Against these dicta and the modern spirit which they represent, so restless, so continuously dissatisfied, Mr. Wicksteed urges the satisfactions of accomplished good, and something stable at the

heart of endless agitation; and this is what he means by the religion of eternity as compared with the religion of time, contending that the mediæval idea of eternity was rather one of coexistence than of succession.

Two other lectures of Mr. Wicksteed's half-dozen invite special commendation; one, "The Significance of Unitarianism as a Theology"; the other, "The Fear of God and the Sense of Sin." The former takes a line that is very nearly parallel with Dr. Martineau's "A Way out of the Trinitarian Controversy." It concedes a certain reality in the Trinitarian doctrine as symbolizing God as the unconditioned source of being, as the loving and forgiving One, as the power *in* ourselves that makes for righteousness. But the Unitarian often neglects one or the other of these elements when he should bind them together in a closer unity than that of the Trinitarian theology, and Mr. Wicksteed attempts to show how this can be done. In conclusion he seems to make an absolute break with John Stuart Mill's most memorable phrase, "I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that term to my fellow-creatures." The lecture on the "Sense of Sin" meets very squarely the objection made to Unitarianism by its orthodox opponents as deficient in this sense. The point urged is, that the true sense of sin is not a spiritual grace, but a consciousness of opportunity. Several of the concluding essays are sociological in their character, that of Professor Carpenter among these—a happy sign that the grandson of Dr. Lant Carpenter (the friend of Garrison) and nephew of Mary Carpenter, eager and ardent upon many lines of social help, is not disloyal to the traditions of a family remarkable for its philanthropic zeal.

Professor Carpenter's most elaborate and significant lectures are, however, on "The Education of the Religious Imagination," and "The Place of Immortality in Religious Belief," and a third on "The Relation of Jesus to His Age and Our Own." The first of these has for its purpose a plea for the sympathy of religions, the direct outcome of Professor Carpenter's Oriental studies. Here and elsewhere his view of Christianity is very simply that it is one of the great religions of mankind, one of the many expressions of mankind's universal religiousness. The lecture on Immortality discusses the causes of disbelief and various imperfect arguments, finds in the evolutionist's promise of the earth's destruction a hint of the survival of the soul, and bases the ultimate argument on man's nature as a spiritual being and the justice of God. By all means, the most interesting part of the lecture on the relation of Jesus to his age and ours is the parallel which is run between the early history of Christianity and that of the Persian Bâbîs, between Jesus and the young disciple of Seyyid Kâzim who, in 1844, announced himself as the "Bab" or "Gate," and, after six years of labor and suffering, at a high pitch of exaltation, was put to death, maintaining to the last a serene and noble majesty. Here were circumstances precisely similar to those which so recent an apologist as Dr. Illingworth presents, as many others have done before him, for irrefragable proofs of the miraculous incarnation of God in Christ Here was neither folly nor fraud, and yet in our own time a belief in the Bab as widespread and devout as that which grew up about Jesus within fifty years after his death. Professor Carpenter's parallel will impress some readers more than others, but it is certainly an interesting one, especially in the terms of his own careful presentation.

Lectures on the Logic of Arithmetic. By M. E. Boole. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1903. 12mo, pp. 144.

Elements of the Theory of Integers. By Joseph Bowden. The Macmillan Company. 1903. 12mo, pp. 258.

Mrs. Boole's is not a work like Dedekind's 'Was sind und was sollen die Zahlen.' The lectures are supposed to be addressed to children. "The earlier chapters are suited to little children, the later ones for children of fourteen or fifteen." There are twenty-three lectures or chapters, and "not more than one chapter is intended for use in any one term." The book can hardly be said to relate to the teaching of arithmetic, for, as the authoress says, it "is not intended to interfere with ordinary methods of teaching arithmetic." It aims to take advantage of a class having been formed in arithmetic, to teach the children a little logic. The logic, not too definite for the infant mind, is wholesome—occasionally quite refreshingly so, as when the writer says: "The sentimental people who assert that everything in arithmetic can be 'proved' to children have, usually, no idea of what rigid proof means." If she would delete "usually," every exact logician would agree with her. But we wish Mrs. Boole would treat the grown people for whom she writes, in this volume and in others, a little more as she says children should be taught. "If a teacher has anything to say to children as a statement [presumably she means as an assertion or as a proposition or in the indicative mood], he should say it, not exactly as a dogma which they are bound to believe, but as a working hypothesis which they are to assume as a basis for the present." This may be going a little too far, even in reference to assertions made to grown folk; but the tendency of it is good. If we are to believe everything in Père Gratry's 'Logique,' let it be when we come to see the truth of it.

George Boole was one of the great vehicles of truth of all time. Like all the great philosophers, he possessed the power of working his way to the truth with ideas that could not, at his time, be rendered entirely distinct, for he lived before the true logic of mathematics had been called into existence. He not only had this power, common to Aristotle, Descartes, Kant, Leibniz, and the rest, but he did what only one or two of the great philosophers was able to accomplish—he positively proved the truth of his idea. Gratry is no more to be compared with Boole than the lustre of Vega or Capella is to be compared with that of Jupiter. With some *aperçus* of high truth, his mind was too much in the attitude of prayer and of preaching to see the necessity of proving what he advanced. The infusion of Gratryism into Mrs. Boole's mind does the children no harm. We only fear that it may obstruct the reception of her wholesome ideas by teachers; as when she says, for example, "Arithmetic seems to some people dry and unbeautiful; but that is because they have not soaked it in that solvent which is called sympathy."

She hardly discusses the fundamental question whether or not it be desirable to cultivate the minds of young children in the direction of deductive logic. That is a matter to be carefully considered. The reviewer believes that she is right in thinking that it is desirable. This kind of logic —the logic of "Mamma says it is wrong" —we believe to be the very kind of thought for children. But it is too momentous a question in education to be hastily decided. Once grant, however, that logical conceptions are to be developed so early, and Mrs. Boole's methods of developing them are certainly exceedingly skilful and quite admirably adapted to the minds of children.

Prof. Bowden gives an independent development of his subject. That is a merit. Any person unacquainted with the logic of arithmetic could gain enough from the book to pay for the trouble of going through it carefully and critically. Further than that we cannot praise it. Its first paragraph is as follows:

"The concept of number, in its simplest and original sense, is a fundamental concept. It is incapable of definition—that is, it cannot be exprest in terms of ideas simpler than itself."

This is not so; and if it were so, there would be no use in such a book. There is no possible account of the logic of number that is not based on the logic of relations, whether consciously or not; and number does not express a simple relation, whether the ordinal or the cardinal numbers are regarded as primitive. This has been made perfectly clear in more than one of the books with the titles of which the footnotes of this volume are ornamented.

On page 3 we meet with this: "*Axiom.* Any number is equal to itself." A poor sense of logic must a man have to entitle this an *axiom*, when on the page before he had said, "To [the idea of sameness between two numbers] we give the special name *equality.*"

Whoever wishes to understand the logic of Integers should begin with Dedekind's little book, of which a translation is published by the Open Court Co. There is a good deal more to be read besides if one's appetite holds out.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annual Literary Index, 1903. The Publishers' Weekly.

Arnold, Matthew. Last Essays on Church and Religion. Friendship's Garland. Mixed Essays. (Popular editions.) London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co.

Baker, A. R. Coughs, Colds, and Catarrh. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co. 50 cents.

Bright, J. Franck. A History of England. Period V., Imperial Reaction, Victoria 1880-1901. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

Brooks, John Graham. The Social Unrest. The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.

Colquhoun, Archibald R. Greater America. Harper & Brothers. $2.50 net.

Curtis, Capt. Charles A. Captured by the Navajos. (Fiction.) Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Daskam, Josephine. The Memoirs of a Baby. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Desjardins, Paul. La Méthode des Classiques Français. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.

Doniol, Henri. Politiques d'Autrefois; La Fayette dans la Révolution, 1775-1799. Paris: Armand Colin. 2 fr. 50.

Dopp, Katharine Elizabeth. The Tree-Dwellers. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.

Egan, Pierce. The Life of an Actor. New edition, founded on the C. S. Arnold edition of 1825. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Giffen, Sir Robert. Economic Inquiries and Studies. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons.

Goethe's Egmont, with an Introduction by James Taft Hatfield. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Revised and enlarged. The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.

Gwynn, Stephen. Fishing Holidays. The Macmillan Co.

Hancock, H. Irving. Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
Harriman Alaska Expedition. Vol. V. Cryptogamic Botany. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Knackfuss, H. Rubens. Translated by Louise M. Richter. (Monographs on Artists, IX.) Bielefeld and Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.
Labiche and Delacour's La Cagnotte. Edited by W. O. Farnsworth. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Lefevre, Ralph. History of New Paltz and Its Old Families. Albany: Brandow Printing Co.
LeGallienne, Richard. How to Get the Best Out of Books. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25 net.
Lynde, Francis. The Grafters. (Fiction.) Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Maclay, Edgar Stanton. Moses Brown, Captain U. S. N. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25 net.
Mathews, Frances Aymar. A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin. Robert Grier Cooke.
Merwin, Samuel. The Merry Anne. (Fiction.) The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Molmenti, P., and Mantovani, D. Le Isole della Laguna Veneta. (Italia Artistica, VIII.) Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche.
Morgan, George. The Issue. (Fiction.) Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Morrow, Prince A. Social Diseases and Marriage. Lea Brothers & Co.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1904.

The Week.

"We have a Pope!" was the announcement in the Conclave when it appeared that Sarto had a majority of the votes, and "We have an Opposition!" is the exclamation which the Democratic Convention at Albany may well provoke. At last we see a Democracy which, by the candidate it presents and the platform it adopts, proposes to make itself an eligible alternative to the Republican party. That is cause for general satisfaction. For eight years past, government by party has been essentially broken down in this country. The Opposition had made itself impossible. The party in power had been delivered from the fear of a rival and so from the fear of being called to account for arrogance, abuses, and corruption. On both parties and the whole country the effect has been pernicious. When a party has been headed wrong, the first step necessary is to make it face about. The question of leadership is secondary. This is said in no disparagement of Judge Parker, whose candidacy will acquire such an impetus from Monday's proceedings as in all probability to sweep everything before it. His personality, however pleasing and reassuring, will be of less importance than the platform. That is the strategic thing in this campaign. It is an open secret that Judge Parker himself so regards it, and that the St. Louis platform must be such as he can stand upon or he will not be a candidate.

In this light the Albany platform, as far as it goes, is gratifying. It is drawn with both shrewdness and force, laying down those general principles of government which can be most successfully invoked and applied as against Republican methods. It contains not one of those sops which it was confidently predicted would be thrown to Silverites and Socialists. The best evidence of this is the shrill protest of Hearst's incendiaries. The platform at St. Louis will, of course, have to be explicit on the money question. It will need to be enlarged by a declaration against Imperialism, and in other ways; but in the main contentions for a government of law, equal justice for all, no class legislation, honesty in the public service, no military adventure, no favoritism and no oppression, the Albany platform may well prove the rallying-ground of a sane and strong Opposition. That this sound and vigorous political deliverance had Judge Parker's approval is incontestable. That he cut out all of the baits and dodges which Hill wished to insert, may fairly be inferred. We have, accordingly, in his platform a trustworthy line on Judge Parker's political convictions. If the net result of the Convention is thus satisfactory, it must be said that it became so only as the wrath of man is somethimes overruled for good. Considered as a contest between Hill and Murphy, the Convention was not an inspiring sight. Tammany's sullen opposition to Parker will undoubtedly help him with the country at large.

Unseemly laughter has been provoked by the reference of the Republican platform in the President's own State to his zeal for the "solution of the problems of social economy." This is the nearest that New York Republicans dared to come to saying "Trust." That awful word, blurted right out within hearing of Wall Street, might dry up the streams of investment—in the campaign fund. Yet something had to be said about Mr. Roosevelt's endless speeches on the Trusts and his intervention in the Northern Securities case; consequently the masters of platform non-committal rose to the occasion with their splendid phrase about "social economy." But the untutored will be sure to think it has something to do with housekeeping. Others will contend that it refers to Mr. Roosevelt's well-known views about race suicide. But we must not forget the blessed ambiguities which reside in the word "social." Just as the "sociologist" of the coal-strike commission turned out to be a railway conductor, so we may yet find the President interpreting "social economy" into the most ferocious kind of "Trust-busting" campaign.

"Something must be done to save the party." With these words a leading Massachusetts Republican, amid the applause of the State Convention on Friday, urged a resolution calling for immediate steps to secure reciprocity with Canada. His speech seemed on the point of carrying the delegates off their feet, and Lodge had to go to the rescue. The Senator solemnly warned the Convention that it could not allow its platform to be "drawn by its opponents," and declared that the reciprocity resolution would be a "direct reflection on the Republican Administration." Of course, that settled it. But the incident plainly showed what a sword to divide the Republicans has been put into the hands of the Democrats in the shape of the tariff issue. And if there were any doubt on the subject it would be removed by the tariff plank actually adopted. It must have been written by Mr. Facing-bothways. Protection is "a cardinal policy," yet "tariff schedules are neither sacred nor immutable." "Rates of duty may be altered," but never by the Democratic party. In other words, the Republicans won't and the Democrats mustn't. But the tariff is not "sacred"; it is only ludicrous under such treatment. Where is the ancient humor of Massachusetts?

Representative Pierce of Tennessee recounts some of the extravagances of the present Administration, and says he believes "these reckless expenditures" will play an important part in determining the result of the November election. His case is certainly a strong one. Under the second Cleveland Administration the navy appropriations were $107,410,095; during the four years of the present régime they will be $335,172,935. Army expenses have grown from $94,349,535 to $360,442,896, and those for fortifications from $13,919,505 to $28,982,574. In these three branches the expenses have more than trebled. Mr. Pierce, who is a member of the Appropriations Committee, states that the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress will be responsible for about $700,000,000 of expenditures. This is the best the Republicans can do in keeping appropriations down. They have left out river-and-harbor and public grounds and building bills, and have to some extent cut the estimates that have been presented. But still, they have practically disposed of the whole of the estimated revenue, and at the next session they are pretty sure to go to very much greater lengths. So far as Mr. Pierce can see, the Treasury will soon have to come into the money market for funds to run the Government. But when that has happened in the past, the party has stepped out and left the Democrats to perform the odious task.

Our "stand-patters" have accepted the doctrine that godliness is profitable for this life, as well as the next, and applied it to the Philippines. This fact is stamped all over the speeches on the Philippine Shipping bill. Congressman Lucking of Michigan, for instance, tells us that when he offered an amendment in committee that American ships, which are to have a monopoly of the carrying trade of the Islands, should be debarred from hiring cheap Chinese labor, he was voted down by his Republican friends. Thus is American labor refused any direct participation in the spoils from this revival of George the Third's policy. They all go to the shipowners, save what the Cordage Trust can wring from the people of the United States by reason of our violation of our promise of the open door. It will cost a good deal more to get hemp to the United

States, but American purchasers—confined chiefly to the Cordage Trust—will be able to buy the commodity in Manila at about $7.60 a ton less than foreign manufacturers. This concession has not reconciled the Trust to the Shipping bill, but whatever disadvantage it is put to will, of course, have to be made good by the people of this country. Congressman Lind of Minnesota says that the prison of his State makes binder twine, and he tells the Minnesota farmers that they will have to pay 75 cents to one dollar more for their twine on account of the Shipping bill. As Mr. Lind says, the bill is a subsidy measure; but instead of paying the subsidy out of the United States Treasury, we divide it between the Philippine Treasury and the consuming public in this country.

Has the long-promised "Farmers' Trust" at last arrived on the scene? A $50,000,000 corporation in South Dakota is to be known as the "National Farmers' Exchange." Its object is "coöperation in the handling of all products of the farms." The value of the farm products in the United States in the last census year, 1900, was about $3,700,000,000. This looks a trifle large for a $50,000,000 capital. Besides, how is the new company going to handle our agricultural resources? By buying the farms, or by cornering the products in the wheat, corn, oats, and other markets? The possibilities of a Farmers' Trust in these directions are infinite—greater, indeed, than the probabilities. But think of the influence of the scheme in politics! Your ordinary Trust confines its political activities chiefly to "standing pat" on the tariff. But the Farmers' Trust would consider the tariff only one mouthful. It would not deserve to live if it did not "stand pat" on irrigation projects, Government-built roads, and no one knows how many other raids on the Treasury. It was only last week that the Hon. Champ Clark arose in the House and asked if a bushel of Missouri wheat was not worth as much as one raised in the Columbia River Valley. Why not, then, deal as generously in the river-and-harbor bills by the Missouri Valley farmers as by those in Oregon? Matters of this sort afford real scope for a Farmers' Trust.

The projected defacement of the Capitol is at least postponed through a vote of the Senate committee referring the extension of the east front to a joint commission of six. This action probably marks the end of the attempt to place the matter in the unskilled hands of the Superintendent of the Capitol. Evidently, the Senate has come to realize that public sentiment demands the protection of the Capitol and the employment of the best architectural talent when any change is to be made. No building in the country contains so many associations for our people, and to alter it ineptly from ignorance or personal favoritism would bring down indignation upon Congress from all quarters of the land. For a year at least the Capitol is safe from its Superintendent. That will give time for further instilling into both houses reverence for the noble building bequeathed to them, and information as to the relation between architectural training and worthy monumental construction.

The following contract is of interest because both parties were Federal officers—D. G. Watkins, an assistant cashier in the Philadelphia Custom House; B. J. Kuntz, postmaster at Lehighton, Pa.:

"Contract between B. J. Kuntz and D. G. Watkins, August 9, 1902. D. G. Watkins agrees to concede Geo. Gray for State delegate.

"B. J. Kuntz agrees to use his efforts to have the lower end delegates vote for Brimmer (or some other man suggested by Watkins) for the Legislature, and Reese for Register of Wills.

"Watkins agrees to use his best efforts to have Kuntz appointed and confirmed as postmaster at Lehighton.

"(Signed) D. G. WATKINS.
" B. J. KUNTZ.

"Witness:
"(Signed) HORACE HEYDT."

It seemed to the Civil Service Reform Association of Pennsylvania that this document was proof of pernicious political activities. President Roosevelt had written that a Federal employee "should not take any active part in political management or in political campaigns, for precisely the same reason that a judge, an army officer, a regular soldier, or a policeman is debarred from taking such active part." To simple minds the attempt to swap a postoffice for a block of delegates looked like taking an active part in politics. But the Treasury Department, in finding that "the charges of pernicious political activity on the part of Mr. Watkins were not sustained," allowed this to be a legitimate and wholly unpolitical transaction. Yet Mr. Watkins was severely reprimanded—his whitewash was laid on with a stick, not a brush. But why should he be rebuked, one asks, if he had not offended, unless he belongs to that class of royal good fellows who can be told simply "not to do it again"?

In other cases contained in this annual report of the Pennsylvania Association, the President figures as a vigilant and active friend of civil-service reform. When Mr. J. H. Landis, the superintendent of the Philadelphia Mint, began discharging Democratic employees and replacing them by Republican "laborers" appointed without examination, Mr. Roosevelt brought him up with a round turn. Again, learning that postoffice employees who refused "to support the organization" were subjected to petty persecution—transfer to offices remote from their homes, and the like—Mr. Roosevelt read the riot act to Postmaster McMichael and rescinded the transfers. Possibly, the President took the greater pleasure in this act of discipline because McMichael was already in the black-books for making a political contribution to Senator Quay in violation of the Civil Service act. Taken broadly, the year has been one of progress, so far as the Federal service is concerned. The Association has received from Mayor Weaver at least platonic expressions in favor of enforcing the city act, particularly with regard to conducting examinations publicly; and finally, by circulating literature through the schools, it hopes gradually to undermine the spoils system in the most corrupt of our States. The zeal and success of these Pennsylvania reformers should give heart to us, whose task cannot be harder.

After Mr. Cleveland's latest letter on the subject, we hope no one will accuse him again of ever having shown any personal courtesy to a man whose skin was not white. His record in that respect (he would have us believe) is as clear as that of any former slave-owner. In these times of loose thinking, when so many are led away by the fallacy of a man being a man for a' that, and by gushing talk about genius and character and public service not being really dependent upon the cuticle, it is well to have a consistent example. As the poet has so finely expressed it:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Blanch well your face, there all the honor lies."

The full text of the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the so-called "second Northern Securities case" reveals a strong desire on the part of the court to discourage all such attempts to invoke Federal jurisdiction. It was a suit instituted by the State of Minnesota, in one of its own courts, but was removed into the United States Circuit Court. The object of the suit was much the same as that in the suit brought by the Attorney-General, namely, to annul the merger—and the first point for the Supreme Court was whether any Federal question was involved. The State of Minnesota endeavored to raise a Federal issue in a variety of ways, the most original of which were, first, the argument that the merger was an injury to the State, because rates for supplies for State institutions would be affected by the cessation of competition between the merged railroads; second, the "full faith and credit" clause of the Constitution. The Supreme Court made short work of both contentions. As to the first, it said that the injury alleged was wholly indirect, and if the State could maintain such a suit, so could every individual in it—a

result not contemplated by Congress. As to the second, based on the theory that the defendants "had created a corporate device in New Jersey" in violation of the laws of Minnesota, the court held that the Constitutional clause had no bearing on the question, as it "has nothing to do with the conduct of individuals or corporations." The case was therefore remanded to the State court.

Since all the officers in charge of the *Missouri's* after turret were killed by explosion on April 13, it is unlikely that we shall ever have a complete explanation of the very shocking and apparently avoidable accident on that new battleship. What seems to have happened was the ignition of a service charge in a twelve-inch gun before the breech-block had been closed. Modern powder burns like so much camphor or resin. Accordingly, it is probable that the whole turret crew was immediately overcome by the flames. Let any sportsman experiment with a few grains of smokeless powder and a match, and he may readily imagine what occurs when four hundred pounds is burning in a turret. Strictly, the accident should be spoken of as a conflagration rather than an explosion. The fire passed in an instant from the turret to the handling room in the vitals of the ship, where four twelve-inch charges burned with a heat sufficient to melt the brass fittings on the wall of the magazine. It was like the ignition of a gigantic fuse leading from the after turret to the magazine deck. Only the promptest action saved the ship from destruction. The accident took place during a competition in rapid firing, and there is too much ground to fear that, in the desire to make a record, safety was thrown to the winds. Obviously, a charge half inserted will burn only if flaming gases or smouldering fragments of the previous charge are still in the barrel of the gun, for the service powder requires a special and powerful detonator. Possibly the responsibility will never be fixed, but it is clear that there is unwarranted peril in handling our largest guns like the rapid-fire calibres, which use fixed and relatively safe ammunition. In view of the horrible tragedy that has occurred and the worse calamity so narrowly escaped, the Navy Department should do something to prevent practice tests from being turned into mad rivalry in "beating the record." We lost more able seamen and officers on the *Missouri* than perished in the entire Spanish-American war.

Mr. Carnegie's "Hero Fund" seems to be based on the idea that society does not adequately reward those who put life or limb at hazard in its service. He feels, apparently, that the knowledge that the surviving family of one who had not counted his life dear would be provided for, would on the one hand stimulate to acts of heroism, and, on the other, relieve American society of the charge of ingratitude. Carefully hedged about by conditions as the gift necessarily is, it is a striking indication of the growing humanitarianism of Mr. Carnegie's benefactions. His library gifts he has habitually characterized as business investments, refusing to admit any sentimental interpretation of his unexampled liberality. Obviously, it will be more difficult to assume this dispassionate attitude towards such gifts as those to his native Dunfermline, the Carnegie Institution at Washington, and now the Hero Fund. We could wish it another name, for the good word hero has been sadly worn by use and ironical abuse, and we feel some misgivings about the practical application of the fund. It may tend to make the general public and individuals less responsive to deeds of daring. As things stand, we seldom see the spectacle of a hero's children begging their bread. Human nature kindles to a brave act, and the heroism of the father is often as good as a legacy to his children. Furthermore, there seems a certain impropriety in posthumous competitions in valor, and greater danger in any endowment that makes your unconscious hero a conscious applicant for a pension. Still, we anticipate good from Mr. Carnegie's unique foundation. It will bring to light many acts of obscure heroism, and under careful administration it will relieve cases of distress not otherwise presented to organized charity. But we hope nobody else will establish a rival hero fund until it is seen how Mr. Carnegie's works.

Mr. Balfour's majority on the Tibet matter illustrates the fact that a legislature is at the mercy of a headstrong executive. Technically, not a penny can be spent for a military expedition outside the Empire unless Parliament first has authorized the grant. Practically, the Colonial Office, or any of the viceroys, may dispatch a "diplomatic mission" without consulting Parliament at all. In Tibet it needed only the firing of a matchlock to convert such a pacific mission into a military expedition. Naturally, in such a case Parliament has to recognize things as they are, by giving a retrospective legality to an essentially illegal proceeding. The case certainly justified a direct motion of censure against the Government. Many members, refusing to shirk an urgent responsibility not of their making, would emphatically condemn a Government which has run heedlessly into war. Meanwhile, Gen. Macdonald having fought his way to Gyangtse, Col. Younghusband is ready to begin his work as diplomatic agent. The Tibetans may treat with him fearlessly, for has not Mr. Brodrick informed the world that England desires not occupation, or a protectorate, but merely "predominancy" as against Russia? The Buddhist pundits may possibly be put to it to discern the difference between a friendly predominancy cutting its way towards Lhasa and a hostile invasion. But, after all, Mr. Balfour will do the metaphysics if they will do the rest.

There was a terrible frankness about the Chancellor's speech at the reassembling of the Reichstag. He confessed surprise that "the superheated Japanese tea-pot" had blown off, admitted that he had been obliged to repeal the Anti-Jesuit bills in order to win the Centre party, and in general made a clean breast of several Government blunders and shifts. Of course, the most interesting part of his speech was his cordial praise of the Anglo-French treaty, and his assurances that German aspirations in the Mediterranean are solely commercial. Such professions may be accepted with reserve, but in any case they hint at a new tendency in international affairs by which the peaceful spirit may become as contagious as the warlike spirit has always been. But Von Bülow, if he be indeed the friend of the arbitration treaties, should recall that the attitude of contempt and misunderstanding which Germany maintained towards Japan, by no means makes for peace.

The story of the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk* by a Japanese countermine indicates a military strategy such as we believe no Occidental nation has ever surpassed. Admiral Togo's plan required an extraordinary combination of sheer intelligence and daring in its executants. The channel between the Russian torpedoes had to be plotted by distant triangulation, unarmored ships at night had to run into that narrow waterway, plant it with mines, and keep clear both of the Russian torpedoes and of their own; all this under fire from the harbor fleet. Probably the annals of war hardly show another trap of this refined ingenuity. To students of naval tactics, however, the tragedy of the *Petropavlovsk* is merely the culmination of a continued demonstration of the value of torpedo attack. Granting that this sort of countermining is without precedent, it is probably less significant than the whole series of attacks on the Port Arthur fleet by torpedo craft and other unarmored vessels. For the *Variag* is the only large Russian warship that is surely known to have gone down under gunfire. The crippling or destruction of about half the tonnage of the Port Arthur squadron seems largely due to torpedoes. The mosquito fleet has again and again dashed within range of the secondary batteries, and has come off without serious damage.

THE VIRTUOUS CONGRESSMEN.

The report of Representative McCall's committee on the "Charges concerning Members of Congress" is too glowing a tribute to the virtue of our lawmakers to be wholly convincing. The committee unanimously reaches the happy conclusion that "nothing has appeared in connection with said cases that would justify the finding that any member of the House of Representatives has profited financially in the slightest degree, or that any member was guilty of improper conduct in connection therewith, or that any member has done in connection with said cases anything that did not appear to be within the line of his official duty according to long established custom." The severest censure that the committee permits itself to utter is the admission that "undoubtedly there are letters which were carelessly written. The action in some cases was not well considered. The statement found in some instances in letters from the executive officer, that what was done was done as a favor to the member, might well have been resented." But, after venturing this mild and (as respects the "natural" resentment) naïve reproof, the committee adds: "There is nothing in any of the cases considered that reflects upon the integrity of the membership of the House of Representatives."

Indubitably, this sweeping generalization might fairly apply to some members whose names are mentioned in the charges. In one or two instances the Senator or Representative upon election to office, knowing that he could not legally make a contract with the Government, had asked to have a lease of his building cancelled. Other Congressmen had transmitted requests from constituents in a purely formal fashion. The report explains that the mass of the people look to their Representative as "the one important officer of the Government they come in contact with"; and they naturally make through him any protest or petition. As Representatives are generally willing to pose as a power in the land, they have rather cheerfully borne this burden which custom lays upon their shoulders. In so far as the committee had such cases in mind, the report of exoneration is faultless.

There are, however, certain facts which the committee has had to ignore completely in order to become convinced of the spotless propriety of Congressmen. The performances of Warren B. Hooker, now a Justice of the Supreme Court in this State, are a striking example. When he was a Representative, a kinsman of his, Maurice Hooker, was appointed a laborer in the post-office at Fredonia and drew $600 for doing no work whatever. Two other "laborers" in Mr. Hooker's district—according to the original Bristow report—drew in all $5,633.62, for which they rendered no service. Mr. Hooker also procured for Dunkirk successive rental increases: from $565 to $1,350, from that to $1,500, and finally to $2,000, "with no additional service." All that Mr. McCall's report says is this:

> "The Government agreed to pay a sum apparently much in excess of what should have been paid at an office of that character—certainly if reference is had to the amount it was paying before the present arrangement was made. In that case the present Representative from the district took little part, and such recommendation as he made related to the location, which appears to have been the most convenient one available."

Hooker is thus barred from consideration because he is no longer in Congress. Apparently all the wicked members have failed of reëlection under this present reign of righteousness.

We wish, however, the committee had expatiated on the probity of Leonidas Felix Livingston of Georgia, who is sitting in the present House and ought to have been within the committee's purview. The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, who has had unusually accurate information of these postal scandals, notes that on November 29, 1901, Mr. Livingston called at the Post-Office Department, and, although a recent investigation had showed that the office at Conyers, Ga., was entitled to only $160 for clerk hire, prevailed upon the accommodating Beavers to make the amount $820. Then Mr. Livingston, who seems to have been no drone, secured the appointment of his grandson in the Conyers office at $720 a year. When this man, who was so fortunate in his choice of a grandfather, was transferred to another office, the clerk-hire allowance for Conyers at once dropped to $100. The omission of any reference to Representative Livingston will rouse in most minds a suspicion that the McCall committee has not made a clean breast of the investigation, but has held itself to a very narrow range of inquiry.

This suspicion is strengthened by the evident animus against Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General J. L. Bristow. When he reported to the President last November, he said, in discussing increases of clerk hire at the request of members of Congress: "A hundred other similar cases could be cited. The millions that have been appropriated for that purpose during the last four years have been used by Beavers largely as an official perquisite for the benefit of his personal and political friends." Mr. Bristow apparently exaggerated; there were not a hundred other cases, and Beavers had not diverted every dollar of the "millions" that passed through his hands. Mr. McCall's committee accordingly condemns Mr. Bristow more harshly than it condemns any Congressman, for statements "which would scarcely seem to be measured and temperate." And the Democratic minority, not content with this reproof, reviews at length Mr. Bristow's own serious shortcomings in the case of certain Kansas post-offices. Thus the report as a whole gives the impression that Congressmen are all angels and that the only sinner is Mr. Bristow, who dared to question their unsullied purity.

But on three points the committee is unassailable. It rejects "the theory that a member of Congress is justified in asking for financial favors from the Government which he believes it would not be proper to grant"; and of course the committee does not believe, with Representative Grosvenor, that a Congressman's duty is to grab all he can for his constituents. It is heartily against the much discussed "secret rules" for the disbursement of money; and it says with justice, "Their application for any length of time will be sure to engender favoritism and, ultimately, corruption." The committee would also restrict to "the narrowest possible limits" the action of members in connection with "executive matters." Such restriction would not only, as the committee says, "augment the efficiency of the House of Representatives"; it would be a return to the sound theory upon which our Government is based.

The report does not in the least satisfy the public demand for a thorough investigation of the Post-Office Department. Senator Lodge's promise of an investigation "in our own time, in our own way" is as empty as the pledge to reform the tariff by its friends. Meantime it has been discovered that the Post-Office is being investigated by Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte, and the Senate waives any inquiry of its own as being "supererogatory." Naturally, the virtuous express entire confidence in the work of these gentlemen, while the peccant are only too willing to wait until they are found out. It would have been small satisfaction to Senator Burton, for example, to have had the evidence against him presented six months earlier by a committee of his colleagues. Accordingly, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Bonaparte may work while the Senate sleeps the sleep of the unconcerned. We agree heartily that an investigation of the connection of Senators with postal irregularities would have come out nowhere. Integrity self-certificated is cheap. But both the Senate and the House will stand condemned before the country for taking no broader view of post-office matters. The personal malfeasances revealed at every insertion of the probe are only the sign of deeper organic disease. Not only the personnel but the business organization of the Post Office requires overhauling. It is no answer to the charge that millions are being wasted in the Post-Office to say that the President's commissioners may yet catch a Congressman or two whose "rake-off" has run to mere thousands.

CHAIRMAN AND GOVERNOR.

"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other." This truth is as old as humanity; it has found expression in the proverbial philosophy of all races. The fundamental principle has often been violated by fools or rascals, and they have inevitably been overtaken by disaster. Every one who has read history or has observed the careers of his fellows can cite numberless instances. The latest and most conspicuous is Benjamin B. Odell, jr. He fancies he can at once serve two diametrically opposed interests: can be Governor of New York and chairman of the Republican State Committee.

If the Republican party or any other political organization were an aggregation of pure-souled patriots, absolutely free from all selfish interests, intent only upon the common welfare and ready to sacrifice everything to that noble end, a man might conceivably reconcile the claims of the chairmanship and the governorship. But in practice all party machines are selfish; the machinists are chiefly concerned to procure places and fat contracts for themselves and their followers, and they generally regard efficient and economical administration of the public business as distinctly subordinate to partisan success and incompatible with it. The Governor must be vigilant in keeping down expenses, cutting off sinecures, dismissing supernumeraries, and exacting faithful service. He finds his sworn enemy in the chairman, who is zealous to swell every budget for the sake of the rake-off, to stuff every department with incompetent and superfluous heelers, and to keep all officials engaged, not on the tasks for which they are paid, but on political work. It is a condition, not a theory, which confronts us; and this condition makes it easier to ride two horses galloping in opposite directions than to be an honest Governor and to satisfy the party demands upon a State chairman.

Mr. Odell's daring experiment in equitation will be watched with apprehension by the Republicans throughout the nation, who will be vitally affected by the result. The nomination of Judge Parker by the Democrats—which is now practically assured—will make the coming contest a close one. The leaders on both sides are reaching the conviction that Roosevelt cannot afford to lose any support. That he should deliberately throw away the electoral vote of New York is inconceivable; and yet if Gov. Odell continues his dual rôle, that vote will surely be Democratic. Under the most favorable circumstances the State is probably Democratic; Odell carried it by less than 10,000 in 1902 against such a weak candidate as Coler. As yet but little has been said about Gov. Odell's assumption of the chairmanship; but when the campaign has fairly begun, the significance of that step will be blazed upon every dead-wall from Montauk Point to Buffalo. Much slighter provocation than such gross official impropriety would turn the State against Roosevelt.

The Republicans of this State, as well as of the nation, have also some rights to be considered. They elected Mr. Odell to be Governor, not chairman. Had the possibility that he would attempt to be both been suggested, his slender majority would have dwindled to nothing. He is guilty of a flagrant breach of contract with the people of the State of New York, as immoral as the repudiation of a debt. The voters would never have dreamed of turning over to the chairman of either party the vast authority of the Governor, his command of the resources of the tax, excise, charitable, penal, and general supply departments, his control of legislative bills involving millions of dollars. No party, drunk with power or crazed by hunger, would submit such a wild proposal at the polls. In plain terms, the people have been swindled.

Last week's Republican convention undoubtedly marked the final enthronization of Odell as absolute boss, master of the party's destinies in this State, and tyrant over its members. Into the Governor's motives for his extraordinary course we do not pretend to penetrate. It may all be sheer love of power. If the State chairmanship is worth more than the Governorship, what may they not be worth together? As State Chairman, Mr. Odell knows that the next Legislature will be his if any Republican's, and that, whatever happens, he will be in command of many legions. Defeat at the polls he can afford to smile at. A State Chairman has the only business that we know of—except that of domestic servants—in which one can go on unaffected by discredit or failure. The position is plainly one of tremendous power. "No man," said Lincoln to Dr. Bellows, "willingly lays down such power as I possess." Odell knows the potentialities, beyond the dreams of avarice, which reside in the State boss, and if, in addition to that motive, he is spurred on by personal pride and pique to show his detractors within the party that, like him or not, they have got to obey him, we perhaps arrive at the most reasonable explanation of his desire openly to subjugate the party.

No one need deceive himself about the legislative situation at Albany. It is what the Governor makes it. All important legislation is shaped by him. His orders issue, and his puppets in either House execute them. No bill of any consequence is passed, none is killed, none is held in suspended animation, except at the Governor's nod. This does not mean that he will sign all the bills which the Legislature has passed. Judiciously vetoed bills sometimes constitute a valuable political asset. We understand that the Governor means to veto some of the worst of the grab measures. But he could just as well have caused them to die the death in committee, or on the floor of Senate or Assembly. Never has it been so true as this year of legislation at Albany that a breath creates it and a breath destroys—and the breath comes from the Executive Chamber.

This is but an example of the iron sway with which Odell now proposes to rule the party throughout the State. He will not only bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne, but not even a party dog will he allow to howl against him in the street. His bowstring and poison will be ready. What is it to him that his methods are offensive, that enemies spring up like mushrooms along his path, that his cool absorption of every party function in his own person is leaving old-fashioned Republicans aghast? He has the power. That is enough for him. Let others talk of tact and conciliation and the gentler political arts; whip and spur answer his purpose. Drive and flog the voters into doing your will—and if they won't, why, there Odell still is, the party boss.

This is a part of the ugly situation in New York State which makes Roosevelt's best friends quake. Some of the foolish ones among them are endeavoring to extract comfort out of the fallacious argument concocted in Washington. It is that Odell, having now trampled the party under foot and made himself supreme, is bound to produce a majority for Roosevelt. But this is mere whistling to keep one's courage up. Of course, the Chairman-Governor will strike an attitude of great energy and determination. No outward appearance will be neglected. But what will be easier, when all is over, than for the boss to say that he had done all that mortal man could, but that no manager and no party could carry the dead weight of an unpopular candidate? Such are the considerations, such the fears, that lie upon the surface of the political situation in New York to-day. Gov. Odell's assumption of the purple only too plainly causes his party to feel blue.

THE REAL FRIEND OF LABOR.

A thoughtful correspondent has recently warned us against minimizing the peril of the Hearst candidacy, on the ground that Mr. Hearst at least seems to be "a friend of labor." The labor vote, it is maintained, will not be cast for any one who has not conspicuously deserved well of workingmen. The only hope for Democracy, then, is, rejecting Mr. Hearst as a rank impostor, to put up some candidate who is indubitably labor's friend. Many earnest

people hold this view. They recognize the considerable element of just discontent that lay behind the free-silver craze, and hold that the same sense of social injustice has persisted, and that the real Moses of the Democracy must lead it straight against the Canaanites of Trust industry and finance.

The view has just enough plausibility to be pernicious. It is true that the Democrats must have something more than a merely negative platform, and that they cannot hope to win unless they attract workingmen. But it by no means follows that any promise of success lies in palavering labor as such, or yet in choosing a candidate who is personally dear to the average horny-handed son of toil. For, in the first place, no such candidate exists as a Presidential possibility. Only a corporal's guard of Democratic workmen would support, say, Mr. John Mitchell, in spite of his great popularity and unchallenged credentials, as their advocate. Indeed, when you come to define your friend of labor, the task becomes of enormous difficulty.

Mr. Hanna, for example, was in every personal sense labor's ideal friend, abounding in good will towards his own employees, and working for good relations between all who pay wages and all who take them. Yet not even a Pauline conversion would have made him a possible labor candidate. As for the great body of vague humanitarians possessed of social panaceas, the laboring man understands them just enough to distrust them. Again, the random activities of dilettante settlement work or superior observations of the manner of living of "the other half" produce anything but the type of persons who care to go or could go into higher politics. In short, whenever labor turns to its professed friends, it finds people whom no thinking man wishes to see at the head of things. One might propose one or all of the prominent figures in trades-unionism, socialism, humanitarian endeavor, and labor would very properly vote "no confidence" in its representatives. That is, the customary cant, or the honest and perfervid sentiments that prevail in the union headquarters, the debating hall, and the socialistic press, simply vanish when so serious a matter as the choice of President is at hand.

The war of classes is not yet upon us. Politically, we still vote as men, and not as capitalism, bourgeoisie, and proletariat. A saving instinct still tells us that our politics is something other than our business, and our laborers know that, at bottom, their advancement will come from what they themselves can beat or wheedle out of their employers, and not from the special favors of a paternal government. Indeed, in the very nature of the case, labor stands to lose in the scramble for special favors. Suppose a benevolent administration actually votes a chicken in every pot, what is such a dole to the fiat profits of the protected manufacturer, to the percentage of the favored contractor, to the mileage of the mail-carrying railroad, to the gains of the thrice-watered corporation? No, when special favors are being distributed, capital gets the apple, and labor may consider itself lucky if for it there is so much as a core left.

The real friend of labor, then, is not the forerunner of prosperity nor the vendor of social patent medicines, but simply the man who will stand for equal laws and the abolishment of special privileges. There would be more practical social justice for this nation in repealing the iron and steel duties than in all the visions of Karl Marx. There would be substantial relief of the poor in the reduction of the tariff, free shipping, and the consequent enlargement of foreign trade. All that would close a thousand channels through which the workingman is mulcted to-day, and would put palpable money in his savings-bank account. The candidate who promises labor anything more than an even chance is not its friend, but its beguiler. Storming against the inordinate profits of the Trusts in staple products is empty words. The reality is, stopping the collusion under which Congress hands over these artificial gains to the Trsuts.

Our workingmen are not fools, though they are often deceived. They are shrewd enough to suspect anybody who employs in a platform the phrases that they themselves use chiefly to express a mood or vaguely to shadow forth a hope. They know that their real friend is he who promises them relief within the field of practical legislation and administration, and even the hotter heads are amenable to arguments of good sense. No friend of Judge Parker's (or of any other honest Democrat of Presidential capacity) need hesitate to present him as a friend of labor. And this friendship will need to be proved by few words and very simple pledges. Indeed, labor itself will have its misgivings about any friend who displays his union label too flagrantly.

MORE SILVER PURCHASING.

Under existing law the total amount of subsidiary silver coin authorized to be issued from the Mint is limited to $100,000,000. That limit is nearly reached, and, of course, the demand for small change will be progressive while the population continues to increase. In anticipation of future wants the Secretary of the Treasury, in his last annual report, recommended that authority be given him to add to the subsidiary coinage such amounts as might be needful to meet the public demand, and to use for this purpose silver dollars now in the Treasury and owned by the Government. The effect of this step would be to convert a given amount of silver from a form in which it is not demanded by the public, into a form in which it would become at once useful. A bill to carry out the Secretary's recommendation was reported to the House some days ago, but last week an amendment to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill was reported to the Senate simply removing the limit to the amount of subsidiary coinage authorized by law.

The Senate amendment has a very innocent look, but there is a cat under the meal tub. Without the additional clause recommended by the Secretary, it reopens the door to silver purchases to an indefinite amount. Under the coinage law of 1873, all subsidiary silver coins are to be made from bullion purchased by the Mint, so that whenever the $100,000,000 limit is exceeded and the bullion in the Treasury purchased under the Sherman act is exhausted (as it will be on the first of July next), new purchases must begin. The Director of the Mint must go into the market and buy silver, although the Government has upwards of 9,000,000 standard silver dollars on hand which the public are not willing to take and which are consequently useless.

No defence of this revival of silver purchases has been offered publicly. It is presumable, however, that the timid souls who preside over financial matters in the Senate see a lion in the road in the person of Mr. Bryan, fearing lest he charge them with the intent to dishonor the "dollar of the daddies" by lowering it to the denomination of halves, quarters, and dimes. This, by the way, is what all the governments of Europe which have any large amount of legal-tender silver in their circulation are now doing. They are converting it into small change, thus making it serviceable to the public and allowing a larger percentage of gold to flow into the circulation. It is possible, also, that the silver-mining interest has brought some pressure to bear on the Senate wing of the Capitol in order to improve the market for that metal.

However that may be, we trust that the House will stand by the Secretary and boldly fight it out. The method adopted by the Senate to "ring in" the renewal of silver purchases is in conflict with its own rules, being new legislation on an appropriation bill. It repeals an existing law and revives an old one —both without debate—whereas both propositions ought to be debated. If so debated, the arguments of the Secretary and of the Director of the Mint and the report of the House committee, which includes and supports them, will be found overwhelmingly strong. Not the least of these is the argument from economy. The $9,000,000 now available in the Treasury will be saved if the House measure is adopted, not to mention future savings of like nature. Moreover, there will be an additional saving in the way of seigniorage by converting dollars

into halves, quarters, and dimes, each standard dollar yielding $1.07 by the recoinage.

The most mischievous effect of such a renewal of silver purchases is that it opens without debate a door that has been closed after debate and on due consideration. It resumes a policy that was stopped, for good reasons, in 1893. If now resumed, nobody can tell how long it may continue or how much silver may be added to the circulation. It may not be limited to the amount really needed for subsidiary use. Under the act of March 14, 1900, the Secretary of the Treasury has power to suppress the small silver certificates and issue the larger denominations in place of them. If he should do so, there would be no form of currency available for the future demands of retail trade smaller than the gold quarter-eagle and the silver dollar. As the latter cannot be increased in amount under the present law, silver subsidiary coins would be necessary to fill the vacuum. Thus room would be found for one or two hundred millions more than we now have. As nobody can guarantee that a Bryanite, or Mr. Bryan himself, may not be the Secretary of the Treasury at some future time, the danger of opening new doors to silver coinage ought to be plain to everybody who is opposed to Bryanism in finance.

THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

PARIS, April 6, 1904.

Count Boulay de La Meurthe has recently published the first volume of the 'Correspondance du Duc d'Enghien.' He has for several years been devoting himself to the publication of historical documents, among them a valuable collection of those relating to the conclusion of the Concordat, the treaty made with the Papacy by Napoleon while he was First Consul, and still in force, regulating the relations of the Catholic Church and the State.

The documents concerning the Duke d'Enghien throw much light upon the life of this young Prince, who was shot in the moat of Vincennes on the night of the 21st of March, 1804. He was a direct descendant of the famous Condé whom his contemporaries called Monsieur le Prince le Héros. His grandfather gave in 1789 the signal for the emigration. He left Chantilly and formed in Germany the little army called Condé's. This army was for a time well organized, and was divided into regiments formed exclusively of French noblemen, and into paid regiments, formed of recruits of various nationalities. A large correspondence relating to the formation of these regiments and to their campaigns is preserved in the archives at Chantilly; it has never been published. The passions which divided France in 1789 are not quite subdued after a century. The young Duke d'Enghien writes in one of his letters: "People have said, in France, that we were traitors, and they have succeeded in making some of our number ashamed of their conduct. As for myself, I glory in it, and nothing will make me change." These few lines well exhibit the state of mind of the young duke when he took his place in the ranks of the army of Condé. He was the principal lieutenant of his grandfather, and he had under his direct orders the regiment of paid soldiers which bore his name, the Enghien dragoons.

In the campaign of 1800, the last in which the army of Condé played a part, he was attached to the Austrian army commanded by the Archduke John. This campaign ended in the defeat which Gen. Moreau inflicted on the Austrians at Hohenlinden. The Archduke John signed with Moreau an armistice, which was followed by the peace of Lunéville. During the long armistice Condé's army practically vanished. Desertion decimated rapidly the paid regiments; as for the gentlemen, they were very homesick, and did not always resist the temptation to return to France, which was made more and more easy by the Consular Government. "It is the fashion to go back," wrote the Duke of Enghien, "as it was the fashion to go out." Emigration, as he well said, was essentially a fashion at first, but it had lasted ten years, and many of the *émigrés* had grown tired of their erratic and miserable life.

It was at first a question of sending the remains of the army to Naples or to Malta; but the English Government announced its intention to send them to Egypt or to India. The most determined of the *émigrés* were discouraged by the prospect of such a distant exile. The Prince de Condé resolved to disband his little army. "As for myself," he wrote, "my age, my health, and approaching infirmities, the still uncertain state of France, the blood of the Bourbons which flows in my veins, do not allow me to make war like a filibuster." Some *émigrés* enrolled themselves individually in foreign armies; others, who had slender means, settled in Germany; the English Government gave each man a year's pay; the great majority returned to France. The old Prince de Condé, who had no longer any army, retired to England. He found there his son, the Duke de Bourbon, father of the Duke d'Enghien; the Count d'Artois, and the Princes of Orleans, the sons of Philippe Égalité. He tried to induce his grandson, the Duke d'Enghien, to follow him to England, but encountered great resistance on the part of the young Prince, who felt that, "in view of the horror which the name of England inspired in France," it was impolitic for the Bourbons to accept English hospitality. He had had, besides, some differences with his grandfather during the wars on account of the manner in which the military operations were conducted.

Probably the strongest reason of all for his refusing to go to England and for remaining in Germany was the strong attachment he had formed for the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort, who lived at Ettenheim. There still hangs a cloud of doubt over the exact nature of the relations between them. The grandmother of the Prince, wife of the Prince de Condé, was a Rohan-Soubise; there was consequently nothing extraordinary in a marriage of the Duke d'Enghien with Charlotte de Rohan. But we have on this point positive declarations of the young duke to his father and grandfather. When the character of his affection for the Princess de Rohan seemed to them to point to a marriage, he protested that their fears were idle. "I am taking advantage of the little time which remains to me before duty compels me to accept more serious, but probably less agreeable, ties. . . . I have never led you to think that I am so wrongheaded as to commit great follies. . . . I have never thought of it." These lines seem to put an end to the legend of the secret marriage, and to make it probable that the Duke d'Enghien believed that he could only marry a lady belonging to a reigning family. The Bourbons, after the Restoration, never recognized the Princess Charlotte as Dowager Duchess d'Enghien; but Louis XVIII. was very intractable on all points touching the royal prerogative. Must we believe that the Duke d'Enghien simply followed the examples set him by his grandfather and his father? His grandfather lived publicly with the Princess of Monaco, who followed him in the emigration, and he consented to marry her only after forty-eight years of companionship. His father, the Duke de Bourbon, contented himself with very low mistresses in England, and it is well known under what influences he fell in the greater part and at the end of his life.

The legend of the secret marriage of the Duke d'Enghien has derived much strength from the character and attitude of the Princess Charlotte. She was a high-spirited person, well worthy to be the wife of a descendant of the great Condé. At Ettenheim, which was in the Duchy of Baden, the Duke d'Enghien led a very quiet life. He had the shooting of a large domain, and he could hunt the wolf in the Black Forest. It was said that the young Prince sometimes went secretly to Strasbourg. He defends himself against this imputation in his correspondence: "They know me very little who have said or believed that I have set foot on the Republican territory, otherwise than at the place and with the rank to which I am entitled by my birth. . . . One may travel incognito on the glaciers of Switzerland, as I did last year, having nothing better to do; but as for France, when I make the journey I shall have no need to conceal myself." This is an answer also to the fable which I have heard, and which has found its way into some book, of a visit made by the Duke d'Enghien to Paris, and of his visits to Mademoiselle Georges, the famous actress, who was at the time the favorite of the First Consul.

From his retreat at Ettenheim the Duke d'Enghien kept his eye on events in France and in Europe. He had no illusions as to the sentiments of the great Powers: "To be a French *émigré* is to be nothing. An *émigré* is neither more beloved nor more esteemed; he is looked upon as a dangerous creature, as one who has been smitten with the plague, and who carries contagion with him." Sometimes, in his discouragement and idleness, he thought of taking service in a foreign army, as many princes of Savoy and of Lorraine had done. He wrote to his grandfather: "I hope, dear grandfather, that you will not disapprove of my following the career for which I was born." The old Prince de Condé answered him: "This is not made for you. None of the Bourbons ever took that road. All the revolutions in the world, whatever may be said to you, will never prevent your remaining to the end of your life what God alone has made you. Fix that well in your head. At the beginning of the war, which I can say I made as well as another, I refused to accept any grade in the service

of foreigners; this is what you also must do."

The Duke d'Enghien, after receiving this letter, refused an important command in the Austrian army, which was offered to him by the Archduke John. His sentiments prevented him also from taking any part in the conspiracies hatched in France. This seems well proved by all the documents published by Count Boulay de la Meurthe. After the attempts of Georges Cadoudal and the Chouans against the life of Napoleon, he wrote: "These are not my ways, and if my letters have been opened, I am not sorry that people should have learned of my way of thinking and my constant disapproval of measures which I judge unworthy of the cause we serve." "Very likely," wrote the Prince de Condé to his grandson, "people have judged that what has just taken place was no more in my way of thinking than in yours; for I myself no more than you was in the secret of the great project which has just failed."

The Prince de Condé was, however, preoccupied with the idea that his grandson was not in safety in Ettenheim, so near the French frontier. He advised him, in a letter dated from England the 26th of March, 1804, to choose a town more distant from France, and, if possible, a garrison town. At the date when this letter was written, his grandson was no longer alive, and five days had already elapsed since the Duke d'Enghien was shot in the moat of Vincennes. All the details of the fearful tragedy are well known. M. Boulay de la Meurthe will, however, give us, in the second volume which he promises, documents of interest, especially touching the degrees of responsibility in the drama of the First Consul, of Talleyrand, of Réal. I was reading only a few days ago the chapter which Sainte-Beuve devotes to Talleyrand, in his admirable "Nouveaux Lundis," and I must say that Sainte-Beuve's severity seemed to me only too well justified. Political pamphlets are but shortlived, and many pamphlets have been written on this subject; poetry lives longer, and all the readers of Lamartine's 'Meditations' remember the lines picturing Napoleon at Saint Helena:

"Et toujours en passant la vague vengeresse
Jetait le nom de Condé."

Correspondence.

TWO EARLY AMERICAN LETTERS ON ELECTRICITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The approaching bicentennial celebration of the birth of Benjamin Franklin renews our interest in one of the greatest names in the history of electricity—a science which, in its practical applications, America has made peculiarly her own, and in which one of her sons made an experiment that carried his name and that of the place of his birth around the world. Franklin's kite experiment, by which he established the identity of the lightning in the sky with the electric spark, is thought, perhaps by most persons, to be his most important contribution to the subject of electricity; but this is far from the truth. Even at this day his numerous experiments with Leyden jars, with electric shocks, with relations between electricity and heat, his theories of electricity and magnetism, are well worth considering. In these researches we perceive a great mind at work, endeavoring to penetrate the mysteries of a subject which continues, even after the lapse of two centuries, to baffle the greatest intellects. I was present at a dinner lately where a distinguished English scientist expressed the opinion that we could still learn much from Franklin; he found the latter's experiments most suggestive, and he remarked that we seemed to be returning to a theory of electricity which resembled in many respects the one-fluid theory of Franklin.

Among the historical manuscripts in the Library of Harvard University are two which are of great interest to the student of electricity. One is a letter from Benjamin Franklin to Prof. John Winthrop; and the other is Professor Winthrop's notebook of the lectures he delivered on Natural Philosophy between 1738 and 1780. Franklin's letter is written in a beautiful hand, which I should be tempted to characterize as feminine if beautiful feminine handwriting were not converted, at present, into the Virginia-fence style. The letter runs as follows:

Phila July 20, 1764.

Sir I received your Favour of the 12th past, and congratulate you on the Recovery of Mrs Winthrop and your Children from the Small Pox.

Mr. Stiles return'd Apinus to me sometime since.—I must confess I am pleas'd with his Theory of Magnetism.—Perhaps I receive it the more readily on Acct. of the Relation he has given it to mine of Electricity.—But there is one Difficulty I cannot solve by it, quite to my Satisfaction, which is that if a Steel Ring be made magnetical by passing Magnets properly round it, and afterwards broken into two Semicircles, each of them will have strong N. & S. Poles, in whatever Part the Ring is broken. I I have not try'd this, but am afraid 'tis so: & I know that a magnetic Bar broken has after Breaking 4 Poles i. e. it becomes two compleat Bars.—I think with him that Impermeability to the El. Fluid is the property of all El.' per se; or that, if they permit it to pass at all, it is with Difficulty, greater or less in different El.' per se. Glass hot permits it to pass freely, and in the different degrees between hot and cold may permit it to pass more or less freely.

I shall think of the Affair of your unfortunate College, and try if I can be of any Service in procuring some Assistance towards restoring your Library. Please to present my Respects and Compliments to Dr. Channing, Mr. Elliot and Mr. Cooper and believe me with sincere Esteem

Sir

Your most obedient humble Servant

B. Franklin

My Respects to the President, & to Mr. Danforth.

This reference to the impossibility of preventing the formation of two opposite poles in a piece of magnetized steel, however the piece is broken, is interesting from two points of view: it shows how the early investigators were hampered in trying the simplest experiments from lack of the varied mechanical facilities of the present day; and it shows that, with all our practical knowledge of magnetism, we are as ignorant of the cause of polarity in a piece of steel as Benjamin Franklin was. The distinguished Englishman I have referred to thought that the prevailing theory of electrons should lead us to reconsider Franklin's one-fluid theory of electricity, for Franklin explained the attraction or repulsion of two pith balls by the diminution or excess of his one fluid. The electron or corpuscular theory of the present explains the same phenomena by the detachment or aggregation of the electrified negative particles. Whether we fix our mind on a fluid or a collection of electrified particles, we can arrive at a plausible explanation of electrical attraction or repulsion.

The lecture notebook of Winthrop contains one lecture on electricity delivered in 1764, probably the first on this subject given in an American college. John Winthrop was the only professor of natural philosophy in the American colonies, holding that chair in Harvard College between 1738 and 1780. The notes are as follows:

"Electricity is a property of some bodies wh. alternally Attracts and Repels all Light Bodies at a Sensible Distance, and is so called from electric amber, which is a property peculiar to that Body. Some sorts of Bodies, as all Glass, all precious Stones, and Sulphurs and all Dry animall Substances, have this property and are called Electricks, and all Bodies that have not this Quality are called Non-Electricks, such as water, wood, metals, etc. Electricity is excited in Bodies by Attraction; a Tube of ¾ of an Inch Diameter and two or three foot Long being rubed, will Attract or Repel Light Bodies such as Leaf Gold, Soot, paper, etc. But non Electricks may become Electrical, by resting on an Electrical. and touching a non-Electrical wh. Touches the excited Electrick. If a flaxen string (wh. is not Electrick) be extended and supported and at one end an excited Tube be apply'd Light bodies will be attracted and That at the Distance of 1200 feet at the Other End: this Electricity since the year 1743 has made a Considerable noise in the World; upon wh. it's suppos'd Several of the (at presant hidden) Phænomina of Nature Depend; it has been Carry'd to so Great perfection that an Electriz'd man by touching heated Spirits of wine he has set them on flame: If a man stand on pitch or Glass and hold a non Electrick in his hand, wh. touches a Glass Globe that is whirl'd with prodigious Velocity, be touch'd in any part of his Body, There immediatly succeeds a Considerable flame with a sensible pain and a Crackling Noise.—Men have been so Electriz'd; as to have a Considerable Light round their heads, and Bodies, not unlike The Light Represented Round the heads of Saints by the painters."

This lecture, it is seen, contains an intimation of the possibility of conveying signals by electricity.

In Franklin's time the popular interest in electricity was divided between the subject of lightning rods and the possibility of curing diseases by the remarkable and mysterious manifestations of energy. Now that the transmission of power and of intelligence by electricity has reached a high degree of perfection, we begin to see a reversion of interest to its possible curative powers. Electro-therapeutics is an important branch of medicine even if we are somewhat skeptical as to the direct effect of electricity upon the human organism, and regard the results as largely due to suggestion. This skepticism was shared by Franklin, who, in speaking of the large numbers who came to him to be healed, says: "Exercise in the patient's journey and coming daily to my house, or from the spirits given by the hope of success enabling them to exert more strength in their limbs, may be the cause of the improvement occasionally noticed."

The bicentennial celebration of Franklin's birth will doubtless give due prominence to

his anticipation of the modern electron theory of electricity. JOHN TROWBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 16, 1904.

"CŒLUM NON ANIMUM MUTANT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A friend calls my attention to a passage in F. A. Paley's 'Fragments of the Greek Comic Poets' which bears a certain interesting resemblance to a part of Whitman's "Song of Myself." The Greek poet is Philemon, who died 262 B. C.; this the passage:

"Happy the animals! They do not bother
Their heads about this question and another;
None make inquiries, none need take the trouble
To prove that black is white, or single double.
No self-inflicted woes, no cares have they;
All their own nature, their own laws obey.
We mortals live a life not worth the living,
To laws and politics attention giving,
For sons providing, pedigrees unwinding,
Yet some excuse for worry always finding."

The Whitman passage will at once occur to all who know him tolerably well:

"I think I could turn and live with animals; they are so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long,
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth."

Here is no deadly parallel, but one sufficiently striking, considering the distance from Camden to Athens, and the twenty-two hundred intervening years, and the improbability that Whitman ever saw the Greek passage or heard of Philemon.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

BROOKLYN, April 18, 1904.

TURGENEFF'S NOVELS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reviewer of the two translations of Turgeneff's novels in the *Nation* for February 4 says that "it is unfortunate that Turgeneff's critical essays, reminiscences, and correspondence are apparently not to be included in this new edition," meaning Miss Hapgood's. It seems that Mrs. Garnett's translation does not even contain all his novels. (Miss Hapgood's edition not being kept in stock in the bookstores, I have not been able to compare the two editions in this respect.) Among the novels that Prof. Herman Almkvist of Upsala has translated are two that are not included in Mrs. Garnett's translation, namely, 'Landtlif' (Country Life), and 'Två Vänner' (Two Friends). And in his introduction to the first volume of Mrs. Garnett's translation, Stepniak mentions as one of the most interesting of Turgeneff's novels 'The Country Inn,' which I cannot identify with any novel in any of the fifteen volumes.—Yours truly,

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

CHICAGO, April 11, 1904.

Notes.

Macmillan Co. announce that Mr. Stephen Phillips's new work, put down for publication in the autumn, "is at present called 'The Sin of David.'"

Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, announce for early publication 'Crozier's General Armory: A Registry of American Families entitled to Coat Armor,' edited by William Armstrong Crozier.

From the January Proceedings of the New England Historic Genealogic Society (Boston) it appears that Mr. J. Henry Lea's volume of Abstracts of Wills in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, England, Register *Soame*, 1620, will be published by the Society as soon as the index is complete. As the 'Genealogical Gleanings' of Mr. Henry F. Waters, Mr. Lea's predecessor, has more than paid for itself, we have no doubt that the Canterbury Wills will be equally fortunate, in which case progress will be made with Register *Dale*, 1621, and succeeding volumes. As Mr. Lea points out in a very useful article on "Research in England" in the April *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, the British Record Society has printed the names of all the testators in the above court from 1383 to 1604, and is now engaged in filling the gap 1605-1619. Mr. Lea will carry on the work to 1630, and J. & G. F. Matthews, London, are now issuing the Probate Act Books from 1630 to 1640. This brings us nearly to the Civil War, which checked emigration to America. The Boston Society is also publishing the vital records of Massachusetts towns, and has those of Braintree and Waltham in the press.

Volume six of the dignified 'English Bible, Translated out of the Original Tongues by the Commandment of King James the First, anno 1611,' in David Nutt's notable series of "Tudor Translations," contains the New Testament; and now we commend anew the completed enterprise to all who would have the original version in its quaint spelling, with modern paragraphing, the original marginal notes, generous and elegant print, fine paper, simple but effective binding in wine and gold. Those who read the Bible as English could hardly desire a better edition.

Of like service is A. R. Waller's edition of Thomas Hobbes's 'Leviathan; or, the Matter, Forme, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiasticall and Civill' (Cambridge, Eng., University Press; New York: Macmillan), in the series of Cambridge English Classics, which it leads off. The form is a square 16mo. The edition here copied is the first issue, in 1651, and with a literalness (even to the punctuation) which is confirmed by a list of needful departures. The original pagination, further, is indicated. Alternative readings from the inferior reprints of 1651 are massed at the end. Beyond his care for all this, Mr. Waller has compiled an index of persons and places other than Scriptural. The series is certain to win favor.

To Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics has just been added Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics' in its fullest form, and now this standard anthology is to be had for twenty-five cents. For this price one may not demand expensive manufacture, but the text is the thing.

The elder Pierce Egan's 'Life of an Actor' (1825), for which Theodore Lane furnished the illustrations, many colored in the fashion of the period, is reissued in D. Appleton & Co.'s series of "popular editions of rare and famous books," on which we have frequently remarked.

The Baker & Taylor Co. of New York bring out in very attractive shape a small and rather readable volume by Edgar S. Maclay entitled 'Moses Brown, U. S. N.,' which is, as the writer says, "not so much a life of Moses Brown as a picture of the daily perils, hardships, privations, and adventures of the average naval officer in the early days of the service." Captain Brown's exploits when in command of the privateer *General Arnold* during the Revolution are well worthy of a place in our nautical annals, while his career in the navy was honorable, if brief. The book tells us less about Brown than we could wish, but the most has been made of the scanty material available. It is a good sign that such obscure sailor patriots, who did their modest duty and received little or no reward, are beginning to be rediscovered after generations of neglect.

The Danish philologist and phonetician, Otto Jespersen, who is one of the most eminent advocates of the "new," "natural," "reform," or "direct" method of modern language instruction, has brought out through Sonnenschein-Macmillan an English version of his very successful 'Sprogundervisning.' 'How to Teach a Foreign Language' contains not only an able defence of the extreme views of the "reform" party, but also a store of pedagogical suggestions which will be useful even to disbelievers. In the general argument there is little or nothing that has not already been said many times—first in America, and a quarter of a century later in Europe; not much can be urged against the author's thesis, provided we admit that the object of language teaching is mainly utilitarian. In the specific directions and model lessons there is a great deal that is both novel and excellent. While interesting to read, the work lacks the brilliancy and originality which distinguish Henry Sweet's 'Practical Study of Languages' from all other treatises on the subject. The English translation, by Sophia Yhlen-Olsen Bertelsen, is good.

In his second volume, 'Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Mr. H. Irving Hancock continues to misspell the Japanese word jū-jutsu, which he writes jiu-jitsu, and to give forth, as before, slipshod statements as to Japanese history and public hygiene, while showing himself a master in theory and practice of his special subject. His perspective of chronology needs to be greatly foreshortened. His general remarks about the superb physique of the Japanese woman may be taken with several large grains of salt, while his knowledge of the extent to which the natives of Japan are victims of tuberculosis seems to be exceedingly limited. Apart from these criticisms, which belong mainly to his introductory chapter, we have in this volume an exceedingly valuable manual prepared by one who not only is master of the craft himself, but is a very wise teacher, for he knows well the limitations of both his pedagogic and his human subjects, and understands the principle of gradation and progress. The abundant illustration by half-tone reproductions of photographs from life strikingly reinforces the text, and we have here a manual which, if wisely followed and used, will enable most young women to do without drugs and the prescribers and dispensers of them. Those who patiently master the first chapter by practice as well as by reading, and who bring something of the Oriental imitation of nature's methods, without valuing time too highly, will probably be as-

tonished at what women can do in the development of both their muscular and their vital resources. The book may not abolish utterly the conception or the actuality of the "weaker sex," but certainly here is a highly scientific system not only of bodily development, but of rapid and convincing attack and defence. After many years of observation of results, we can bear witness that the main contentions of the author are sound. The chapters entitled "The Perfect Chest" and "Obesity and Leanness and the Remedies" will not be overlooked.

The Baker & Taylor Co. issue 'Golf for Women,' by Mrs. C. T. Stout, better known in golfing circles as Miss Genevieve Hecker, who not only is the best American woman player, but is believed by good judges to be quite on a par with the best women players in England. As illustrating the development of physical culture among American women, this fact is significant because our male champions have not yet succeeded in reaching the English standard. So far as we know, this is the first golf book written by a woman for the special benefit of women, and it is safe to say that no woman player, however skilful, can fail to profit by a careful study of it. In addition to accurate descriptions of the different strokes, admirably illustrated by photographs from life, Mrs. Stout gives her readers the benefit of her successful tournament experience in such matters as training, clothing, etc., the importance of which increases as the quality of play improves.

Mrs. Jane Dearborn Mills's 'The Mother-Artist' (Boston: The Palmer Co.), in spite of its fanciful title, proceeds from an experienced educator, and urges the rewards of parental care and worry, with apt instances of character training. It does not plough as deep as race suicide. On the other hand, it gives the father more than his customary share of authority, or at least wisdom, in practical discipline. It is pleasantly, often skilfully, written.

The thirty-fourth annual volume, Transactions and Proceedings, of the American Philological Association, presents about the usual range of topics. The main body of the Association, as always, clings closely to the Latin and Greek, while the Pacific Coast branch devotes its attention more largely to more modern themes. The topics considered at the last meeting were in most cases of purely technical interest, but the opening paper, on "Tacitean Ellipsis," has much of value to any intelligent reader. Some of the best material presented has found publication in other channels, as Prof. C. M. Gayley's paper on the question, "What is Comparative Literature?" which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* last summer, and Prof. Charles Forster Smith's address on "Character Drawing in Thucydides," which stands at the head of the current number of the *American Journal of Philology*, belated three months by the Baltimore fire. It is interesting to learn from the proceedings of the Association that the 120 members who registered themselves by postal-card vote as in favor of changing the time of meeting to December, have a better record for attendance at the July meetings than those who voted to retain the July date, 187 in number. The Association has before it for determination at the next meeting a proposition to abandon the usual form of publication, an annual volume of Transactions and Proceedings, and put forth as separate monograms, hereafter, such papers as are deemed worthy of publication. The next meeting is to be held at Cornell University, July 5-7.

Dr. George E. Barnett's 'Final Bibliography of American Trade-Union Publications,' prepared by the Economic Seminary of the Johns Hopkins University (University Studies, Series XXII., Nos. 1, 2), deserves the thanks of all serious students of the new tyranny. Except in the earlier years, this list is restricted to the publications of national and federal organizations. It indicates the archives and libraries in which the several items may be found. A noticeably large proportion consists of constitutions.

A Select List of References on Chinese Immigration—to periodicals as well as to books—has just been compiled under the direction of Mr. A. P. C. Griffin of the Library of Congress.

The current report of the Librarian of Congress acknowledges among the year's gifts Miss Susan B. Anthony's entire library of 2,000 volumes, rich in documents and periodicals of the anti-slavery and woman's-rights movements; and "one of the most notable gifts in manuscripts ever made to the Government," viz., "that of the Andrew Jackson papers by the family of Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General from 1861 to 1864." They comprise more than 2,000 separate pieces, besides letter-books, orderly-books, broadsides, and newspapers, etc. This collection has already been arranged and calendared. There has also been acquired by purchase the Webster correspondence not bequeathed to the New Hampshire Historical Society by the late Peter Harvey. It comprises some 2,500 pieces, and fits on admirably, chronologically, to the Jackson collection. Finally, the papers of Commodore Edward Preble have been joined to the foregoing, with 125 pieces of Virginian material (1649-1774). A year ago President Roosevelt ordered a very important transfer of the Revolutionary archives from the Department of State to the Library of Congress. The volume closes with the report of the Register of Copyrights on Copyright Legislation, in which we remark the valuable bibliographical list of foreign copyright laws in force.

The likeness of the present age to the first century of the Roman Empire in many important particulars has often been pointed out, but a new evidence of similarity has been detected by a reviewer of Dr. Paul Brandt's recent edition of the 'Ars Amatoria' of Ovid, in the current number of the *American Journal of Philology*. Why does it occur to Dr. Brandt and other recent writers, he asks, to emphasize the modernity of Ovid (a quality noticed only in recent times) "unless it is true that, for the first time since Ovid's day, the world is getting back to the point at which it mirrors in itself and, therefore, appreciates certain phases of thought and points of view as they were in the first century of the Roman Empire?" The reviewer insists, on his own account, that, whatever the tendencies of the 'Ars Amatoria' may be, it is without doubt the masterpiece of a great author. One is reminded here of a prominent American critic's similar declaration of the essential excellence of the 'Don Juan' as a masterpiece of literature, irrespective of its tendencies. Perhaps, however, it is not exactly "the world" that is getting back to the point designated, but only a comparatively small section of the world of letters.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for April opens with an account of a trip from Bombay to Bagdad by Mr. D. G. Fairchild of the United States Department of Agriculture. Its object was to secure for the American date garden of Arizona the best varieties of Persian and Arabian date plants, the expense being borne by Mr. Barbour Lathrop of Chicago. The article is finely illustrated with photographs of characteristic scenes, as is also that on American deserts. This is a summary of the first report of the Desert Botanical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, established at Tucson, Arizona, for the investigation of the special devices of desert plants for the absorption and storage of water and for resisting substrata of unusual composition, like the gypsum sands of the Tularosa Desert. Mr. James Page of the Hydrographic Office treats of the sailing ship with especial reference to the Panama Canal. He shows that, furnishing 28 per cent. of the total tonnage of the world, the ship is still and will continue to be an important factor in commerce. Its profitableness has been greatly increased by the saving of time through the better knowledge of the meteorology and physical geography of the sea. Thirty years ago the average length of voyages from the Lizard to Valparaiso was 102 days. In 1892 it was 83 days. The saving of time in the round trip of a sailing vessel from New York to San Francisco through the Canal would be 111 days.

Scandia is the title of a "Monthly Journal of Scandinavian Languages and Literatures" which in January began publication in Groningen, Holland. Its principal editor is Dr. H. Logeman, professor in the University of Ghent, Belgium. As contributing editors appear the names of a number of prominent Scandinavian scholars and several well-known Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish novelists. *Scandia* is published in Dutch, but it is planned to offer in every number an article in a Scandinavian language. Each number will furthermore contain reviews of recent books, a chronicle of Scandinavian events, notices, etc. The principal articles in the three numbers that have appeared so far are: an appreciation of the novelist Jonas Lie by Chr. Collin, an article on "Danish Ballads" by Margaretha Meijboom, and one on "The Danish Glottal Accent." The following numbers will contain, among other things, an account of "The University Extension Movement in Sweden," by Prof. Fr. von Scheele, and an article on "The New Norse Language," by Arne Garborg.

The formation of a Norwegian Folklore and Dialect Society in Christiania will be of interest to folklorists and to students of dialect in general. This society purposes: (1) A study of the life and traditions of the Norwegian people; (2) a scientific investigation of the Norwegian dialects. It is in reality a reorganization of a similar one formed in Christiania in 1881, but which, owing to lack of support, enjoyed only a brief existence. In the meantime interest in the dialects has grown, and the new organization starts under more favorable auspices. Among its active members are such well-known scholars as Sophus Bugge, Johan Storm, Moltke Moe, A. Tar-

anger, Marius Haegstad, and A. B. Larsen, besides a number of younger scholars. Three issues of its official publication, *Norvegia*, edited by Larsen and Hægstad, have appeared. The etymology of the word Norway is discussed by Mr. Hægstad in an exhaustive article, in which he traces the form of the word from its earliest occurrence down to the present. The phonology of one of the most archaic of Norwegian dialects, that of Selbyg, is treated by his colleague. *Norvegia* appears in quarterly numbers of about eighty pages. The subscription price is about $1.10.

The Iowa Anthropological Association, organized on October 5, 1903, held its first general meeting at Iowa City on February 13. One of its main objects will be to study the works of the Iowa mound builders. A survey of the State for the location of the mounds is planned. Some work in this direction has already been done before by D. J. H. Ward, who was made secretary of the Association.

The Cologne *Gazette* reports that a Rousseau Archive is to be established at Geneva. It is intended to include all the manuscripts, bibliographical and pictorial matter in any degree of interest in connection with the author of the 'Contrat Social.' The City Council of Geneva has assigned one room in the Public Library building for this purpose, and has decided to give the archive an annual grant of a certain sum. A "Société des Études Rousseauistes" has also been organized in Geneva to care for the collection.

The proceedings of the Bostonian Society contains an interesting paper upon the psalms, tunebooks, and music of the forefathers, by E. N. Bagg. It is a compendium of facts relating to the church music of the colonial days, and is interspersed with numerous anecdotes. A paper by A. Sargent treats of the foreign and coastwise trade of Boston in the forties and the men who carried it on, the merchants in the old signification of the word, "shipowners, charterers of ships, or importers by the cargo." The frontispiece is a colored reproduction of Capt. Cyprian Southake's map of Boston harbor, 1689.

—More and more American historians are regarding the Revolution in a new spirit and from a different point of view—in the spirit of greater fairness, and from the point of view of English colonial administration. The result of this is to be observed in Marshall De Lancey Haywood's 'William Tryon and his Administration in the Province of North Carolina, 1765-1771' (Raleigh: E. M. Uzzell). The title is somewhat misleading, however, for the essay is not a technical study in colonial administration, but rather a memoir, genealogical and antiquarian, set, so to speak, in the framework of a discursive historical narrative. No bibliography is given, but the author has relied, apparently, on the records of North Carolina mainly. Secondary accounts appear to have been carefully studied also; but no unprinted material, so far as can be gathered from the footnotes, has been used. The political events of the period are touched upon, but nothing is gone into in much detail save, perhaps, the insurrection of the "Regulators." It is sufficiently shown that this movement was in no sense a prelude to the Revolution. On the other hand, the "Regulators" "nearly all became Tories" when the opportunity to fight for America offered. While the author's attitude towards Tryon is essentially favorable, it is far from being merely laudatory. Mr. Haywood seeks to prove nothing, but merely to arrive at the truth. Much material of interest to genealogists and antiquarians has been interwoven into the narrative. We have noticed no positive errors, though we must conclude, from the statement at page 27, that the author's faith in the Mecklenburg "Declaration" has survived the disintegrating influence of seventy years of skepticism; which is more than can be said for the faith of most historians.

—The Macmillan Co. publishes 'Representative Modern Preachers.' The author is Dr. Lewis O. Brastow, theological professor in Yale University. In a less elaborate form his present chapters were lectures to his theological students. There are nine chapters on Schleiermacher, Robertson, Beecher, Bushnell, Brooks, Newman, Mozley, Guthrie, and Spurgeon. A more liberal disposition would have included Channing, Martineau, and Parker in the scheme. If nine was the extreme number possible to Dr. Brastow's diffuseness, Mozley and Guthrie might have made way for Channing and Martineau. There is some variety of treatment, a more developed sketch of the preacher's life being given in some cases than in others. In each case we have a sympathetic appreciation of the preacher's substance of doctrine and manner of preaching—in the one respect, no quick scent for heresy; in the other, no glozing of defects. The abstract and formal treatment is sometimes strangely at variance with the vital spontaneity of the preacher under consideration. As a theological influence, Schleiermacher could hardly be overrated. He is the master of all the progressive orthodox who palter in a double sense. It is hardly just to Newman to say that, in his 'Development of Christian Doctrine,' "he undertakes to apply the modern doctrine of Evolution to the dogmatic system of the Roman Church," seeing that Newman's book antedated Darwin's 'Origin of Species' by some fifteen years. Without surprise one finds Roman Catholics claiming that Newman was a precursor of Darwin. Mozley, another Tractarian, was the least popular of Dr. Brastow's chosen company; but it is safe to prophesy more literary permanence for his sermons than for Beecher's or Spurgeon's. His "Reversal of Human Judgment" has been called the greatest sermon of modern times, and one notes approvingly that a New England college president read it once a year for its moral tonic quality. Mozley was nothing if not paradoxical, and Dr. Brastow seems to have overlooked his most conspicuous trait.

—One of the most interesting of many debatable boundary problems is that offered by the dividing line between the United States and Mexico, where it is determined by the lower Rio Grande, as may be seen in a two-volume quarto report prepared by our commissioner, Gen. Anson Mills, and lately issued by the Department of State—'Proceedings of the International (Water) Boundary Commission, United States and Mexico' (Washington). The original treaty of 1848 described the boundary as running "up the middle of the river," without making any reference to shifting, meandering or short-cutting, although such changes were perfectly well known to geographers as habitual in rivers on alluvial plains; this disregard of physiographic complications being comparable to that by which the possible independence of mountain crests and river divides was overlooked in the boundary treaties between Argentina and Chile. A later agreement provided that our Mexican boundary should accompany the shifting of the Rio Grande channel as long as the shifting was of gradual progress by lateral erosion and deposition; but added that whenever the shifting was due to the abandonment of an old channel as the result of the opening of a new one, the boundary determined by the surveys of 1852 under the treaty of 1848 should remain in force, even though the abandoned channel should become wholly dry. Under this agreement, lobes of the flood plain—called "bancos" on the Rio Grande—isolated by river shortcuts and cut-offs would not change their allegiance, even though the river must flow between them and their mother country. The "bancos" are of perfectly normal form and origin, such as may be seen by the score on the alluvial plain of the Mississippi, yet our commissioner reports: "We found the bancos so utterly different from our anticipations that both the Mexican commissioner and myself, after long and deliberate consideration, have concluded that their process of formation, their form and constantly changing character, could not have been contemplated by the conventions creating the treaties of 1884 and 1889"! Inasmuch as the river may, in a few decades, shift several miles from a "banco," leaving it as a little "enclave," entirely surrounded by foreign territory, it is evident that the maintenance of the boundary of 1852 would in such cases embarrass the administration of the law, local, State, and national; hence the commissioners now recommend that a "banco" be transferred to the country by which it comes to be surrounded, provision being made for the transfer of the evidence to titles to land to the new local authority, and the inhabitants, if any, being allowed to retain their former citizenship if they choose. At the time of publishing the report, action had not been taken on this recommendation; hence the detailed maps by which the report is admirably illustrated (in spite of their being bound in reverse order to their numbering) contain about fifty examples of undetermined boundaries awaiting future decision.

—Vol. XX. of the valuable "Monographien zur Weltgeschichte" (Bielefeld and Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is Dr. Otto Hötzsch's 'Die Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika.' He presents, in condensed form, a well-written, sympathetic, and in most essential features fairly accurate sketch of the history and growth of our country, from its earliest beginnings down to "Expansion and Imperialism: The New America since 1893." If Dr. Hötzsch lacks the penetrating insight of a Von Holst, he manifests much more than the merely academic interest of the average German student of American conditions. His chief fault is a certain looseness of statement with regard to the more recondite aspects of his subject. Thus, he writes: "Pennsylvania has grown more rapidly than any other single State of the Union. Coal,

iron, and petroleum have made it the richest State. But this, along with the mental impress given to its inhabitants by Quakerism, has had for effect that it has but rarely been a really leading power in the Federal Union, in the sense in which Massachusetts, Virginia, and later South Carolina and New York have been." This on the whole is a shrewd judgment as to the relative importance of Pennsylvania. And yet it is not Quakerism that has in later years given the Camerons and the Quays their benumbing influence over the State. On the same page (18) we read: "The Middle States had a mixed population in common with Pennsylvania. In New York English administration took the place of the Dutch, but the property and rights of its inhabitants were left untouched. And thus it remained long a Dutch-German (!) town." The tendency to over-emphasize German influence makes our author say: "The fructifying influence of German intellectual life resulted in North American transcendentalism, which found in Concord (near Boston) and in Ralph Waldo Emerson its centre, but which flourished only to wither rapidly." Even more strained is the effort to assign to Lincoln a "possibly German ancestry."

—As to our literary celebrities, Dr. Hötzsch is struck with the fact that "no other people has had so many long-lived famous literary men. Such are Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe (!), Cooper, Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and, above all, the greatest: William Bryant (*sic*), J. Greenleaf Whittier, J. Russell Lowell, and, the most national of all, the whimsically formless pantheist Walt Whitman, a man of the highest sense of individuality and yet thoroughly democratic." Blaine, "honored with the surname of 'the American Bismarck,'" escapes with only the censure that his Pan-American Congress led to no result, while Roosevelt challenges the author's unqualified admiration. Booker Washington, however, elicits his warmest praise. His Atlanta speech, in 1895, is called a "grand turning-point in the history of mankind." It would be easy to point out dozens of historical and geographical errors (Carolina is said to have been named by French Huguenots), but the book, interesting and suggestive as it is, requires not only correction as to statements of fact but, even more, a certain readjustment of perspective, in order to become a thoroughly safe guide to Germans in the study of American history. The publishers, as in the case of all the monographs of this series, have done their part well. The numerous illustrations are for the most part very good, though some, like those of Lee and Longfellow, are not well chosen. The imp of the perverse that is at work in almost every German publication relating to the United States, is responsible for labelling Farragut's picture "General," and Carl Schurz's "Editor of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*," and for locating the Washington Monument in Mount Vernon.

—This week's mail brings the long-feared news of the death of one of the most remarkable scholars of his age. Otto von Böhtlingk, dead at nearly ninety, had seen the origin and growth of the science of language, the whole continuity of Sanskrit scholarship from its earliest beginning; and for over half a century, as member of the Imperial Academy of Russia, had stood foremost among the pioneers of those who opened to the Occident the hitherto unknown wealth of Sanskrit literature. With Roth he began in 1852 the publication of the great Sanskrit dictionary which bears his name. At the age of twenty-five he had already published an edition of Panini, the Sanskrit grammarian, whose work is one of the most technical and difficult of a difficult language. His own activity, like that of his friend Weber, extended over the whole domain of Sanskrit literature. He published a critical edition of Kalidasa's great drama, 'Sakuntala,' a collection of lyric writers, a work on poetics, Upanishads, and critical Vedic studies, besides the inexhaustible thesaurus found in the great lexicon. Almost blind, deaf, scarcely alive, so to speak, he yet, as late as last year, contributed articles on Vedic exegesis to the Saxon Academy. A genial, simple-hearted scholar, he was personally beloved by the many younger scholars who were wont to gather around him. He was the last of that early group of leaders whose working power seems prodigious and almost incredible when one considers under what conditions the work was effected; when the very tools had first to be forged.

HORACE IN ENGLISH.

Horace for English Readers. By E. C. Wickham, D.D. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1903. Pp. vi., 363.

There are certain obvious principles which should govern all literary translations. They are grounded either on justice to the reader or on justice to the author, and apply to all languages alike; but they may be summarized, for us, in the apothegm that the best possible translation is that which is as literal as good English and good taste permit. The reason is plain. Without the æsthetically endurable maximum of literalness, injustice is done to the author, who must be supposed to have deliberately chosen his modes of expression, while a servile literalism gives a translation which does not translate and is unfair to author and reader alike. In practice, this general principle must, of course, be developed into particular rules varying with the special nature of the version, whether it be verse, poetic prose, or plain prose; but this one thing is quite plain, that any prose translation, relieved as it is from the trammels of versification, may justly be held to a closer fidelity than a metrical version. Nor is this all. Since every great writer is distinguished by certain marked characteristics—none more so than Horace, whose *curiosa felicitas*, for example, has become proverbial—our rules must safeguard these special traits as much as possible.

With all this, Dr. Wickham in his preface seems to agree. His ideal is "a translation which, while literal in the sense that every thought is exactly represented in its proper order, tone, and emphasis, has also just so much of literary form that it can be read by a modern reader without distress, and understood without perpetual reference to the original." How far his practice agrees with his theory every reader must ultimately judge for himself. We can only say that to us this book is but one more proof that Horace will probably never be thoroughly well translated, even into prose, so long as translators feel bound to avoid, from dread of plagiarism, every happy turn which their predecessors may have hit upon.

What we most miss in Dr. Wickham's versions of the lyrics is a little more of the poetic sense. This lack appears plainly in his misunderstanding of some entire odes. An example meets us at the outset: he conceives I. Ode i. to be "an apology for the composition of Lyric Poetry." We do not require our readers to agree with us that this ode aims to exalt intellectual achievements above what in current phrase we call the strenuous life; but does any reader of poetic taste conceive of the author of "Exegi monumentum" apologizing for lyric poetry, and, of all men, to Mæcenas, the lover and patron of Poetry? Take, again, Ode xii. of the same Book. The "motive" of it is that the authority of Augustus stands next to that of Jove himself. To emphasize this idea, Horace was willing to seem guilty of an "Irish bull" when, in the fifth stanza, he says that nothing is like or second to Jove, but Pallas holds the place next to him. Horace is careful to explain later on that this second place is held in reserve for Augustus (*tu secundo Cæsare regnes*). The translator, apparently blind to this intention, leaves the paradox unexplained when he translates, "Reign thou, with Cæsar for thy vicegerent."

When Dr. Wickham does not misapprehend an entire ode, he often seems blind to subtle beauties. Thus, in I., xi., Leuconoë is warned against "long hopes," meaning, of course, "far-reaching hopes." Dr. Wickham renders this "long day-dreams." In I., ii., Horace offers Octavian, under the figure of Mercury, the name of *pater* and *princeps*, with reference to the title of Father of his Country voted him by the Senate, and to the position of *Princeps Senatus*, which he had wisely preferred to that of dictator. Dr. Wickham's rendering of "princeps" by "first citizen" completely masks all this, without the merit even of historic truth, which would require "first senator." We cannot suppose that Dr. Wickham failed to catch the trite allusion to the "Parthian shot" in I., xix.; but his "Parthian on his flying steed" hardly preserves it. He might at least have said "fleeing." In the intricate IV. Ode iv., the difficulties of which are surmounted with great skill, the version represents the eaglet first as impelled to leave the nest; then as making his first attempts at flight; next as swooping down on the helpless flocks; and, last, as assailing the serpents, which are able to resist him. We have thus, between the first and third steps, the picture of a young bird hopping about near his nest for an indefinite period until, in the quiet breezes of spring, he first learns to fly. Horace makes no such mistake. We are spared the unpoetic image of a half-fledged bird stumbling about like a booby. And all this comes of the intrusion of one unfortunate "then." The translator seems to have mistaken the function of *iam* in verse 9, which belongs, not to the whole sentence, but only to *nimbis remotis* ("when the storms had already cleared"). In I., xviii., Dr. Wickham seems to ignore the familiar rhetorical figure which gives the adjective to the wrong

noun. Instead of rendering *modici munera Liberi* "the moderate bounty of Bacchus," he gives us "the bounty of Bacchus, who loves moderation," which to us is news indeed. Just so he ignores the prolepsis in *verecundum Bacchum*, I., xxvii., which, with equal oblivion of the gay god's peculiarities, he renders "Bacchus the shamefaced." Horace, we think, means "keep him from brawls, and thus, well-behaved." So again, in IV., iii., where "no spirited horse shall draw him in Grecian chariot a victor" stands, by prolepsis, for "speed him to victory," the version says "drag him in Grecian car of victory," *i. e.*, a triumphal car.

Nothing is more characteristic of Horace than his word-painting. His lyrics are full of pictures which he must have seen distinctly while writing. Nothing is more obligatory on his translator than absolute fidelity in reproducing these lyric visions. In I., i., Horace sees the victorious Olympic charioteer return from the race covered with dust (*pulverem collegisse*). His translator represents him as "pleased to have raised a cloud of dust." In I., xiv., the leaking ship needs undergirdling (compare Acts xxvii., 17). Dr. Wickham has, "without ropes the hull can scarcely weather the sea," which would hardly be understood by the average landsman.

Dr. Wickham does not always apprehend the use of adjectives and equivalent clauses as mere epithets. Thus, in I., x., *dives*, "the rich" is a mere epithet, like "white-armed" Juno, "swift-footed" Achilles. It is rendered, "Priam *with his wealth* left Ilium." In II., viii., Cupid has the epithet *ferus* (cruel). Dr. Wickham enlarges it to an adversative clause, "Cupid, for all his fierceness," utterly inconsistent with the context. In IV., i. the epithetal description of Venus as drawn by harnessed swans is taken to refer to what she is expected to do on a particular occasion; and so, in defiance of the lexicon, the passage is rendered "to lead the revel . . . to the house," a version probably based upon the long discarded reading *comitabere* (for *comissabere*), but not justified by it. And again, in III., xviii., the epithet given to Faunus, "lover of the coy nymphs," is ignored as an epithet; and the words *per meos fines*, said of Faunus "marching through my bounds," are made to refer to the nymphs as fleeing through them.

Horace is nothing if not vigorous and terse. His translator shuns brevity. In I., i., Horace's "I shall strike the stars with my uplifted head" is rendered "I shall lift my head till it strikes the stars." The effective *terruit urbem* in I., ii., is drawn out into "has struck panic into Rome." In I., iii., "the labor of Hercules broke through Acheron" is rendered "the barrier of Acheron was broken through; it was a labor of Hercules"—"pretty tough work," as one might say. Our translator does not possess *l'art de ne pas tout dire*. In I., i., *mercator metuens Africum* ("the trader in fear of the Sou'wester") is rendered "the trader with the fear before his eyes of the wind of Africa." The terse *indocilis pauperiem pati* ("untaught to bear poverty") is made into a separate sentence: "To be content without wealth he finds too hard a lesson." So, I., xxvi., *unice securus* ("supremely careless") becomes "I care not, though all the world may care," as if the poet had so much as thought of *unice* as derived from *unicus!* In I., xix., Glycera's face "most perilous to view" *(lubricus aspici)* is served up as "that face to look on which is to slip from your resolve." In IV., ix., Horace's six words, "hidden valor differs little from buried cowardice," are made into eighteen, "when they are in the grave the difference is little between cowardice and valor, if they be hidden." No wonder that Dr. Wickham, in his preface, misses "the lyric cry" in Horace. "Never again shall I burn for another" (IV., xi.) is "never again shall my heart take fire at woman's face." The famous *dulce est desipere in loco* ("sweet is timely folly") stands as "In due place to forget one's wisdom is sweet." In III., xxix., *eripe te moræ*, "shake off delay," is inflated to "the delay is on your side: snatch yourself from it." And so, ode after ode; for we might multiply these examples to weariness.

Infelicities such as making Horace address the male semichorus (I., xxi.) as "my boys," "the yard-*arms* groan" (I., xiv.), are of too frequent occurrence. In IV., ii., 18 *equum* (horse) is rendered "charioteer," where Horace was evidently reminiscent of certain odes of Pindar, as Olymp., I., 29, *seqq.*, in which Pindar sings the praises of victorious horses. Some of these translations seem quite impossible. Thus, in I., iii., *Quem mortis timuit gradum* ("what approach of death did he fear") is rendered "in what degree did he fear death"—a mere platitude, and not to be reconciled with the Latin original. Most surprising is the notorious schoolboy version, "Fortune kinder than a father," in I., vii., where Teucer is hoping that Fortune will be kinder, not than fathers in general, but than his own father, who had forbidden his return to Salamis without his brother Ajax. Dr. Wickham certainly knows that *iam non* is Latin for "no longer." Yet in IV., iv., where Hannibal cries out, in despair at his brother's death, "Never more shall I send proud messages to Carthage," he translates, "Not *to-day* can I send, etc." In IV., xi., 19, *hac luce* is rendered "from its shining." Horace is using *lux* for *dies*, as in II. Sat., vi., 59, a common use of "light" for "day."

With all this murdering of poetry, there is frequently an effort toward poetic expression. In I., i., "near the lullaby of some haunted spring" is poetic, though not faithful. In I., xiii., 15, "hurt the pretty lips" does not seem to us more poetic than the original "wrong those sweet kisses." And yet it seems clear that some of these translations were once in verse. It cannot be mere accident that we read (I., v.):

> "On the heaped roses in some pleasant grot,
> For whose eyes dost thou braid those flaxen locks
> So trim, so simple? Ah, how often shall
> He weep for changèd faith and changèd gods,"
> etc.,

Or, again, in IV., ix.:

> "That you believe not, as mayhap you do,
> The words must needs die which by art till now,"
> etc.

We are far from saying that Dr. Wickham does not sometimes hit upon very neat translations. Certain odes, as II., xvi., I., v., and several in Book IV., are pleasant reading. In IV., iii., 11, the translation of *spissæ nemorum comæ* by "the tangled tresses of the forest" could not well be bettered. We note a curious use of English in III., xxvii., 26, where the sea is spoken of as "seething" with monsters. The original *scatentem* means "teeming."

We have confined our criticism to the Odes. Much the same peculiarities occur in the Satires and Epistles; but they are far less objectionable there than in these delicate lyrics, where the right form of expression is the very soul of the poetry. If the volume contained nothing but the Satires and Epistles, we could find it in our hearts to commend it with very little qualification.

THE CONSPIRACY OF RENNES.

The Plot of the Placards at Rennes, 1802. By Gilbert Augustin-Thierry. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Conspirateurs et Gens de Police: Le Complot des Libelles (1802). Par Gilbert Augustin-Thierry. Paris: Armand Colin. 1903.

In noticing this book we must call attention to the fact that its cleverness has received prompt recognition in England. The title of the translation will be found at the head of the present article.

"It is very natural," says J. R. Green in one of his letters, "that the 'pragmatic historians,' working as they do to bring out the actual facts and clear away loose talk, should look jealously at what is in effect a protest against their whole conception of history, and what must look to many of them an attempt to bring the loose talk back again."

We should be glad to know how writers like MM. Langlois and Seignobos regard this little book, which M. Augustin-Thierry has entitled 'Le Complot des Libelles.' Do they regard it as "loose talk," or do they consider it to come within the limits of authentic, respectable history? It certainly represents a departure from the type of historical writing which during the last generation has established itself in France. But, though "unscientific" in form, we must not jump to the conclusion that it has been carelessly prepared. It is learned history made readable by a recourse to all the arts of rhetoric. The French genius apparently revolts from current limitations of style, and looks back with fond regret to days when it was possible for the 'Récits des Temps Mérovingiens' to win admiration and applause.

M. Augustin-Thierry is a man of principle. He has an idea, a theory, a point of departure. Stated in his own words, it is simply this: "Les hommes qui furent nos pères ne sont pas morts tout entiers; leur vie palpite encore dans les archives, et le 'Debout Lazare!' sera toujours la plus noble devise de l'historien." Filled with a belief that the historian should communicate to his pages the thrill of life, M. Augustin-Thierry does not shrink from employing the methods of the psychological novelist. His documents are consigned to the appendix. His text is a piece of literature which employs certain historical facts because they are more romantic than fiction. The publisher's advertisement boldly declares that history thus conceived and treated becomes a resurrection. We shall content ourselves with a more moderate statement. The chapters comprised in this volume have already appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and deserve to receive some notice from those who are attracted by the problems of historical composition.

As every one is aware, the closing years of the Consulate were a time of plot and

counterplot. On the one hand, Napoleon is seeking to reap the full fruit of his victories by establishing the Empire; on the other, the Royalists and the débris of the Jacobins are casting about for means to destroy the usurper. M. Augustin-Thierry begins with the great festival which was held on Easter day of 1802 in celebration of the Concordat and the Peace of Amiens. After lavishing his descriptive powers upon the brilliant scene at Notre Dame, he reveals the symptoms of mutiny and discontent that lurked beneath the surface. 'Le Complot des Libelles' is but the first of his studies. Under the general title "Conspirateurs et Gens de Police," he intends to portray all the chief plots that led up to the colossal failure of Cadoudal and Pichegru. Let us hope that Fouché does not prove to be the hero of this romance!

"The Plot of the Posters" is more familiarly known to English readers as the conspiracy of Rennes. It was an affair of minor consequence, but it does not lack dramatic situations. Marbot, who makes it the subject of a whole chapter, states that it was frustrated by a ludicrous mistake. Col. Pinoteau of the Eighty-second Regiment was shaving when he should have been haranguing his troops, and before he could finish the operation he found himself under arrest. Marbot does not shrink from giving details, and his story, despite a few picturesque improbabilities, has been received as accurate upon the whole. M. Augustin-Thierry, however, calls it an amusing and audacious legend which cannot bear examination at any point. In fact, he maintains that Marbot's 'Memoirs' are nothing more than a collection of specious lies. For example, the army of the West did not contain more than 15,000 men at a time when Marbot credits it with being a force of 80,000. But whether M. Augustin-Thierry is correct in his sweeping condemnation, we shall not now stop to inquire.

The gist of the tale can be told briefly, though at the cost of omitting all those details which are so skilfully embroidered with the narrative of M. Augustin-Thierry. In the spring of 1802 the state of San Domingo rendered it necessary that French troops should be sent thither. Bonaparte, prompted by obvious political motives, chose the forces for this undesirable service from the Army of the Rhine, which cherished a good deal of its old republicanism and idolized Moreau. Prior to sailing for the Indies, the troops were quartered in western France, having Rennes for their headquarters. Animated by jealousy of the Army of Italy and looking on Bonaparte as the author of their deportation, the veterans of the Rhine recalled their old ardor for the republican cause and soon found themselves ready to consider the project of a fresh revolution. M. E. Guillon, M. Henri Welschinger, and M. Augustin-Thierry are at one with Marbot in ascribing the ferment at Rennes to the wiles of Bernadotte.

Apart from the grudge which the soldiery had against Bonaparte, on grounds already mentioned, there was a further cause for dissatisfaction. In the days immediately following the Peace of Amiens, he was credited with the intention of ending war altogether and of devoting his energies to the prosecution of a peaceful, constitutional policy at home. How extraordinary this opinion seems in the light of the sequel, we need not say. The essential fact is, that Bernadotte, popular as he was with the rank and file, had little trouble in spreading disaffection. At the same time he lacked courage, and took every step to secure a retreat in case of failure. By deft management he was able to get his plot well launched without signing any documents.

The conspiracy takes its name from the proclamations or posters which were printed for distribution among the troops. The violence of their tone is extreme. In one of them, "An Appeal to the French Armies," the troops are told that they have a country no longer, and that the republic has ceased to exist. Not only is Bonaparte a tyrant, but he instigated the assassination of Kléber and abandoned the army of Egypt to the most shameful miseries. The proclamation reads like a *carmagnole* of Barère. It accuses Bonaparte of having brought back the priests. It asks the generals if they have become the friends of the tyrant. It points to revolution in the clearest terms: "Si vous tardez plus longtemps, la honte et l'infamie seront votre partage; vos noms ne rappelleront plus ces époques glorieuses de nos triomphes; on ne les prodiguera plus qu'aux lâches et aux esclaves!" This proclamation stops short of assassination, but in a second the strain of invective runs higher still. The army is reminded once more of the circumstances under which Bonaparte returned from Egypt: "Soldats, vous le savez, tout déserteur devant l'ennemi est puni de mort—et cependant Bonaparte vit encore."

It is difficult to realize that such inflammatory appeals were printed at the moment when Bonaparte had just concluded a war crowned with the most brilliant successes. M. Augustin-Thierry makes these documents the *nœud vital* of his story, and adduces enough material from the archives of the police to show how the plot arose, developed, and failed. But with the subject we are less concerned than with the style. Here the picturesque is frankly courted by an author whose researches might have justified him in being dull. Even if M. Augustin-Thierry does not succeed in founding a new school of historical composition, he will have made an heroic protest against the bondage of the commonplace.

The Life of John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, 1861-1865. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson. In 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

No one can read this admirably written Life, at last given to the public, of the able and whole-souled patriot once so well known as "the great War Governor," without having called to mind the lines of quaint old Sir Henry Wotton:

> "How happy is he born or taught
> That serveth not another's will;
> Whose armour is his honest thought,
> And simple truth his utmost skill!"

No description of the man could be truer. What an intensely human creature he was! How tender of sorrow, how hearty in rejoicing, how impatient of sloth, how simple, fearless and honest, how willing to give himself, to the very death, for the service of his State and country! One can fancy his scorn of such politicians as we now have in plenty, whose greatest care is to grow fat at the public crib; and yet he was too tender, if anything, of the private sinner, and even retained "a young man whom he had got out of jail" as his official messenger at the State House. His very vanities make one love him, they are so boyish and transparently simple; his indiscretions and impetuosity endear him the more; and, when the last page is reached, he seems so alive and near that one involuntarily exclaims, "Dear old fellow! God bless him!"

John Albion Andrew was born May 31, 1818, in Windham, Maine, where his father kept the village shop and farmed more or less. His mother and father seem to have been, as the old saying has it, "good as gold." The mother was of a sociable and friendly turn, and both traits were inherited by the impulsive and talkative boy, whose "gift of the gab" was apparently almost too much for his family. It was fancied by the neighbors that, as a baby, he was tongue-tied, and an old gentleman "good" for removing such small troubles was sent by them to the house. He declined to try his skill, and the comment, in after years, on his abstention was, "It was lucky that the old gentleman did not cut that boy's tongue, unless to cut a piece off, for if he had, there would have been no living with him!"

A delicate childhood was succeeded by a youth and manhood of fair health, though the tendency to headache and giddiness was probably a warning of the trouble which killed him. Mr. Pearson puts it excellently when he describes him as "a tireless talker, whose personal presence was a constant reminder of the incongruity of even his own seriousness." As a student of Bowdoin College, in 1834, Andrew heard George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, speak, and from that day he "made his abolition vows," and, with all the earnestness of his nature, kept them until the end. In Mr. Pearson's words: "The evil of slavery must be fought; but it must be crushed out, not together with the Constitution, but through the Constitution. Andrew, a descendant of the Puritans, a true Yankee of his own time, with a bent for mixing morals and politics, could not but ally himself with the men whose idealism was well-ballasted"—that is, with the anti-slavery statesmen of his day, rather than with the prophets of a purely moral propaganda, with whose ideals, however, he had always sympathized. When he disappointed his radical friends by his silence, he managed to hold his tongue until he saw that "the hour and the man were baith come," when, indeed, he spoke with no uncertain voice.

In due course Andrew became a lawyer in Boston, and first attracted wide public notice in 1857, when, having been elected as Representative to the Legislature of Massachusetts, he replied to a speech of Caleb Cushing's which practically upheld the Fugitive Slave Law and condemned the Personal Liberty Law. On that occasion, "when he [Andrew] took his seat," says Eben Stone, who was an onlooker, "there was a storm of applause; the radical men had found their prophet. The House was wild with excitement; for a moment the Speaker was unable to preserve order; some members cried for joy; others cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, and threw whatever they could find in the air." From that day, through the time of the

John Brown excitement (when Andrew raised the money for the defence), he became more and more the hope of the Free Soil and Abolition sections of the Republican party, until in August, 1860, in spite of conservative opposition, he was triumphantly nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, to be elected in the following November, and, during the five terrible years which followed, to devote to that office freely and with undaunted courage all that he had in him of life and work.

For the story of those years we gladly refer the reader to Mr. Pearson's book. It tells us of achievements which seem nowadays little short of marvellous. The enlisting and officering of 146,730 men for the army, and approximately 32,000 for the navy, their arming and forwarding, the care of their wives, and later of their widows and children; the hospital service; the jars between the State and Federal authorities incident to getting into running order; the State finances; the coast defence; the national Government and its all too slow march for one of Andrew's make; the fiery appeals to Lincoln to forward the proclamation of emancipation and to authorize the enlistment of colored troops—all this with, incidentally as it were, the endless speechmakings, fair-openings, and celebrations, together with the inspection of all public institutions, prisons, reform schools, insane asylums, the appointment of the Board of State Charities (the first to be established in this country) and its secretary, and the starting of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in short, all that belongs to a Governor's duties in time of peace, carried on together with "learning the art of war in three months"—forms a picture of a strenuous life which possibly might appeal even to President Roosevelt. The chapters of the book which deal with the rush of feeling at the opening of the civil war, and the events which followed it, up to the heroic letter of the mother of Col. Shaw and the Governor's grand farewell words to him and his Fifty-fourth Colored Regiment, are those which most move the reader, especially one whose memory reaches back to the time in question; and Mr. Pearson has known how to lighten some of the more serious parts of it with a refreshing sense of humor. Those which treat of the last year of that grimmest of trials necessarily drag a little, showing as they do how the Governor felt more and more the weight of his work and responsibility, and the suffering of his people.

The war over, one of the most striking illustrations of the generous and human side of Andrew comes in a letter of his to the chairman of a Faneuil Hall meeting in 1865, in which, among other things, he discusses the problem of reconstruction in a spirit which should commend him to his Southern brethren. He says: "I deeply deplore the raising of the general question of the suffrage for the colored man in the South as yet. . . . I had hoped the poor negro might have the opportunity of a brief future unprejudiced by being again and immediately the subject of political controversy." In a letter to Sumner also he says: "The master used to be a protection [*i. e.*, to the negro], now the law must supply that protection or he is a necessary victim. But the law also must have a moral support, or it, too, is powerless. . . . Meanwhile, too, we must cultivate all there is of possible good in the Southern people themselves." Again, in his valedictory, as Governor: "Congress may, and ought to, initiate an amendment granting the right to vote for President, Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress, to colored men in all the States, being citizens and able to read, who would, by the laws of the States where they reside, be competent to vote if they were white." Mr. Pearson thus sums up Gov. Andrew's plan of reconstruction:

"The result of all the struggle and sacrifice was that henceforth the term 'United States' must be a noun of singular number. . . . The amendment abolishing slavery needed to be supplemented by another, which should make the franchise a subject not of State but national control, with qualifications to apply to North as well as South, to white as well as black."

With this final protest, in the face of the general feeling, Andrew ended his official life. Two years more were granted him in which to have some time with and for his wife and children. Then he dropped, in harness, as truly killed by the war as though a Southern bullet had been the cause.

We commend this book to all the rising generation of America. They "who knew not Joseph" will be happy if, when the time comes, they can honestly tell their children of men in the public service of the present day as sturdy, uncompromising, and unselfish lovers of righteousness as he whose life it sets before them. If too much space has been given to disputes and differences between Butler and Andrew, and Stanton and Andrew; if the tedious and petty details of such squabbles seem too prominent, and some weaknesses of the hero of the story too apparent, we must remember that no man can stand on the heights always, that behind results lie dry and uninteresting details, and that, with anything short of the conscientious picture given by Mr. Pearson, we could not realize the full force of the persistent and combative qualities which his subject possessed in so marked a degree. Other and minor defects there are, and could hardly fail to be; but without doubt this biography is a true and faithful portrait of a true and faithful man, and confirms the verdict returned by his friend, the late Martin Brimmer, "No man believed in the people more, or truckled to them less."

Overtones: A Book of Musical Temperaments. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Huneker's idol is—or was at the time when he prepared this volume for the press—Richard Strauss. His portrait faces the title-page, and to him it is dedicated as "a music-maker of individual style, a supreme master of the orchestra, an anarch of art." Strauss, we are told, as we read page after page with growing astonishment, is not only "the greatest technical master of the orchestra," but he is "the only living issue in music to-day." His is a polyphony "beside which Wagner's is child's play, and Bach's is outrivalled." He is "a psychologist among psychologists, a master of a new and generous culture, a thinker, above all an interpreter of poetic and heroic types of humanity" (namely, Till Eulenspiegel, Don Quixote, and Strauss himself in the "Heldenleben" and "Domestic Symphony")! "No other composer has so nearly approached a musical expression of our time as has Strauss." "In less than an hour he concentrates, relates, makes us see, feel, and hear more than could be seen, heard, or felt in a music-drama enduring six."

What is Richard Strauss in reality? A maker of the dullest, least justifiable kind of programme music, a writer of enigmatic tone-poems, which are supposed to illustrate actual or psychic episodes in the lives of certain persons, or to serve as musical commentaries on abstruse metaphysical themes, but which, even with the aid of elaborate programme notes, leave the hearer in a state of bewilderment which is a sorry substitute for real musical enjoyment. As programme music these tone poems are infinitely inferior from every point of view to such works as Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, Raff's "Lenore," Liszt's "Mazeppa," Saint-Saëns's "Phaéton," or Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, which do not compel the hearer to fritter away his attention in trying to dovetail the music with the corresponding part in the programme. As absolute music they are equally inferior to the works of other living composers—Grieg, Dvorák, Saint-Saëns, Goldmark, Paderewski, MacDowell; none of these men does Strauss equal as a creator of new melodies, stirring harmonies and modulations, and lovely orchestral tints. As a cacophonist alone does he excel them; but his cacophony, while sometimes characteristic and effective, is too often made an end in itself and insisted on with a morbid perseverance and preference. It is no doubt true that there is a growing tolerance of cacophony in music; but this we owe chiefly to Liszt and Wagner, to whose examples Strauss has added little that is original or important. To make an orchestra bleat like a flock of sheep is not an epoch-making achievement, and to take an orchestra of 108 players to illustrate a day in the composer's life at home shows a surprising lack of a sense of humor.

Kind critics have suggested that perhaps Strauss is really poking fun at the public and the scribes who take his music and his programmes seriously. One cannot help suspecting that Mr. Huneker himself has such an intention in his essay. Those who know him best would not be surprised to have him make, in his next book, a keen and savage onslaught on Richard Strauss. Does he not boldly cite Walt Whitman on his title-page?

> "Do I contradict myself?
> Very well, then, I contradict myself."

In one respect we may agree with our author: Strauss does represent one tendency of the time conspicuously, namely, the tendency to require a bigger orchestra the less one has to say. Given plenty of trombones and saxophones, and the audience will be less likely to note the lack of melody. But Mr. Huneker makes a great mistake in pitting Strauss against the music-drama; for Strauss's chief ambition, in all probability, lies in the opera house. His "Guntram" was a failure, but his "Feuersnot" has proved a success, which will probably encourage his operatic ambition. Truth to tell, such music as he writes is infinitely more in place in the opera house than on the concert stage.

The second chapter of 'Overtones' is de-

voted to "Parsifal," and the seventh to Verdi. Here, again, Mr. Huneker gives utterance to opinions which he himself will probably repudiate some day. Verdi was seventy-four when he wrote his "Otello," an opera admirable in style, but painfully weak on the melodic side, which used to be the composer's chief glory. Yet our author finds that "in its score seethes the passion of middle manhood, the fervors of a flowering maturity. . . . Reversing natural processes, this phenomenal being wrote younger music the older he grew." "Parsifal," on the other hand, we are told, is "the most nonsensical, immoral of operas," "the work of a man who had outlived his genius." "An old man, Wagner had reached the end of his ammunition." Even the Flower Girl music is "a disappointment." In these opinions regarding "Otello" and "Parsifal" Mr. Huneker will find himself in a microscopic minority. He refers to Newman's 'A Study of Wagner' as an epoch-making work; but Newman declares that "to make us feel that 'Parsifal' is in many ways the most wonderful and impressive thing ever done in music—this is surely genius of the highest and rarest kind." Even Dr. Hanslick, Wagner's chief foe, admitted cordially that "a man who can write pieces of the enchanting melodious charm of the Flower Girl scene, and of the energy of the final scene in 'Parsifal,' still has control of a power which his youngest contemporaries may envy him."

Just as Richard Strauss often lugs in dissonances apparently for their own sake, so Mr. Huneker peppers his pages with irritating opinions. These things serve their purpose in newspapers, but hardly seem in place in a book. Fortunately, his latest volume contains several sane chapters, which one can read with enjoyment and profit—chapters in which the author's wit and uncommon gift for "slinging ink" (to use one of the late John Fiske's favorite expressions) can be admired to the full. What he says in his chapter entitled "The Eternal Feminine"—that "the piano girl" is passing—seems too good to be true; but undoubtedly the growing taste for outdoor life and sports has decreased the number of "slaves of the ivory." The author holds that "music, apart from the creative side, is a feminine art," and that "the piano music of the eighteenth century was written for women, is woman's music." But can she play Chopin, can she play other modern masters, as men play them? His answer to this question is somewhat non-committal. Of great interest are several chapters which treat of literary men who loved or understood music—especially Turgeneff, Balzac, Daudet, George Moore. These may pass, but Berlioz noted long ago that "most great poets have no appreciation of music, or only of trivial melodies and childish tunes." Under the head of "The Beethoven of French Prose," we have a consideration of Flaubert and his works, and the final chapter considers "After Wagner—What?" disappointingly, for it brings us back to Richard Strauss.

Shakespeare's Books: A Dissertation on Shakespeare's Reading and the Immediate Sources of his Works. By H. R. D. Anders, B.A. (Univ. of the Cape of Good Hope), Ph.D. (Berlin Univ.). Schriften der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, Band I. Berlin: Georg Reimer. 1904.

Ever since the days of Upton and Whalley, and the vigorous refutation of their views by Dr. Farmer, the question of Shakspere's reading has been a subject of active discussion among the leading students of his works. And, indeed, this branch of Shaksperian study has a decided importance from two points of view: first, for its bearing on the subject of the elements which entered into the poet's intellectual development, and, secondly, as embracing the question of the sources of the individual plays. It is, therefore, gratifying to recognize in the book before us—the first contribution, as far as we know, which South Africa has made to Shaksperian lore—the most thoroughgoing treatise that has as yet been devoted to the determination of just what books, tales, songs, etc., Shakspere actually read, as far as the closest investigation of his works permits us to judge. In a field where, so to speak, the whole world has been at work, we could hardly expect of the author any startling finds, but he has collected here from the most widely separated quarters all that has been brought to light in regard to the poet's reading, and, generally speaking, he has sifted with conservatism and good judgment the materials with which he has had to deal.

In the vexed question of Shakspere's classical learning he has happily yielded to the tendency, very marked of recent years, to give a more liberal interpretation to the first clause, at least, of Ben Jonson's famous phrase about the poet's "little Latin and less Greek." On the other hand, Dr. Anders has justly declined to be caught by the tempting suggestion which the late James Russell Lowell threw out, and which Mr. Churton Collins has recently elaborated, to the effect that Shakspere attained a certain knowledge of the Greek tragedians through the Latin translations of their works which often accompanied the original texts in the sixteenth-century editions. Mr. Collins's articles have given a new start to discovery, it would seem, in the domain of Shakspere's reading—witness the attempt of Sir Edward Sullivan in the February *Nineteenth Century* to fix in the list of the poet's books the 'Civil Conversation' of Guazzo—but few readers will acknowledge more than accidental resemblances in the parallel passages which he has so abundantly adduced. Indeed, it is obviously unlikely that the poet, who displays only the most meagre acquaintance with Latin poets of the first rank, like Virgil and Horace, should be painfully seeking a knowledge of the Greek tragic writers through a medium which, it is safe to say, not even professional scholars have ever found anything but a bore.

After giving a very full and interesting survey of the books through which Shakspere as a Stratford schoolboy would have to make his progress, and adding a discussion of his relation to the individual classical authors, the writer takes up in succession the evidences of the poet's reading in the literatures of the Continent (in the modern period), in the literature of his own country, both dramatic and non-dramatic, and in the general literature of ballads, songs, popular tales and jest-books. The study closes with a discussion of Shakspere's knowledge of the Bible and Prayer Book, and a chapter on his "Heaven and Earth"—that is to say, the current notions of the time in the realms of astronomy and geography which have entered into and influenced his works. All of these chapters are very carefully done, erring, if anything, on the side of too great fulness, and we have few criticisms to make.

The most obvious criticism applies to the section in which Shakspere's debt to Marlowe is discussed, and in a less degree to the section on Samuel Daniel. Here the writer shows that he has contracted something of the disease which almost invariably afflicts investigators of sources—namely, that of discovering parallels in every nook and corner. It is absurd, for instance, to characterize as "echoes of Marlowe's poem" the most general allusions to the legend of Hero and Leander in Shakspere's plays. This fault, however, vitiates the whole section on Marlowe as well as the section on Daniel, where, moreover, the false light of Dr. Ewig aids in leading the writer astray. It strikes one, again, as remarkable that Dr. Anders should cite indifferently as Shakspere's everything that is traditionally included in the editions of his works. Thus, no distinction is attempted between Shaksperian and non-Shaksperian parts of plays like "Taming of the Shrew" and "Timon of Athens"; and the "First Part of Henry VI.," as far as citations go, is accepted as unhesitatingly into the Shaksperian canon as "Othello" or "Macbeth." Indeed, the author has unconsciously supplied an argument of real weight against the authenticity of disputed plays like "Titus Andronicus" and the "First Part of Henry VI.," for we do not think that any one can fail to be struck with the far greater numerical evidences of reading in these plays than in those which are undoubtedly from Shakspere's own hand.

In addition to the above, some corrections and criticisms in detail might be made. For instance, one might ask what reason has Dr. Anders for supposing that the tragical conclusion to "King Lear" was derived from some hypothetical earlier version of the story instead of being of Shakspere's own invention. Furthermore, there can be no doubt that the lines in "Much Ado about Nothing," II., i., 205-6, do refer to the story of the blind man who was robbed by the boy. Shakspere did not have to be acquainted with 'Lazarillo de Tormes' to know this story, for, as M. Jusserand pointed out several years ago in his 'English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages,' a miniature in one of the Royal manuscripts of the British Museum attests its existence centuries before the composition of the Spanish romance. In taking leave, however, of this book we gladly bear testimony to the care which has been expended on it and the value of the result. It only remains to be remarked of the style that it has somehow a decidedly foreign flavor, although there are only one or two actual lapses from English idiom in the whole book. As an example of the latter, it is pleasant to observe that the author has reconciled the long-conflicting claims of "standpoint" and "point of view" by an ingenious combination of the two into a new phrase, viz., "standpoint of view."

Editori e Autori: Studi e Passatempi di un Libraio (Piero Barbèra). Florence: G. Barbèra. 1904.

This modest collection of studies and occasional papers is a significant contribution to the history of printers and printing. The author is the present head of the famous Florence publishing-house still bearing its founder's name; and his filial regard for Gaspero Barbèra, manifested throughout, finds especial vent in the painful chapter on the last years of that sturdy character. Here is reproduced Signor Barbèra's report of his observations of the printer's art in this country in 1892, already given to the public, as our readers were made aware at the time; and a corresponding journey to Argentina five years ago furnishes an agreeable and instructive pendant. In the South American republic the great number of Italians engaged in printing establishments of course fixed the attention of our author; but apart from this he was evidently much impressed by the magnitude of certain plants, lithographic and chalcographic more than typographic (as in connection with the match-box industry), and by the prospects of the thriving Plate country. Another paper deals very sensibly with the relations between author and publisher, the risks and profits of the one, the royalty of the other; the expense and annoyance caused in the printing-house by such conscienceless proof-slashers as Alfieri, Ugo Foscolo, and Balzac, and in Italy by the bad habit of putting a work in hand before the author has completed it. A review of the progress of typography is centred upon the development of the printing-press; that (still of wood) used by G. Bodoni, the paragon of modern Italian craftsmen, differing little from Gutenberg's. Koenig, the inventor of the cylinder, figures largely, along with his courageous backer, John Walter of the London *Times*. Robert Hoe also comes of necessity upon the stage. Signor Barbèra's description of DeVinne's processes led one of his countrymen to devise an improved contrivance for facilitating binding. Our author does not regard the linotype as the last word in mechanical composition. In a footnote he welcomes the monotype as very near his idea.

A patriotic discussion of the press and the Italian *Risorgimento*, with its enumeration of liberal presses and publications and pamphleteers in the reactionary days of Italy "a geographical expression," binds together the preceding biographies which are the solid title of this work to esteem and preservation. Passing over the introductory academic, if sympathetic, parallel of Cola Montano and Étienne Dolet, the humanistic printers of the Renaissance, we have a quarter of the volume devoted to the striking career of Nicolò Bettoni (1770-1842), the proprietor of printing-houses, some nobly adorned, in five Northern cities, the publisher of five million volumes of the best Italian literature, a not mean writer, passing from disaster to disaster, yet always paying his workmen promptly, and scrupulous to discharge his debts as soon as he was able; and nevertheless forgotten by the dictionary makers. Signor Barbèra throws light upon his unhappy difference with Foscolo, who does not shine as friend or client. Bettoni also made the first advance towards the cylinder press with his *Vite-et-bien* improvement. His mark was an eagle, sometimes holding in its beak a medallion of Franklin, with the motto *Eripuit cœlo*, etc. Another worthy resuscitated is the Hebrew David Passigli (1783-1857), a most careful printer, who enriched his publications with original and truly artistic illustrations. These included Manuzzi's Dictionary of the Italian Language and Scifoni's Universal Biographical Dictionary. More important still, he employed as foreman the future great publisher Félix Le Monnier, who in turn bred to the business Gaspero Barbèra.

Vincenzo Battelli (1786-1858) was another artistic printer, who housed his factory ornately. He was himself a colorist and aquarellist. By popular subscription he provided the funds for filling Vasari's niches in the Uffizi with statues of the most illustrious Tuscans, as the architect had contemplated. Battelli's vicissitudes were akin to those of Bettoni and Passigli. There remains to mention Paolo Galeati of Imola, "the last of the classics," a wise continuer of Bodoni in fine printing, a potent friend of free speech in the interest of Italian revolution. Any one interested both in Italy and in the printer's art will be repaid for reading these altogether praiseworthy "Studies and Diversions."

Problems of the Present South. By Edgar Gardner Murphy. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

In all ages, human beings, when living in isolated communities, have been apt to believe their own to be the centre of the universe, and themselves to be possessed of all virtue and wisdom, and, with the Chinese of other days, to regard the outside world as "foreign devils." When light breaks in on such a community, what a welcome it should receive! Mr. Murphy's little volume deserves to be read by all thoughtful Americans, expressing as it does, for almost the first time in the South, the feeling that it will not do for any portion of the country to remain in darkness.

The author, always from an intelligent Southern point of view, discusses the question still the most vexed with which the country has to deal; and when it is said that he would welcome the decent and educated negro as a voter, it will be conceived how refreshingly his views contrast with the sentiments of a Vardaman or a Tillman, and how hopefully he shows that there is in truth a New South which those demagogues cannot muzzle. On one point, however, we should be glad to have Mr. Murphy give less questionable grounds for the optimism which pervades his book. He tells us that the law which gives the vote to illiterate whites and withholds it from all men of African descent (unless they can prove to a board of white registrars that they are sufficiently educated) is operative only "for a brief fixed period." But who, we would ask, is to guarantee that "the unqualified white men," who, as he says, have been "included in the partnership of reorganization" because "they held the key of the political situation," will quit their hold? "He who has but small esteem, husbands that little carefully," and those who have hitherto had the satisfaction of looking down on a class just below them will surely fight tooth and nail against the progressive and liberal men of the South, whom Mr. Murphy represents, in order that the color line may be kept as hard and fast as ever.

That Mr. Murphy is still under the delusion that what he calls the "social sanctity of the table" in the South differs materially from that in the North, and that he implies that either can be threatened by one's asking an educated and cultivated fellow-citizen with a darker skin than his own to take a meal at it, may well be excused, especially as his views are much more delicately and tactfully given than has been usual with those who have hitherto approached the subject. In short, if every white Southerner were as temperate, sensible and just as the author of the 'The Present South,' we should have no fear for "The South of the Future." But, while there is in many of its States such a fearful percentage of illiterate blacks and whites as that of which he tells us, we cannot but feel as much alarm at the prospect as that caused us by the percentage, in the North, of ignorant and bribable voters, who form the chief reliance of Tammany in New York and Quay in Philadelphia.

Highways and Byways in Sussex. By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The latest volume of this charming series deals with a county which, except along its coast, is little explored by the American visitor to England. For most people, in fact, Sussex is, as Mr. Kipling calls it, "Sussex by the sea." Yet Brighton, Eastbourne, and the rest of those cosmopolitan and democratic resorts have nothing to do with the Sussex of which Mr. Belloc wrote his poem, proving, like Mr. Kipling, that one need not be born in the county to be inspired with its fervent local patriotism:

> "I never get between the pines
> But I smell the Sussex air,
> Nor I never come on a belt of sand
> But my home is there;
> And along the sky the line of the Downs
> So noble and so bare."

The great hills of the south country, the Downs, lie between the towns of the coast and the Weald in the north, almost undiscovered country, "the symbol of Sussex." At their highest no more than eight hundred feet, they are great swells and billows rather than hills, and give a sense of repose with their gentle outlines. On their highest points are the barrows of the early Britons, and there the Romans made their camps, and, leading from them, those mysterious sunken paths, still existing, by which the legionaries could drop unseen upon the terrified Britons in the Weald below. At Bignor the Romans built a villa, which must have covered some acres, the home of some Roman colonial governor; with its pavements and hot-air pipes nearly two thousand years old, a vivid token of Roman occupation. Englishmen never forget that Cæsar landed at Deal, and William the Norman at Pevensey; the unprotected Sussex coast has been the nightmare of many a statesman. One must go to Sussex to realize that the Romans actually stayed in England over four hundred years.

After the Roman, came the Saxon, and made Sussex his own in spite of the Norman conquest; the Sussex dialect is mainly Saxon, as are the field names and the character of the peasants. Sussex is traditionally the "silly" county, as Cumberland is the "canny," and its patriotic historians pride them-

selves on its large preserve of fallow brains, and quote Renan's assertion of his debt to the solid Breton stupidity of his ancestors. So, too, the Greeks found reserves of strength in slow-witted Bœotia. Cricket is a good index of the character of a county, Sussex, not famous for effort in other pursuits, is supposed to be no good at "staying a rot." There are no people more conservative; a visitor from another county is a "foreigner"—only the men of Sussex are allowed to be "English." A tale told by Mr. Lucas illustrates how completely the inhabitants are out of the movement. A Sussex man who found himself in London for the first time, exclaimed with astonishment: "What a queer large place! Why, it ain't like Newick and it ain't like Chailey." Forty years ago Mr. Lower prepared for Prince Lucien Bonaparte a Sussex version of the "Song of Solomon." Mr. Lucas gives one chapter from this curiosity of literature, invaluable to the student of local English dialects and vagaries of pronunciation. It is interesting to note that Penn took with him two hundred colonists from Sussex. But it is in New England rather than in Pennsylvania that one finds Sussex words; the Sussex man "guesses" and "reckons," calls autumn "the fall," and "disremembers" like Huck Finn.

Sussex is full of places with a past, like Tunbridge Wells, of fine old haunted manor-houses, of picturesque legends of smugglers and highwaymen hanged in chains. It was once a great iron county, and produced the first English cannon in the days of which Thomas Fuller says that "ingenuity crossed her hands" when a monk founded the first cannon while a soldier was inventing printing. The literary associations of Sussex are rather modern; Mr. Kipling lives at Burwash, Mr. Henry James at Rye; Richard Jefferies wrote in his essays some of the best descriptions of Sussex scenery. This is all imported talent, and few of the natives have expressed the essential feeling of those whose home is in the county as directly as Mr. Kipling:

> "God gave all men all earth to love,
> But since man's heart is small,
> Ordains for each one spot shall prove
> Beloved over all.
> Each to his choice, and I rejoice
> The lot has fallen to me
> In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
> Yea, Sussex by the sea!"

Mr. Lucas, the editor of Charles Lamb, writes in a vivacious semi-antiquarian style which is admirably suited to the series. The illustrations by Mr. Frederick L. Griggs are numerous and attractive.

The Modern Bank. By Amos Kidder Fiske. D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

Many books have been written on banking; and, we must admit, many that are easier reading than this. Adam Smith explained some of the leading principles of the subject in a manner that has never been improved upon, and Bagehot's brilliant essays will always hold their place as an incomparable exposition of the forces which operate in the money market. Mr. Fiske's aim is different. He proposes to exhibit the actual course of business in a modern bank in all its details. He describes the statutory organization, the physical equipment of vaults and safes and cages, of books and records and securities and cash. He enumerates the officers and the employees, and explains minutely their respective duties. He shows us how the business of the day begins, and how it proceeds through its infinity of technical details until the books are balanced at the close of a period of as concentrated attention as is required in any calling in the world. Nothing is omitted. With the aid of this book one ignorant of the elements of banking might enter one of our modern institutions and comprehend its whole mechanism without asking a question. Possibly many of those actually engaged in the work might learn particulars to which they had never before given thought.

In tracing these details, Mr. Fiske has proceeded with the most conscientious accuracy. His observations were carried on with the aid of very competent experts, and his results have been submitted to the best of critics. It is doubtful if a misstatement of fact is to be found in the work. As we have intimated, it is not easy reading; nor perhaps could one so constructed be of a "popular" character. The business of banking, from this point of view, is mechanical; much of it is actually carried on by machines—we might almost say of much of it that the more nearly the men engaged act like machines, the better. It is a routine, in the main, and the more precisely the established methods are followed, the smoother does the whole mechanism proceed. Regularity is the cardinal virtue of the bank clerk. Whatever is unusual or unprecedented is felt, as a clock feels the intrusion of a particle of dust, and produces hesitation, caution, or even disorder. The effect of this accumulation of detail, if wearisome, is impressive. The machinery is amazing in its complexity and in its perfection. It is to some extent the product of legislation; many things have to be done because the law commands them, not because they are essential. But, on the whole, the modern bank is a beautiful example of the development of a human institution in response to the continually enlarging demands of industry.

In view of the stiffness of the task set by Mr. Fiske for his readers, it might have been well to infuse a little more of the personal element. It is not an unreasonable curiosity for a young man to wish to know the compensation which clerks and tellers receive for their severe labors, and how long they must serve before promotion. It would be less reasonable to ask Mr. Fiske to undertake what lies beyond his present scope, and to discuss questions which must some day be decided, such as the basis of circulating notes. On such questions his opinion would be of weight, and we must regret that the limits of his work, and perhaps his own modesty, have not allowed him to express it. We cannot but regard it, however, as a mistake to give no account of the taxation of banks—a matter which every banker must consider. At the foot of page 134 the omission of a negative destroys the meaning of a sentence; and the statement on page 255 that banks were first instituted for the safe-keeping of valuables, conflicts with that on page 261, that the first banks were agencies for managing Government loans. The chapters on the great banks of other countries are remarkable for the amount of information which they condense—information which is, perhaps, nowhere else presented in so convenient and available a form. Mr. Fiske certainly deserves high praise for the painstaking fidelity with which he has carried out a very laborious undertaking.

Matthew Arnold and his Relation to the Thought of Our Time: An Appreciation and a Criticism. By William Harbutt Dawson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

There is to-day, Mr. Dawson says in his preface, "a cult of Matthew Arnold," which must grow, "because many tendencies of the age are in its favor"; still more "because many influences are opposed to it," and "because the healthiest instincts of human nature and the deepest interests of civilization require that it shall combat these opposing influences and overcome them." The object of this book is to show what this cult is, and why it must prevail. Briefly, it is that of *idealism*, using the word in the sense of the pursuit of perfection. Of this pursuit Arnold was the poet, the expounder, and the preacher. This idealism attracts, however, "by virtue of its very soberness and sanity, attracts because it appeals to no phantom of the imagination, presumes no conditions unattainable in the actual life of mankind, but, taking human nature as it is, recognizing its rigid limitations no less than its vast possibilities, presents for acceptance a discipline of thought and a scheme of conduct both worthy and inspiring, and that the more since they carry the sanction of his own experience." This is well said, but it reminds us at the same time how difficult it is to sum up in a few words what Matthew Arnold has been, and is, to those who have come under his influence.

The book as a whole is a very fair restatement of everything that Arnold had to say to the world, but does not deal with him directly as a poet. It is divided into three parts, Culture, Religion, and Politics, and it would be a waste of time to discuss it in detail. The question which it suggests is how far it is true that we may look forward to an increasing Arnold cult. The author's idea evidently is that Arnold's philosophy will now loom larger than ever on the intellectual horizon because it is the antithesis of the "strenuous" creed. The difficulty here, however, is that although the idea of the strenuous life would not have commended itself to Arnold any more than to Marcus Aurelius, Arnold belonged to his own time and aimed the shafts of his wit at the contemporary enemies of culture. His delightful banter and satire were deadly to the Philistinism in English society as it existed about him; but a different epoch has succeeded, and his generation is gone. The Philistines of to-day, too, masquerade as children of light, and vouch for themselves as apostles of culture. All this is confusing. It is easier, perhaps, now to read Arnold as a classic than to set up a cult of him with a practical view to the immediate intellectual or moral struggle of our time.

But, cult or no cult, he cannot have too many faithful adherents or admirers. Poet, satirist, philosopher, teacher, he stands out amid the bustle and vulgarity of the latter half of the nineteenth century, a remarkable figure in bold relief. Disraeli expressed approval of him because he "launched phrases"; Gladstone complained that his Christianity was an invention; the Philis-

tines misunderstood him, and the Barbarians certainly resented him. But he held to his course as few men have ever succeeded in doing, and he is already among the masters, while we are still wondering as to many of the conspicuous figures of his day whether they were great men or only great impostors.

Recent Excavations in the Roman Forum, 1898-1904. By E. Burton-Brown. Scribner. 1904.

How greatly the aspect of the Roman Forum has changed during the last six years few can realize who have not studied the recent excavations carefully, either on the spot, or by means of photographs and accurate descriptions. No period of equal length in all the history of excavations in Rome has yielded such varied and important historical and archæological results, and none has in so many details altered the appearance of a familiar area. Critical and technical accounts of these discoveries as a whole have been issued in the *Notizie degli Scavi* by Comm. Boni, who has conducted the excavations with such great wisdom and care, in the *Bullettino Comunale* by Prof. Dante Vaglieri, and in the *Römische Mittheilungen* by Prof. Chr. Hülsen, who is of all men living the one most qualified to speak with critical authority of all matters connected with Roman topography. Briefer summaries have been printed in the *Classical Review* by Mr. Thomas Ashby; but, for a connected description in English, suited to the reading of the ordinary traveller, we have to thank Mrs. E. Burton-Brown (a first classic of Girton, if we mistake not).

Hers is a pretty and readable little book, with good photographic illustrations and suitable plans. The advertised preface by Boni is naught, but his authority has been followed with marked closeness, not merely for facts, but also for their interpretation. When we are told that within a depth of about thirteen feet of soil and débris on the Comitium the existence of twenty-three distinct geologic and archæologic strata has been definitely determined, and that the "magnetic inclination" (whatever that may mean) of the earlier burial-urns in the newly discovered necropolis near the temple of Antoninus and Faustina establishes their precise date as the thirteenth century B. C., we must be pardoned for wondering if archæology is not running a wee bit awry. Nor can we believe that the circle of columns that supported the domed roof of Vesta's temple in its imperial restoration finds its prototype, not in Greek architecture, but in the multiplication of the door-jambs of the prehistoric Italian hut-urn. The writer sometimes "contaminates" her authorities curiously. She gives us Middleton on methods of Roman construction, and he perpetuates the Vitruvian confusion of wall-facing with wall-structure, and talks of wall-facing in *opus incertum*, even as others, who cannot point to actual examples of such a wall-facing in Rome. But certain of Mrs. Burton-Brown's authorities are accustomed to speak (and correctly) of various forms of concrete as *opus incertum*, and therefore her account furnishes us with a dozen instances of *opus incertum* as a wall-facing in the Forum itself. Indeed, indications of a lack of thorough classical and archæological grounding on the part of the writer are evident throughout the book, though they will not seriously impair its usefulness for those for whom it was designed.

Many small points need correction. The following are but samples: Gaius, not Caius, is the proper form of the Roman name; Volsci, not Volsces, were sometime enemies of Rome; the play of Plautus is "Curculio," not Curculius, and the Forum the *locus oculatissimus* of the whole city, not *oculantissimus*. The Roman proverb spoke of washing a brick, not of washing brick walls; "Q. St. D. F." is not the *name* of a Roman festival; the Pontifex Maximus was by no means "the head of all the priesthoods" in the same sense in which he exercised paternal authority over the Vestals; and the *præses* of a province was more than a mere "magistrate" in it. "Perpendicular" is not a synonym for "vertical"; the church near Pompey's theatre is S. Andrea della Valle; the inscription to L. Cæsar found near the Basilica Æmilia commemorates him as "princeps iuuentutis" (and his augurship should be mentioned in the translation of it); the tribunal of Plin. Ep. VI., 33, was in the Basilica Iulia, not in the Forum; nor can a fire be said to have "burned in uninterrupted connection with mother earth" when it was ten or fifteen feet above her bosom, even if it were likely that only the fire-grate intervened between them.

Life of General Philip Schuyler, 1733-1804. By Bayard Tuckerman. Dodd, Mead & Company. 1903. Pp. 277.

In a brief preface Mr. Tuckerman informs us that "this memoir is based on General Schuyler's papers and letter-books, on the Gates papers, . . . on the archives of the State department in Washington, and on some other collections of original historical material." It would have been interesting to know what these "other collections" were, but one must needs be content with this description, for no other or further bibliography is vouchsafed and no specific reference to any original authority is made. It is, consequently, difficult to determine whether Mr. Tuckerman has examined all the sources, or whether he has used satisfactorily such as have been examined. It appears, however, that he has been mainly interested in the military career of Schuyler; much space has been devoted to the rivalry between Schuyler and Gates, and the Gates papers (one may guess) have been used here to good purpose.

Mr. Tuckerman sympathizes with Schuyler and wholly exonerates him, yet he presents the case impartially, and even without much zest. His position is that Schuyler's conduct was patriotic and efficient without being brilliant, and that his retirement was the result of New England prejudice and the intrigues of Gates. Schuyler's connection with the New Hampshire grants dispute, small as it was; his acceptance of Johnson's parole, which was broken; the necessary (as Mr. Tuckerman thinks) evacuation of Ticonderoga; and probably a manner natural enough to a member of the New York "aristocracy"—these were the facts which aroused and kept alive the opposition to Schuyler in New England. This opposition might have been overcome, or lived down, had it not been for Gates, who, as Mr. Tuckerman makes quite clear, was deliberately making use of the New England feeling to get himself appointed in Schuyler's place, which he finally succeeded in doing. Mr. Tuckerman's summary of this unfortunate episode is just: "The retirement of Schuyler was an error excusable under the circumstances. But the choice of his successor was a great mistake" (p. 231).

Dwelling on the military career of Schuyler has left the author little space for his post-Revolutionary services, which are dispatched in twenty-four pages. If, in a life of Schuyler based upon the sources, one might have expected to get some facts about the origin of the Federalist party, or to have old facts treated originally, Mr. Tuckerman's exhibition will prove a disappointment. True, the correspondence between Schuyler and Hamilton of most value, from this point of view, was destroyed; yet the treatment of these last years is certainly unfortunately brief and irritatingly conventional. Somewhat more space has been given to the early years of Schuyler and to the environment in which he grew to manhood; the double character of Schuyler's position—at the same time landed aristocrat and frontiersman—is properly emphasized. On the other hand, minor errors are rather too frequent. "Corlear" personifies the inhabitants of Albany at page 11, but the Governor of New York at page 27. The New York Assembly was not chosen "by freeholders only," and it is misleading to say that it "sat for seven years" (p. 76). The impression one gets from page 76 is that the Assembly of 1768 was the last Assembly of the colonial period. It is implied that the Sons of Liberty were organized as early as November, 1765 (p. 77). This is a common misconception for which, so far as we are aware, there is no evidence. The conciliatory policy of Moore was not the only or the principal cause of the reactionary tendency which set in after the Stamp Act trouble (p. 80). It is assumed that the Conservative party, which in 1774 occupied a middle ground between Loyalists and Radicals, was composed exclusively of men who finally supported the Revolution (p. 82). In fact, the Conservatives split in two—some became Revolutionists, some Loyalists. The index is poor. The book is attractively printed and bound.

Essays and Addresses, 1900-1903. By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury. The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Anything said or written by Lord Avebury (better known to the public as Sir John Lubbock) has always commanded attention. A book like this, dealing with a wide diversity of topics, gives us the means of gauging the nature of his authority—an authority long established with a large circle of readers, both here and in his own country. It is not that of the specialist, though we believe that in one field he stands as an original discoverer; it is not so much that his work has helped to "popularize" science, though he has done his share of this; but that, in whatever he treats, whether it be related to science or not, whether it be Huxley's Work, or Bank Holidays, or Education, or Municipal Trading (to take a few of the titles in the present collection of miscellanies), he employs with remarkable success a method so rational, so lucid, so disinterested, that it gives him a position apart. It is to the voice of

Truth we listen—not Truth militant, but Truth expository. Whether it is the Pleasures of Life which are under analysis, or the Fiscal Policy of England, we are equally convinced. Now, given this method as applied to a single branch of science, to science itself, to a thousand subjects of common interest, political, social, and moral, and you have a type of writer or public instructor who stands by himself. It is not the type of Darwin or Faraday, but of one who, having mastered the true *organum* of investigation, shows how it may be applied to everything human, or at least to everything human that will stand it. Pure literature does not come within this category, and hence when we come to Ruskin and Richard Jefferies Lord Avebury is least at home.

In reading him, what we wonder at, apart from his treatment of the special matter in hand, is his remarkable equipment for his task. He does, to be sure, betray sometimes a solemnity which leads the reader to suspect a congenital lack of humor. For instance, after mentioning a joke about Jefferies to the effect that his first and only friendship was with "the man in the tumulus" (*i. e.*, the remains of an ancient chief buried there), he thinks it best to warn his hearers that this was an "exaggeration." But, as we have said, this is not his field. In the present volume, the two noticeable essays on the Position of British Commerce and Our Fiscal Policy are new, and all the more interesting because they were written before Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches.

In what we have said, it must not be supposed that we have desired even to suggest an estimate of Lord Avebury as a contributor to science strictly so called. The present volume does not invite it. In these pages we meet the accomplished savant at home in widely different fields, and deeply versed in important public questions. Pervading it all there is something individual —a serene and lucid honesty of mind and purpose, which may not be genius, but is akin to it, and perhaps equally rare.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Michael. First Steps in Hebrew Grammar. London: David Nutt. 2s.
Atherton, Gertrude. Rulers of Kings. (Fiction.) Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Bacon, Leonard Woolsey. The Congregationalists. (The Story of the Churches.) The Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.
Bangs, John Kendrick. The Inventions of the Idiot. Harper & Bros. $1.25.
Bell, J. J. Later Adventures of Wee Macgreegor. Harper & Bros. $1.25.
Binney, Charles Chauncey. The Life of Horace Binney. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Blackburn, Vernon. Mendelssohn. (Bell's Miniature Series of Musicians.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.
Browne, G. Waldo. Japan. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $2.50.
Burgess, Gellett, and Irwin, Will. The Picaroons. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Captivity and Sufferings of Benjamin Gilbert and Family, 1780-'83. Reprinted from original edition of 1784. Introduction by Frank H. Severance. (Narratives of Captivities.) Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Brothers Co. $3.50 net.
Carpenter, Frank G. Geographical Reader—Australia, Our Colonies, and Other Islands of the Sea. American Book Co.
Cicero's Orations. Introduction and notes by Charles E. Bennett. (Bennett's Latin Series.) Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.
De Vere, Mary Ainge (Madeline Bridges). The Wind-Swept Wheat. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Dickson, Marguerite Stockman. A Hundred Years of Warfare: 1689-1789. The Macmillan Co.
Die Leipziger Ausstellung in St. Louis im Jahre 1904. Leipzig: J. J. Weber.
Downing, Laura Case. Poem Pictures. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Eggleston, Edward. New Century History of the United States. American Book Co.
Eggleston, George Cary. The American Immortals. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.
Freund, Ernst. The Police Power. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. $6 net.
Harris, Joel Chandler. A Little Union Scout. (Fiction.) McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.25.
Hobbes's Leviathan. Edited by A. R. Waller. (Cambridge English Classics.) Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co.
Irwin, Wallace. Fairy Tales Up-to-Now. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. 25 or 50 cents net.
Johnson, Clifton. Old Time Schools and School Books. The Macmillan Co. $2.
Kent, Charles Foster. Beginnings of Hebrew History. (The Student's Old Testament.) Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75 net.
King, Basil. The Steps of Honor. (Fiction.) Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Krans, Horatio Sheafe. William Butler Yeats. (Contemporary Men of Letters Series.) McClure, Phillips & Co.
Lombard, Luigi. Osservazioni di un Musicista Nord-Americano. Traduzione dall' Inglese di G. B. Polleri. Milan: Fratelli Treves. 2.50 lire.
Luckey, G. W. A. Professional Training of Secondary Teachers in the United States. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology and Education. Vol. XII., Nos. 1-4.) The Macmillan Co. $2.
Macray, William Dunn. A Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. New Series. Vol. IV., Fellows, 1648-1712. London and New York: Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d. net.
Moore, T. Sturge. The Centaur's Booty; The Rout of the Amazons, and The Gazelles and Other Poems. London: Duckworth & Co. 1s. net each.
More's Utopia. Edited by J. Churton Collins. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d.
Morrow, John; McLean, A. C.; and Blaisdell, Thomas C. Steps in English. Books I. and II. American Book Co.
Munger, Theodore T. Essays for the Day. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Newhall, Charles S. Trees and Shrubs of North-Eastern America. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
New International Encyclopædia. Vols. XV., XVI., and XVII. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Rain, Thomas. Browning for Beginners. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.; New York: The Macmillan Co. 60 cents.
Rawnsley, H. D. Flower-Time in the Oberland. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co.
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Social Progress: A Year-Book and Encyclopedia, 1904. Edited by Josiah Strong. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.
Spelling by Grades. American Book Co.
Steinhausen, Georg. Geschichte der Deutschen Kultur. Leipzig and Vienna: Bibliographisches Institut. 1 m.
Stowell, Roy Sherman. A Study of George Eliot's Romola. Boston: The Poet-Lore Co. $1.
The People's Psalter. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. 75 cents net.
The Vedânta-Sûtras, with the Commentary of Râmânuga. Translated by George Thibaut. (Vol. XLVIII., Part iii. The Sacred Books of the East.) Oxford: The Clarendon Press.; New York: Henry Frowde. 25s.
The Voice of America on Kishinev. Edited by Cyrus Adler. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.
Tolman, Albert H. The Views about Hamlet, and Other Essays. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Vaughan's Poems. Introduction and notes by Edward Hutton. (The Little Library.) London: Methuen & Co. 1s. 6d. net.
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Waller, M. E. The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus. (Fiction.) Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Watrous, Andrew Edward. Poems. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1 net.
White, Stewart Edward. The Silent Places. (Fiction.) McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
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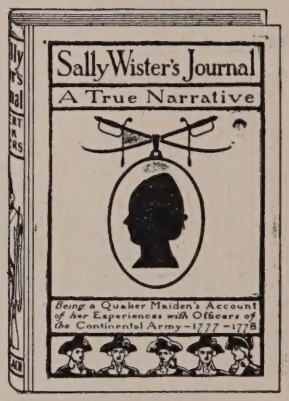
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1904.

The Week.

It is one thing to extend the iniquitous Chinese Exclusion act; it is quite another matter to square that policy with the probable needs of what is to be virtually the Crown colony of Panama. We may turn back Chinese subjects on the mere suspicion of "a duly appointed immigration officer," but in Panama they will very probably need coolies to haul and dig. Yet if the President is to receive in the Isthmus the powers that Jefferson exercised over the Territory of Louisiana, a little matter like law will hardly be allowed to delay the cutting of that ditch. It will always be competent for Mr. Roosevelt to appoint no inspectors at all, or to choose such as are not suspicious enough to take a coolie for a Mongol. We think the Senate need not let the point of law and consistency delay the extension of the Chinese Exclusion act. To a Crown colony government all things are lawful. Of course, the disinterment of Jefferson's act for the government of the Louisiana purchase will deceive nobody. No Congress could have framed a government offhand for that unexplored wilderness.

Both on party and on public grounds the Democratic Senators are justified in opposing the Philippine railroad guaranty. That clause of the general act gives the Philippine Commission full power to pledge the insular credit for thirty years. Such an action would mean that, whenever an autonomous government was set up, it would have to assume a great burden of obligations which were not of its incurring. To vote away Philippine money at Washington for a term of years would be an indication that we intend to treat the Islands as England treats India, holding them in indefinite tutelage. So the Democrats are absolutely right in demanding that no such discretion be given to the Philippine Commission until a policy shall have been fixed and proclaimed. Once assurances of independence were given to the Filipinos, it would be clearly inadvisable to saddle them with a load of debt for public improvements. If, on the other hand, independence must be put off, as Secretary Taft has hinted, for a century or so—why, then the Commission may fairly ask for a larger charter. On this point Secretary Taft owes an explanation to the capitalists upon whom he is urging Philippine investments to-day. They should be told under what form of government they are asked to invest.

Others may indulge in metaphysical discussions of the tariff, but Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire prefers to judge it by its fruits. He avers that our continued prosperity as a nation is the best possible assurance that our fiscal policy is sound and stable. This "continued prosperity" is witnessed in the shutting up of silk and cotton mills, the slow business in wool and woollens, the lessened profits in the iron and steel industries, the falling off in exports, and the reduction of wages and salaries throughout the country. The Senator placed the cost of strikes in 1903 at $1,000,000,000, but, of course, this does not trouble him. The idleness "was not due to lack of opportunity for employment"; there was work enough for everybody—at a price. Let us keep the tariff problem as simple as possible. We have all heard of the Iowa idea, the Minnesota idea, and the Massachusetts idea. But such ideas, says Senator Gallinger, cannot live long. "The only idea that should be cultivated is the American idea—the fiscal policy that protects all alike." This is sound doctrine. The foolishness of trying to keep an eye on the particular needs of Iowa or Massachusetts is apparent at a glance. There is only one really effective way of distributing prosperity by tariff. Put it up for sale and let the highest bidder have it. That allows an equal chance to everybody and every section, and is the true "American idea."

Representative Grosvenor's opinions of President Roosevelt are not less interesting than President Roosevelt's opinion of Representative Grosvenor. Each, as Congressman Kitchin showed on Friday, is eminent both as an author and an authority. When Mr. Roosevelt was Civil Service Commissioner he frankly described Grosvenor and others as "champions of foul government and dishonest politicians," and he added, "These men have a knack for office-mongering, just as some other men have a knack for picking people's pockets." This characterization of Grosvenor is exquisitely apt, a proof of Mr. Roosevelt's skill as a writer. Grosvenor frankly admits that his ambition is to lay hands on everything he can seize for his constituents; and he does not need to confess that he is equally ready to get what he can for himself. As a promoter of literary get-rich-quick schemes he has no equal in or out of Congress. It was not, however, in his famous 'Book of the Presidents' that he spoke his mind about Roosevelt, but in one of his by-products, correspondence for a newspaper. Writing from the Philadelphia convention of 1900 to the New York *Journal*, Representative Grosvenor had charged Quay and Platt with endeavoring to "dump" Roosevelt "upon the Presidential ticket for their own sordid purposes." As one who was near the throne, Grosvenor averred that this was an effort to "force McKinley to accept as a running mate one who was distasteful to him." When confronted with his own words, Grosvenor offered the weak excuse that "times and conditions have changed," and that Roosevelt's character has "developed." As yet we do not hear from Roosevelt why a champion of foul government and a dishonest politician was put forward as the public defender of the President's labor record. Have times and conditions changed, and has Grosvenor's character also developed?

The latest debate on the Capitol extension was notable because no Senator condemned the architectural profession out of hand, and because several of those who had been most vigorous in repudiation of that craft gave evidence of a complete change of mind. Senator Gallinger, for example, who a month ago had protested against the defiling touch of architectural sophistication in public building, voted cheerfully to submit the project to a commission including three architects of repute. Mr. Lodge, who had questioned the professional fee as excessive, transferred his pair with Mr. Clay in order to vote yea. In general, the history of the Capitol was reviewed, the solicitude of previous Congresses for "the noble structure our fathers erected" recalled with commendation, and the plans of the late Thomas U. Walter discussed with an intelligence meet for a seminary of fine arts. Evidently, a great work of education has quietly been going on, and the mollifying influences of art are permeating the most savage Senatorial breasts. All this is well, for it means that Congress is beginning to realize that it is the custodian of no mean monument. We shall probably not again see the Capitol turned over for demolition to a clerk who happens to have Congressional friends in high place.

The Republican national chairmanship is getting to have the air of being hawked about. Mr. Root would not have it. Gov. Crane of Massachusetts said, "I pray thee have me excused," and now it is reported that the position is to be offered to Gov. Murphy of New Jersey. His main qualification is openly admitted to be that of a good collector of funds. No one stands patter than he does; hence, no one could, in the historic phrase, fry out more fat. But it will be found, we believe, that there is one insurmountable objection to Gov. Murphy. His last annual message was filled with

glorification of the Trusts. Indeed, it went so far in that direction as to be taken as a direct attack upon President Roosevelt's Trust policy. It would be a trifle awkward, therefore, to have a Trust-"busting" campaign managed by a Trust-coddling chairman. Accordingly, we presume that Gov. Murphy will find his engagements such that he cannot accept the position.

It was fitting that Senator Foraker should "fire the opening gun of the Roosevelt campaign," as he is said to have done at the Vermont Republican Convention. He is not the Foraker that he was only a short time ago. If fate deprives us of a Hanna, it restores us a Foraker. New times demand new men, and Foraker is the man for the present. The President requires a mouthpiece. Lodge does not quite fill the bill, in spite of the fact that no departure of the President is so radical that historical justification cannot be found for it in the wide learning of the junior Senator from Massachusetts. There, too, is Senator Spooner, with his mind full of legal subtleties—the President cannot act quicker than this apologist can think. But his explanations involve too much reflection. The President is a plain, blunt man. His business is "to get there." What is needed is one who shall interpret such a President to a busy, care-vexed people, not by historical allusions, nor legal subtleties, but by heart-to-heart talks. That is where Foraker is preëminent. He himself knows what it is "to get there." The rarefied atmosphere of high political thinking has no attraction for him. He loves to get right down among the people who control the votes and deal out post-offices and collectorships to them. It was from such high tasks that he was called to sound the "keynote" of the Republican campaign. "We are standing pat." Standing pat on what? On as much protection "now as ever heretofore"; on a meaningless reciprocity; on unlimited expenditures; on unlawful interference in the affairs of neighboring countries; on a belligerent attitude towards the other hemisphere; on the usurpation of legislative functions by the President. The Republican party is the party that "does things," says Senator Foraker. No one would dream from his speech that there is a possibility of doing things badly.

The former postmaster at Dunkirk, Frederick C. Nagle, and his bondsmen are being sued by the Government for the recovery of money illegally paid out through his office. This is one of the star cases printed in the Bristow report as an illustration of the "reckless and criminal waste" of George W. Beavers. John A. Link was appointed a laborer in the Dunkirk office on May 1, 1898, at $600 yearly; and he drew pay until June 30, 1903, a period of more than five years. He received in all $3,100.55. And yet, throughout, he worked at his trade of barber; he rendered no service to the Government, though he had the grace to pay $171 for a temporary substitute. The postmaster who permitted such a fraud is very properly liable for the loss. But what shall be said of former Representative, now Judge, Warren B. Hooker? He is the man who is charged with instigating the plan; he was unusually successful in procuring such favors from the obliging Beavers. Nagle seems merely to have been a wheel in Hooker's political machine; but Nagle suffers the legal penalty, while Hooker is promoted to the bench.

Our State Department is of the opinion that a sin confessed is half forgiven. Early this year an order was sent to our consuls abroad to require original bills in the case of all goods shipped to the United States. The hardship of this was so great that the American Chamber of Commerce at Paris, on March 4, sent a protest to Washington, asking for a suspension of the order and declaring it impossible to enforce it. This has just resulted in cable instructions to the Consul-General at Paris to comply, and the news has been telegraphed to the other consulates in Europe. But is not this a dangerous precedent? Suppose the original order did work hardship to exporters to this country. Is not the whole object of this Government to discourage imports? Our aim should be to keep out everything. As Senator Dolliver said last week, we shall not consent to any change which surrenders the rights of American labor or the advantage which every man who makes a bona-fide investment of his money in the United States "ought to have over his competitors in other lands." Let us be just to ourselves before we are generous to our competitors. To construe the Constitution loosely may be a venial offence; but certainly anything but the strictest interpretation of the protective tariff is most tolerable and not to be endured.

A close study of the trade report of the United States for March reveals certain interesting facts. The exports last month were the smallest for any March since the close of 1899, with the exception of 1902. Imports, however, with the exception of 1903, were the largest on record. To put it another way, in March, 1898, we showed an excess of exports amounting to $51,058,313, against $28,511,235 in 1904. The excess of exports for the nine months since July 1, 1903, is greatly above that of a year ago; but it was then unusually small. But the important fact is, if exports continue to shrink at the rate indicated in March, some awkward explanations will be in order later on. A diminishing balance of trade is an embarrassing feature of a Presidential year. Last week Representative Hamilton of Michigan made a "red-hot" speech, stating that "there is something about the Republican party that sends things above par, and something about the opposition that sends things below par." Speaking generally, industrial conditions do not seem exactly above par at present. If, on top of these, exports continue to fall off about $12,000,000 a month, while imports decline not more than $5,000,000, will not the balance-of-trade theory have to be retired for repairs?

The dismissal, Monday, of the Virginia suffrage cases marks the latest failure to get the constitutionality of the various Southern disfranchising measures fairly before the United States Supreme Court. The cases in question were based on prayers to restrain the canvass of the returns of the Congressional election of November 4, 1902. The Court has found no difficulty in avoiding jurisdiction. It simply declares, in the opinion by Justice Brewer, that the thing sought to be prohibited has been done, and cannot be undone by any order of the Court. The canvass has been made, certificates of election have been issued, the House of Representatives, which is the sole judge of the qualifications of its members, has admitted the parties holding the certificates. Therefore, any adjudication which the court might make would be only "an ineffectual decision" of the question whether the petitioners had been wronged "by what had been fully accomplished." Thus far, those who have attempted to test the constitutionality of the disfranchising laws have been defeated on technicalities. The particular law in question may or may not conform to the Constitution of the United States, but the Supreme Court points out that the House of Representatives is endowed with full power to pass upon the credentials of its members. As in the Alabama cases, therefore, the Court intimates that the remedy must be political rather than judicial.

The rejection by the Circuit Court of the so-called Harriman petition against the official plan to liquidate Northern Securities brings considerably nearer the conclusion of the whole affair, and for that reason is likely to be welcomed by the community at large. Whatever controversy remains is shifted now from a struggle to reopen the whole case, to a suit in equity whereby the injury done to the Union Pacific interest, if any, may be determined. If it is decided that no injury has been done—that the Harriman interest, when

depositing in a merger one class of property, took the risk of not getting back, on a compulsory liquidation, exactly what it had deposited—then it would seem that the legal dispute can go no further. A good deal has been made, on the Stock Exchange particularly, of the imminent danger that the "Northern Pacific fight" of 1901 between rival banking interests may promptly be renewed. No one need claim the gift of prophecy, however, who points out that these are not "fighting times" in Wall Street. Financial events since May, 1901, have shown the reckless bidding, first for Burlington and Quincy and then for Northern Pacific stock, to have been based on confident expectation that the credit of some other corporation could be pledged to foot the bill, and that the "outside public" would cheerfully purchase the new securities issued for such purpose. This recourse served passably in 1901; but every ambitious railway manager has been taught, by bitter experience in the past year's money market, that to lean upon it to-day would be to lean upon a broken staff.

The new British budget is distinctly in the nature of a makeshift. There is no mistaking one fact—the normal level of Government expenditure has been raised enormously in the last few years. But so far no systematic effort has been made to meet the new conditions, the measures adopted being admittedly of a temporary nature. For 1895 the budget estimates of the revenue were £94,175,000 and the actual receipts were £94,683,762. The estimates for the year just closed were £144,186,000 and the actual receipts £141,546,000. In 1895 the actual expenditures were £93,918,421, against £146,895,500 last year. Stated otherwise, the expenditures in 1895 were about 15 per cent. larger than in 1880, whereas those for 1904 were about 55 per cent. in excess of 1895. The real significance of the new budget is that it emphasizes a fact previously suspected, namely, that the present expense-rate of the Government has come to stay. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had no doubt of this as far back as 1901. In his budget speech of that year he said that the real difficulty was not the war expenditure, but the ordinary expenses of the nation. He was convinced that, in imposing such additional taxation as was needed to meet the additional outgo of the year confronting him, the Government should make some endeavor "to put our financial situation on a broader basis." No such endeavor, however, has been made. The protests with which the increase in the income tax and the tea duty have been received indicate clearly that Mr. Austen Chamberlain's method of meeting the situation has nothing permanent about it.

Highly significant facts regarding the Transvaal gold production were made public at a recent meeting in London of the Standard Bank of South Africa. In his survey of 1903 Sir Spencer Walpole, the chairman, reported the output of the mines at £12,500,000. This compares with £7,179,074 for 1902. The best year in the history of Transvaal mining was 1898, the yield being £15,141,376. In short, despite all accounts of business depression and scarcity of labor in South Africa, the production of the mines last year was five-sixths of that of 1898. During the last half of 1903 the output was over £7,000,000, so that it is likely that, inside of twelve months, the record figures will be surpassed. Such a rapid gain casts discredit on much that has been said concerning the labor situation of the Transvaal. To be sure, there were only 68,000 natives employed in December, 1903, against 100,000 in 1898, but this was 4,000 more than were at work in June last year. On its face, the efficiency of the 68,000 appears to have been relatively higher than that of the 100,000. Speaking broadly, this rapid increase in the Transvaal gold output could not come more opportunely. The borrowing needs of the world are certain to be unusually heavy in the next few years. In order that they may be satisfied, gold must flow into the banks in unprecedented amounts.

While the labor leaders of this country have been trying to get Congress to pass an anti-injunction law, those of Great Britain have aimed to secure the adoption by Parliament of a measure which shall prevent a repetition of the Taff Vale decision. These bills approach the situation from exactly opposite points. It is rapidly becoming our practice to proceed against picketing, boycotting, and other unlawful measures by injunction. The English policy is to wait for the overt act and inflict punishment for that. The Taff Vale decision, which resulted in heavy damages against the Railwaymen's Union for picketing and interfering with non-unionists, was a heavy blow to the British labor unions. They are now trying to get Parliament to legalize picketing, to amend the law of conspiracy, and to protect their funds against legal process. Their bill passed the second reading in the House of Commons on Friday by 39 majority. The Premier, Mr. Balfour, opposed it on the ground that it conferred special privileges. That the measure will actually become a law we doubt; but there is to be a general election soon, and the labor unions have to be treated with great consideration meanwhile. There is to be an election in this country, also, but Congress pursues a different method. It lets the anti-injunction measure go over until next December. This is a more courageous policy than the British. Indeed, the anti-injunction bill has found fewer supporters this year than last.

Rio de Janeiro has abolished its old-fashioned quarantine regulations, and vessels with cases of yellow fever on board will hereafter be simply disinfected and supervised. The change means a victory for that city's new health board, the head of which is Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, who, after a great deal of hard work, succeeded in convincing the Brazilian Congress of the correctness of the "Cuban" theory regarding the propagation of yellow fever by mosquitoes. Notwithstanding the success of the United States officials in completely ousting that disease from Havana, there was much opposition to Dr. Cruz, but at last Congress voted the sum of $1,250,000 for a war on mosquitoes. Last October 1,200 men were engaged in destroying the larvæ of those insects. The natives were at first inclined to laugh at this brigade, with its brooms, ladders, kettles, and cans of coal oil; but they became serious when they learned the result—only 9 cases of yellow fever in the midsummer months of January and February, as against 275 cases in the same months last year. In the period from 1850 to 1896 the number of deaths from this disease in Rio was 51,600. There have been times when as many as 2,000 patients were cared for in the isolation hospital, situate near the cemetery, and known as the ante-chamber of death. This hospital, which was an ideal focus for the propagation of the disease by infected mosquitoes, and from which few patients used to emerge alive, is now closed.

Ex-Premier Okuma's warning that war taxes will undoubtedly continue long after the war is over, has the merit of frankness. The Japanese have only to turn to England to see that war always leaves a trail of increasing expenditures, and, if that does not suffice for demonstration, let them recall that the United States is still paying war tariffs and war expenses to the tune of hundreds of millions a year. It is the part of prudence, then, for the Japanese to plan for permanent increase of revenue. Intervention was freely discussed in the Diet on Friday, and it was more than hinted that Germany's attitude is ominous. This seems to us comparatively an idle fear. It must be understood in all the chancelleries that Japan will not hear of intervention until she holds the Mantchurian shore of the Gulf of China, or is defeated. Rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, no intervention of a serious sort is likely to be undertaken until the issue is settled between the two armies facing each other on the Yalu.

IDEALS TO BE CHERISHED BUT NOT DISCUSSED.

Secretary Taft's speech on the Philippines before the Chamber of Commerce on Thursday confirms the impression which everybody has had of his candor. What others have slurred over or denied, he frankly admits. He acknowledges that Aguinaldo and his forces were our "allies" in the war with Spain; he concedes that the Philippine venture which was to make us all rich has, in fact, cost us at least $300,000,000, on which we shall never get a return—"that is spent," the Secretary says; he tells us squarely that "the American community in the Philippines to-day is largely an anti-Filipino community," treating the natives with contempt and harshness, and that undisguised greed has been the motive of almost all the American "civilizers" who have gone to the Islands. Mr. Taft also characterizes as grasping and oppressive the act of Congress in applying our coastwise shipping laws to the Philippines—this only a couple of days after Senator Foraker had enumerated the same measure as among the "blessings" we had conferred upon the Filipinos. Moreover, Mr. Taft stands unflinchingly by his old contention that, in spite of all the grumblers and traders and exploiters and exterminators, this country must still cling to the motto: "The Philippines for the Filipinos."

Such manly courage and consistency in humane policies must excite general admiration. Secretary Taft's personality appears in a most engaging light. His good intentions are as clear as his frankness. But all this only makes it the more mysterious to us why he should have so nervous a dread of discussing our ultimate goal in the Philippines. He addresses himself specifically to the work just now undertaken by the Philippine Independence Committee. Its present effort is to induce both political parties to promise, in their national platforms, full self-government and independence to the Filipinos. But this is deprecated by Secretary Taft. Even if we intend independence, he affirms, we must not say so. There is something deadly about the very word. It must not be spoken aloud.

Mr. Taft is aware that many "good people" are signing the petition for Philippine independence. He has done all he could, both publicly and privately, to head off the movement, but it goes steadily on. The Independence Committee itself contains the names of some of our most eminent citizens. Cardinal Gibbons is the latest addition. Bishops and college presidents by the score have signed the petition, and already more than 400 college professors have given in their adhesion. The cause is thus rapidly assuming an expression of American intelligence. Yet why, asks Mr. Taft plaintively, should all these "good people intermeddle with something the effect of which they are very little able to understand"?

That position is, to say the least, tactless. It is not quite shrewd for a college man to tell the leaders of college men that they do not know what they are talking about. These gentlemen are not in the habit of acting without due deliberation. They have their American ideals, and are accustomed to assert them. Certainly, they will not be deterred by being warned that they are meddling in a work which should be left to a higher order of intellect. Some of them, moreover, are able as well as Secretary Taft to speak with the authority of a man who has "been there." President Schurman cannot have ceased to have weight simply because experience and study led him to change his mind, and he now believes in pledging the Filipinos their independence. In any case, it comes with ill grace from the spokesman of the party of intelligence to rebuke intelligence. You have got to take it as it comes. When it is for you, pat yourself on the back if you wish; but when it is against you, do not slap its face.

And how impossible of realization, even if it were wise, is Mr. Taft's plan of our all keeping still, lest, if we utter the horrible word independence, we "frighten" somebody! When did he come to believe that the most voluble and irrepressible democracy on earth could be got to surrender the right freely to discuss? Why, his very attempt to burke discussion is discussion. He himself utters the fearsome word which he says no good patriot should breathe. Will they not read in Manila what he says in New York? On his own showing, the mischief is done. The Filipinos will find out that there are thinking Americans who believe them fit for independence. They have learned it from Secretary Taft's own speech. He could not himself take his own prescription of silence. Deprecating discussion, he discusses. How can he cure others of this awful disease of speaking the thing they will, if he is not able to physician even himself?

All we can say is that if successful rule in the Philippines is conditioned upon muzzling debate in the United States, it will never be successful. That ought to have been thought of first. Americans may be conceived of as conquerors and colonizers, but never as tongue-tied ones. Whatever government we set up at home or abroad has got to make up its mind to be talked about with the utmost freedom. We may suppress free institutions across the seas, but we will see to it that speech remains free at home. You will have to try again, Messieurs Imperialists! If you can't make your schemes work without inducing Americans to refrain from speaking their minds about them, you can't make them work at all. We have not so completely forgotten Milton's definition of the birthright of a freeman.

BRYAN AND THE PLATFORM.

A great discovery has been made: party platforms are meant to be read. That this idea was entirely novel to politicians is implied in the extraordinary amount of comment upon the New York Democratic platform, adopted on Monday week. Nobody paid any attention to the Republican platform of the week before. Beyond searching its wastes for an occasional curious infelicity of language, no one seems to have noted or cared what was in it. Even good Republicans were content to adopt Dr. Johnson's attitude towards a dull book, and say that they would rather praise the platform than read it. But the Democratic platform not only could be read, but evidently was read. From one end of the land to the other its few and terse sentences have gone echoing. Mr. Bryan has been so moved by it that he has had to hire a hall in Chicago to unbosom himself. Of course, Mr. Bryan, as Herbert Spencer said of Carlyle, secretes a certain number of curses every day which have to be vented upon somebody or something, and why should the New York platform escape? But at least it has been read.

We already have, therefore, proof of Mr. Cleveland's wisdom in advising a short platform. No other kind is really worth writing—that is, if the object is to get people to read it. If the chief end of platforms is to conceal not only thought but convictions, a flood of words is just the thing. Apparently, the Democrats decided to take their State platform of 1874 as a model. That was one of the most effective political documents ever printed. Made up of thirteen propositions in exactly thirteen sentences, its pungency of diction and explicitness of phrase rendered it easily understanded of the people, and undoubtedly contributed much to the election of Gov. Tilden in that year. Since then, platform-writing seems almost to have become a lost art. Party deliverances drag their meaningless length along portentously. They have come to be regarded as a mere tedious formality, one of the things which every party convention must have, but which no one expects will be widely read or long remembered; while to demand that the party live up to its platform is thought to be the richest of jokes.

This is not at all to say that we think the New York Democratic platform was let down bodily out of heaven. It makes no claim to divine inspiration; but it is of the right human sort, being straightforward and clear-cut. It not only revives the approved party doctrines, but embodies a sounder tradition of political discussion. We hope, therefore, to see its

example followed at St. Louis. The national platform will have to be somewhat longer; it will have to commit the party squarely to no meddling with the gold standard; it will need to make a stand against all the vices and perils of Imperialism; but it can and should do so in compendious and readable form, and by the method of asserting great political principles to be applied as conditions demand.

Mr. Bryan protests that it is not complete; but we know of no man who ever asserted that it was. The national platform is to be written at the national convention. State platforms are usually, and properly, condensed and general. Indeed, the New York Democratic platform of 1900 was filled with the phrases which Bryan now denounces as meaningless platitudes. He sneers at the expression in this year's platform, "No Government partnership with protected monopolies." Infinitely absurd, he cries. But in June of 1900 the platform which pronounced for Bryan, and which elicited not one protest from him, declared: "We are opposed to Governmental partnership with protected monopolies." Why should what was courage and explicitness in 1900 have become only timid ambiguity in 1904? Why, except that then the State Convention was for Bryan, but now for Parker?

There is, indeed, something not a little comic in Mr. Bryan's sudden discovery that platitudes should never be indulged in by politicians. The man who filled the land with the gigantically obvious, and glitteringly general, the emptiest of mouthed nothings, shouted from a thousand stumps, now converted in a day into a severe logician, the most precise of public men, who would never make a promise without writing in every detail, nor lay down a principle without stating its every conceivable application! Platitude for platitude, his own Chicago and Kansas City platforms would yield as goodly a crop as those which he now would wither by his scorn. What say you to tariff duties "so adjusted as to operate equally throughout the country"? That gem of paltering is from the Chicago platform of 1896, upon which stood the hero whose soul abhors a platitude—in another. Four years later he was happy with such an egg-dancing deliverance as this: "We favor such an enlargement of the scope of the Interstate Commerce law as will enable the commission to protect individuals and communities from discrimination." According to the Bryan of to-day, hungry for particulars, that plank should have read: "We demand that Congress compel the Burlington Railroad to carry W. J. Bryan's hogs from Lincoln to Kansas City for 1⅝ cents a hundred." That is the only way wholly to escape platitudes.

Behind all this hypercritical and alarmed attack by Mr. Bryan upon a platform not yet framed, lies the question what he is going to do when a large majority of his party adopts at St. Louis a platform which he disapproves. Will he submit or bolt? Mr. Bryan's political instinct is sound when it prompts him to make the fight more upon the platform than upon candidates. All will centre this year in the party doctrines that the Democracy puts forth. The strongest personality in the candidate would be pulled down by a repetition of the platforms of 1896 and 1900; the weakest might conceivably succeed upon a vigorous assertion of the political principles which the occasion demands. But what the party is beginning to ask is what Mr. Bryan intends after he is beaten in the drafting of the platform. Going into a convention fairly chosen and where he is given a full hearing, will he, if he cannot have his way, go out and set up the standard of revolt? At present, he refuses to answer that question. He puts it aside on the pretence that it is impossible for his opponents to obtain a majority. But even he must really see that such a majority is already assured, and we have no doubt that he and his Hearst allies are debating in their own minds what will be their wisest course when the blow falls.

Now the divine right of bolting is something we have always maintained. To walk out of a convention on a question of principle may be the highest form of political duty and of political achievement. But Mr. Bryan has preached the opposite doctrine too vehemently to turn about now, save with the most ill grace imaginable. For years he has poured out the vials of his vituperation upon the Democrats who bolted him in 1896. For them there could be no forgiveness. They had refused to acquiesce in the will of the majority, and had thereby made themselves the chief of political sinners. Can it be supposed, then, that he will now call his own condemnations crashing down upon his own head? If the Palmer and Buckner movement of 1896 was treason, what would a Bryan and Hearst defection of 1904 be? Treason with infamy added.

OUR JEWISH IMMIGRATION.

There is an obvious connection between the arrival of 10,000 Italians and Russian Jews at Ellis Island on one day, last week, and the present rent disturbances on the East Side. With such additions constantly made to our tenement population, the increased cost of living quarters is explained, at least in part. But does the apparent distress in the Ghetto signify that Jewish immigration has gone too far? Has the city of New York misjudged its ability to assimilate material of this kind?

The majority of Jewish immigrants get no further than Manhattan Island. Of those specifically enumerated by the Immigration Bureau as Hebrews, about 68 per cent. give New York State as their destination. In the main, this means New York city. The Federation of Churches estimates our Jewish population at about 600,000. If this be accurate, the Jews are second only to the Irish, who number 725,000. Strictly, natives of the German Empire head the list with 786,000, but of these a good proportion is really Jewish, and is included in the Federation's estimate.

As nearly as can be determined, this population increases at the rate of 50,000 or 60,000 a year. It comes chiefly from the Russian and Austro-Hungarian Empires. Its educational and economic condition is very low. Twenty-six per cent. of the Russian Jews are totally illiterate, thus comparing unfavorably with the one per cent. attributed to the Scandinavian peoples and the 4 per cent. to the German and Irish. Industrially, the immigrant Jews are equally handicapped. More than 40 per cent. are without any occupation, while of Jewish workmen 65 per cent. belong to the unskilled trades. Tailors and seamstresses are their main contributions to the economic life of the East Side. Of the 76,000 Hebrews enumerated last year, only 46 were farmers and 334 farm laborers. Naturally, then, the Jews herd in the cities, and especially in New York, for here are unusual opportunities for the exercise of their commercial talents.

It is thus not difficult to make out a prima-facie case against the Jewish immigrant. His "statistical position," as tabulated at Ellis Island, is decidedly unfavorable. The proper test of an immigrating people, however, is not its status in its own country, but in this. Especially is this true of the Russian and Polish Jew, who notoriously does not have a fair chance in his native land. Probably never has he had so good an opportunity as in this city to-day; and that he is quick to take advantage of it is plain. On the economic side, at least, no one would deny him a high measure of success. Poor as the Jew is on his arrival—his average worldly estate is $10—he is remarkably quick in acquiring an independence. The present difficulties over increased rents, far from indicating any great prevalence of poverty, suggest quite the reverse. The landlords would not dispossess their tenants were there not plenty of others ready to step in at the higher rates.

Another fact emphasized by the present agitation is that many landlords themselves are Jews. The public has little appreciation of the extent to which the soil of Manhattan is passing into Jewish ownership. In 90 per cent. of current real-estate sales the purchasers are Hebrews. In the main, too, they are immigrants of only a few

years' standing, who, when they landed, were little removed from want, and whose tenement-house investment represents the hardest kind of labor and constant self-sacrifice. They are peddlers, small shopkeepers, and workingmen, whose highest ambition in life is the fee ownership of land. There is probably little property south of Houston Street and east of the Bowery which they do not now possess. The old estates are rapidly withdrawing in their favor. Even such tenacious landholders as the Astors are selling their East Side holdings to Russian and Polish Jews.

Socially, also, these Jews are on the up grade. This is especially evident in the disintegration of the Ghetto. Five years ago the whole Russian and Polish population was collected in the lower East Side, but of late it has found its way into other sections, into Harlem, the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens. The better and more prosperous classes move, the impulse coming usually from the younger generation, which has grown up under American influences, attended the public schools, and learned to dislike the customs of the Ghetto. They have moved from the comfortless flat into the steam-heated apartment. The women have abandoned their shawls, wear hats, and scorn to chaffer at the pushcart. This breaking up of colonies is one of the surest tests of assimilation. Forty and fifty years ago the Irish and Germans huddled together on the East Side, but are now scattered all over town. The process in the Jewish quarter has only begun, but will be greatly stimulated by the subway, which opens up large areas of cheap land adaptable to tenement building. And with this economic and social uplift the Russian and Polish Jew will undoubtedly reach higher political standards. It appears, then, that, even in the case of these unpromising immigrants, this country is still doing its wonderful work of assimilation and civilization.

GERMAN AND OTHER PUBLIC MEN.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the recent Government triumph in Hungary was the sudden rise into European prominence of a party leader hitherto unknown outside of the parliamentary circles of his own country. The complete collapse of the obstructionist campaign against the Government Army bill was due to the masterly tactics and the rhetorical power of Koloman von Thaly, the honorary president of the Hungarian party of Independents, and, as historian and former college professor, a mere "scholar in politics." Such a scene as was witnessed in the Hungarian Diet at the close of his speech showed that idealism in politics is still a power to be reckoned with. As Deputy Rakosi expressed it, "only a poet and historian could have brought about such a happy issue." Nowhere was Thaly's achievement more admired than in Vienna, where the absence of enlightened and practical leadership has long been a reproach to the Liberal cause, as in Germany the barren wrangling of modern party strife in the Reichstag is keenly felt.

Dr. Theodor Barth, himself one of the most notable survivors of a high idealism in German political life, has recently pointed the contrast between the present and the past in his sketches ('Politische Porträts') of that remarkable group of men who, in the era of Bismarck, and after, held fast to the Liberal faith. The greatest of those who honored the name of German Liberal, Theodor Mommsen, died but lately, and it is instructive to recall, in Dr. Barth's words, his services to a cause which knew no national boundaries:

> "Whenever freedom of art and science was endangered, Mommsen was one of the first to come to its rescue. And at all times it was his ardent wish that the relations of Germany to the other great civilized Powers might become more intimate. But he reserved the right of criticising the political shortcomings of other nations in their duty to humanity, just as he conceded the right to other nations in their relations to Germany. . . . Chauvinism and national boasting he abominated."

Mommsen was united by political affiliation and close personal ties to Ludwig Bamberger. No more incorrigible idealist ever participated in German political life, practical man of affairs as this Jewish economist was. The dreamer of 1848, the lifelong "literary epicure," became one of the highest authorities on financial questions before the Reichstag. To Bamberger more than to any one else was due the establishment of the gold standard. And yet this hard-headed, practical politician, this uncompromising champion of liberty of conscience, of speech, and of commerce, was a very poor party man—now a National Liberal, then a member of the Liberal Union, then a Progressist, and again a temporary member of other political organizations. He was at no time a politician in the American sense of the word. He was one of the most fascinating speakers that ever addressed the Reichstag, and, like Gladstone, could make the subject of cheese and herring interesting. As for his literary activity, Dr. Barth calls his writings on Bismarck "the best commentary on the life and the work of the great chancellor, both as to their bright and dark sides, which German literature has so far produced."

A sneaking fondness for literature is not so easily pardoned in the present political life of our country as it was in the days of Madison and John Quincy Adams; but in Germany the tradition has remained unbroken to this day. Even Bebel has several purely historical works to his credit. One of the most conspicuous members of the German Liberal party was the scholarly Franz von Stauffenberg. He was closely associated with Lasker, Forckenbeck, Bamberger, Friedrich Kapp, and other men of "talent, character, experience, and genuine culture," whom Bismarck "honored with his especial aversion," although they had in their day warmly supported his national policy. Even in such a circle, Stauffenberg shone by his intellectual versatility. But, for all his interest in literature and in spite of a feeble constitution, he was a conscientious parliamentary worker, especially in the Committee on Finance, where his knowledge was invaluable. Although a large landed proprietor, he was a foe to agrarianism and a consistent free-trader.

Heinrich Rickert, though intellectually not so flexible as some of his party associates, possessed the requisites of leadership to a greater degree than any of them. He had an instinctive knowledge of the under-currents of public opinion, a keen scent for coming events. Bamberger said of him, what was said, in different words, of McKinley: "Rickert has a fine nose for the smell of the soil." But no one was further removed than he from time-serving or selfishness. He was indefatigable in helping others.

> "No matter whether the fate of a sick letter-carrier was at stake or a teacher had been wronged, or an edict of expulsion against a Russian Jew was to be revoked, Rickert was always to be counted on. . . . The same warmth of sentiment which caused him to fight, with all the energy of his person, and in despite of sneers and obloquy, for the political equality of the Jews, made him the advocate of woman's rights."

Scarcely less attractive is the picture drawn by Dr. Barth of Georg von Siemens, for thirty years director of the Deutsche Bank, next to the Reichsbank the largest banking institution of Germany, to which he devoted his vast knowledge of finance and a "proud integrity which would have considered itself degraded had it conformed merely to petty, conventional standards." Siemens had long been designated by the press as the future Prussian Minister of Finance, but he declined to be used as a mere "show-piece at a bureaucratic-agrarian-protectionist banquet." To Georg von Bunsen, finally, who for many years most unselfishly and modestly labored, in the Prussian Lower House as well as in the Reichstag, in the promotion of every good cause, Dr. Barth applies the words of Lord Rosebery, when speaking, in his 'Life of Pitt,' of a politician who had done little that was "positive," was always in the Opposition, and yet had permanently influenced English political life: "He was the embodiment of every quality lovable in man."

Such are the traits of some leading German parliamentarians of a very recent epoch whom Dr. Barth justly holds up to public admiration. Perhaps some day he may add to the list men of no less

force and attractiveness, like Lasker, Forckenbeck, and Schulze-Delitzsch. They all represent types of the idealist in politics, in which Germany has been particularly rich, and of which no country can have too many. Is it idle to hope that ours may yet live down the reproach of Tocqueville—namely, that "the ablest men in the United States are rarely placed at the head of affairs"?

JAPAN: A PARADOX IN EDUCATION.

A certain condescension with which military critics have been congratulating Japan upon her successful application of our teachings, is changing to an uncomfortable sense that we Occidentals are every day learning hard lessons from Japan. The demonstration of the efficacy of unarmored vessels, the successful operation of contact mines as a means of offence, add new chapters to naval theory, and we may not lightly flatter ourselves that these formidable inventions are merely the obvious application of our teachings. No; this remarkable mastery of the machinery framed by the Western mind denotes not simply that the Japanese have caught up with us and surpassed us in a single generation of conscious imitation; it means rather that in feudal Japan there were qualities of mind stable enough to bear the impact of new facts and accurate enough to master them. The successes of Japan to-day in scientific warfare are due to that immemorial discipline of hand, heart, and head which has made the Japanese mind.

To those who cherish conventional ideals of education it may be instructive to ask what that education was. And immediately we meet the paradox that the training which is every day producing practical results of the most sensational kind was the most impractical that may be conceived. The heart was trained by rigorous subjection to the most exacting of social codes, the hand by devotion to minute and exquisite workmanship, the head by poetry, romance, and speculative philosophy. Were a British schoolmaster asked to construct a scheme which should totally unfit his students for practical affairs, it would not differ greatly from the Japanese plan. Among the upper classes the earliest training is in calligraphy, and the control of the ideographic script makes every educated Japanese an artist in the handling of the brush. The artisan class gets a similar schooling in trades which are all conducted with the patience of the ivory carver or the designer in lacquer. Against this perfectly trained hand the West sets a hand numbed and almost superseded, as an instrument of precision, by the machine. For that check upon lawless emotionalism which a fixed social etiquette provides, the West offers individualism—that is, the caprice of the unschooled man.

But the two disciplines of fine craftsmanship and fine manners are, after all, secondary, else a legion of watchmakers and dancing masters might conquer the world. What has really made the Japanese mind the superb instrument it is daily proving itself to be is the habit of abstract meditation—of separating the operations of the intellect from those of the emotions. For some two thousand years the best minds of Japan have had the habit of hard and consecutive thinking along metaphysical lines. The generalizations which fix the individual's relation to society have been no more carefully pondered than the relations which exist between the individual and the cosmic order. It is common to condemn this Stagyrite attitude. The West to-day lets the sleeping dogs of philosophy lie, and turns to science and engineering. From the China Seas comes the startling message that your best engineer comes from generations of mystics, that, by a strange perversion, the soul of Siddartha is controlling with a precision before unknown the weapons forged by Thornycroft and Krupp.

If there is anything to learn from this paradox, it is the value of mind stuff in all its phases, the folly of off-hand opinions on national superiority, the fallacy that infects the so-called practical education of to-day. It is wholesome and fortifying to recall that all hard-thinking is potentially practical. Larger tolerance comes from the thought that intellect is not necessarily wasted because it does not emerge through the conduits of our particular national or racial activities. Some of the best thinking of the world was done by the schoolmen. St. Thomas Aquinas, perhaps, might have marshalled armies with the precision displayed in the "Summa"; it would have been no more surprising than the patient planning and actual execution of the present naval campaign by the offspring of the Samurai, with their code of honor more tortuous than any theology. No hasty generalization as to the inferiority of yellow races can obscure the fact that, measured only by skill in handling the latest machinery of civilization, the Japanese appear as the superior, the Russians as the inferior, race.

Broadly considered, the significance of great tacticians bred on calligraphy and metaphysics seems to be that the intellect finds its account in a great variety of educations, and prevails even over the worst. And, more particularly, the ease with which scientists, engineers, naval and military experts have been produced in Japan proves that often the most abstract training is the best preparation for practical efficiency. The cherry-stone carvers have been preparing to hold the lever and the trigger; the pundits have found the plotting of a campaign upon Port Arthur already accomplished in their ancestors' charting of the cosmos and the soul of man. The Japanese have not been taught to despise anything as too small or too great. No illusion of racial superiority has fostered a faith that they can blunder luckily through all emergencies. No superstitious respect for machinery has betrayed them into scorning the finest of all instruments—the mind itself. Their success is a warning to them not too readily to give up the educational standard under which they are conquering, and a reminder to us not to substitute workshops and sham practicalities for the old liberal training that makes the mind hardy enough to answer all challenges, and steady enough to meet the most exigent practical demand.

A LEWIS AND CLARK ATLAS.

Lewis and Clark, on their expedition, were both legally captains, though Lewis was the senior. But while Lewis was the military head, Clark was the engineer. On land he was foremost in the van as pathfinder, and so trail-tracer and then mapmaker. The maps in all editions downward from the *editio princeps* of 1814 have merely copied his original, with some mathematical additions which he had welcomed from Hassler, professor in West Point. Tested in many ways for a century, Clark's map, one foot by two, has been proved surprisingly correct, both in grand features and even in details. How it was possible for him to avoid serious error is a natural question. The answer is, that such an achievement must have been beyond possibility but for his daily field-work kept on though (as he writes) "the ink was freezing in his pen." It was for him day by day to draw all forthrights and meanders, with courses, distances, sometimes latitudes, and always the face of the country, with corrections of first impressions.

These cartographics by the way—and where there was as yet no way—mysteriously vanished. It is not likely that they came into Hassler's hands or those of Biddle, the earliest of literary editors. They eluded the research of Coues as well as of others before and after him, and were set down as extant no longer; yet, held by their author with reason as the immediate jewel of his soul, they were treasured by him in his St. Louis home until his death, in 1838. Some years thereafter they were carried by some of his heirs to New York, and only last October came to the knowledge of any one who knew how to make the most of the line of light which Clark's topographics first made to shine from our great river to the Western continental verge. These drawings were detected and unearthed after a year-long hunt and baffled endeavors by Mr. R. G. Thwaites, who has already brought out more volumes concerning Western history than any other man, and who will include this unique windfall in an atlas to the Lewis and Clark which he is now doing his best to make his *opus magnum*.

The Bierstadt process will here have free course, and be glorified as never before. Its facsimiles are veritable doublets or replicas in shading as well as in form—not a *blot* erased, not a line obscured. In read-

ing an autograph letter we see, or unawares feel, a thrill and significance which we cannot get from any typewritten copy. The former has something of its own—something of its author himself—an aroma, or we know not what, which is lacking in the latter, and must be, so long as men retain individuality. Time and accident have dealt gently with Clark's drawings, yet their original limitations, peculiarities, and imperfections will still be on the head of his handiwork. But with all their faults—and thanks to their faults—the appreciative gazer on them will love them all the more. They are Clark's own.

Our idea will be clear from a glance at the subject-matter of any single map. There is one on the midway crucial portage from boat to boat. The order to go to the end of the Missouri had been obeyed; an oarsman in a cañon, with one foot on each of the rocks which hemmed in and crowded his canoe, had thanked God for living to bestride the continental river, and within a mile of the ultimate source a rivulet was seen to be flowing westward. Yet it was six weeks at least before the adventurers could embark on any affluent of the Columbia. The water was too shallow, too swift and rocky in gorges, too far from boatable timber. The charting of this continental divide fills half a dozen pages of Clark's foolscap, which are pasted zigzag, conformably to the sinuosities of the journey. Some legends are: "Camp at first creek," followed by dates of a score of others, each in place, and with each some suggestive word. "September 13, Hot spring, nearly boiling," is charted, and not far from it we read of another, "Cooks meat in twenty-five minutes"—but this latter entry was made a year after on the homeward march. Outward bound they here lacked meat. We read "Berry Creek" where they had no other food; "Hungry Creek" where they had nothing; "Kill colt," where they became hippophagous, though they could ill spare the weakest of their baggage-bearers. Mountains are sometimes marked "Pines," "Ragged rocks," but always "Snow." "September 15" (after fifteen days of portage pilgrimage): "Top of mountain—snow bank three feet high." The lines are few, but we read much between them: no fish in waters, no game tracked by argus-eyed hunters in brush jungles. The rats instinctively had quit them. The ultimate record is: 'Travellers' Rest," "Stopped to build boats. September 25-October 10."

At the mouth of the Columbia, Clark having reached a narrow neck of land which would serve for winter quarters, he says: "I marked my name on a large pine tree immediately on the isthmus"; and when homeward bound he marked it again on a natural obelisk near the spot where he found the Yellowstone first navigable. But he had unconsciously written a better sign manual. However pine, and rock, and paper in safety-vaults perish, the marks made by Clark's pen, mirrored and multiplied by photographic aid, will endure.

This cartography cannot be cheap, for it must be voluminous; Clark's fieldwork filling hundreds of sheets. Such an *édition de luxe* will find its niche in many a Carnegie library and others of similar aims, both public and private. It will be flavored with local interest not only at every town in the 3,096 miles which Clark traced up the Missouri, but in all mountains and prairies which he was first to pen. Such volumes ingrain new countries with the historic sense so strong in classic lands, and with nationality or patriotic inspirations.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY MEETING.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1904.

The National Academy of Sciences has just concluded an unusually full and lively session here, beginning Tuesday, April 19. The focus of scientific interest, which for so many years burnt in the question of the origin of species, is now decidedly shifted to that of the constitution of matter, and to the partly logical discussions of the fundamental principles of physics. The papers of Tuesday belonged mostly to this field, where nothing is more interesting than the marvels connected with radium, polonium, actinium, uranium, and thorium, on the one hand, and those connected with helium, neon, argon, and xenon, on the other. Concerning the former series, Professor Barker gave some new information, in a paper whose special object seemed to be to introduce the excellent term "autoluminescence." What is called "phosphorescence" (not a very scientific term, according to our present conceptions) is mostly either an accompaniment of chemical change or a prolonged fluorescence; and the term "fluorescence," originally applied to cases in which light is absorbed while in place of it light of another wave-length, mostly blue, is emitted, is now sometimes extended to cases in which the light emitted has the same color as that absorbed. But the term "luminescence" has come in to denote the general property of emitting light with hardly any heat and without apparent chemical change. In 1896, Becquerel discovered that salts of uranium have a property which was afterwards found to consist in their separating the molecules of nitrogen of the air into their ions, or electrified atoms; and this property is called radio-activity. In 1898 the salts of thorium were found to possess the same property. Mme. Curie ascertained, upon investigation, that different salts of uranium possess this property (which can be accurately measured by its electrical effects) in strict proportion to the amount of uranium they contain. Yet she found that pitchblende, the ore of uranium, is much more radio-active than pure uranium itself. It must, therefore, contain some other radio-active substance; and by chemical analysis she partially separated from it in 1898 a new element more radio-active than uranium, which she called polonium. A little later she found in the same mineral another new element, vastly more radio-active, which she called radium; and an assistant of hers has found in the same mineral still another radio-active element, which he calls actinium. These five radio-active elements stand in Mendeléeff's table of the elements at the foot of as many columns.

In March, 1899, Mme. Curie announced that, in addition to its radio-activity, or power of ionizing the air, radium possesses a different property, that of shining eternally without any excitation; and it is this property of luminescence without excitation to which Professor Barker proposes to give the name of autoluminescence. There is no proportionality between radio-activity and autoluminescence. The former depends entirely upon the amount of the radio-active element that is present; but "autoluminescence" is one of those physical properties which seem to require the presence of a small amount of some second substance. Professor Barker, for example, showed one specimen of a salt of radium whose radio-activity is 240 times that of uranium; and it shone so brightly as to be visible all over the darkened, but not quite dark, hall. Yet another specimen of the same salt, so pure that its radio-activity is eighteen hundred thousand times that of uranium, will show no light in absolute darkness.

No other substance than radium was known to be autoluminescent until November last, when Becquerel announced that uranium, also, was slightly possessed of this property. A tube of radium in which careful examination by the spectroscope had discovered nothing else but air, was found, after some months, to contain a quantity of helium; and substances emitting helium have been repeatedly found to be radio-active. Thus, the waters of the Bath springs, which, after suffering the derision of generations, have come again into esteem, were first found to contain helium, and then to be radio-active. There is every reason to guess that any radio-active substance would have an effect upon the health; as in some instances is well known to be the case. Water both from an artesian well and from a lake has been found to be radio-active, and some men of authority believe that all bodies are more or less radio-active, and that the new gases of which helium heads the list are products of radio-activity. Professor Barker exhibited the first photographs printed from their negatives by the light of ionized nitrogen, and very perfect landscapes they were. He also showed a photograph of M. and Mme. Curie and their daughter Adèle, taken by the direct light of radium. It was a little fogged, proving the intensity of the effect to be too great for practical photography.

Dr. Barker's paper was followed by an account, by Dr. E. L. Nichols, of a research by him and Dr. Ernest Merritt into fluorescence spectra. The spectrum in all cases presented a single maximum of light, shading off equally upon its two sides, so as to remind Professor Webster of the spectrum of an incandescent black body, and to suggest an inquiry into the effect of temperature upon the position of the maximum. Three papers presented by Prof. John Trowbridge gave excessively condensed accounts of as many extensive researches made in his laboratory upon the spectra of gases; one by himself that has occupied seven years, one by Dr. Theodore Lyman (son of the biologist) that has occupied five years, and the third, of great merit and difficulty, by the young Californian physicist, Dr. H. W. Morse. It is very much to be regretted that only nine or ten hours are devoted at the Academy meetings to the reading of papers, so that only fifteen or twenty minutes, or half an hour at most, can be devoted to single reports of the most elaborate investigations; and numbers have to be gabbled off at a faster rate than the mind can follow them, although without the numbers no real understanding of physical and physiological researches can be had. Professor Trowbridge has employed a storage battery of

twenty thousand cells, giving a spark of any length up to seven feet. His work was doubtless undertaken in the hope that facts would be brought out that might shed a light upon the constitution of matter, since the complexity of the spectrum of a gas (making due allowance for series of connected lines) cannot well be greater than that of the molecule that produces it. He finds that an electric current always acts to raise the vacuum, and thus tends to extinguish, and will ultimately extinguish, the light it produces. The hydrogen lines have a special tendency to disappear, and several phenomena go to show that hydrogen itself is an insulator, and that its apparent conductivity must be due to humidity. Professor Trowbridge declared himself to be quite assured by his own experiments, as well as by others, that the presence or absence of a line in the spectrum affords no indication whatever of a specially high temperature—a result very unfavorable to Lockyer's theory of "inorganic evolution," at least in its details. Dr. Lyman has been working upon the extreme ultra-violet part of the spectra of hydrogen and other gases, to which one millimetre's thickness of atmospheric air is absolutely opaque. Hitherto, one experimenter alone has ever succeeded in photographing these lines (the only way of observing light to which the eye is entirely impervious, even if the retina be sensitive to it). But Dr. Lyman has accurately measured the wave-lengths of the extremest lines which seem to exist, to 1,050 Ångström units—a feat that had been deemed impossible. Dr. Morse, with a most ingenious instrument, has photographed spectra of a Wehnelt interrupter. As an incidental result, he obtained in one photograph a flame-spectrum, an arc-spectrum, and a spark-spectrum; so that it would appear that these three kinds of spectrum may be produced by gas of the same temperature.

The only other papers of Tuesday were two, of characteristic ingenuity, by Professor Woodward, in one of which he proposed a peculiar form of pendulum for the absolute measurement of gravity, while the other gave a calculation from which it appeared that the effect of doubling the pressure of the atmosphere would be to diminish the radius of the earth by about 2 metres.

On Wednesday, the Academy received the sensation of the session in a report by Professor Chittenden of Yale on the results of his experiments upon the effects of reducing the amount of food, especially proteids, or nitrogenous food, to less than half what men ordinarily take. He began by rehearsing all the various dietary standards now ordinarily adopted, of which the best known is that of Voigt, who prescribes 118 grammes of proteids daily. Some go somewhat below this figure, others rise far above it. A Swedish standard calls for 189 grammes of proteids in daily food having a heat of combustion of 4,728 large calories. Atwater's American rule is 125 grammes of proteids with 2,500 calories for a man performing severe labor. But Mr. Fletcher has subsisted for many years upon half the proteids of Voigt's standard, with half the fuel value, and has remained all the time in most admirable condition. Now it seemed to Professor Chittenden that the various dietary standards merely show what men are in the habit of eating, and do not at all prove that they might not enjoy greater vigor if they ate less. In order to test the question, he experimented for six months upon twenty-seven men, of whom six were professors and instructors in Yale, thirteen were soldiers under military discipline, and eight were athletic students of Yale. Nothing was absolutely prescribed; there was no weighing out of the food except for the soldiers; but the men were desired in the course of a fortnight gradually to reduce the amount eaten, especially in the morning, so as to bring it down to about half of what it had been. It was, as Professor Chittenden expressed it, not prohibition, but temperance.

He began with himself in November, 1902, when he was a small man eating about Voigt's standard. In a few weeks, he reduced the amount by one-half; and after nine months his body weight had begun to be stationary. He then found that during six months his kidneys carried away 5.82 grammes of nitrogen a day, in place of the 16 grammes that they would have excreted under Voigt's standard. (It will be understood that the nitrogen so carried away is precisely the nitrogen that has been absorbed, the metabolic nitrogen, and is therefore the most important fact.) His health and efficiency seemed to be improved. Similar results were detailed for the other men of the first group. The thirteen soldiers were at first casting off on the average daily 16 grammes of metabolic nitrogen. After reducing their food in the course of a month, during the next five months the amount of 16 grammes was reduced to an average of 7.80 grammes. At the end of that time they had greatly gained in strength and courage, without any complaints of insufficient food. There was no change in their reaction-time nor in the blood, unless there had been a slight increase in the number of red corpuscles. The fullest possible data for each man were given in detail in the report. All the men of the third group were enthusiastic as to the good effect of the reduced ration.

Professor Chittenden entitled his paper "a preliminary report," and confined himself strictly to the facts observed and to the scientific conclusions from them, without indulging in any opinions as to what might be the ultimate consequences of the meagre diet. But the facts spoke for themselves, and undoubtedly produced a great effect upon the minds of all his non-medical auditors. Dr. Bowditch thought that they showed that the *optimum* of diet was nearer the minimum of nitrogen equilibrium than the maximum. He thought the digestive organs might under such a diet undergo a partial atrophy, and he would like to know whether the temperature of the skin would not be lowered, since otherwise it was difficult to understand how the heat of the body could be maintained when the fuel value of the food was so much reduced. Two other medical members of the Academy indulged their professional propensity to enunciate opinions in the customary highly impressive medical tone, one of them drawing a lesson altogether destructive of Professor Chittenden's facts from the feebleness of the Hindus, who subsist upon rice, while the other pronounced an equally magisterial dissent, grounded somehow upon the extraordinary strength, activity, and endurance of the Japanese, who subsist upon rice. There were other comments which showed mainly how surprising Dr. Chittenden's facts appeared to be to many members.

A paper by Dr. Horatio C. Wood, jr., read by his father, related to the drug Canadian hemp (*Apocinum cannabinum*), whose effects resemble those of digitalis. Professor Osborn, in the name of Dr. W. D. Matthew, gave an interesting account of the arduous studies that had been found requisite in order properly to set up the skeleton of a great sauropodous dinosaur, a reptile quadruped sixty-five feet long.

The papers of Thursday were of various sorts. The most remarkable was a discussion by Gen. Abbot of the disposition of rainfall in the basin of the Chagres River, with a view to estimating the force of the objections that have been raised to the plan of establishing artificial lakes in connection with the Panama Canal. For this purpose it becomes necessary to ascertain how much water percolates through the ground. By remarkably ingenious and solid reasoning, based upon the average monthly rainfall, evaporation, and discharge of the streams, with other data, the monthly state of the ground water was deduced, and it was shown that no danger is to be apprehended from the projected lakes. Professor Osborn gave some account of the recent palæontological discoveries of the American Museum of Natural History's exploring parties, which amount to a complete palæontological survey of the West. From this has resulted the overthrow of Clarence King's theory of a vast lake having formerly existed in that region, in which the animals whose remains are found perished. Moreover, it appears that, throughout the tertiary period, Europe, Asia, and North America formed a single zoölogical region. Professor Osborn argued not only that North and South America were connected by a bridge in the pleistocene, but that there was strong evidence of an earlier bridge during the cretaceous period. (Professor Agassiz, however, thought the evidence of this quite insufficient.) A fully developed armadillo had been found in Wyoming, and the edentates seemed to be as old in North as in South America. An animal resembling a crocodile had been exhumed in Montana. Three, and possibly four, collateral lines of horses had been clearly made out in the miocene, with very perfect specimens. Another paper by Professor Osborn related to the classification of reptiles. He argued that there were two grand divisions of these animals, which had been separated since the Permian age. One of these was characterized by having only one skull-arch, while the other had two. From the latter are descended all our present reptiles and also the birds. From the former, which was much more conservative in its evolution, were, nevertheless, descended the mammals and man, as well as the tortoises. This paper provoked no little discussion, but the value of the work was acknowledged on all hands.

Prof. A. T. Zahm, introduced by Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, gave an account of experiments for determining the law of the friction of the air at speeds below 40 feet per second. The experiments were well conducted, and led to a very valuable and simple formula, with which they accord remark-

ably well. Mr. Graham Bell gave an interesting account of his breed of multinipplèd sheep on his estate of Beinn Bhreagh. Mr. C. S. Peirce read a paper on the simplest possible branch of mathematics. A paper by Professor Newcomb on the application of new statistical methods to the question of the causes influencing sex, was announced, but was not read. On the whole, the session illustrated the progress of science in this country, for more than half a dozen of the papers were memoirs of high importance; which would hardly have happened ten years ago.

Correspondence.

OUTLINE OF PINCKNEY'S PLAN FOR A CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The readers of the *Nation* need not be told that historical scholars have long been interested in the work of Charles Pinckney in the Federal Convention of 1787. It is well known that the plan for a new Constitution attributed to him in the Journal of the Convention and also in Madison's 'Debates in the Federal Convention,' as commonly published, is not the plan which he really presented. Some years ago Mr. Worthington C. Ford called attention to this fact, and printed in the *Nation* (Vol. LX., pp. 398, 399) the letter which Pinckney sent in company with his so-called plan to John Quincy Adams in 1818. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Paul Leicester Ford published in this paper (Vol. LX., p. 459) an interesting comparison between the plan in the Journal and a pamphlet which was privately printed by Pinckney soon after the Convention adjourned. This pamphlet, styled by Pinckney 'Observations on the Plan of Government Submitted to the Federal Convention on the 28th of May, 1787,' purported to contain the speeches which he had made in the Convention at different times concerning his plan, which, it may be observed, was introduced May 29 (and not May 28, as he says). It was not difficult for Mr. Ford to show that, judging by the pamphlet, the plan in the Journal was not Pinckney's plan.

Quite recently, Professor Jameson, in a paper which received, as it deserved, a long and commendatory notice in the *Nation* (Vol. LXXVIII., p. 45), approached the Pinckney problem from a different point of view. After expressing his belief that Pinckney in all probability did not make in the Convention the speech which he published in the pamphlet, Professor Jameson endeavored to show what measures Pinckney favored, especially in the first half of the Convention's work, and he succeeded in presenting a number of distinct ideas which were advocated by Pinckney not in harmony with the pseudo-plan of the Journal. He also demonstrated that the so-called Pinckney plan was practically the report of the committee of detail "minus some of its lesser features, and plus some of his real plan." Among certain papers copied from among the Wilson papers in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, he found also a sheet containing what evidently were extracts from the Pinckney plan, or, at least, propositions for which Pinckney was responsible. It ought to be said that Mr. Jameson did not have the opportunity of examining the original Wilson manuscripts.

In a recent examination of these, for the purpose of discovering their general scope and character, I found a plan of a constitution which had escaped the notice of investigators. A short inspection disclosed the fact that it could be nothing else than an outline of Pinckney's plan. It is given below. Space does not permit my furnishing the final and conclusive proof that this outline is what I have here stated. Those familiar with Pinckney's work in the Convention, and especially those familiar with Professor Jameson's 'Studies in the History of the Federal Convention of 1787,' will not long doubt the character of the paper. It is written in James Wilson's hand, and it either was taken down as Pinckney or the clerk read the propositions, or was a condensation prepared by Wilson himself from the plan on the clerk's desk.

Its value for students of our Constitutional history is greater than at first appears. It does something to rehabilitate Pinckney and establish his reputation for effective statesmanship. It seems to me to prove conclusively that Pinckney either made the speech printed in the 'Observations,' or, more probably perhaps, before going to Philadelphia, prepared the speech or large portions of it as a description of his plan; moreover, the speech and the outline as here given are mutually supporting, and, when taken together, enable us to speak with assurance as to what Pinckney proposed. We are now enabled to trace with considerable confidence the course of his propositions and to see which of his suggestions were finally embodied in the Constitution.

Lastly, and probably more important than all else, we are enabled to see the source of Pinckney's ideas, for there seems little doubt that, as far as powers to be delegated to Congress were concerned, he was much influenced by a report made in the Continental Congress in August, 1786. It may be that large portions of this report were embodied verbatim in the plan. Certainly some of the words of the report appear in the outline as here given. Pinckney, then a young man of twenty-eight, had part, possibly a leading part, in the preparation of this report. He was a member of the grand committee appointed to consider the alteration of the Articles of Confederation, he was chairman of the sub-committee which drew up the report that was accepted as the report of the whole committee; and the introductory phrases, as appears by reference to the manuscript papers of the old Congress, were written in Pinckney's own hand. We may therefore see an interesting and illuminating example of the fact, too often lost sight of, that the sundry efforts to amend the Articles, the sombre experience of the weary members of the Confederate Congress, had a direct and immediate effect on their work when, as members of the Convention, they undertook the task of constituting a new government and of overcoming the evils of the time. That Pinckney, the youngest member of the Convention, should have presented a plan on the same day that Randolph proposed the resolutions of the Virginia delegates, causes less surprise when we appreciate the important part he had been playing in the Congress of the Confederation.

One or two additional words are needed by way of annotation. In the fourth resolution there is, in the Wilson outline of the plan, no blank space before "thousand." Pinckney surely meant to leave a blank to be filled. In the fifth resolution, "annually" should have been written "septennially." Pinckney advocated a septennial term. Wilson could easily have made these mistakes either when condensing the plan as orally presented, or when taking notes from the copy on the clerk's desk.

1. A Confederation between the free and independent States of N. H. &c is hereby solemnly made uniting them together under one general superintending Government for their common Benefit and for their Defense and Security against all Designs and Leagues that may be injurious to their Interests and against all Forc[e(?)] and Attacks offered to or made upon them or any of them

2. The Stile

3. Mutual Intercourse—Community of Privileges—Surrender of Criminals—Faith to proceedings &c.

4. Two Branches of the Legislature—Senate—House of Delegates—together the U. S. in Congress assembled

H. D. to consist of one member for every thousand Inhabitants 3-5 of Blacks included

Senate to be elected from four Districts—to serve by Rotation of four Years—to be elected by the H. D. either from among themselves or the People at large

5. The Senate and H. D. shall by joint Ballot annually chuse the Pres^{t}. U. S. from among themselves or the People at large.—In the Presidt^{t}. the executive Authority of the U. S. shall be vested.—His powers and Duties—He shall have a Right to advise with the Heads of the different Departments in his Council

6 Council of Revision, consisting of the Presidt^{t}. S. for for. Affairs, S. of War, Heads of the Departments of Treasury and Admiralty or any two of them tog^{h} w^{t} the Presidt^{t}.

7 The Members of S. & H. D. shall each have one Vote, and shall be paid out of the common Treasury.

8 The Time of the Election of the Members of the H. D. and of the meeting of the U. S. in C. assembled.

9 No State to make Treaties—lay interfering Duties—keep a naval or land Force Militia excepted to be disciplined &c according to the Regulations of the U. S.

10 Each State retains its Rights not expressly delegated—But no Bill of the Legislature of any State shall become a law till it shall have been laid before S. & H. D. in C. assembled and received their approbation.

11 The exclusive Power of S. & H. D. in C. assembled

12 The S. & H. D. in C. ass. shall have exclusive power of regulating trade and levying impost—Each state may lay Embargoes in times scarcity

13 ———— of establishing Post Offices

14 S. & H. D. in C. ass. shall be the last Resort on Appeal in Disputes between two or more States; which Authority shall be exercised in the following Manner &c

15 S. & H. D. in C. ass. shall institute offices and appoint officers for the Departments of for. Affairs, War, Treasury and Admiralty—

They shall have the exclusive Power of declaring what shall be Treason and Misp. of Treason ag^{t}. U. S.—and of instituting a federal judicial Court, to which an appeal shall be allowed from the judicial Courts of the several States in all Causes wherein Questions shall arise on the Construction of Treaties made by U. S.—or on the Law of Nations—or on the Regulations of U. S. concerning Trade and Revenue or wherein U. S. shall be a Party—The Court shall consist of Judges to be appointed during good Behaviour—S. & H. D. in C. ass. shall have the exclusive Right of instituting

in each State a Court of Admiralty, and appointing the Judges &c of the same for all maritime Causes which may arise therein respectively

16. S. & H. D. in C. ass. shall have the exclusive Right of coining Money—regulating its alloy and Value—fixing the Standard of Weights and Measures throughout U. S.

17. Points in which the Assent of more than a bare Majority shall be necessary.

18 Impeachments shall be by the H. D. before the Senate and the Judges of the federal judicial Court.

19. S. & H. D. in C. ass. shall regulate the Militia thro[?] the U. S.

20. Means of enforcing and compelling the Payment of the Quota of each State.

21. Manner and Condition of admitting new States.

22. Power of dividing annexing and consolidating States on the Consent and Petition of such States.

23. The assent of the Legislature of States shall be sufficient to invest future additional Powers in U. S. in C. ass. and shall bind the whole confederacy.

24 The articles of Confederation shall be inviolably observed and the Union shall be perpetual; unless ordered as before directed

25. The said States of N. H. &c guarrantee mutually each other and their Rights against all other Powers and against all Rebellion &c.

Through the courtesy of the librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania I am permitted to print the above outline.

ANDREW C. McLAUGHLIN.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON,
April 19, 1904.

INTEREST IN DRAMAS AND LENGTHENED POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last received number of the *Nation* was a suggestive note covering the supposed decline in general interest in dramas and longer poems. It is a question whether the steady sale of Shakspere, Milton, and the 'Faery Queen' is in proportion to the increasing number of readers—whether they at all hold the same proportionate place in the minds of readers as formerly. Nor is purchase always proof of reading or digestion. Bookbuyers are supposed to owe it to themselves to have certain volumes on their shelves. There are reasons on the surface why idealizing writers find it more difficult to interest us than formerly. History, the universe, we ourselves, are measured and probed as never before. Boyle O'Reilly's "Wonderful Country Far Away" is a charming though unavailing plea against such influences. Now, knowing the real conditions of life in the Highlands and in the Isles of Greece when Scott and Byron wrote, how can we be carried away by their poems as were the readers of their day? Biblical criticism has lessened the verisimilitude and damaged the prestige of such works as 'Paradise Lost' and 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

However little, if at all, nations in their collective action have bettered, a more humanitarian spirit is abroad. We see more real beauty and romance in "The Angelus" or "The Workers" than in the pictured nymphs and beauties of former days. Dramatic and poetic pieces can but weakly appeal to those who have realized the heroism that has been enacted in our own time. In the daily impact of telegraphic news from all quarters of the globe, how can the world to the same degree as formerly lose itself in fancy? Think alone of the real tragedy of the late war in South Africa, this raid upon Tibet, or, more striking than either, the race contest in the United States! The novel, dealing with the real facts of life and life's tragedy, is our best solace.

Yours very truly, ALFRED WEBB.

DUBLIN, April 13, 1904.

THE BOOMING OF HISTORIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few weeks ago the readers of the *Nation* were enlightened by some correspondence concerning a certain 'History of North America.' Such facts as were brought out are particularly valuable to librarians, and I should like to ask if any of your readers can throw light upon 'The Historians' History of the World.' Why is a certain good weekly magazine booming it? Is it another case of the editor not being responsible for the advertising department? Has the day gone by when a history can sell on its merits? I wish every library would absolutely decline to buy books exploited in this way; but that, of course, is impossible.—Truly yours, LOUIS N. WILSON.

CLARK UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, WORCESTER, MASS.,
April 21, 1904.

THE BULFINCHES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your excellent editorial on "Tinkering the Capitol," in the issue of April 7, the name of Thomas Bulfinch, the writer, is very naturally substituted, by a slip of the pen, for that of his father, the architect. Charles Bulfinch, who designed the Boston State House and many other buildings in New England, was architect of the Capitol at Washington from 1818 to 1830, and brought the work to completion after Latrobe's beginning and its partial destruction by the British.

Thomas, one of the sons of the architect, wrote the well-known 'Age of Fable,' and other works for young people, and his name is probably more familiar, outside of New England, than his father's.—Respectfully,

ELLEN SUSAN BULFINCH.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 19, 1904.

Notes.

A rather strained, not to say sensational, title has been sought for a new set of lives of American notables, "American Crisis Series of Biographies," to be published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, under the editorial direction of Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer, who will lead off with Lincoln. Brooks Adams will write the life of his grandfather, John Quincy Adams; Booker Washington that of Frederick Douglass; Professor Van Tyne that of Webster; Gaillard Hunt that of Calhoun; Lindsay Swift that of Garrison; Professor DuBois that of John Brown; Prof. W. E. Dodd that of Jefferson Davis, etc.

A second series of reprints of rare but also historically significant economic tracts, issuing from the Johns Hopkins Press, is projected, similar to that edited by Prof. J. H. Hollander, and again equipped with his introductions and annotations. The four now announced are all of the latter third of the seventeenth century; the first four were all of the nineteenth. The net price will be one dollar, and subscriptions are invited.

'Famous Battles of the 19th Century,' edited by Charles Welsh, is announced by A. Wessels Co.

'The Better New York,' by Josiah Strong, is to be published by the Baker & Taylor Co.

A. S. Barnes & Co. have nearly ready 'The Journey of Coronado,' by George Parker Winship (in their "Trail-Makers' Series").

Apropos of the recent notable engraving by G. Kruell after Ramsay's portrait of J. J. Rousseau, and of the Rousseau Archive and Society establishing in Geneva, M. J. Grand-Carteret is preparing for the Society a new Iconography of Rousseau (that of 1878 by M. Bachelin being a very imperfect though praiseworthy essay, based on the exhibition commemorating the centenary of Rousseau's death, in Paris).

Charles S. Newhall's 'Trees' and 'Shrubs of Northeastern America' have been combined in a single volume by Messrs. Putnam, of which the text and the plentiful drawings by the author are well calculated to assist those who seek to familiarize themselves with the forms and names of growing things. The "thirteenth impression" stamped upon the 'Trees' emboldens us to say that, in the fourteen years of public favor, errors pointed out by critics from the start merited attention and correction. Mr. Newhall still publishes that Hickory is "from a Greek word meaning round," but already he could have learned from the Oxford Dictionary that the name first appears as "perhickery" in Virginia in the middle of the 17th century. It was in this same century, too, that Europe first became acquainted with our Tulip-tree, yet we still read (p. 100) that this tree "was very highly esteemed by the ancients."

A new imprint has been made of G. Waldo Browne's 'Japan, the Place and the People' (Boston: Dana Estes & Co.), a work chiefly valuable for its 300 attractive half-tone picture and colored plates. These serve rather to throw in the shade the text, which is still agreeable reading. The author would have done himself more credit if he had been a little more generous to writers who preceded him by two-score years or more, who did the original research and supplied the substance of the information here so pleasantly reproduced. There are, however, some fresh impressions, and one or two new versions of famous old stories. The Japanese Minister at Washington furnishes a spirited introduction, which helps to show how nimbly the canny islanders in our century can reread their history in the light of Occidental phrase. He proceeds on the idea that things in Japan, as they are to-day, were substantially the same even in the millennium or more before the Japanese had any writing, or what the modern world would call civilization.

The second volume of the "Narratives of Captivities" undertaken by Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, reproduces the 'Captivity and Sufferings of Benjamin Gilbert and his Family,' carried off by the Indians, from their farm near Bethlehem, Pa., in the spring of 1780, and not too inhumanly treated, perhaps protected by their Quakerism. The editing has been entrusted to the competent hand of Frank H. Severance, who traces the Gilbert pedigree and adds a bibliography. The original Gilbert home-

stead (now included in Philadelphia) is still occupied by descendants, and a picture of it is here given.

A fair sample of the poet Cowley, on both his sides, is afforded in the latest addition to Methuen & Co.'s "Little Library," 'Several Discourses by way of Essays and Verse and Prose,' with a portrait. Mr. H. C. Minchen's introduction summarizes well enough Cowley's life, but will hardly compare with Leslie Stephen's sketch in the Dictionary of National Biography. Another volume in the same series is the 'Poems of Henry Vaughan,' edited by Edward Hutton. It is an all but complete collection, lacking the translations and a few fragments.

The relation between the decline in poetic production and in the quotation of poetry has yet to be worked out. Certain it is that one would be hard put to it to make a sequel to the ninth edition of Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations' based on the verse uttered or passing current since 1891. Kipling, we suspect, would contribute most (for Mr. Bartlett had caught FitzGerald's Omar in his latest noose), and he is liberally drawn upon in Helena Swan's 'Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations' (London: Sonnenschein; New York: Dutton). The compiler frankly speaks of her collection as "breaking new ground" and "suggesting passages suitable for quotation," in her opinion. In other words, she has made an anthology, and has not been niggardly, as the volume consists of 600-odd pages, including the authors' index. She has made 1850 a dividing line, but with exceptions in favor of Tennyson, the Brownings, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Whitman. Tennyson overshadows everybody. The first three Americans are about evenly matched in the number of selections; but Longfellow is entered as "William W." Dr. Holmes is absent. The only other names from this hemisphere are Aldrich, Will Carleton, Eugene Field, Bret Harte, Hay, Leland, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Buchanan Read. No Gilder, no Whitcomb Riley, no Woodberry. Mr. Stedman's American Anthology can hardly have been availed of. Thomas Hardy, Stephen Phillips, Watts-Dunton, William Watson, Alfred Austin, W. E. Henley, R. Le Gallienne, Alice Meynell, Lord de Tabley, are some of the British contingent which helps to make this collection welcome for reference or for enjoyment.

Armed with nothing more effective than first-class teaching certificates and a pleasant address, Lina Boegli, Swiss schoolma'am at Cracow, decided that she would travel round the world, taking ten years for the purpose and earning her living by her profession. This in 1892. In 1902, on the twelfth of July, she stepped out of the train at Cracow, it being the exact anniversary of her departure ten years before. Meanwhile she had lived and taught in Australia, Honolulu, San Francisco, and Ogontz, Pennsylvania. She had no serious adventures. Her letters have been made into a volume, 'Forward' (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.). They are not remarkable for literary form, and, while pleasant reading for the friends to whom they were originally addressed, seem to have no particular reason for existing in print. There are two portraits of Miss Boegli, but, instead of being "before and after taking" her journey, they are both dated 1892. There is no index or even a table of contents. The only obvious moral of it all is that, in the present state of civilization, a lone female may go about the world as safely as she might go to market, provided she does not stray far from the ordinary routes of travel; and that, in Anglo-Saxon regions at least, everybody is, as a rule, disposed to be kind and helpful to her. This, after all, is not a small thing, and is worth recording.

'Fishing Holidays,' by Stephen Gwynn (Macmillan), is a self-confessed attempt merely to amuse, with no promise of instruction other than the reader may cull negatively from the conscientious record of stupid mistakes which the author himself has made. We like the book none the less for its fidelity to this description. Angling literature held up to strenuous standards would be as out of keeping as the over-strenuous angler himself. It is *aliquid remissius et dulcius* that one wants, such as Pliny's old friend Spurinna liked to have read to him in the hour of relaxation after his bath. We get from Mr. Gwynn's pages some refreshing whiffs off the lakes and hills of Erin, or, more narrowly, of Donegal, Kerry, and Connaught. He picks up many piquant incidents of Irish life and character by the way, and incorporates one first-rate Irish story of some length, 'St. Brigid's Flood,' which has already seen publication in *Blackwood's*. His aversion to worm-fishing is easily comprehensible in itself, but one is inclined to take it as a whim rather than a principle when he finds it side by side with a lurking curiosity to see a fish-hole dynamited just once. Whether the closing chapter is to be taken seriously or as a mere hoax, we confess our inability to determine. It is a tale of a leather fishing-bag, picked up by a collector in a Westminster shop, with the inscription carved upon the outside, "J. D. Anderson. From my Friend Izaak Walton. 1646." The alleged collector purchased it with no disposition to believe in the genuineness of the inscription, but a friend, upon examining closely the inside of the lid, which had been painted with a white enamel, now cracked with age, discovered the branded initials "I. W." Though the owner does not choose for the present to disclose his identity, we are assured that the relic is ultimately to be placed in some public collection.

'The Still Hunter,' by the veteran author and sportsman T. S. Van Dyke (Macmillan), is virtually a course of lectures on the art of hunting deer. It is to be hoped that similar books for other game will follow. Hunting the fleet deer on foot is no child's-play. Deer are so protectively colored that when at rest they are, to the untrained eye, practically invisible. When, however, the sportsman has sighted a patch of hide or a tine of an antler, his approach may well be indirect, preferably from above or under cover of a ridge. Patience, the author says, must be the still-hunter's cardinal virtue; hurry generally means flurry, and noiseless speed (an art in itself) is the only means to venison. When tracking, the hunter should not follow in the deer's footprints, but should bear off a few paces and read several rods of trail at a glance. Deer that have been jumped should not be followed. One must remember that the quarry at rest has a tremendous advantage over the pursuer in motion, and that when the conditions are reversed the animal loses the advantage. Realizing the value of repetition in teaching, Mr. Van Dyke forces the reader to follow again and again the processes of still hunting, until the entire routine becomes a habit of mind at least, if not of body. To put into successful execution all his directions at once without much actual practice, however, would be no less a feat than for the inexperienced photographer, relying on an exposure table, to make a good picture with a focussing plate camera on a tripod wabbling in the wind.

'Musk-Ox, Bison, Sheep, and Goat,' by Caspar Whitney, George Bird Grinnell, and Owen Wister (Macmillan), is the seventh volume of the "American Sportsman's Library" series. It is written for the hunter and the nature-lover, but is also truly scientific, though untechnical. Mr. Grinnell's account of the extermination of the bison, and Mr. Whitney's story of the killing of his first musk-ox, are excellent, amid much else that is good.

'Minute Marvels of Nature,' by John J. Ward (Crowell & Co.), is a collection of nearly two hundred microphotographs taken from both plant and animal subjects. The book has more interest for the microscopist than the biologist, because the text is a simple explanation of the photographs, and not a detailed biological exposition. Had the author used scientific names and technical language more freely, his work would have been more valuable to the student. It gives, however, much unpretentious instruction and entertainment for the general reader, and does credit to its author's skill and industry.

Some years ago attention was drawn here to the agitation conducted from Florence towards applying a Romanized alphabet to the colloquial language of Egypt. A new edition of these publications has now reached us—both the pamphlet in explanation and defence of the system, and a little Egyptian primer written in accordance with it for Egyptian speakers. But its authors seem hardly to realize how enormous would be the revolution they seek; the mere change of the direction of writing is appalling. That the Egyptian colloquial must and will assert itself as a literary organ is certain. It is moving in that direction already, or, rather, the literary language is moving towards it. But the change will come by slow development and not *per saltum*, however full of advantage for the Egyptian people a leap would be. It is unfortunate, too, that this system still kicks against the pricks by holding to its "j" for long "i" and by abjuring capitals. There is not a student of Arabic who would not be delighted if that language had some means of indicating its proper names.

Mention will suffice of the new edition, the sixth, of Maspero's 'Histoire Ancienne des Peuples de l'Orient.' The stout little volume now extends to 912 pages, but the greater part of that increase is due to 175 added illustrations. These are of the usual character, but the text itself has been brought thoroughly to date. The publisher is Hachette.

A List of Books on Arts possessed by the John Crerar Library in Chicago, October, 1903, has just been published in response to a request from the Industrial Art League of that city, in spite of acknowledged deficiencies in the collection. The arrangement is peculiar, but the classification and the index together will meet

the searcher's needs. The List will be found a valuable tool in any library.

Our trade with the Turkish Empire, and how it can be increased, is a leading topic in the Consular Reports for April, having particular regard to Asia Minor and Syria. It is an interesting fact that in this latter country camels as freight carriers are still able to compete successfully with the railways. The consul at Beirut writes that, "during the harvest, some 4,000 to 6,000 camels, each with a burden of 500 pounds of grain [wheat, barley, and corn], daily pass between the interior and the sea via Nazareth." He also quotes from a Levantine journal some tenders for material for the Hedjaz (Pilgrim) Railway now being constructed by Turkish soldiers between Damascus and Mecca. About three million dollars have been raised for it "by popular subscription among Mohammedans in all parts of the earth, including the Philippine Islands." Its length will be 930 miles. In the Daily Consular Reports of April 7 we read of the reforestation of southwestern France by means of the "pin maritime," according to Consul A. W. Tourgée of Bordeaux "the most remarkable achievement ever wrought by human agency in the modification of natural conditions of soil and climate for the benefit of mankind." The first trees were planted in 1800, and their success in resisting the desolating advance of the sand dunes was so great as to attract the attention of Napoleon, and the work was taken up by the Government. There are now nearly 700,000 acres of pine forests which not only protect the land, but are a source of great profit. It is now proposed to attempt to reforest the French Sahara by the cultivation of trees and shrubs adapted to its climatic conditions.

As the outcome of a series of articles on the first Western scholar to penetrate into the terra incognita of Tibet, the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* (Beilage No. 30) concludes that this distinction belongs to the German Jesuit Father Grüber. In 1661, at which date he was a missionary in China, Grüber went from Peking in company with the Dutch father, Dorville, and managed to make the first tour of investigation in Tibet. His report is still considered an excellent production, especially in reference to geography and in its description of the shrines of the country. It is known that Dorville died on the journey, and that Grüber returned to Europe by way of Smyrna. Professor von Richthofen, in his work on China, sketches this journey through Tibet, which, from the starting-point in Peking, covered two hundred and fourteen days.

The excellence of the Japanese in handling their battleships and torpedo boats springs not from good luck, nor is it the result of chance, as the report for 1904 of the Higher Technological School of Tokio suggests, though nothing whatever is said directly on the subject within the covers of this matter-of-fact pamphlet. The school is now in its thirty-seventh year, and has already graduated nearly a thousand men, besides teaching hundreds who took partial courses. Of these graduates 145 are experts in Government offices, factories or arsenals, 547 are engineers or foremen in private factories, 130 are instructors in industrial schools, 61 were in 1903 studying in foreign countries, 18 are in graduate courses, 29 are serving their time as conscripts in army and navy, 65 have died, and 24 are in unknown careers. The regular students, now numbering 473, take a course of four years in weaving, dyeing, ceramics, applied chemistry, mechanical engineering, electricity, or industrial design. There is also a training institute of industrial teachers with 119 pupils, besides 272 lads in the school of supplementary industrial education. With the native Japanese are 12 Chinese, 6 Hindu, and 2 Philippine students. Of the younger school of industrial teachers, there are, in the two sections, 210, and of the school of industrial apprentices (working in metal and wood), 246 graduates, most of whose careers are known, as turning their knowledge and skill to the good of society at large. The studies common to all the departments, seven in number, include (in addition to ordinary science and technology) ethics, bookkeeping, industrial economics, industrial hygiene, the English language, and military drill, and the hours of work number thirty-nine per week. The presiding genius of the institution is Mr. Tejima, educated in Philadelphia and at Lafayette College in the early seventies, repeatedly in charge of national expositions, now at the head of the contingent from Japan at St. Louis, and an enthusiast in the industrial upbuilding of the Japanese nation. He has been decorated by the Emperor.

A joint announcement of field courses in geology for the summer of 1904 has just been issued by Harvard, Chicago, Columbia, and Johns Hopkins Universities, and can be had on addressing the professors of geology in those institutions. This is in the interest of the earnest student of geology in any part of the country, who can now examine at his convenience all the best chances for summer field study, and make his choice from among them. It is to be noted that Yale, not offering any field courses of her own this summer, "will give credit to those of its students who satisfactorily complete any of the courses" in the announcement.

—Few sections of the Oxford English Dictionary (Henry Frowde) have we found slower reading than Dr. Murray's opening of P (to Pargeted) in the second half of Volume VII. Slower by no means stands for duller, but the contrary. The letter itself has a peculiar interest. "During its whole known history it has represented the same consonantal sound." Originally in Teutonic it stood for an Indo-European B of rare occurrence as an initial, and the few words thus beginning were perhaps not retained in Teutonic. In Old English the majority of words in P were adopted within the historical period from other languages, particularly the Latin, and still "P remained the smallest initial letter" (barring exotic K and Q); but in our modern vocabulary it is surpassed in bulk only by C and S. it has become preëminently English in receptivity from all the world's tongues, and is, to use one of its own vocables, the most Panhuman division of the alphabet, with the greatest number of unsolved etymological problems and its fair share of spurious words. P has a non-etymological function not without its bearing on spelling reform, viz., that of "indicating for the preceding *m* the short and semi-sonant value which *m* naturally has before pronounced *p*" (as in Simpson vs. crimson); much as *r* determines the sound of a preceding vowel, and is indeed lost in it as *p* in Hampton or Thompson. If we were accordingly to write Thomson only, a foreigner would be pretty sure to pronounce this after the analogy of crimson or damson (-zon). Again, phonetic reformers who wish to supplant *ph* with *f*, to the confusion of our alphabetizing, neglect the fact that "words beginning with PH have the same relation to the P words proper that those in CH have to the C words"; but it is not proposed, we believe, to separate the latter from the C alphabet.

—Greek prefixes cut a large figure in this section, with more to come. The little god *pan* has a considerable progeny, sometimes masked, as in Pambrittanick. R. Barker invented the moving scene, the Panorama, and the name, in 1789, and presently the language was enriched by a figurative use of the word. We cannot recall having heard Pantheon stressed on the penult, which Dr. Murray assures us is the prevailing English usage; but there has been a change from the stressed antepenult (the Greek original as well as Middle English and early modern English accentuation), and it is evident from the quotations that the poets have had a hand in this. However, that class of writers has an obvious interest in not foregoing the alternative. Pamphlet apparently derives from a diminutive of the title of a twelfth-century erotic Latin poem or comedy called "Pamphilus, seu de Amore"; if so, it briskly cast off its etymological implication. "An amatory pamphlet" no more offends by redundancy than "an economic pamphlet" does by incongruity. This is one of ten thousand admonitions to half-baked grammatical critics who repose upon the etymology, as when condemning the locution "*under* the *circum*stances." The first quotation (1547), in Latin, under Paraphrase refers to Erasmus's New Testament 'Paraphrases'; the second (1548), in English, is from Udall's translation of that work, and this great disseminator of Greek and Latin words in our modern speech comes to the front again in Parasite, and in Panacea (Udall and the 'Paraphrases,' but this word was glossed also in the 'Colloquies').

—The need of Continental "Oxford Historical Dictionaries" appears in the case of Parakeet, where Italian and Spanish forms intervene, but the relations between them "cannot be settled till the chronology is known." "Par excellence" is admitted by Dr. Murray as fully naturalized. "Papier mâché [oftener *maché*]" is, like "nom de plume," not of French origin. Paduasoy is not of English or of French formation, and is probably a corruption of *pou-de-soie*. Pageant is known only in English and the Anglo-Latin *pagina*, but the links to connect it with "page" or "leaf," or "stage" or "scaffold," are wanting. Another unique and excellent possession is Palter—no other language need apply. Pants, for trousers, is a clear Americanism; so might have been thought the rare substantive Parch, when Mrs. Whitney used it in 1874, but Stephen Phillips needed it in 1900: "the long road and the march, With the chink, chink, chinking, and the parch." Paddle, an oar, is first quoted from Captain John Smith (1624); "paddle one's own canoe," from Marryat (1844). To "paint the town red" is

assigned to the United States (1884). "Pa" goes here no further back than 1811. In England in the seventeenth and early eighteenth century the form of Papa "varied between *papa'* and *pap'pa;* from the latter the American *pop'pa.*" "At its first introduction from the French, courtly and polite, and used even by adults; long considered 'genteel'; but more and more left to children, and in the second half of the nineteenth century largely abandoned even by them."

—It frequently happens that real inspiration is furnished by a teacher whose disciples succeed in putting into clearer and more scientific form the ideas which remain rather vague and inchoate in his own mind. This may happen not merely in philosophy, but in its dependent branches as well—for instance, pedagogy. This remark is suggested by an admirable little book on 'The Place of Industries in Elementary Education,' by Katherine Elizabeth Dopp (London: P. S. King & Son; Chicago: University of Chicago Press). There is no subject on which it is so easy to write banalities—nor so difficult to avoid them—as education; hence one appreciates the more the thoroughly sound structure and the perfectly chosen style of this volume. As for its subject, it is safe to say that its importance cannot easily be overestimated, and not so much for its intellectual value as for its moral value. Boys brought up after the fashion here advocated will have their lives so filled with interests from their earliest school days that they will have no time to run wild, in the bad senses of the term; and girls will be rescued from their besetting sin of frivolity. We can only wish that this book may have the wide-reaching influence upon the makers of school programmes that it deserves.

—Lillian Pettengill's 'Toilers of the Home' (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is "The Record of a College Woman's Experience as a Domestic Servant." The narrative would have gained in effectiveness if the writer had acquired at her college a more orderly style. Vague phrases and vaguer statements confront the reader continually. The subject undoubtedly calls for a great deal of detail, but the mass which is set forth in the nearly 400 pages of the volume is overwhelming. Largely non-contributory to the purpose of the book, it fatigues prodigiously without enlightening in proportion. The gist of the matter is presented in the closing chapter, entitled "Afterthought." Here the writer makes a summing up, and offers at least two important suggestions. One relates to the advisability of non-resident service; the other, to "a union of the domestic workers—under wise leadership." Whether "a scab list of the impossible employers and the boycotting of the same" "would seem a wise provision," as the author asserts, might perhaps better be left to the "wise leaders" to decide. Her own year of service under five different employers she does not think of "as a time of unusual hardship even." "Yet," she adds, "I would not at all like the idea of settling down to that life of domestic labor for any length of time. The prospects for the worker are too dreary; the attractions are too few and too sordid." Obviously her conclusions, however painfully reached, were not drawn from an exceptional martyrdom. After many facts arrayed on both sides—for Miss Pettengill is fair, if full of socialistic theory—her last word is: "But the problem of domestic help unfolds to prodigious size. Far be it from Eliza even to pretend to know anything about it."

—M. J. B. Andrews has been studying the animism of the Sudanese negroes at Algiers, and has published his most interesting results in a tiny brochure, with introduction by M. René Basset ('Les Fontaines des Génies'; Algiers: A. Jourdan). Round the "Seven Springs" in the neighborhood of the Basilica of Notre Dame d'Afrique clings a strange survival of the primitive spirit-worship of Senegal, grafted on the Muslim belief in the Jinn, and hazed over, though very slightly, with a Muslim atmosphere. There the negroes gather in their fraternities, sacrifice fowls to propitiate angered spirits, burn incense, and fall into cataleptic ecstasies. They show another of the so numerous cases, now attracting attention, of an early, crude faith and worship, unconquerably asserting itself through all manner of changes. The tomb of the Marabout is the abode of the Jinni; and the Jinni is simply the elemental animism of Central Africa. The general situation is certain; to assign to each—Marabout, Jinni, and animism—its own is the rub. New in the conception of the Jinn is that they are so easily injured and crowd so round that careful movement is necessary not to hurt or kill them. This at last explains how the merchant in the 'Arabian Nights' killed a Jinni with a date stone.

LADY GREGORY'S CUCHULAIN.

Cuchulain of Muirthemne: The Story of the Men of the Red Branch of Ulster. Arranged and put into English by Lady Gregory. With a Preface by W. B. Yeats. London: John Murray; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. W. B. Yeats, at the beginning of his preface to Lady Gregory's volume, pronounces it in his opinion the best book that has come out of Ireland in his time—"perhaps the best book that has ever come out of Ireland." This statement, standing where it cannot fail to arrest the attention, rather challenges the reader to severe comparisons. But the discussion of it would be idle, and we shall not try to find a common unit for the measurement of Edmund Spenser, Dean Swift, and the translator of the Gaelic tales before us. We are content to say that 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne' is one of the best products of the present Celtic revival. We value the work chiefly because of its genuineness. Celtic literature, or an important branch of it, is here represented in its true character; and, since the time of Macpherson's ingenious "Ossianic" fabrications, no literature has been more often misrepresented. It has been known largely at second-hand, and the Celtic spirit has been judged too much by its peculiar and exceptional manifestations. Matthew Arnold's familiar essay, which from the nature of its subject laid stress upon these features, contributed in a measure to the misapprehension; and in the foremost present representatives of Celticism in English, Mr. Yeats and Miss Fiona Macleod, there is in our opinion considerable exaggeration of the qualities which commonly pass for Celtic. The mysticism and symbolism by which Mr. Yeats's verse is increasingly characterized are not essentially Celtic, any more than the sentimentalism of Macpherson. Elements of both mysticism and sentimentalism are present, it is true, in the ancient Welsh and Irish writings; but in most of the "Anglo-Celtic" literature these qualities have been cultivated out of all proportion. Lady Gregory's service to the English reader—and incidentally, as we believe, to Celtic studies—is that she has reproduced a body of Irish writings faithfully as regards their spirit and substance, and closely as regards even their letter. At the same time she has made a version which possesses freshness and beauty and sustained interest. On the basis of the English idiom spoken by the West Irish country people, she has worked out for herself a style not only well adapted to render the Gaelic, from which its own peculiarities are largely derived, but also very appropriate, with its occasional archaisms of vocabulary and its lingering tendency to parataxis, to be the vehicle of popular or traditional narrative. One might have feared that there would be a suggestion of vulgarity or illiteracy about such a dialect, and that it would therefore prove unsuitable for the tales of ancient kings and heroes. But Lady Gregory has given it a grace and dignity which dispel all such misgivings. On stylistic grounds alone she is to be credited with a very considerable achievement.

In commending the honesty of Lady Gregory's work, we do not mean to imply that she has taken no liberties with her originals. It is only for literary uses, not for scientific purposes or by scientific standards, that her work is to be called faithful. The very scheme of her book involved at the outset certain freedom in redaction. The sagas of Cuchulain were never combined into one chronological series in Irish, and in making such a sequence Lady Gregory had to suppress certain inconsistencies and in general to go beyond the warrant of her sources. She simply took a step which might have been taken at any time by an Irish redactor, and in doing so we hold that she has observed all proper restraint. A freedom about which we feel more hesitation is that which she has allowed herself in the treatment of varying versions of the tales. In the story of Cuchulain's birth, for example, she has put two accounts together in such a way as to produce a combination which can hardly represent the original form of the story. But even in this case, however much her procedure may impair her version for the uses of the critical student, no one will deny her right as a literary artist to make such modifications. Here again her changes do not affect the essential quality of the narrative. In her version of the tale of Deidre, however, we doubt the wisdom of her course on purely literary grounds. She has followed in good part modern Gaelic redactions, and we feel that there would have been a gain, both in consistency and in power, if she had adhered to the older forms of the story.

When allowance is once made for Lady Gregory's eclecticism in the treatment of her sources, she will be found to have dealt with her Gaelic texts as faithfully as one could ask. She has made no essential additions. Her changes have been practically all in the nature of excision and condensation; and though the critical student will be forced to consult for his purposes the Gaelic originals or literal translations of

them, we see no reason why the general reader should not be spared some of the iteration and excessive elaboration in which they abound. For modern taste the stories probably gain on the whole by Lady Gregory's condensation, though in some instances she has dispensed with characteristic passages which we should have preferred to keep. Thus, in the account of the "Wedding of Maine Morgor" (which is much reduced in Lady Gregory's version) the Irish text relates that, upon the approach of Maine and his retinue to the house of Gerg, the people crowded to see them so eagerly that sixteen men were smothered! This little feature, which occurs elsewhere, and may have been an habitual touch with the Irish story-tellers in describing a struggling crowd, is omitted by Lady Gregory, perhaps from a feeling of triviality. But the passage in question is no more extravagant than others which she keeps. In the description of the combat between Cuchulain and Ferdiad it is said of the wounded warriors that "if it were the custom for birds in their flight to pass through the bodies of men, they could have passed through their bodies on that day." Lady Gregory lets this stand, though it occurs in one of the most pathetic episodes of the great *Táin*, and we approve of its retention. Only we should be disposed to treat all such passages alike, for we regard them as particularly characteristic of Irish story-telling. We recognize, however, that Lady Gregory had to use her discretion on scores of similar points. One case of excision of a different sort, which we have observed, was certainly unfortunate. In the account of Cuchulain's delightful interview with Emer (on page 26) the passage of the original is omitted in which the task is imposed upon him of "killing three times nine men with one blow, and yet so as to save one man from each nine"; and later, on page 31, it is referred to as if it had been included.

Although Lady Gregory's text often adheres closely to the Irish for pages in succession, it does not purport to be a translation, and we have not undertaken to make a systematic test of its accuracy. One slip that we have noted is perhaps worth recording. Part of the point is missed in the explanation of the name of "Fand" (page 285) as "the tear that passes over the fire of the eye." "Fand" means simply "tear." The "fire of the eye" is the rendering of "Aedh Abrat," the name of Fand's father. Such errors as this do not matter greatly, and could be easily corrected in a later issue of the book. The same is true of little inconsistencies in spelling, perhaps mere printer's mistakes, like the variation between *Celtchair* (page 256) and *Celthair* (pages 254, 261, etc.). Irish proper names are likely to puzzle the reader enough at best, even if the same word is always spelled the same way.

All things considered, we hold Lady Gregory's work to be of great interest and value. She has succeeded in making an English rendering, at once beautiful and substantially faithful, of the principal cycle of Irish sagas. We are glad to see the announcement of a similar treatment of the Ossianic stories by the same author.

At the end of Lady Gregory's volume there is a note by Mr. Yeats on the "poet speech" of the ancient Irish and Norsemen. It is always a matter of interest when a poet undertakes, even casually, to define the essence of poetry. We may not learn anything new about poetry, but we are sure to get some light upon the poet; and Mr. Yeats's note, which suggests such a definition, is worth quoting, if only for what it reveals of his doctrine and temperament. He gives some account of the "Kennings" which were common to the poetic style of the ancient Irish and their Germanic neighbors, and defends them as marking "at worst an over-abundance of the esoterism which is an essential element in all admirable literature." Then he goes on to praise this "esoteric speech," which "brings the odor of the wild woods into our nostrils." We doubt if most readers of either Celtic or Germanic poetry will have associated the "Kenning," especially in its more developed forms, with the freshness of outward nature. But Mr. Yeats sees in it almost the heart of poetry, and sketches with reference to it a brief history of the imagination in literature. "The earlier we get," he says, "the more copious does this traditional and symbolical element in literature become." Greek and Roman culture, he holds, with its magnifying of man, set it aside for a while. But the earliest literature was all myth and symbol and enigma. Imagination was all in all. "Is not poetry," he asks, "when all is said, but a little of this habit of mind caught as in the beryl-stone of a wizard?" Thus he bases a plea for symbolism on the study of what is commonly regarded as an artificial element in Celtic and Germanic poetry. We do not mean to discuss his doctrine, which is in accord with the tendencies of some of his later verse. But we may say that we fear the effects of this theory of poetry just in proportion as we admire Mr. Yeats's rare poetic endowment.

COMTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The Philosophy of Auguste Comte. By L. Lévy-Bruhl. Authorized translation [by Kathleen de Beaumont-Klein]. With an Introduction by Frederic Harrison. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903. 8vo, pp. 363.

Throughout the greater part of the sixth decade of the nineteenth century, there seemed to be some prospect—to many of those who were then laboring to render philosophy, and especially logic, exact and scientific, it appeared as a danger—that the philosophy of Comte, or the first section of it, might become as dominant as nominalism has been since the overthrow of scholasticism. This was feared, not so much because that philosophy was a tissue of contradictions from beginning to end, as because, while teaching the relative, temporary, partially false character of all human knowledge, expressly including the Positive Philosophy itself, nevertheless the very essence and soul of it lay in a recommendation not to pursue certain lines of inquiry, and in a disposition to bring brute force to bear to prevent those inquiries from being pursued. That was the very stamp of Comte. That was his catholicism. Nor were these prohibitions the result of long examination anxiously attentive to all that could be urged on both sides. They sprang, on the contrary, from just such one-sided thought and partisan blindness as produced the revocation of the edict of Nantes and other events of French history. While such a terrible danger was hanging over human science, those who felt it to be such were naturally unwilling to say anything that might be taken for an approval of Comtism. But now that that system is utterly exploded, and that it seems impossible that—in this country or in England, at least, where the sacredness of individualism is felt—there ever should arise any real danger to inquiry from inquiry itself, it is time to apply ourselves to learning what there is to be learned from the many pregnant suggestions of that extraordinary thinker.

France, during the nineteenth century, produced no philosophical ideas of greater value than Comte's law of the three stages of thought and his classification of the sciences. There was an obscure Dr. Charles Burdin, who died, we believe, during the fifties, from whom, it has been very positively asserted by reputable writers, Comte appropriated both these doctrines. It is impossible to believe that Comte was a conscious plagiarist; for even if his morals had been less strict than they were in literary matters, of all the victims of the plagiarist the easiest to delude is himself. But it is almost equally difficult to admit that such writers as those who repeat the charge should have done so without weighing their words.

To say that a broad philosophical conception is altogether new, is almost equivalent to a condemnation of it. That anybody has given it its definitive form can hardly ever be said. Comte's conceptions of the "theological," the "metaphysical," and the "positive," were very hazy, indeed. What he called a "theological" account of a phenomenon was a view which attached to the phenomenon one of the familiar ideas of human life—an idea in Hegel's naïve stage. A "metaphysical" account was one which regarded an abstract concept as being illuminative apart from its predictive value—roughly corresponding to Hegel's second stage. What Comte meant by a "positive" account was one which avoided doing what it has quite commonly been the triumph of science to do, as in the kinetical theory of gases, the oscillatory theory of light, the ionic theory of electrolytes, and the like—namely, to pass beyond the general formulation of facts to likening them to diagrammatical ideas, and thus to explaining them by theories which probably contain some admixture of error. Neither Comte nor Hegel sees anything to commend in this. Poincaré and his like are Comtists in this respect, while Bolzmann and the older physicists generally are of a contrary faith. But that there are three stages in the comprehension of phenomena is now generally admitted, whether this be a mere logical division, or represent a subjective tendency to divide by three, or whether it be an objective law, as Comte seems to think it is.

Comte holds, and it is generally too hastily admitted, that his classification of the sciences is, and can only be, the immediate offspring of his law of the three states. Dr. Arnott had already formulated essentially the same classification, with the same ladder-like relationship between the different sciences, without having any notion of three stages of any kind. There is quite another conception which differentiates the Arnott-Comte classification from all others. It is that the others are simply classifica-

tions of the different conceivable branches of knowledge. They are mostly classifications of the objects that can be known, and, moreover, almost all relate to what is possible rather than to actual fact. Every one of them is concerned with science either in the sense of ἐπιστήμη (*scientia*), or in Coleridge's sense of "systematized knowledge." This is true, for example, of Whewell, of whom one might have expected something different. But for Arnott and Comte a science is an historical development, the collection of those phenomena that are connected with the fact that a social group have been devoting their main energies to the pursuit of inquiries so closely allied that the persons who compose it understand one another, their conceptions and their sentiments, as it is impossible that others should. As soon as the word science is thus made to mean a congeries of actual phenomena, the sciences become susceptible, for the first time, of what we call a "natural" classification—that is, a classification which displays, in a useful way, the principal general relations which we have learned from observation concerning the more important resemblances and differences of the objects classified—in short, what, in a reformed sense of Comte's word, may be termed a *positive* classification. Now the fact which it seemed both to Arnott and to Comte to be most desirable that such a classification should exhibit, was the well-known fact that one science will very often depend upon another very largely for its axioms while contributing little to that other unless it be material for study. All classifications of the sciences that have been made since Comte's (some fifty in number) have been methodeutically useful pretty nearly in so far as they have recognized that principle.

Not only the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive,' but also the 'Politique Positive' and other of Comte's works, are brimful of thoughts that are *warm* (as they say in Hide and Seek) to living truths, although these are invariably most inaccurately analyzed and formulated. For example, nothing can be truer than that a hypothesis is good for nothing unless it is, as Comte says, "vérifiable," provided this means that the hypothesis is of such a nature that, if true, it will lead to correct anticipations as to the characters of percepts and diminish the number of surprises; but Comte's definition, that a verifiable hypothesis is one whose substance is of such a nature as to be capable of being itself directly perceived, makes his maxim an arbitrary and indefensible limitation of useful knowledge. The past, for example, is of its nature incapable of being directly perceived, and therefore, according to Comte (too literally taken), we ought not to believe at all that there ever was any past, and, as he proposes to give up the use of the word "cause" altogether, so he ought to have given up the preterit definite and indefinite of all verbs. Then his law of the three stages would relate in the main to nothing real, but to mere phantoms of the brain, and would fall under the interdict of the high priest of Positivism. He never attempts to define his ideas without similar failure.

Since M. Lévy-Bruhl's book, though its author is not a Positivist, carries the approval of Mr. Harrison, the leader of the remnant of the school in England (none of them very great minds, one infers from their writings), the rest of the world ought to be content with it. It is truly a useful compend, in which great attention has been paid to the accurate representation of Comte's opinions. We doubt its causing anybody whose philosophical opinions are important to think better of Comte than he did before, since the impression that it produces is that of a piece of special pleading, one-sided and insincere. We cannot deliberately suppose that it really is insincere, but we have in sundry places been tempted to think so. Upon the reviewer, who had not looked into Comte's writings for many years, and who may, perhaps, serve as an average sample of M. Lévy-Bruhl's readers, the effect of the book has been markedly to lower the reviewer's estimate of Comte and quite sensibly to raise his estimate of Spencer. It is a well-constructed work, and is written in a very agreeable style. The translation is also agreeable despite an occasional Gallicism, such as the oft-recurring construction "substitute to" (*substituer à*). The print and paper are agreeable, too; but the proof-reading is not excellent, and, where French occurs, is bad.

Imperial Fiscal Reform. By Sir Vincent H. P. Caillard. London: Edward Arnold. 1903.

This work is written from the Chamberlain point of view, and contains a large array of facts and figures regarding British industrial conditions, presented, however, in a manner not to afford the least indication that the present fiscal system of the nation should be abandoned. The burden of the income tax, the changed conditions of British industry in recent years, and the growing importance of other nations (such as Germany and the United States) in foreign markets, which the United Kingdom once considerd almost exclusively its own, do not call for the extended argument which Sir Vincent Caillard indulges in. No free trader will hesitate to admit the facts which he adduces, but he fails to produce the slightest evidence that these facts are the result of a mistaken tariff policy in the past, or that they can in any appreciable measure be removed by a resort to "imperial fiscal reform"—that is, to some form or other of protection.

Sir Vincent Caillard's treatment of his subject is sketchy, owing, no doubt, to the fact that his material is worked up very largely from a series of magazine articles. But, allowing for this, his book is strikingly devoid of anything approaching a synthetical grasp of the situation. He has signally failed to perceive what facts were germane to his argument, and what were not. For want of a proper correlation of the matter employed, he displays at no stage of his work any real intuition of the causes which are now, and which have been, governing British trade. In short, Sir Vincent Caillard jumps at conclusions in a way which fairly entitles him to the description of going off "half-cocked." This is amusingly indicated by his remarks regarding Mr. Morgan's shipping combine. He says:

"The American shipping combine of 1902—by which, as Mr. Elzbacher graphically puts it, America 'scooped off the ocean the very cream of our merchant fleet'—has made its appearance, and dealt a severe shock to our insular self-complacency. This sudden carrying of the commercial war into the heart of our country—the very region which had been so confidently pointed to as proof, in spite of all that might be said to the contrary, of the maintenance of our commercial supremacy, and the superiority of our fiscal policy—is the most patent evidence of the effect of the tariffs, subsidies, and trusts which are revolutionizing economic conditions, and of the futility of our pathetic constancy to free-trade principles to combat them. It was almost amusing to note the outburst of wonder at Mr. Morgan's audacity, the inflated panegyrics of his genius indulged in by his admirers, the dismal possibilities of his failure indicated by skeptics. But Mr. Morgan is only the personal expression of the economic conditions of the times—a 'Napoleon of finance' certainly, but in the sense that, as Napoleon in his time in the arts of war, so now Mr. Morgan in commerce, takes advantage of possibilities unperceived by old-fashioned academic critics in this country. These, following the exact precedent of Napoleon's adversaries in his earlier campaigns, elect to be bound by 'rules of the game' laid down by their ancestors under a totally different set of conditions, which they regard as orthodox principles and a departure from them as detestable heresy, and pour forth the vials of their incredulous wrath upon the brilliant general who outflanks and defeats them by perceiving the change in conditions and taking advantage of his perceptions. They absolutely decline to be instructed by history, and, because England has flourished by free trade under circumstances which certainly do not exist now, and which may never exist again, they resolutely turn their backs on the lessons which the study of a period previous to that of free trade might teach them."

Now Sir Vincent Caillard is possibly not to be blamed for taking the view of Mr. Morgan's shipping combine which so many of his countrymen took at the time. But the events of the last two years have shown the absurdity of that view; and the grotesqueness of enforcing an argument against free trade by a comparison with one of the worst fiascos among the industrial Trusts is apparent. The use made of this incident discredits Sir Vincent Caillard's whole argument. It indicates that he is not a cool, dispassionate observer of passing events, but a person predisposed to alarmist views.

Take another example:

"It might be, for instance—I do not say that it is actually the case, but it is not absurdly improbable that it may be—that the excess of imports partly represents repayment to this country of capital invested abroad. If this were so, it is clear that, although the increased imports mean increased well-being to the consumers, and therefore, apparently, increased wealth, nevertheless, since they consist of consumable commodities, the ultimate effect, in so far as they represent repayment of capital, must be the impoverishment of the country."

This is certainly an extraordinary bit of economic reasoning. How does the consumption of the imported commodities differ from the consumption of the capital they represent, when that capital, instead of being brought home, is left employed in foreign countries? In the latter case, it destroys itself in order to recreate itself in larger amount; and if it is brought home and consumed, it also recreates itself, unless dispensed in charity.

Again, speaking of the mutton export possibilities of Australia, Sir Vincent Caillard says:

"New South Wales, with 40,000,000 sheep, comparatively neglects the export trade in mutton, and keeps her sheep mainly for their fleeces, the carcasses being generally converted into tallow. It is, however, affirmed by official experts that, with im-

proved prices and proper cold storage accommodation, the export of mutton from Sydney would be largely increased by the substitution of cross-breds for merinos."

All this is said without any apparent regard for the consequences of allowing the merino flocks of Australia to deteriorate. The advisability of Australia's relinquishing her position as the great exporter of fine wools is not to be discussed with such flippancy.

A rather striking feature of this work is its author's attempt to ride two horses. He says that

"the taxes should not, if possible, be so high as unduly to increase the cost of living, since this would ultimately prove to be a tax on profits and a drag upon trade. On the other hand, the preferential duties should be sufficiently high to favor trade with the colonies. But there should be no intention of rendering the preferences so great as to cause the virtual exclusion of foreign goods. This might diminish the invaluable incentive of competition, and would unduly raise prices."

What Sir Vincent Caillard appears to mean is this: We must give the markets of the United Kingdom to colonial producers, and at the same time we must not shut out foreign goods; we must not tax foreign goods sufficiently to increase the cost of living, and yet we must tax them enough to allow a substantial preference in favor of the colonies. Of course, the outcome of any such policy as this would be, other things being equal, to raise the price of colonial produce almost as much as that of foreign goods. It therefore all comes back to this, How much of a tax would be needed to increase the cost of living? If experience teaches anything, it is that it will require only a comparatively small advance in the import price to raise the level of retail quotations. In fact, when it comes to the issue, Sir Vincent Caillard, like Mr. Chamberlain himself, fails to present a very creditable appearance. He says:

"I have not attempted to sketch out any system of preferential duties which the colonies should grant the mother country. Owing to the varying conditions, it is improbable that it could be uniform, and an intimate knowledge of every colony would be required to meet the views and possibilities of each, until inter-imperial free trade is established."

But is it not rather extraordinary that one should feel justified in advocating a revolution in the domain of admittedly the most complicated of all the sciences without first acquiring "an intimate knowledge" of the basic facts? This particular statement is only one of the many indications afforded by the work before us that Sir Vincent Caillard's preconceptions many times outweigh his command of essential facts.

The Standard of Pronunciation in English. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, LL.D., L.H.D. Harper & Brothers. 1904.

About a thousand years before Christ, the first examination in pronunciation was set by the men of Gilead at the passages of the Jordan. The test word was "Shibboleth," and more than forty thousand candidates, though their lives depended on not dropping the *h*, could not or would not conform to the Gileadite standard. Obviously, it was plain sailing for the purists when correctness was a question of superior numbers; nowadays one's adversary survives to confute one's pet pronunciation with a pronouncing dictionary. It is to be hoped that Professor Lounsbury's book will shake the touching faith in their Webster or Worcester that limits the outlook of too many intelligent persons. What he proves is, naturally, that there is no such thing as a standard of pronunciation, or, rather, that the standards are countless and incalculable, set up by every dogmatic individual who is more fixed in his preferences than his neighbors. In the matter of dictionaries, one who intends to be his own standard had better not run counter to them all—in fact, he would have to be prodigiously original to do so; but he can safely throw any one or two of these infallible works overboard. After all, it is surprising that there has been no more general inquiry by what special gift of divination the great Worcester arrived at his notions of correctness. He was born in New England, and there passed his life except for a brief foreign tour; he may have spent a month in England at the outside. What he really did was to consult all the pronouncing dictionaries in his reach, and go with the majority except in cases (and these were, of course, frequent) in which he preferred the usage of his associates. The timidity and the concessions of the modern dictionary prove that its compilers realize that we live in an age which no longer leans on the infallibility of the printed word. We are all now of the mind of Webster's New Haven parson: "What right has Webster," said he, "to dictate my pronunciation? He is one of my parishioners, and he ought to get his pronunciation from me, and not I from him."

In the struggle between Teutonic accentuation and classical quantity it is to be noted how regularly the latter gives way, at any rate if the word be taken into general use. But there is an occasional revulsion of feeling, and we have observed that a typical word of the kind, "metamorphosis," long pronounced, in spite of Macaulay, with a short penult, has, within the last two decades, shown distinct signs of recovering its classical quantity, at any rate in England, where the very similar word, "apotheosis," is regularly heard with a long penult; the victory of the antepenultimate is not altogether unquestioned. Once, however, a new fashion has set in, not all the wit and learning of a Macaulay can defeat it. "'Bal'cony' makes me sick," said the poet Rogers; just such æsthetic nausea would "balco'ny" produce to-day in a refined hearer. There is a section of English society which took the late Lord Winchilsea for a guide, and it may interest Professor Lounsbury to learn that if you should, in certain English houses, pronounce the word "chariot" as a trisyllable, or write "Marquis" for "Marquess," or fail to pronounce that word as though it were spelt "Markis," you would be promptly sacrificed to the memory of Lord Winchilsea. For there are in England strongholds which the Websters and Worcesters have never penetrated.

The general conclusions of Professor Lounsbury's concise and useful little volume are encouraging to all concerned. If you come from the country and speak of the "theayter," you are using the correct classical quantity; if you prefer the current usage of the overeducated, you are still correct, because in these things usage is law. If you are defending some private eccentricity and are confronted with Webster, you can make the retort with which Socrates silenced Euthyphro, inviting him to prove that *all* the gods agreed in a matter which among men was open to opinion. You, too, will be unanswerable if you decline any judgment for which your opponent cannot demonstrate a complete consensus of what Professor Lounsbury would call the "orthoepic" gods.

A Short History of Mexico. By Arthur Howard Noll. New edition. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. 317.

From Empire to Republic: The Story of the Struggle for Constitutional Government in Mexico. By Arthur Howard Noll. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. 336.

Of recent years there has been a great output of literature bearing on Mexico—most of it, unfortunately, of the tourist type, distorted and jaundiced. There is, indeed, real need for a reliable popular history of Mexico, and, notwithstanding the two books of Mr. Noll, the need is still unsatisfied. His second, which has to do with the nineteenth century, is in one sense an expansion of that part of the 'Short History' covering the same period, and very much improves it. In the 'Short History' the author set out to write a guide-book:

"he at first thought of offering his work to the tourists in Mexico, to aid them in enjoying the sights of that country. This idea was abandoned after the manuscript was in the hands of the publishers, in deference to the opinions of others that the book would be beneficial to the public generally, no less in need of such a history than the tourist."

The result is that we have neither guide-book nor history, but a potpourri of unnamable stuff. The work was first issued in 1890, and this purports to be a revised edition; but how it ever came to be printed a second time is the wonder of it. It is proof, at least, that the public has more interest in our neighboring republic than discrimination.

Mr. Noll sets out to portray the origins of the aborigines of Mexico, tracing the Aztecs from the "cliffhouses of Colorado and New Mexico" to the valley of Mexico, where, having seen "an eagle standing upon a *nopal* (prickly-pear cactus) strangling a serpent," they founded the city of Tenochtitlan—afterward the City of Mexico! From this one can judge how successfully this early and fascinating story is disposed of. The Conquest is discussed with no insight into the general history of the period. To attempt the narrative of it without some knowledge of the relation it bore to the expeditions that everywhere penetrated the coasts of the New World, from Labrador to the Orinoco, is to miss the mark completely. Separate it, if you please, from the larger world movement of exploration and colonization, but give us its setting in the history of Spain; it will lose none of its glamour. But even this is denied us.

Mexican history down to 1821, for Mr. Noll, is little more than a chronicle circling narrowly about the two and sixty viceroys who filled during the intervening space the viceregal chair of the kingdom of New Spain. The details of the Government; the christianizing of the Indians; the organization and development of the Catholic Church, with its relations to the political machinery; educational matters; social institutions, etc., concern but indirectly our

historian. Rarely does his gaze reach beyond the barrier of mountains which locks in the Aztec City; and if it does, the result is apt to be unhappy. For instance, we learn that one of the *two important* acts of Viceroy Marquina was the suppression of the Nolan expedition into Texas!

The history of Mexico in the nineteenth century is comparatively difficult. Mr. Noll's elucidation of it reflects perfectly the situation. Chapter after chapter is but a confused chronicle of revolutions. As for inaccuracies, a few instances must suffice. We learn (p. 121, 'Short History') that Texas was colonized by Viceroy de la Laguna, who "laid down the reins of government" in 1686; but Mission San Francisco de los Tejas, the first Spanish establishment in that quarter, was not made until 1690. The story of the outbreak of the Mexican Revolution *(ibid.*, p. 149), is utterly fictitious. It reports that either Aldama or Allende alarmed Hidalgo, with the result that he gave the *grito*. As a matter of fact, it was the wife of the *corregidor* of Querétaro who informed the Cura of Dolores of the Government's knowledge of his conspiracy. Astonishing, too, it is to find *(ibid.*, p. 156) that the four great leaders—Allende, Aldama, Jimenez, and Hidalgo—were shot on the same day, July 30, 1811. In his later book, 'From Empire to Republic' (p. 49), Mr. Noll reverses his own judgment, writing that the first three were shot in June and Hidalgo in July. This is all the more inexcusable since we are assured that the 'Short History' has been thoroughly revised. It is likewise with a shock that one discovers (p. 202, 'Short History') that Texas had 10,000 American settlers prior to the granting of Austin's *empresario!*

In spite of the formal bibliography (in 'From Empire to Republic'), it is perfectly clear that the author clung to his guidebooks. If he had taken the pains to go through the mass of materials collected by H. H. Bancroft; to sift 'Mexico atraves de los Siglos'; to study Bustamante and Alaman for the great Revolution; and to soil his hands with the dusty folios in the Biblioteca Nacional and in the Archivo General, we might have had a different story.

Recollections of a Royal Academician. By J. C. Horsley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The late J. C. Horsley, R.A., has rather slender titles to immortality in a malicious quip contained in Whistler's 'Gentle Art' and in certain dingy frescoes adorning the houses of Parliament. Possibly he better deserves to be remembered for certain excellent anecdotes imbedded in his posthumous 'Recollections of a Royal Academician.' These happy reminiscences were mostly taken down from dictation when Mr. Horsley was in his eighty-seventh year, and were set in order by a sympathetic hand.

At thirteen John Horsley was an art student, at fifteen a probationer and prize winner at the Academy schools. At sixteen one out of two portraits by him was rejected by the hanging committee of the Academy, a chagrin which in his seventy remaining years never befell him again. There was too little struggle in his upbringing. All along, the public thought too well of his anecdotal pictures. He painted the Queen's baby, the Princess Beatrice; and her Majesty came familiarly to the studio and compared babies with Mrs. Horsley. Her Majesty delighted in the story of Wilkie that,

"after making a sketch for composition with many figures in it, he would count the number and then the number of hands displayed; and if these did not amount to nearly a pair apiece, he would alter the sketch, feeling strongly that to omit a hand was deliberately to lose a vital point of expression."

Æsthetically speaking, all of Mr. Wilkie, of Mr. Horsley, of the Queen, and of Victorian art is suggested in the anecdote.

Indeed, Mr. Horsley was a peculiarly British compound of sociability, efficiency, culture, and provincial limitations. He met the best of his time, but remained a delightful Philistine to the end. It is perhaps this complete innocence of critical attitude that gives his recollections in old age great freshness and charm. To wield a deputy's billy in the Chartist riots, to have been a frequenter at Huxley's, though never feeling "quite at ease in discussion with him," to have ransacked England for twenty-seven years for the memorable winter exhibitions of old masters at Burlington House—all this bespeaks a very serviceable and beautiful nature.

One can forgive him a rather ridiculous crusade against painting from the nude, for his excellent anecdotes. For example, Horsley was at a Lord Mayor's dinner when his neighbor, Lord O'Hagan, was suddenly called upon:

"Up flamed the impetuous Irishman, no doubt remembering how strongly he had spoken to me about being requisitioned for impromptu speaking. He turned upon the toastmaster, and said: 'You, sir, go back to the Lord Mayor, and tell him from me that he is not justified in asking me or any of his guests to address such an assemblage as this without giving ample time for preparation.' Harker was equal to the occasion, and without a moment's hesitation replied: 'Prrupperation, my lord; why, if we were to give the gentlemen the time for prrupperation, they would speak all the evening!' "

Great men are seen in these pages only in passing: Felix Mendelssohn a familiar guest at Mr. Horsley's father's house; Vernet clambering up to the Institut de France in his cavalry uniform; Leighton similarly caparisoned for the Crimean war—at the lunch bar of the Athenæum Club; the Duke of Wellington's astonishment that, though his "double," a certain Mr. George Jones, was frequently taken for the Victor of Waterloo, *he* was never taken for Mr. Jones. But we must close a cursory notice of this agreeable book with the following amusing anecdote of the painter Cornelius. The scene is a Munich garden where, after a carefully planned luncheon, a young artist is exhibiting a great paper cartoon. Naturally, the guests, refreshed by much Hochheimer, and seated in the amphitheatre of chairs before the great design, await the master's verdict.

"Of course, every one waited for the great man to open his mouth. The sun was blazing on the picture, and Cornelius rose, open umbrella in hand, and pipe in mouth, in absolute silence, staring at an artistic performance *too bad for words*. The tension was becoming painful; the artist was jumping about explaining the points of the design, the perspiration rolling down his face, what with the heat of the sun and the excitement of the moment, heightened by the melancholy fact that not a solitary word of praise or satisfaction came from the invited guests. But every eye was upon Cornelius, then recognized as the leader of the art movement in Germany, who at last lowered his umbrella with the utmost deliberation, rolled it up, buttoned it, brought it down to his hip as if it were a musket, and, with a *pas de charge*, made for the cartoon, through which he burst and disappeared, and was seen no more that day. One after another the assembled guests rose, charged, and disappeared. The artist was left alone, or almost alone. He gazed at the awful hole, with its jagged and fluttering edges, through which his friends had vanished. He advanced, took his hat off, bowed to a few lingerers, pulled his hat over his brows, and himself went through the hole, amid the uproarious applause of all who remained near enough to the scene of action; thus, with infinite humor and good temper, putting the seal of his approval on the severe judgment of his artist friends."

La Corée Indépendante, Russe, ou Japonaise. By Villetard de Laguérie. Paris: Hachette & Cie. 1904.

We are not surprised to note that this author's brisk monograph, with its fifty rather cheap woodcuts, is in its second edition, for although he lived in Korea but a few weeks, he saw beneath the surface of things. In tone and value, the text is far ahead of the average book produced by the flitting swallows of literature. The point of view is, indeed, not that of the present year, although the publishers' date on the title-page is 1904. The author was special correspondent of the *Temps* during and after the Chino-Japanese war of 1894, and his latest comment is on the murder of Queen Min, concerning which event he is very full and illuminating. Considering Korea as "one of the last virgin lands of the globe," he was interested in visiting the country not merely to study it as a buffer state that for ages had stood between Japan and China, receiving the blows of each, but which was to be the silent partner in the still greater struggle between Japan and Russia—though this he did not foresee.

His very readable work is overloaded with allusions, and abounds in bright and amusing phrases not withheld from some of the heavier pages, which deal with statistics and comparisons. One cannot help regretting that he had not made himself familiar with Dallet's masterwork on Korea, which sets forth the real life and true currents of thought in the tiny empire. He contents himself, on the contrary, with a view of things as obtained in Seul. He is most interesting when he is talking about what he has actually seen in the country and among the people—for example, when he goes into the schools, which first nourish the youthful mind and then make it obese and dropsical with traditional Confucianism, so that at fifteen the average Korean is immensely "learned," frightfully ignorant, and hopelessly arrested in mental growth. One gets the idea of a whole nation suffering paresis. Yet the Korean mind, taken in youth, shows surprising responsiveness to science and reality.

Of the five parts of this lively monograph, one is devoted to what the author calls "the conquest of Korea by Japan" but although the chapter, "Japan Renders the War Inevitable," sounds rather thunderous, the proof that China herself did not begin the war by her violations of treaty is rather a whisper. After the Port Arthur and the Wei-hai-wei campaign of March, 1895, the author arrived at Chemulpo and began his

studies of the Land of Morning Radiance. He details the political doings of the Japanese in Korea, and gives a rather hasty view of the country before the Japanese occupation, flavored with sarcastic remarks about the high-salaried Americans in Government employ. He then shows how Count Inouye tried to reconstruct the corrupt Government, and how the envoy Miura upset, by his rude military ways, the delicate and wise work of his predecessor, "the white lily of Japanese statesmanship." The author treats fully and in the main judicially those tumults in the Korean capital which led to the murder of the pro-Russian Queen Min, to whose abilities he pays a deservedly high tribute. He describes also the flight of the king and his refuge for a year in the Russian legation. His final chapter, in which he shows himself less felicitous as a prophet than as a narrator, concerns itself with the question of the Far East. Very evidently, he does not know or understand the Japanese, and seems to share the notion that they are compacted of only Oriental stuff, and are destined to go the way of the other Asiatic nations in being subordinated to, or made subjects for conquest by, Russia or France or both in alliance. He thinks Korea is "a Morocco or Egypt of the Mediterranean of the Pacific," whose fate is at the dictation of Europeans only. Like most Continentals who have speculated on the future of the Far East, he seems unable to take Japan seriously. Hence he imagines (1895) that the whole question lay with "the Powers," and not between the little island empire and great Russia. Indeed, in vision, he thought he foresaw "in the streets of Seul what will be the end of the megalomaniac dream (*rêve mégalomane*) of the subjects of the Mikado."

The Citizen: A Study of the Individual and the Government. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. A. S. Barnes & Co.

To explain to young people the relations in which they stand to their rulers is a laudable undertaking, and we have nothing but praise for the spirit in which Professor Shaler carries it on, or for most of the counsels which he offers. The task, however, is harder than it looks. As Bagehot said, the invisible and unrecognized parts of government are the most important. They are like the steam which moves the engine; the machinery is conspicuous enough, and even the steam when it escapes after it has done its work. But the real work is done in secret, and its nature is not revealed to superficial observation. For these reasons many books on government are almost useless. They explain the statics of it, rather than the dynamics, and, after one has mastered all they have to tell, he may find himself, like Faust, little wiser than before.

It is possible that Professor Shaler has underestimated these difficulties. There are signs of easy, not to say careless, writing now and then. He quotes, as from the Declaration of Independence, the statement, "all men are born free and of equal rights"; and, having added an ambiguous word, he remarks that it is not clear what it means. He then asserts that the effect of the Declaration has been more marked among other peoples than our own. "Here it merely embodied in apt phrases what had long been firmly set in the minds of the people, . . . to the French, the American Bill of Rights came as a revelation of political gospel." Probably this statement would have struck Jefferson and Mirabeau with equal astonishment. Nor is it less surprising to be assured that the civil war did not alter the Constitution except in the extinction of slavery and of the doctrine of nullification. The doctrine of the Legal Tender decisions was revolutionary, and we have only begun to see its consequences.

On the fundamental question of party allegiance, also, the author expresses views which will arouse dissent. He thinks that our system of party government is based on certain fundamental qualities in human nature. All men are divided into two classes—the believers in centralized national government exercising a paternal control over the people, and the "strict constructionists," or believers in the freedom of the individual and the maintenance of the powers of local governments. Our two parties "are the indispensable agents of a democratic government. Every citizen should foster and respect them." This notion of a natural division of mankind is no doubt a very respectable tradition; but does it correspond with the facts? At the present moment there are probably more men supporting the Republican party who are intelligently opposed to its imperialistic tendencies, who are even free-traders, than are to be found in the Democratic ranks. They do not believe that the leaders of the Democratic party have any positive convictions as to the preservation of the liberties of the people; they know that these leaders are quite ready to adopt dangerous socialistic expedients. Most of them do not care for free trade or dare to advocate it if they care. They consent to our infamous pension laws; they do not protest against the awful burdens which militarism is laying on the poor; they encourage the labor unions in their despotic tendencies. Yet Professor Shaler mantains that our Congressmen are "naturally desirous of doing faithful service—except when self-interest prompts them overmuch, or when they have become mere servants of a party." Truly this is a large exception, as recent occurrences in Congress prove. Nevertheless, we are told that "the party whip has ceased to drive men as it did a few years ago," that the independence of the voters has so much increased "that in many States there is little influence left to the would-be 'bosses.'" We should like a list of these many States.

After all, Professor Shaler complacently observes, the state remains safe in the hands of either of the parties, and it does not make much difference which the young citizen joins, provided he acts honestly in making his choice. When he has made it, however, he is not to surrender his right of private judgment. He should refuse to vote for bad candidates; and in that way, if enough others agree with him, he may teach his leaders not to misbehave. Unfortunately, to refuse to vote for a bad Republican candidate may only bring about the election of a worse Democrat, and the leaders of both parties understand the situation perfectly well. They do not fret themselves because of good men who labor for "reform within the party." What they dread and detest is the genuine "Mugwump," who understands the motives which actuate politicians, and who does not respect or propose to "foster" either organization. When, if ever, a great body of citizens shall exist, holding itself aloof from the organized parties, and demanding specific measures of legislation and proper measures of administration, the tyranny of the politicians will be broken. Till then, the multiplication of citizens governed by Professor Shaler's doctrines will leave things very much as they are.

Not altogether as they are, however, for he truly says that the man who lives uprightly and tries to benefit his neighbors exerts a salutary influence on politics. The most substantial results are attained by those who make it their task to improve the conditions of their own immediate communities. In a little democracy like a New England town, these men are constantly selected to administer public affairs, and thus acquire real political power. As towns grow in size, this becomes less and less true; but perhaps even in large communities one can manifest his patriotism no more effectively than in devoting himself to such local reforms and improvements as there is reasonable hope of accomplishing. That vaguer, but easier and more captivating, form of patriotism which consists in wishing that our national policy may be directed according to our own standards of righteousness, is also not without effect; and Professor Shaler's counsels on this subject are enlightened and generous. In deploring the craze for military glory and dominion, in insisting on the barbarism of war and the cruelty of conquest, he speaks with impressive earnestness and in the interests of true civilization. Even if we do not altogether accept his historical and political generalizations, we can say that few young men would not feel themselves strengthened and elevated by the spirit of his teaching.

Studies in Dante. Third Series: Miscellaneous Essays. By Edward Moore. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1903. Pp. xvi, 388.

An event of real moment in the history of literary investigation is the publication of this third part of Dr. Moore's scholarly 'Studies,' a work which deserves a place beside D'Ovidio's 'Studii' and Flamini's 'Significati reconditi della Divina Commedia' among the foremost contributions to Dante criticism. A considerable portion of the large volume is occupied by a full and accurate exposition of mediæval astronomy and geography; although nothing new is here proposed in the way of interpretation, many difficult passages are made clearer than before, and Dante's conception of the material universe is presented in coherent fashion. More important, though shorter, is the discussion of the assumed date of the vision—an absolutely conclusive argument for the year 1300, and an equally unanswerable refutation of Angelitti and of the other advocates of 1301. The question is treated with perfect fairness in all its bearings, and it is hard to see how anything more can be said on either side.

"The Apocalyptic Vision" and "The Reproaches of Beatrice," while they contain nothing strikingly novel, exhibit the author's usual thoroughness and intelligence, and form an interesting commentary on the closing cantos of the "Purgatorio." A few

of his opinions, to be sure, are likely to be contested: for instance, the assumption of a series of seven distinct catastrophes to the Church, the explanation of the attack of the dragon as Mohammedanism (the Greek schism not being mentioned), and the theory that the seven heads on the chariot represent the Electors of the Empire. One might wish, moreover, that in the second of these chapters Dr. Moore had made more account of Dante's lyric poetry, which he seems, here and elsewhere, to have strangely neglected. A note on Matilda urges once more the claims of the Countess; the possible identification of this girlish spirit of Eden with the youthful *donna gentile* of the window is perhaps too lightly dismissed. In the study of the word *brolo*, the footnote on p. 217 shows a failure to discriminate between pronunciation and spelling.

"The DXV Prophecy," which has seen the light before, will doubtless find more admirers than believers. Wonderfully ingenious it certainly is, and nobody can rightfully deny it a fighting chance; but it puts one's credulity to a severe test. The hypothesis advanced is this: Dante's coming Avenger, who is called "515," or *DXV*, is Henry VII., and his name, in the form *Arrico*, can be spelled out of 515 by ascribing to the letters the numerical values which they had in Hebrew, after the fashion in which the Apocalyptic "666" has been deciphered. Dr. Moore makes it evident, by the way, that Dante might easily have known these values. To accept his view, however, we must admit that the "Purgatorio" (or at least this passage) was finished as early as 1312 and that the prophecy was left unchanged after Henry's death; that Dante ascribed to *o*, which he did not find in the Hebrew alphabet, an arbitrary equivalent of 4; and that, having at his disposal the current forms *Henricus*, *Enrico*, and *Arrigo*, he chose to operate with a non-existent, or at least excessively rare, *Arrico*. This last supposition is the most unlikely of all, inasmuch as the familiar *Arrigo* fits the Hebrew alphabet even better than *Arrico*. Dr. Moore is surely mistaken in assuming that *Arrigo* presupposes *Arrico* as a more primitive stage.

Likewise open to criticism, though entirely reasonable in its method, is the concluding essay on "The Genuineness of the Dedicatory Epistle to Can Grande." In a peculiarly minute and systematic examination the authenticity of the letter is defended and the opposing arguments of D'Ovidio are answered one by one. A telling bit of evidence is the identity of Dante's apparent sources for the "Paradiso" with the authorities cited in the epistle. The general conclusion, stated on pp. 361-362, is quite plausible, though too complicated to quote here. It must be said, however, that in all this controversy neither party has advanced an argument that can be called convincing. Furthermore, most of the participants—including Dr. Moore—have given little heed to the most suspicious blemish in the epistle, the fundamental inadequacy of its treatment of allegory.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Brown, Alice. High Noon. (Short stories.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Byrne, Lee. Quarry Slaves. (Drama.) Boston: The Poet-Lore Co. $1.
Chadwick, Henry and Helen. Far from the Stone Streets. (Verse.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Curtis, Francis. The Republican Party, 1854-1904. Two vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net.
Diary of Matthew Patten of Bedford, N. H., 1754-1788. Concord (N. H.): The Rumford Printing Co.
Dorsey, George A. The Arapaho Sun Dance. Chicago: Field Columbian Museum.
Dow, Joy Wheeler. American Renaissance. William T. Comstock. $4 net.
Ecclesiastical Records, State of New York. Vols. III. and IV. Published by the State.
Excavations at Phylakopi in Melos. (Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies—Supplementary Paper No. 4.) London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 30s. net.
Gardner, Percy. Historic View of the New Testament. New edition. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. 60 cents.
Geikie, Sir Archibald. Scottish Reminiscences. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co.
Gilman, Nicholas Paine. Methods of Industrial Peace. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.60 net.
Grahame, Kenneth. The Golden Age. New edition, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. London and New York: John Lane.
Harrison, T. Milner. Modern Arms and a Feudal Throne. (Fiction.) R. E. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Haupt, Herman. Reminiscences. John R. Anderson Co.
Hebrew Text of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. Edited by Israel Lévi. (Semitic Study Series, No. 111.) Leiden; E. J. Brill.
Hodgson, Mrs. Willoughby. How to Identify Old China. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 5s. net.
Kitchin, G. W. Ruskin in Oxford, and Other Studies. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.
Lassar-Cohn's Die Chimie im Täglichen Leben. Abridged and edited by Neil C. Brooks. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Laws of New Hampshire. Vol. I., Province Period, 1679-1702. Manchester, N. H.: The John B. Clarke Co.
Loper, S. Ward. Echoes from the Home of Halleck, and Other Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Lux Mundi. (Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation.) Edited by Charles Gore. 12th edition. Thomas Whittaker. $2.
McCracken, R. A. Hidalgo and Home Life at West Lawn. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co. $1.
McCutcheon, John T. Bird Center Cartoons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
McFarland, J. Horace. Getting Acquainted with the Trees. The Outlook Co. $1.75 net.
Methods of Social Advance. Edited by C. S. Loch. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 6s. 6d. net.
Myth, M. Y. T. H. The Way to Wings, and Kindred Sallies. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Napoleon's Maxims of War, with notes by Gen. Burnod. Translated from the French by Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. C. Aguilar. Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co.
Niles, Grace Greylock. Bog-Trotting for Orchids. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.
Nordiska Studier. (Festschrift in honor of Adolf Noreen.) Upsala: K. W. Appelberg.
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Pearson, Henry Greenleaf. The Life of John A. Andrew. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.
Picton, Nina. The Panorama of Sleep. The Philosophic Co., 500 Fifth Ave. $1.
Plauti, Comoediae. Edited by W. M. Lindsay. Vol. I. (Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis.) Oxford: Clarendon Press: New York: Henry Frowde. Paper, 5s.; cloth, 6s.
Poems that Every Child Should Know. Edited by Mary E. Burt. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Rexford, John. What Handwriting Indicates. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
Richie, H. C. Trusts vs. The Public Welfare. R. E. Fenno & Co. 50 cents.
Roosevelt, Theodore. Addresses and Presidential Messages. Introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Rutherfurd, Livingston. John Peter Zenger: His Pres,s his Trial and a Bibliography of Zenger Imprints. Dodd, Mead & Co. Limited edition; Japan paper, $20; Old Stratford deckle-edge paper, $9; postage additional.
Sangiacomo, Olivieri. The Colonel: A Military Romance. Translated from the Italian by E. Spender. London: David Nutt. 6s.
Scherer, James A. B. Japan To-day. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1:50 net; postage 15 cents.
Schmid, D. George Farquhar. (Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie, No. XVIII.) Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller. 8m.
Shaler, Nathaniel S. The Neighbor. (A study of race prejudice.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.40 net.
Shaw, G. Bernard. The Quintessence of Ibsenism. Brentano's.
Sichel, Walter. The Life of Lord Beaconsfield. (Little Biographies.) London: Methuen & Co.
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Social Directory for Greater Pittsburgh. Compiled and published by Margaret A. Winans, No. 1223 Buena Vista St., Allegheny, Pa.
Swan, Helena. Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations. (English.) London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.
Ullman, Alice Woods. A Gingham Rose. (Fiction.) Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Venn, John. The Venns: Annals of a Clerical Family. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 15s. net.
Watanna, Onoto. Daughters of Nijo. (Japanese romance.) The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
West, Willis Mason. Modern History: Europe from Charlemagne to the Present Time. (Allyn & Bacon's Series of School Histories.) Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.50.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1904.

The Week.

President Roosevelt could do no other than stand by his appointment of Dr. Crum as Collector at Charleston. Until the Senate decides otherwise, he is bound to suppose that a man against whom no other charge was ever brought, will not be kept out of office simply because his skin is not of the desirable shade. Hence the prompt recess appointment of Dr. Crum is simply the President's way of asking again whether the door of opportunity is or is not open in this country to negroes of education and good character. The Senate must answer. At the same time, Mr. Roosevelt cannot complain too bitterly because the Senate would not act. It was a case of the fetish, "Senatorial courtesy." Senator Tillman was absent, so how could an appointment in his State possibly be considered? As the President himself is, by his method of appointing to office, one of the greatest upholders of Senatorial courtesy, he is defenceless when its edge is turned against himself in this way.

The statements made in the Senate and House on Thursday regarding the appropriations of the late session of Congress are ominous. It is all very well for the Republicans to claim that the authorized expenditures for next year will be only $698,272,786, against $727,474,206 estimated by Secretary Shaw, and that, instead of the deficit of $23,002,146 predicted by the latter, there will be a surplus of $6,199,274. But this is very far from revealing the true situation. Senator Allison had to admit that the appropriations of the last session were $28,000,000 above those for the present fiscal year, as estimated. There is also an increase of $8,832,000 in the permanent annual appropriations. To the $698,272,786 of authorized appropriations must be added $26,801,843 to pay deficits for prior fiscal years, and $56,500,000 for the sinking fund, making $781,574,629 in all. Secretary Shaw estimated next year's revenue at about $704,000,000, which is $77,000,000 less than the authorized and the permanent appropriations. It is hoped, of course, that the revenue will run ahead of the estimates and make good part of this discrepancy; and it is also expected that considerable money granted for the coming year will not actually be expended until a later period. But the present receipts of the Treasury certainly cast a damper on the hope of excess in revenues.

Where are we going to stop? The British people, who have been pursuing exactly the same policy as ourselves, have become seriously alarmed over their expenditures; our complacency is still undisturbed. But it is worth noting that our extravagance is of the same order as theirs. The army and navy are swamping them, and the army and navy are devouring our substance at an alarming rate. Next year we propose to spend $8,000,000 more on the former than this year, and $16,000,000 more on the latter. Senator Aldrich may cry Peace, peace! but there is no peace—that is, no peace-footing for our military establishment. He has been hoping for it ever since the Spanish war, but sees it recede farther into the distance every year. During the last fiscal year Great Britain spent $144,500,000 on her army. Secretary Shaw's estimate for 1905 was $125,600,000. Great Britain devoted to her navy $184,500,000, and the Treasury's estimate for us was $103,600,000. Considering the size of the British Empire, and the fact that its navy is intended to be equal to any two fleets of other nations, our pace is out of all proportion. The total expenditures of the Roosevelt administration have been $211,000,000 greater than those of Mr. McKinley's four years, and $883,000,000 larger than those of Mr. Cleveland's last term. Speaker Cannon might well say, as he said in the House in 1897, that the President should exact of his Cabinet "some degree of wholesome effort in the direction of public expenditures, to the end that Congress may not have to strive unaided and alone towards bringing our public expenditures within the sum of our public revenues."

Speaker Cannon received from the adjourning House such a tribute as probably no predecessor of his in the Chair was ever offered. In sheer intellectual greatness, in dashing leadership, in service to the country, many Speakers would come before Mr. Cannon. Blaine was far more brilliant; Randall was more massive; Carlisle more serenely and judicially impartial. Speaker Randall, by standing like granite against the wild dashings of his own party in the House, when it would have refused to carry out the findings of the Electoral Commission in 1877 and plunged the land into civil war, performed a public service beyond anything that ever fell to Mr. Cannon's lot. But none of the Speakers we have mentioned, or any other occupant of the Chair, could ever have got this unanimous election as Prince of Good Fellows. Speaker Reed might have come near it had not his mordant tongue and the fierce party controversies he aroused made men forget his abounding bonhomie. What endears Mr. Cannon to his colleagues on both sides of the House is not simply his fairness and unfailing good humor, but a quaint and picturesque quality all his own. What in another would be affectation or posing is in him the spontaneous overflow of a very sincere and rugged nature. His odd phrases go with a certain sort of whimsicality of mind, while his homely simplicity and directness breathe the genuine man. There is method, too, in his homespun bluntness. He gets things done that the masters of strategy and circumlocution would fail in. A few days ago, when the Democrats had caught the Republicans at the races, and left it doubtful if the majority party would not be outvoted, Speaker Cannon took the unprecedented step of having the roll called a third time. Mr. De Armond promptly made the point of order that this was against the rules, but the Speaker said: "The Chair will be very frank with the gentleman. The Chair is hoping that two or three more members will come in." The irregularity was lost sight of in universal laughter.

"In our own time and our own way," as Senator Lodge pithily put it, a postal investigation is to proceed. Holmes Conrad and Charles J. Bonaparte, with the possible assistance of Department officials, will continue their researches. No one doubts, so far as Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte are concerned, that they will be relentless; but it is hardly possible that they can give the whole Department such an overhauling as the Democrats in Congress demanded. As yet nothing is said about the railway mail service, which has long been open to grave suspicion. Tactically, an investigation under the President's eye will be an advantage to the Democrats. They can assert, and with a show of reason, that the Republican majority in Congress was afraid to take the matter up exhaustively; and that so long as the scandals are kept quiet and within the family circle, the people do not really know the extent of the frauds. Many voters are already turning from the Republicans because of corruption and extravagance; and the party can ill afford at the beginning of the campaign to add to the burden of suspicion.

It is said that Secretary Shaw expects to pay $27,000,000 of the Panama Canal money out of the depository banks, and the remainder of the $50,000,000 out of the Treasury. But has all this cash yet to leave the country? What Wall Street desires to know is whether the $17,000,000 of gold already ordered for export this spring represents, to any consid-

erable extent, the canal payments, or whether, in addition to this sum, $40,000,000 more must be shipped to France, to say nothing of the $10,000,000 due the Isthmian Government. From the point of view of our own money-market needs these are questions of some moment. But of equal interest is the effect of the payments on the European situation. It is said that Paris fears that such a large influx of gold will have a disturbing influence. Wall Street is puzzled to know just what this may mean. The only disturbing effect of the large receipts of gold on the financial situation would be an increase of speculation, and it is hardly likely that Paris would object to that. With such an enormous amount of public loans waiting a market as at present, there is every reason why a great addition to the gold supply of Europe should be welcomed.

The World's Fair at St. Louis, which was formally opened on Saturday, resembles its predecessors in being as yet only the earnest of an exhibition. A little more time will make the promise good, will fill the vast buildings with exhibits from the four quarters of the earth, and will replace the trodden ground with grass and parkways; but the general dilatoriness of such exhibitions certainly throws into sharp contrast with the tardiness of the commemoration the promptness of the act commemorated. There was less delay and circumstance in extending the United States from the Gulf of Mexico to Puget Sound than there has been in erecting the group of buildings that recalls that event. But this means not that we are more slothful than our fathers; rather that their deed has grown so tremendously in significance that it is difficult to make our retrospective tribute adequate. St. Louis at least has spared no effort to make her exhibition worthy of the event that assured the Continental preponderance of this nation. The country may now judge how far she has succeeded.

The strike of more than 1,400 bakers in Boston and surrounding cities is surprising. One wonders that Mr. Gompers did not show the Boston bakers what an unwarlike move this would be. It is much like an army deliberately denuding its base of supplies. Even labor unionists have to eat, and they are among those who will suffer most from the bakers' strike. The daily output of bread in Boston is over 300,000 loaves. Most of this amount is eaten by people of small means. The large hotels and restaurants will not be affected. The smaller hotels and eating-houses, however, depend largely on the bakers; and, as for the wage-earner, the five and ten-cent loaf is an established feature in his domestic economy. The strike has grown out of three demands made by the workers in the bakeries—an increase in wages, the union shop, and the use of the union label on every loaf of bread. It was not very long ago that the master bakers were trembling for their profits on account of the high price of flour; and now comes a demand for higher wages. In fighting for the open shop, they have lined up with a general movement in that direction. As for the union label on bread, the multitudes who find it harder to get bread on account of the strike may find the label edible.

"Divested of all claptrap," said President Mellen before an audience of railroad employees last week, "the union is simply a means of averaging wages, and an employer views it as such. It is a device for making those who are willing to work care for those who want to soldier." It is very seldom that so much truth is spoken before such a gathering, and as a clear-sighted advocate of individualism the President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway must take his place beside the President of Harvard University. Mr. Mellen pointed out inexorably but with admirable sympathy the levelling tendencies of unionism. It discourages workmen of ability from doing their best, because all are classified arbitrarily as equals. It reduces the incentives to ambition. Practically, employers find it difficult to get men fit to take positions of responsibility. Every year the line is more sharply drawn by labor itself between the rank and file and the officers of labor. Meanwhile, the organizing of the unions has potently aided the consolidation of small employers into Trusts. All these criticisms of present tendencies and results of unionism were presented with absolute fearlessness and defended with cogent argument.

It is not surprising, then, that President Mellen was cheered the louder the harder he hit the pet ideas of his hearers. Workmen have so much cant talked to them and written at them that they preserve their relish for hearing plain truth unimpaired by too frequent exercise. It is surprising, however, that, in spite of his keen analysis of the defects of unionism, President Mellen still declared that he was in favor of the unions, and was willing that his own employees should seek their membership. This part of a notable address had an ominous sound when the men who joined were urged to attend the meetings and exercise control—as voters are urged to attend primaries; for the inevitable development of all organizations in this country is along political lines. The boss is as natural in trade unions as in party combinations. However, Mr. Mellen saw in the unions a fortunate means of promoting a better understanding between classes. In unionism, labor, he held, is creating a collective self, which may learn to be as amenable to good counsel as it is courageous in asserting its prerogatives. With the waning of small industries, such a body, with its leaders and spokesmen, becomes necessary if employers and employed are to come to any sort of understanding. Properly considered, then, he felt that the unions would make for social peace, and that, on the whole, capital and labor might gain more by observing reciprocally a humane diplomacy than capital would lose in partial sacrifice of control, or the individual laborer in submitting to the limitations of his class.

Once more President Eliot has spoken a man's word on the labor problem, scorning the humanitarian cant of the day, and considering the real ends which the unions must hold in view or disappear in the limbo of the ineffectual. The industrial conditions of public happiness, President Eliot told his students, are liberty for the individual citizen, the hope of improving his lot, stability of employment, and good will towards his fellow-citizens. The speaker assumed that the purpose of all combinations of laborers is, or should be, to increase the happiness of the individual workman's lot. Considered practically in this light, he found that the labor union substituted the tyranny of the organization for liberty, the law of rigid averages for the hope of individual progress, the strike for stability of employment, the boycott or overt violence for industrial good will. Here certainly is unionism judged severely, according to its works, but not unjustly.

With characteristic unselfishness, Senator Lodge has taken upon himself the task of writing the Republican platform. The President, as an ex-author, will be allowed humbly to collaborate. His part, apparently, is to be that of literary reviser, and he is already sharpening his blue pencil to cut down Lodge's periods, for the executive order has gone forth that the platform must have, as the bishop said of the young preacher's sermon, at least the merit of brevity. "Incisive, decisive, precise, and concise," is the command from the White House. But it is safe to say that one plank, at any rate, cannot be made of quarter-inch stuff. How can the ambiguities, the insincerities, the evasions of the position of the Republican party as respects the tariff possibly be condensed into a jewel five words long? One of the things which the Republicans will have to do much wriggling about is the proved practice of highly protected manufacturers of selling to foreigners at much lower prices than to their fellow-citizens. This was the sub-

ject of an effective speech by Senator Bacon some days ago, which threw the Republican side into much confusion. It is not simply a case of the indiscreet boasting of Mr. Schwab over his ability to sell steel rails at $16 a ton, and at a profit, though the tariff helps him to fix the price at $28. Mr. Bacon read a letter from a railway manager detailing an actual sale. His road, the Macon, Dublin and Savannah, had to pay $29 a ton for steel rails to the same company that was selling them at $20 for shipment to Honduras.

"Allowing a liberal amount for cost of delivery at tide water, which in this particular case would have been very small, we American citizens paid to this American industry $33,000 in excess of what foreigners would have been compelled to pay. And $33,000 would have put up a very handsome library filled with standard books on protection."

Mr. Cord Meyer's accession to the chairmanship of the State Democratic Committee seems to be a sort of notification that Hill is not to dominate Judge Parker, nor even the management of the party in this State. Mr. Meyer is so distinctly not a Hill man that it is impossible to conceive of him as ever being a Hill man. He is simply not in that class. His acceptance of the Chairmanship is a guarantee that, in New York at least, the Democratic campaign will not be knee-deep in peanut shells. With so clean and able a Democrat at the head, Republicans will have more reason than ever to lament the blunder through which their own party labors under the odium of a Governor abdicating to make a Chairman. Mr. Odell was evidently preparing to raise the cry of Hillism. For that matter, Odellism is rapidly coming to mean something almost as offensive; but with Hill overridden at the very start in the choice of Mr. Meyer, that appeal to prejudice seems in the way to lose much of its force. It is a pity, of course, that Democratic virtue was not equal to the task of supplanting McCarren on the executive committee. No one questions his skill or energy; but his name is too unhappily identified with the kind of politics which it can only hurt his party to have made prominent in his person.

Uncle Sam's wards are giving him a good deal of trouble. Try his best, he cannot "stand pat" with them all. He is the legally appointed guardian of the Republic of Cuba. He fought and bled for that distracted people, and has justly regarded himself as *in loco parentis* to them: the Platt amendment is a constant reminder of that fact. But Cuba has just placed her benevolent guardian in a tight place. She wanted 5,000 Krag rifles for her Rural Guard, and it was instinctive to suppose that Uncle Sam would get them for her at bottom prices. Indeed, he seemed glad of the chance, and proposed to let her buy them of his own army at $14 each. But just at this point his own blood relations stepped up and asserted that they had some rights in the case. Did he suppose that the gunmakers of this country would stand any such nonsense as that? They are here to sell rifles, and he is here to help them all he can. The idea of an old gentleman trying to steal business away from his own children is truly abhorrent. Uncle Sam, though brave as a lion in most instances, has no backbone in a matter of this sort. The result is, Cuba will not get her 5,000 rifles from our army at $14 apiece, but the private manufacturers of this country will furnish her with a prime article—at a higher price. Our War Department is duly penitent, and will be more careful the next time.

As the Kaiser recrossed the Alps, President Loubet was adding Neapolitan plaudits to the splendid reception he enjoyed at Rome. Certain comparisons between the French and the German guest are inevitable. The Kaiser has made rather ineffectual efforts to arrest the decay of an alliance; President Loubet is hailed as the representative of a friendship already firm and growing. Unquestionably, President Loubet is genuinely sympathetic to the Italian masses. On the one hand they hear of his personal simplicity, on the other they acknowledge the bond that unites two countries living under similar laws and confronted with common social problems. These considerations must be vivid to the Emperor as he reviews his attempt to combine with an outing a rehabilitation of the Triple Alliance.

Many and great are the benefits which war confers on industry. Some persons suppose that the world cannot possess too much wealth for its own good; but it is easy to puncture that error. Every once in a while it is necessary to destroy a great deal of wealth in order that there may be a chance to create some more to take its place. In this way a demand is occasioned for labor and materials, and business booms—for a time. Among those who are going to benefit from the war in the Far East are the beet-sugar growers of Europe. The outlook for their business has not been promising of late, and it will take a long time to adjust it fully to the abolition of the sugar bounties by the Brussels Convention. The German refiners are satisfied that nothing but a good-sized reduction in acreage all over Europe will bring the business back to a paying basis, yet there are no signs that the beet growers of Germany intend to adopt this policy. But what they will not do for themselves, the Far Eastern war will do for them. Russia proposes rigidly to enforce the police regulations along her Prussian frontier. This means that the 300,000 Poles who flock for work into the German beet fields every spring will, for the most part, stay at home this year. How fine this will be for the German laborers, whose wage scale will go up in a lively fashion! But a higher labor cost and a positive lack of hands will compel the growers to reduce their acreage. Let no one deplore the hardship to the 300,000 Poles. Perhaps they will be sent to Mantchuria to fight for the Czar, and thus earn money enough to pay heavy war taxes to the Finance Minister.

Russophile critics at Paris have warned us in advance against mistaking voluntary retrograde movements for Russian defeats, and yet it will be difficult to minimize the moral and strategic advantage the Japanese get by setting foot in Mantchuria. The facts of the three days' battle speak for themselves. Throwing pontoon bridges across the Yalu near Wiju, while fording at a point higher up, the Japanese advanced under cover of a crushing artillery fire. Successive defences of the Russians were reduced by the Japanese batteries, until finally Gen. Kuroki held a line four miles long, and drove the Russians back towards their headquarters at Feng-Wang-Cheng. The losses are considerable, even for an engagement of this magnitude and duration. The Russians, who were not in great force about Antung, resisted stubbornly a force about five times their own. Skilful handling of the artillery played the larger part in the Japanese success. Nothing is clearer than that the Japanese batteries outclassed the Russians in weight, numbers, and handling; Russian dispatches admit "overwhelming superiority" in this regard. Twenty-eight guns abandoned in the trenches show very plainly that the Russian batteries were insufficiently supported by infantry, and that the retreat must have lacked something of the "good order" reported to the Russian General Staff. There was no sound strategic reason for falling back from the Yalu except inability to hold that line. As a matter of fact, the Russian main force at Feng-Wang-Cheng is far from being in an easy position. It may be cut off from the Liao peninsula by a flanking movement from Taku-Shan at the south, and it even runs some risk of being taken in the rear by a descent from New-Chwang. Either landing operation would be of great difficulty, but it would be hardly more of an exploit to land under the fire of a squadron than to bridge the Yalu in the face of entrenched batteries. In fact, as we go to press, there are rumors of the fall of New-Chwang, simultaneously with a naval diversion against Port Arthur with bombs and fireships. But they are unconfirmed and are inherently improbable.

THE SESSION.

The second session of the Fifty-eighth Congress came to a close on Thursday at a date without precedent in recent years. As a rule, it has been considered extraordinary if Congress could adjourn in a Presidential year by the time of the National Conventions; but here we have the whole thing over, two months before the first of them. This will doubtless long stand as "the record." Whether it will be thought in the future even desirable to imitate the example will depend largely, we imagine, on the apparent result this year. If the effect on the Administration's fortunes seems to be favorable, other Presidents will doubtless display an anxiety equal to that of Mr. Roosevelt to get Congress "off his hands" early.

On general principles, there is no reason to regret that the session was unusually short. Too much legislation rather than too little is our curse. Overgoverning is one of the vices of our day, almost as bad as the over-tutoring that seems to go with it, intolerable as the latter is, according to Matthew Arnold. A longer session this year would have meant chiefly longer beating of the air with campaign speeches. The paralysis of "Presidential year" was more than usually severe upon Congress, this time. All was pose for political effect; and if two months more in session would have meant only two months more of posing, it is just as well that the theatre was closed and the actors dismissed.

Beyond the routine bills of supply, Congress has little to point to as the fruit of its five months' activity. A barren record, however, may be a really useful record if it involves the death of bad bills. But this Congress has simply left the bad bills in a state of suspended animation. Everything was put over till December—the anti-injunction bill, the eight-hour bill, the Philippine railway-guarantee bill, the bill for the protection of the President, the subsidy bill, and one does not know how many more. Afraid either to pass or defeat them, Congress resorted to delay. Of course, the delay means defeat for any measure stoutly opposed. The session beginning in December will expire by limitation on March 4, and the appropriation bills can easily be made to crowd obnoxious measures off the track. Hence a postponement to December is generally tantamount to postponement to the Greek Kalends.

Turning from the beggarly account of work done, to the tendencies and personalities conspicuous in the session, we have to ask, first, how stands the case of the House against the Senate? Speaker Cannon, we were told, was to reassert the ancient privileges and restore the traditional prestige of the Representatives as against the Senators. How has he fared? Something has undoubtedly been accomplished. At the extra session, the Speaker stood like a rock against the Senate's plan of adjournment. This ruffled the feelings of godlike Senators, and drove President Roosevelt to the metaphysics of his "constructive recess." Score one for the House. But in the subsequent encounters its advantage has not been so evident. To figure out a slight percentage more of items in appropriation bills "conceded" by the Senate than by the House, is not the heroic thing we were promised. That is not to vindicate the absolute control of the power of the purse by the lower chamber. In practice, what we feared has too often turned out to be the case. Senators, among their other possessions, own a certain number of Representatives. The latter cannot, therefore, be expected to say to their political creator, "What doest thou?" In order really to cut down the overweening power of the Senate, and to rein in its arrogant pretensions, something must be done to strike at the hidden and, often, the abhorrent means of aggrandizement upon which Senators grow great. We are unable to see that any progress in that direction has been made.

Personality, however, makes up the main charm of politics, as of everything else, and it is in the personal aspect that the session is most memorable. We have had a partial revival of parliamentary oratory, and we have seen a successful parliamentary leader emerge. The great impression produced by Mr. Cockran's speeches shows how eager the House still is to listen to a heaven-born orator, even if his resounding eloquence prove often only the sound of a mighty rushing wind. But it is the appearance and triumph of Mr. Williams of Mississippi as the leader of the minority which really makes the session notable. A man unknown before except to his colleagues, he has made himself at once a national figure. This he has done by his tact, his alertness, his good nature, his wit, his keen eye for an opening, his perception when to be silent as well as when to speak, and by the resources of a trained and well-stored mind. It is a case where education is justified of her children, for Mr. Williams had an unusual university career, in this country and in Germany. His grasp of economic and political principle is firm, and he has the happiest faculty for pointing the truth by some homely illustration. His neat puncturing of the balance-of-trade humbug, for example, was inimitable. Of course, he has shone partly by contrast with his Republican antagonists. Payne, Grosvenor, and Dalzell, as the Republican paladins, show upon what an evil day their party has fallen in the House. But Representative Williams is a man whose qualities would command respect under any conditions. He has made his party in the House a unit, and restored it as a watchful, aggressive, and hopeful Opposition. To have done that is a great distinction; and in Mr. Williams's rise to prominence we see fresh reason to believe in the undeveloped and inexhaustible political resources of our country.

ROOSEVELT AND GROSVENOR.

President Roosevelt may well pray to be delivered from his friends—especially from Representative Grosvenor. A few days ago Mr. Kitchin of North Carolina made in the House a speech in which he showed what President Roosevelt thought of Grosvenor and what Grosvenor thought of Roosevelt. The full report of these speeches, since issued in the *Congressional Record*, is even more instructing and entertaining than the brief press abstracts.

Mr. Kitchin called attention to a passage in 'American Ideals,' in which Roosevelt, the civil-service reformer, writes Grosvenor down as one of the "champions of foul government and dishonest politics," who "fight [against the reform] with the vindictiveness natural to men who see a chance of striking at the institution which has baffled their ferocious greed." "These men," added Roosevelt, "have a gift at office-mongering, just as other men have a peculiar knack of picking other people's pockets."

Some persons would have been pained by such a flaying, but not Grosvenor. His hide is the toughest in Congress—or his heart the most forgiving. He admits that he had "a sharp contention" with Roosevelt; but, he protests, "I had stood firmly then where I stand now." He "did not believe that the machinery of this Civil Service Commission was a proper adjunct to the administration of a great Government," and he has "never changed" his mind. His patriotic course was dictated merely by a desire to "protest against the absorption of the political power of this country by the Civil Service Commission." So much for the whiteness of Grosvenor's soul and the purity of his motives. But, singularly enough, Roosevelt's attitude was equally correct. The fastidious Grosvenor would have thought "vastly less of the President if he had not in those days of contention used strong language in denouncing the men" who voted "to strike out the pay of the Civil Service Commission." This strong language so endeared Roosevelt to Grosvenor that the Congressman frankly admits: "He wrote of me what he had the right to write. He wrote of me that I was one of the active and strong opponents of the doctrine, and he used language that was by no means unfitted for the occasion from the standpoint that he believed at the time." In licking the hand that strikes, Grosvenor has

no equal. Were all of us so filled with Christian charity, the way to bind men to you in friendship stronger than hooks of steel would be to denounce them as corrupt and dishonest, little better than pickpockets.

In explaining his own attack on Roosevelt in 1900 Grosvenor is even more ingenuous. During the Philadelphia Convention, Grosvenor served as a special correspondent of the New York *Journal*, an "enterprising newspaper," whose editor, though naturally admired by Grosvenor, is now "being hounded." Mr. Grosvenor had complained that a certain Theodore Roosevelt, "a brilliant, erratic, curious sort of a man," was being used by "a great herd of selfish politicians" "for their own selfish and shameful ends." On such a topic Grosvenor could speak with authority. He therefore proceeded to tell how these politicians were trying to "dump" Roosevelt upon the Presidential ticket in the "sole and sordid interests of themselves and their own schemes of politics." These plotters were striving to force upon McKinley "a distasteful running-mate." But Grosvenor explains that he merely wrote "the popular opinion" of Roosevelt; that he had never "associated intimately in public life" with Roosevelt—a deprivation which he regards as a "misfortune." Moreover, Mr. Grosvenor does not remember saying that Roosevelt was distasteful; at any rate, he himself cheerfully swallowed the dose.

Having thus buried the dead past, the Ohio apologist began his eulogy of the Roosevelt of to-day. He assured his listeners that the promise to carry out the McKinley policy had "saved the loss to the people of this country in money alone of hundreds of millions of dollars." The trouble, so the defender of Roosevelt asserts, was that "it was *natural to fear*, and we all did fear, that there would be a panic in Wall Street," an "immeasurable stampede of destruction." But this general dread of Mr. Roosevelt vanished when his voice "stilled the rising tide as the voice that on the lake spoke the words, 'Peace, be still,' and allayed the storm."

Not content with this back-handed compliment to the President, Grosvenor proceeded: "I have never known a public man holding a high position that was more amenable to the sentiment of public declarations and the advice of his party and those surrounding him." On the inflexible Roosevelt, always courageous in clinging to his convictions, Grosvenor throws this further light: "I could go into details, showing where he here changed his policy upon a certain thing, and there changed his declarations in his message, and here did this to accommodate the opinion of men surrounding him." From "personal acquaintance" with both men Grosvenor avers: "There has been less of determined purpose to carry out his own personal views in public affairs than there was with Mr. McKinley."

It is no marvel, then, that Grosvenor concludes: "I speak with no extravagance when I say that his judgment upon the great public questions of the day has been unerring." Such is the tribute from the great and good Grosvenor to "the stone which the builders tried to reject," but which "has become the head of the Republican corner." No one is disposed to take Grosvenor's utterances very seriously—least of all ourselves. Nothing he can say will alter the general estimate of his own character; but the inevitable inference from his words corroborates his explicit statement that "four years have developed this man" Roosevelt; and that they have developed him, not in his early ideals, but in the "practical" side of politics, to which Grosvenor is so ardently devoted.

TRADING WITH CANADA.

Senator Lodge will shortly be informing the people of Massachusetts that he disapproves of them. Three weeks ago he went on from Washington to tell the State Convention not to touch that unclean thing, Canadian reciprocity. Yet the Committee on Federal Relations in the Massachusetts Legislature promptly had before it a memorial to Congress for a trade treaty with Canada, and, still more rebellious, the Boston Chamber of Commerce received a petition signed by over 35,000 business men of the State, asking it to undertake an agitation in favor of the wicked policy. The people are thus selfishly placing their own interests before those of the party. The "American idea" is nothing to them; the "Massachusetts idea" everything.

The mischief of it is that the manufacturers of Massachusetts perceive that they must buy as well as sell. In particular, they desire Canadian coal, asserting that if they can get that they can keep their mills and factories from drifting to other parts of the United States. Lodge does not care how much New England sells to Canada, but he sees nothing but ruin in purchasing from that quarter. Another Massachusetts man, Secretary Moody, once summed up the "American idea" in a sentence. The balance of trade with Canada, he said, is constantly in our favor, "and it would seem as if we had no ground for complaint." Certainly on this score we have no fault to find; for, since the Dingley law was passed, the excess in our favor has mounted from less than $25,000,000 annually to about $68,500,000. In other words, our exports to Canada have increased from $64,928,921 in 1897 to $123,266,788 in 1903, and our imports from $40,309,371 to $54,781,418. But nobody knows how much the relation of exports to imports has been affected by causes in no way concerned with the tariff. For instance, the investment of large amounts of American capital in manufacturing and trade in Canada during the last six or seven years has probably had a great deal to do with creating a new demand for goods made on this side of the line.

Trade between this country and Canada is bound in the main to follow natural lines, tariff or no tariff. The freight rate has much to do with determining the market in which any article shall be sold. That factor would prevent really competing Canadian products from penetrating this country very far, in any event. Where they do go far beyond the frontier, it is because we must have them. In that case the tariff means only a needless expense. Unfortunately, the Cape Breton coal mines are too far from Boston to allow their product to be bought freely despite the tariff. And, reversing the case, Toronto, Hamilton, London, and other Middle Canada cities are too far from the coal deposits of our Middle States to admit of their buying as much as their real industrial development calls for. From New Brunswick practically to the Rocky Mountains the veins are on this side of the line, and that part of the Dominion is largely dependent upon us. On the Pacific slope the situation is, however, reversed; British Columbia has most of the coal, and our extreme Northwestern States would be greatly benefited by free access to it.

Despite all the artificial barriers that have been erected, commodities of similar classes pass to and fro. During the nine months ending last March we imported 1,046,388 tons of coal from Canada, and exported 4,510,836 tons; 15,458,313 pounds of refined copper were imported, and 2,287,796 pounds exported. From Canada we received 3,704,355 pounds of refined sugar, and sent her 1,882,082 pounds in return. She exported to us $6,425,481 of boards and sawed lumber, but we managed to sell her $2,397,862. These are all comparatively small items, but they show that it is give and take between the two countries, even on competing articles, when the transportation charges are right. In some localities goods can be imported into the United States because the transportation cost, plus the tariff duty, is less than the cost of bringing similar commodities from more remote American centres. The same is true on the other side of the line. Sometimes it is nip and tuck, as in British Columbia, where American and Canadian flour has in the past sold in nearly equal quantities, the duty and railroad freight about offsetting each other.

We do our best to keep Canadian goods out of this country, but we are rushing our people and our money over the line in lively fashion. Last year thirty thousand Americans, with their families, settled in Canada, chiefly as farmers. In

the last few years a vast amount of our capital has been placed in all sorts of industrial enterprises in the Dominion. Thus both farmers and capitalists, if we may believe the protectionists, have been at work to ruin the country that nurtured them. Even now their products are knocking for admission into the United States. The danger is lest this in time corrupt those of us who have stayed at home. We shall soon forget that a bushel of Manitoba wheat will not create as much American manhood in the consumer as a bushel of Minnesota wheat.

ALDRICH ON SMALL CHANGE.

Senator Aldrich led a successful retreat from an untenable position just before the adjournment of Congress. The Committee on Appropriations, apparently at his instance, had proposed, and the Senate had adopted, an amendment to the Sundry Civil bill removing all limitations upon the subsidiary silver coinage. This amendment had met objections in the conference committee, which caused the Senate members to recede from it. In submitting the report from the conference, Senator Allison gave the *pas* to Senator Aldrich to make explanations to the Senate on this point. The latter said that, *after* the Senate had agreed to the amendment, the Committees on Finance and Appropriations had very carefully gone over the subject and had come to the unanimous opinion that this amendment, or its equivalent, had been adopted in the Sundry Civil bill of last year, and hence was superfluous, and for that reason should be withdrawn.

A carping critic might say that committees of the Senate are appointed to "carefully go over" such matters *before* the Senate takes action on them. In this instance there was a further reason for following that mode of procedure, since the Senator, in his remarks, quoted from a letter addressed to him by the Secretary of the Treasury a little earlier, calling his attention to the clause in the Sundry Civil bill of last year. In this letter the Secretary expressed the opinion that it did not remove the limitations on the subsidiary silver coinage in general, but only on that which might be produced from bullion purchased under the Sherman act of 1890.

Mr. Aldrich assured his fellow-Senators that the last year's enactment removed all limitations, and, in order to prove his contention, he would have the clause in question appended to his remarks and printed in the *Record*, together with the previous law to which it referred. Then, with some sarcastic remarks on certain "hysterical" persons, "not members of this body," he was glad to say, but presumably of the other body, he handed in the extracts from the two laws which he relied on to justify his retreat.

The clause of last year's bill says that "the authority given to the Secretary of the Treasury to coin subsidiary silver coin by the 8th section of an act . . . approved March 14, 1900, may hereafter be exercised without limitation as to the amount of such subsidiary coin outstanding." Reference to the 8th section of the act of 1900 shows that the authority given was solely "to use any silver bullion in the Treasury of the United States purchased under the act of July 14, 1890 [the Sherman act] for coinage into such denominations of subsidiary silver coin as may be necessary to meet the public requirements for such coin; provided that the amount of subsidiary silver coin outstanding shall not at any time exceed in the aggregate $100,000,000." Thus the authority given by the act of 1900 was to coin a particular lot of bullion within a specified limit as to amount. The authority given by the act of 1903 was to coin the same lot of bullion without any limitation of amount. The Secretary of the Treasury so understands it, and the Director of the Mint agrees with him, and Senator Aldrich must have agreed with their interpretation until last Wednesday. It is not likely that these responsible officers will accept Mr. Aldrich's revised opinion in place of their own in a matter involving the policy of the Government in dealing with the silver question. It would be very risky for them to do so, for even if they were inclined to take such shelter, there is no knowing how soon the Senator from Rhode Island may change his opinion again.

The plain English of the matter is, that the Secretary and the Director and a majority of the House desire to recoin the silver dollars in the Treasury into subsidiary coins as fast as the growth of population and of retail trade shall call for more small change. The annual increment is now at the average rate of $5,500,000 per year. No revolution in the currency can take place by reason of this, but a slow replacement will be effected, the cart-wheel dollars reappearing in the circulation as halves, quarters, and dimes, and gold flowing in to take the place of them. Gold has been flowing into the circulation since 1900 at the rate of $66,000,000 net per year in the form of certificates alone. According to the calculations of the Director of the Mint, gold has been, and still is, finding lodgment among us at the rate of $90,000,000 or more per year, in all forms—a fact which ought to steady the nerves of any who may be troubled about the Panama Canal payments. At all events, nobody can imagine that there will be any shortage of legal-tender money consequent upon the recoinage of the old Bland dollars into halves, quarters, and dimes as fast as there is a demand for them. Two years ago the House passed a bill for such recoinage, but the Senate Committee on Finance killed it. There was, perhaps, no need of additional subsidiary coins at that time, but there is such a need now, or soon will be. Under existing law, whenever the limitation of $100,000,000 on such coinage is removed, additional silver bullion must be purchased for any increment. That is what Mr. Aldrich favors, but does not, up to the present time, avow. That is what Secretary Shaw, Director Roberts, and the "hysterical" members of the House are opposed to. They desire to save some of the money that the Government has invested in Bland dollars (five hundred carloads of them)—to save some of it now and eventually the whole; and at the same time to purge the currency of an unwholesome element. When Senator Aldrich next explains, let him give some attention to this branch of the subject. We are sure that his constituents would like to know what he thinks about it.

THE WAR DIET IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, April 7, 1904.

The war Diet and its work rightly claim a share of current interest. They shed light on national feeling, political conditions, and financial measures—prime factors in the war problem. The extra session of the Diet was formally opened on March 20 and closed on March 30. History strikingly repeats itself. The constitutional life of Japan covers only fifteen years, yet this is the second time that the Diet has met in extraordinary session. Both Diets were hastily convoked to meet the exigencies of war. Both Diets were newly elected after two successive dissolutions. Both came back with large majorities hostile to the Ministry. Yet both war Diets zealously put aside for the time all partisan issues, and unanimously voted the means and the measures required by the Ministry for the successful conduct of the war. The hope of the enemy to find Japan weakened by internal dissensions was therefore in both cases vain. In each case the war is waged against the Colossus which for a time had seemed to dominate the Orient and to overawe the world. In each case the stated purpose of the war is—ironical as it may seem—"to establish the peace of the Orient." The first war quickly laid the seeming fierce and mighty adversary low. The second war—awaits the issue.

In a twofold sense this is a war Diet. It is a child of the war, and it has to vote the measures required by the war. The election (March 1) of the present Diet occurred under the drowning enthusiasm of the first brilliant victories of war. The last Diet, after a single day of actual life, was snuffed out of existence because, in its reply to the address from the throne, it had censured the Ministry both for its domestic and for its foreign policy. Its predecessor had, one year before (December, 1902), refused assent to the budget of this same Cabinet, and had in consequence been dissolved. These facts would, under ordinary circumstances, assure a spirited election contest. The unusual apathy which in

fact marked the election was due partly to the excitement of war, and partly to the certainty that partisan issues would be shelved during the war.

The main facts concerning representation in the present Diet are: That the Constitutional party (*Seiyu-kai*) numbers a little more, the unaffiliated members (Independents?) a little less, than one-third, and the Progressives about one-fourth of the total; that the number of the Constitutional party was much diminished, the number of unaffiliated members much increased, by the last election; that the Constitutional party and the Progressives, which have for two years coöperated in opposition to the Ministry, together have a clear majority of nearly thirty in the lower house; that nearly one-third of the present members sit in the Diet for the first time, nearly two-thirds were members of the last Diet, and only one-seventh of them sat in any previous Diet; that the representatives of urban districts make up one-fifth of the total membership.

In preliminary party conferences, both the Constitutional party and the Progressives censured the Ministry for divers shortcomings and wrongdoings—political capital created for future use; then resolved to grant all the funds and all the powers necessary for the Government to attain the object of the war. In party councils and in the Diet it was much emphasized that the naval victories and foreign sympathy were won by Japan because of her constitutional and enlightened government, and that the nation must therefore continue to march in the ranks with the other progressive peoples. The main work of the Diet was to vote supplies for the war. In the budget estimates of the Government the war expenditures for the year, including a contingent fund of forty million yen, were put at five hundred and seventy-six million yen. It was proposed to raise this sum thus:

From increased taxation	68,000,000
From surplus revenues	47,000,000
From Treasury bonds	31,000,000
From funds taken, or to be taken, from special accounts	50,000,000
From loans (including 100 millions issued)	380,000,000
Total	576,000,000

Treasury bonds must ultimately be paid and the funds taken from special accounts be restored. Hence the aggregate loans are to be (31+50+380) four hundred and sixty-one million yen. At 5 per cent., the yearly interest on this sum would be slightly over twenty-three millions. Supposing the forty-seven million of "surplus revenues" to be only a temporary asset, the sixty-eight million of additional taxes would pay the interest and cancel the debt in a little over ten years.

The Government proposed to obtain the additional taxes in four ways: (1) by raising the rate of some dozen classes of taxes, chiefly land, business and income, sugar, soy, kerosene, and stamp duties; (2) by increasing certain import duties, chiefly on tobacco, kerosene, and some textiles; (3) by imposing new (15 per cent.) taxes on silk goods and woollen goods; (4) by creating a state monopoly of the salt manufacture and the tobacco manufacture. The Diet rejected the tax on silk goods and the salt monopoly. It reduced the rate on agricultural lands from 4½ per cent. to 4 3-10 per cent., and increased the sums to be obtained from the tobacco monopoly, the sugar tax, and the import duties. The net result of changes thus effected was a deficit of 6,171,561 yen, which the Government agreed to cover by raising the price of tobacco, effecting economies, and drawing on the capital funds.

The increase of land-tax burdens is greater in appearance than in fact. About one-third of the total increased yield of taxation is to come from the land tax, of which the rate is raised nominally thus:

	Increase p. c.
On urban building lands, from 2½ per cent. to 8 per cent.	5.5
On rural building lands, from 2½ per cent. to 6 per cent.	3.5
On other lands, from 2½ per cent. to 4.3 per cent.	1.8

The weight of the seeming increase is vastly lessened by two facts. (1.) The tax is assessed, not on the real value of the land, but on a nominal (cadastral or "legal") value, which is usually much less than the real value—in the case of building lands often absurdly small. (2.) The nominal increase of the land tax represents increase, not over rates which land owners have been paying, but over rates which they had paid before 1899. The rates of the land tax had been raised for the five years 1899-1903, inclusive, to very near the new nominal rates. Thus, the tax paid on "other (agricultural) lands" till the beginning of the current year was 4 per cent., instead of 4 3-10 per cent., as now imposed. The actual increase in this tax is therefore only three-tenths of 1 per cent. Furthermore, the cadastral nature of the land tax makes its yield accurately calculable in advance.

Next in importance to the land tax is the estimated yield (about 13 per cent. of the increase) of the business and income taxes. These are raised by an amount equal to 70 per cent. of the existing (national) rates. (The business tax is assessed on a very complicated basis.) The personal income tax (national) is graded from 1 per cent. on incomes of 300 yen, reaching 1½ per cent. on 1,000 yen, 2 per cent. on 3,000, 2½ per cent. on 5,000, 3 per cent. on 10,000, 4 per cent. on 20,000, 5 per cent. on 50,000, 5½ per cent. on 100,000 yen or more. A supplementary tax of one-half the above rates is added for local purposes (but not on the recent increase). The total increased rates (including supplement for local purposes) of the income tax will therefore range from 2 1-5 per cent. on incomes of 300 yen to 5½ per cent. on 5,000, and 12 1-10 per cent. on 100,000 yen or more. The income tax for "legal persons" is uniform at 2½ per cent., subject to the supplementary local rates and the 70 per cent. increase. Incomes derived from interest on public or corporation bonds are uniformly taxed 2 per cent., and are not subject to the recent increase—a provision doubtless intended to favor both Government credit and joint-stock enterprises. Moderate personal incomes are subject to rates similar to those attained in England during the South African war. But on both larger and smaller incomes nominal rates in Japan are much heavier than in England.

The sugar tax is expected to yield another 13 per cent. of the increase. Here again the rates are heavy—2, 4.60, 5.50, and 6.50 yen per picul (133 pounds) respectively on the four grades of sugar. But sugar is regarded in Japan as a luxury. If it is in fact a luxury, the crucial question will be whether sufficient allowance has been made for shrinkage of demand at higher prices.

The tobacco monopoly is not wholly an experiment. Since 1898 the Government has maintained a monopoly of raw (leaf) tobacco. It is now proposed to include the tobacco manufacture and trade. The plan to do this had been urged for several years. It met with little opposition in the recent session of the Diet. The amount of compensation to be given to existing tobacco manufacturers and the method of distributing the grant among them caused much discussion. The Government proposed to give to the manufacturers (in the form of 5 per cent. seven-year bonds) a bonus equal to three years' profits calculated and distributed according to the amount of business taxes paid by them. But the Diet substituted the principle of giving to each manufacturer a lump sum equal to 20 per cent. of his gross sales for one year. According to the Government plan, some manufacturers would have obtained only 18 per cent. of their gross sales for one year, while the largest company would have received 54 per cent. on its gross sales for one year, amounting to more than one-half of the total sum paid by the Government. Hence the action has created much discontent and sharp criticism.

Two other actions of the Diet are widely regarded as inexpedient: (1.) On behalf of the Treasury, the Industrial Bank was authorized to issue, within the limit of thirty million yearly, and at 4 per cent. maximum interest, premium-bearing bonds of five yen denomination. The theory is that these bonds will be extensively bought by members of the laboring classes, and cause a large part of the funds paid out by the Government to return to it. On the urgent request of the Prime Minister the bill was passed as a temporary war measure. (2.) The Diet insisted that the laws for increasing taxes should cease to operate within the calendar year following the end of the war. As the political parties have only made a truce with the Ministry, they clearly propose to hold fast to all points of vantage from which in future to attack the Government. This simply reveals the struggle of the lower house to make the Ministry responsible to itself—a struggle which is the key to recent Japanese politics; not necessarily an organic weakness of the political system, but rather a natural and necessary phase of the present stage of Japanese constitutional progress. It is none the less unfortunate, because for the time being it impairs the credit of the Government. But, in the opinion of the national press, all shortcomings of the Diet were atoned for by a resolution which stated that the Emperor had declared war in order to secure permanent peace in the Far East, and that the Diet had voted and, however remote the end of the war, would vote abundant supplies to attain that end. The *Jiji Shimpo*, which deplored a few acts of the Diet, concludes its leader on the work of the Diet thus: "But what country is there whose parliamentary history is without its dark pages, especially during its early period? Japan is yet young under her constitutional régime, and a few blemishes may well be overlooked, so long as the Diet is proving on the whole an indispensable body for national development." This is eminently just; for, after all, the main fact stands out that, as far

as the war is concerned, the Diet revealed a unified and resolute nation, while its work amply meets all war requirements.

E. H. VICKERS.

GREEK SITES IN THE ÆGEAN AND ASIA MINOR.

ATHENS, April 15, 1904.

A tour among the islands of the Ægean and along the coast of Asia Minor is a constant delight to the lover of beautiful scenery, and offers much that is of interest to the geologist and the naturalist. But its chief interest, even for those who are not archæologists by profession, is historical and archæological. Traces of ancient occupation are visible almost everywhere, and in recent years excavations have been carried on at many of the more important sites. At most places the excavations of the present season are only just beginning; but the results of last year's work and the work of previous seasons are not in every instance generally known.

Excavations were begun at Delos by the French School at Athens in 1873, and were carried on more or less energetically from 1877 to 1894. Last year they were taken up again, and a fund of 50,000 francs is available for further work. In the earlier days of the work the earth and débris were not thrown into the sea or otherwise removed, but each part of the site excavated was covered by the material from other parts. As a result, the field of excavation presented a very confusing and unattractive appearance. Now the removal of the earth, etc., has been begun. The court to the east of the "portico of Philip" is completely cleared, and that and the neighboring parts of the site are in good order. But much still remains to be done before the entire excavated field can present an orderly appearance. The site is an exceptionally interesting one on account of the importance of Delos at various periods. As yet the most imposing ruins belong to Hellenistic and Roman times, for but little remains of the temple of Apollo and other earlier structures. Some of the houses of Roman times are interesting, and retain their mosaic pavements and even parts of their painted decoration. The entire site, when completely cleared, will no doubt be one of the most interesting in Greece, in spite of the fact that most of the remains still to be found will probably prove to be of comparatively late date. Already the excavated area, with the remains of the theatre, of temples, porticos, market place, treasuries, storehouses, and dwellings, is one of the largest in Greece, and as yet only a comparatively small part of the site has been laid bare. The portable objects found at Delos are, with some exceptions, kept at the village of Mykonos, on the island of the same name. Among them is an interesting series of archaic draped female figures found near the temple of Artemis. They resemble very closely the figures found on the Acropolis at Athens. But perhaps the most interesting things at Mykonos are the vases found at Rheneia. A great number of these show the style which has until recently been called Melian. The curator of antiquities at Mykonos, Dr. Stavropoulos, has put these vases together out of many fragments with the greatest skill and patience. Other vases found in surroundings which fix their date just before 425 B. C. show the decadence of the red-figured style at that time.

At Melos the site of the Hellenic town offers little of interest, though the Roman theatre is worth a visit. Nothing marks the spot where the famous Aphrodite in the Louvre was found. The most interesting site on the island is at present Phylakopi, some five or six miles from the harbor. Here the British School at Athens has excavated three settlements, one above the other, the latest of which belongs to Mycenæan times. The three strata are clearly to be seen. The place can never have been a great city, but must have been of considerable importance when its chief export, obsidian, was in great demand. The results of the excavations have just been published as a supplementary paper of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies. They are of especial importance on account of the light thrown upon early Ægean art and civilization.

The island of Thera, or Santorin, is well worth a visit on account of its remarkable harbor, even if there were nothing of interest to be seen after landing. The harbor is the immense crater of an extinct volcano, and is almost surrounded by nearly vertical cliffs, while in the middle of it are three small islands forming a smaller and later crater, which still shows signs of activity. Here the water is always warm and much discolored, and smoke and steam often rise into the air. Vessels frequently lie for a night beside these little islands, that the hot and sulphurous water may cleanse them of barnacles. The town of Thera, or Phira, one of the largest of the clean white towns of the Ægean Archipelago, is perched high on the cliffs above the harbor. It has a well-built and convenient little museum, in which are exhibited the objects of interest found on the island. Until recently Thera was familiar to archæologists mainly on account of the peculiar "pre-Mycenæan" vases found there, the chief specimens of which are at the École Française at Athens, though some are in the museum at Thira. In recent years, however, Baron F. Hiller v. Gaertringen has undertaken a thorough investigation of the island and its remains of antiquity. The ancient town was built on the ridge of a steep hill, the highest point of which is some 1,200 feet above the sea that washes its base. It seems strange that any people should have chosen this wind-swept and waterless height for their city, but here have been laid bare remains of buildings and other signs of habitation extending from the eighth century B. C., or even earlier, to late Roman times. Of the walls still standing the greater part belongs to the Hellenistic and Roman periods. Few parts of Greece have been so thoroughly explored as Thera, owing to the devotion and energy of Baron Hiller and his associates, the results of whose labors will fill four large volumes, two of which have already appeared.

The ancient city of Samos was on a high hill near the modern town of Tigani. A large part of the city wall can still be traced, and on the acropolis the fine Hellenic walls of large squared blocks are in part well preserved. The ancient aqueduct, of the sixth century B. C., cut through the hill, can be followed with the aid of candles for several hundred yards. But the centre of interest is naturally the great temple of Hera, situated by the seashore some four miles from the present harbor. Excavations were carried on here in 1902 and last summer by Mr. Cavvadias, the Greek ephor-general of antiquities. He laid bare the foundations of the temple, which stand in part upon the substructure of an earlier building. The plan has one marked peculiarity: there were eight columns at the east front, but at the west, where there was no door in the middle, there were nine columns. The reason for this is probably to be found in the difficulty experienced in obtaining epistyle blocks of the great size required to span the intercolumniations. At the east end, where a door was essential, an intercolumniation at the middle was necessary, and an odd number of columns was out of the question. The great epistyle blocks had therefore to be obtained and put in place in spite of all difficulties. At the west end the addition of one column reduced the size of the blocks materially. The north and south sides had each twenty-four columns. The only column still standing was never finished, being still unfluted, but its base is Ionic, and the bases and drums of other columns are of the same style. One entire Ionic echinus and two fragments, all with large egg-and-dart moulding, are preserved, but there are no traces of volutes. Vitruvius says that Theodorus, one of the architects of the temple of Samos, wrote about the Doric temple of Hera at Samos, and Mr. Cavvadias has proposed to complete the capitals of the columns by adding a simple square Doric abacus instead of Ionic volutes. It certainly is odd that no fragments of volutes have come to light, but such a contamination of Doric and Ionic elements as Mr. Cavvadias suggests would be most remarkable in a building of the sixth century. It would be simpler to believe that the Ionic columns belong to a later rebuilding of the temple, and that the volutes have all disappeared in limekilns. At the east of the temple are remains of a propylon or similar structure, in the midst of which are the foundations of a Byzantine church. Upon these stands a small modern church. Several small shrines, apparently of late Greek or Roman times, existed close to the temple, and many fragments of richly decorated architectural members are lying about. There is evidently much work still to be done at this place, and it is to be hoped that it may be accomplished without long delay.

In Crete, which has been the scene of such remarkable discoveries, the season's work has begun. Mr. Evans is again exploring the great palace at Cnossus, and is also excavating in the neighboring necropolis, where he has already opened more than seventy tombs. The earliest of these are of Mycenæan date, of the "third-palace period," while others are of Roman times. Several interesting objects have been found, including pottery, bronze vessels, and utensils of various kinds. One Mycenæan bronze sword has a gold handle upon which are engraved lions hunting their prey. The Italian excavators are busy at Agia Triada, near Phæstus, the British School has returned to its labors at Palaikastro, and Miss Boyd is again at Gournia. In the museum at Candia the portable ob-

jects from all these and other places in Crete are now admirably exhibited. The curator, Mr. Hatzidakis, deserves the greatest credit for the promptness, energy, and care displayed in the restoration, preservation, and arrangement of the priceless treasures under his charge. It is a pity, however, that the building containing those treasures is not fireproof, and is in no way whatever protected from conflagration. The precious records of the pre-Hellenic civilization of Crete—the wall-paintings from Cnossus and Phæstus, the brilliantly painted sarcophagi and the wonderfully carved steatite vases from Agia Triada, the beautiful painted jars and other monuments of early art from various parts of the island—may all be destroyed by the dropping of a match! Probably a suitable museum building will be provided in a short time. Meanwhile, it is a great boon that the unrivalled collection of treasures is in careful and intelligent hands.

Of the Greek cities in Asia Minor, Ephesus and Miletus were in ancient times among the most important, and at these two places the Austrians and Germans respectively are carrying on thorough excavations. At Ephesus the excavations of the present season have not begun, for the greater part of the ancient city lies so low that the water makes digging impossible until the summer is more advanced. In the last few years the great theatre has been cleared, several detached monuments have been investigated, the city walls and the water works have been studied, and much of the business quarter of the city has been laid bare. Unfortunately, there is so much water in this region in March and early April that the details of some of the buildings are difficult to trace, but the broad paved way, flanked with colonnades, which led from the theatre to the harbor, the spacious agora, with its long porticos, and the buildings along the quay bear evidence to the importance and magnificence of the city in the Hellenistic and Roman times, to which most of these remains belong. Opening from the agora is a building—apparently a library or something of the sort—erected by a man named Celsus in the days of the Antonines, the decorative carving of which is exceptionally rich. Of the smaller objects found at Ephesus, the most remarkable is the bronze statue of a nude youth somewhat above life size. This was found in many pieces, but has been most skilfully restored at Vienna, where it now is. The youth is represented scraping himself with a strigil. The plausible suggestion has been made that the statue is a work of Dædalus, a grandson of the famous Polyclitus. The great temple of Artemis, partially excavated by Mr. Wood, is soon to be more completely excavated by Mr. Hogarth of the British Museum.

At Miletus the German excavators, under the direction of Dr. Wiegand, are already at work. The excavations were begun in 1900 and have entirely cleared the magnificent theatre, the town house, or bouleuterion, with its porpylæum, large enclosed court, great altar, and assembly hall, as well as several less important buildings. An interesting feature of the bouleuterion is the employment of Ionic half-columns, the capitals of which have no volutes, and are crowned with a plain square abacus. This Hellenistic structure thus shows a mixture of Doric with Ionic elements, similar to that suggested by Mr. Cavvadias for the Heræum at Samos. On the hill at the side of the theatre the remains of a peculiar circular building have been uncovered. The building was about fifty feet in diameter, and in one side of it is a rectangular vaulted chamber, about twenty by fifteen feet in size, at one end of which are five rectangular niches, with their short ends toward the entrance. These were no doubt intended to receive corpses. A large rectangular hole in the middle of the chamber, covered with a slab of stone, is explained as a receptacle for bones removed from the niches. At the sides and in front of the circular building were porticos with columns. The whole structure, which belongs to the Hellenistic period, must have been an imposing monument. The circular building must have been considerably higher than the porticos, and probably ended in a conical roof. Work is now going on at the Lion's harbor and at a large Roman bath.

The temple of Didymæan Apollo, about fifteen miles from Miletus, was one of the largest and most splendid temples of the Greek world. The building, remains of which are still standing, was begun apparently in the fourth century B. C., but the work was still going on 200 years later, and the structure was never completed. Two finished Ionic columns still support a fragment of the richly decorated architrave, and a third column, unfluted, stands at the other side of the temple. The eastern front of the temple has been laid bare by French excavators, and shows an interesting arrangement of its ten columns with rich and varied bases, disposed to correspond in pairs. The wide flight of steps leading to the entrance is flanked by projecting rectangular pedestals, evidently intended to support statues or something of the sort. At the north side parts of several columns are still in place. These are unfluted, but on one at least the position of the flutings is marked by incised lines. The ruins are situated in the midst of the village of Ieronda, some three miles from the sea, and some of the column drums at the west end of the temple are built into the walls of houses. Above the pronaos stands a windmill, which has been sold to Dr. Wiegand. It is therefore to be expected that the site will soon be excavated by the Germans, when all that remains of this magnificent temple will be made known.

Since 1900, excavations have been carried on at Pergamon by the German Archæological Institute, under the direction of Professor Dörpfeld, with the purpose of laying bare the remains of the entire city, so far as possible. Last year the great gymnasium, or rather gymnasia, on three terraces connected by stairways in vaulted passages, were excavated. The work of this season is not yet begun. Even now Pergamon is perhaps the most interesting Greek site in Asia Minor, and, with the progress of the excavations, its importance is sure to grow. The magnificent sculptures from the great altar and the other buildings on and near the top of the hill are in Berlin, but the remains of the buildings of the city cannot well be removed, and will, when completely excavated, offer, in their unrivalled natural setting, a most superb example of a great and rich ancient city.

H. N. F.

Correspondence.

THE FRENCH SHORE QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is great rejoicing in our oldest colony to-day over the final settlement of this most irritating question, the most dangerous dispute, as Sir Charles Dilke declares, between England and France. For the past fourteen years our people on the treaty shore—British subjects living upon British territory—have suffered privations, annoyance, and a burden so intolerable that, were it not for the evidence contained in the report of the royal commission on the subject, the facts could not be credited. This able and impartial setting forth of the wrongs and indignities suffered by the Newfoundland people on the so-called French shore was kept secret in order not to wound the susceptibilities of our opponents. It gives a graphic description of English men-of-war's men, at the bidding of French officers, raiding poor settlers' houses, seizing their lobster boilers, and carrying them off in triumph for the sole crime that they had dared to fish in the open sea off their own shores.

For nearly a fortnight Sir R. Bond, the Newfoundland premier, has been negotiating with the Home Government, and the final outcome is an agreement which satisfies the whole colony with the exception of a few political opponents whose aim and object, hardly concealed, is to make political capital out of the alleged defects in the new convention for the coming general election in November next. As Sir Robert has an overwhelming majority in both branches of the Legislature, the ratification of the treaty by Parliament is a foregone conclusion. The premier deserves every credit for the firm and very efficient handling of the subject. The French, as we know to our sorrow, are terribly difficult people to deal with—like the Americans in similar fishery disputes.

In England all political parties rejoice over the settlement with France. Rosebery and John Morley are just as enthusiastic over the treaty as Chamberlain, Balfour, Lyttelton, and Lansdowne. The only apparently dissatisfied parties are the New England fisherman and the Newfoundland Opposition. Gloucester looked forward to the annulling of the Bait act, when she could coöperate with the French in obtaining a supply, and thus become free from the onerous and expensive Newfoundland regulations. She is bitterly disappointed at the result of the negotiations.

The main fight has been over the bait supply for the deep-sea fishery. Over and over again the local Government has been offered a total and complete surrender of the treaty coast in return for a free supply of bait. They have, however, remained firm. The Bait act still remains in force, and no fresh privileges are granted to them under the new arrangement. In addition to what has been published, there is a most important addition providing for an English consul at St. Pierre. This will put an end to the very extensive smuggling carried on for over a century. Every country but England was represented in the little island. The refusal to allow us a consul was a most unfriendly proceeding, but no diplomatic effort up to the present

had been able to obtain this most desired boon. St. Pierre lived by contraband; the consul meant its ruin; hence the resistance.

So old is this dispute that the treaty of Utrecht (1713) is only a modern incident in the course of its long career. It commences with the Armada year. After the annihilation of Spain's sea-power, France and England, who had both plundered her galleons, met face to face in the long fight for the dominion of the sea and empire in North America, which ended with Trafalgar and the surrender of Quebec. The rocky islets of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and these rights in Newfoundland, are all that remain to France after that mighty struggle.

A combination of events has brought about the present happy consummation. The King's tact and his great popularity have been one moving cause, but the most powerful levers have been the vanishing codfish and the disappearing lobster. The French fishery has been a poor, decaying business, and every year it has been getting worse. Where they used to have fifty establishments and 1,500 men on the northeast coast, in 1903 they had one ship and sixty men. Bonuses have been piled up, but the industry, in face of a falling catch, could not be sustained. A fishery carried on 2,000 miles from its base could never compete with a similar industry managed by settlers who have the cod and lobster and herring almost at their door. Worse, again, the French arrive only in June and leave in October. It is in May and October, when they are away, that the Newfoundlanders make the best hauls.

To understand the full effect of the Newfoundland part of the convention we must examine it a little more in detail. By the first article all the treaties under which France claimed exclusive fishing privileges in Newfoundland are swept away. The so-called French Shore becomes again English territory, entirely governed by English laws. This is the main point in the convention; all the rest is either leather or prunella. Article II. is all a pure diplomatic fiction inserted by the French negotiators "to save face," as the Chinese say, and to make the nation believe that there had been only a mere nominal surrender of a small share of their privileges, and that really valuable French fishery rights were still retained on the Treaty shore. The whole thing is a pure, unmitigated fraud. Observe Article III. and the elaborate arrangements for compensation. The traders will not only claim under this clause compensation for their old buildings and the good will and future profits of their business, but also damages for the dismissal of their old servants. I went over them all carefully, and my valuation would not represent a twentieth part of what is now claimed. Every solitary Frenchman on the shore is going to set up a claim, and we may be sure that they will be well paid. Selling out in this way means their complete exodus from the coast. They will depart, like the Israelites from Egypt, with their spoils. Does any one for a moment suppose that they will return to pay taxes and rents, and compete with the active and hardy natives on the shore? If they failed with exclusive rights and no duties and every advantage in their favor, will they have a chance to prosper now with everything against them and all the best fishing places sold to Englishmen? Not a solitary Gaul will come back, except it may be an odd Pierrois trading schooner to sell a few goods and smuggle some of their villanous German gin.

The departure of the French and the abrogation of the treaties will benefit the fishermen; but still greater benefits will result from the inflow of foreign capital, long scared away by these troublesome French claims. The west coast contains the very finest coast scenery in North America; its beautiful salmon rivers, its deer forests, are every year attracting a great company of tourists and sportsmen. Coal, copper, iron, and slate are abundant, and operations have commenced for their development. This will give all these industries a tremendous impetus.

D. W. Prowse.

St. Johns, Newfoundland, April 22, 1904.

THE GERMAN WOMAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is fine when a German man (as happened recently in your columns) defends his fellow countrywomen against the charge of stolidity, but is the charge really ill-founded? To one who has known many German women of the utmost culture and charm, it would be pleasant to believe it, but general statements must be based upon the large average of the population. Things are changing with extreme rapidity in Germany—already the presence of women in the great universities (even in Berlin) no longer attracts attention; and the nation is admittedly so terribly *gründlich* that when once the idea of the intellectualization of women is thoroughly started, it is safe to predict that it will go far. But the situation at present? These are the words of Dr. Emil Reich in the *Fortnightly Review* for April:

"The German woman has not been nearly so active in the making of her country's history as has the woman of France. Her rôle is not nearly so important in public life, although . . . she is not in her youth cloistered and cooped up with the severity enforced upon the French girl. . . . After marriage, the German woman as a rule relapses into almost entire obscurity; the cares of her household absorb her thoroughly, and she becomes the *Hausfrau*, whose stolid dulness has become almost proverbial throughout Europe, and it must be admitted that this reputation is not quite unmerited."

Dr. Reich (in his admirable article on the "Future of Germany") does not see much hope for betterment, but in this he is surely too pessimistic. He says, after speaking of the great qualities of the Germans in intellectual pursuits:

"On the other hand, it is difficult to believe, judging from the past, that the Germans will ever be able to mature that ideal development of both man and woman which alone can be considered as the palm and prize of the highest form of civilization. . . . Germany runs the danger of quickening but little the onward march of women towards the ideal."

Christine Ladd Franklin.

Memphis, April 25, 1904.

THE NATIONAL EDITION OF WEBSTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During 1903 Little, Brown & Co. published the National Edition of the Writings of Daniel Webster in eighteen volumes. Those libraries and individuals that already own the regular edition of Webster in six volumes, and Private Correspondence in two volumes, both sets published by the same house, will be interested to know just how much new material they are getting for an investment of $90 in the new National Edition.

The six volumes in the regular edition have been inflated into twelve in the National, and the only new features are a dozen or two excellent pictures and facsimiles, an added chapter, 18 pages, in the Memoir, and the notes to Webster's "7th of March" speech. Volumes 17 and 18 are identical with the Private Correspondence, except that a few pages of unimportant appendix have been added. The new material, then, occurs in volumes 13 to 16 only, in a quantity equal to about two substantial octavo volumes, and consisting mainly of a miscellaneous collection of Webster's letters and addresses, hitherto uncollected and some of which have hitherto not been printed.

The worst feature of the National Edition is that there is no general index to the set—an inexcusable omission. Instead, there are three indexes, one in volume 12, one in volume 16, and one in volume 18—the latter, by the way, being followed by forty pages of printed matter, instead of being, as it should be, the last thing in the volume; and the items in the indexes in volumes 16 and 18 do not refer to volume numbers which are found on the backs of the set, but to certain sub-series of volumes not readily indicated.

For an investment of $90, then, one gets four volumes, which might have been put into two, of material not already available at moderate prices, and a set of 18 volumes, inadequately indexed.

Yours very truly,

J. L. Wyer, Jr., Librarian.

University, Lincoln, Neb., April 27, 1904.

Notes.

Professor Saintsbury is to preside over a selection from the chief works of the minor poets of the Caroline period, in two volumes, to be issued by the Clarendon Press.

McClure, Phillips & Co. have nearly ready 'Human Work,' by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Harper & Bros. are bringing out 'The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland,' by Michael Davitt, and 'Success among Nations,' by Emil Reich.

Maurice Hewlett's novel, 'The Queen's Quair,' is to be published directly by Macmillan Co., and his book on Tuscany, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell, in the early fall.

Maxfield Parrish proved himself the right man in the right place when illustrating Kenneth Grahame's 'Dream Days' (John Lane), and he has now rendered a like service to the same publisher and author and to the public in the case of 'The Golden Age.' Mr. Parrish's classic manner fits the style and matter of these books admirably; is highly decorative and, even in its humor, always in keeping—as John Tenniel betwixt *Punch* and 'Alice in Wonderland.' The typography has a liberal elegance.

A wordy and non-committal introduction is supplied by Senator Lodge to a volume

of 'Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902-1904,' just issued in a duodecimo volume of nearly five hundred pages by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The President, "a man of the highest education," is held up for entire sincerity of speech, truthfulness, courage, and apostolic exhortation "to awake to righteousness and sin not." Mr. Lodge elaborately contrasts this sort of campaign document with "the formal political or campaign biography so much in favor in former days," but now "very much out of fashion." However, unless "formal" is insisted upon, Leupp's 'The Man Roosevelt' and Riis's 'Roosevelt the Citizen' would seem to keep the tradition tolerably alive.

Like its predecessor in the series of translations of historical documents entitled "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898" (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), volume xi. is made up almost exclusively of transcripts from the original documents in the Spanish archives at Seville. Concluding the year 1599, it presents the ordinances adopted by the Audiencia at Manila, the majority of them pertaining to details of administration. Three ordinances enjoining respect for native customs and prescribing an abbreviated procedure for cases in court to which natives are parties, are of interest; so also are the ordinances for punishing offences committed by the Chinese—their most gross immorality to be requited by burning alive. It is stated that the Chinese who become converts to Christianity thereupon become slothful. Most of the contents of volume xi. centre, however, in one way or another, about the repulse (though not with entire success) of Dutch privateers at the mouth of Manila Bay in 1600. Auditor Morga, who had charge of the defence, is charged with incompetence, and for two years the factional fights of what are evidently two parties of office-holders in the islands are waged in the courts at Manila and before the King in his Council of the Indies. A new Governor-General, Pedro de Acuña, takes charge in 1602, under strict orders from Philip III. (as usual, in such cases) to refrain from nepotism and correct all evils of favoritism. There is also an interesting letter from the Jesuit, Father Vaez, covering the doings of his order in the Philippine Islands in 1601. This sort of material speedily multiplies from now on in Philippine history, and the proper selection of it will demand wary walking on the part of the editors. They have illustrated the Vaez letter with facsimiles of the first two books which reproduced it, an Italian work brought out at Milan in 1603, and a publication of Jesuit letters in Latin at Antwerp in 1605.

Mary E. Burt's title, 'Poems that Every Child Should Know,' and sub-title, "A Selection of the Best Poems of All Times for Young People" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), are directly challengeable. The proposition in the preface that "there is a *duty* in the matter of learning poetry" cannot bring Jeremiah Eames Rankin's "The Babie," for instance, into the category of "poems that every child should know"; nor is this, in turn, nor Knox's "Mortality," nor Moore's "The Light of Other Days," nor Arnold's "The Forsaken Merman," nor Kipling's "True Royalty," nor Mrs. Hemans's "The Voice of Spring," nor Chambers's "The Recruit," nor Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," nor Lanier's "Barnacles," nor many another here bound up, among the best poems of all time. Some examples are no more than doggerel. Why not be content to make a plain offering of a new anthology for the young, and to suppress extravagant pretensions? The present selection implies a large latitude for what is childish or even youthful.

The key to the mystical poetry of Mr. Yeats, with its wavering rhythms and ideas that too often, for all their beauty, are the confused utterance of a dream-burdened mind, should be sought first of all in his own critical Essays, or in Mr. Arthur Symons's 'The Symbolist Movement in Literature.' But of the number who heard Mr. Yeats lecture during his recent American tour there must be many who would find his 'Ideas of Good and Evil' too vague and indefinite an introduction to the symbolism which makes so many of his poems read like riddles. For such a reader Mr. Horatio Sheafe Krans designed his 'William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), a clearly written, matter-of-fact little handbook which reviews all of Mr. Yeats's prose, poetry, and plays, and explains briefly the poet's aims, and his place in the Gaelic revival, which has already achieved so much in Ireland. Mr. Krans is himself no mystic. He is intelligent enough to appreciate the æsthetic value of symbolism employed as Shakspere employed it, to give a touch of "natural magic"; and he realizes that to sow one's symbols "with the whole sack," as Mr. Yeats frequently does, is to be more profound than intelligible. His book, therefore, is a fairly safe guide for one embarking on a course of Mr. Yeats, and it is full of well-chosen quotations from the poems that have been inspired in the last decade by the return to imagination which is the aim of the Irish poet and his friends.

It is a poor soul indeed that, having seen Switzerland, does not love her. It is a poorer soul that allows itself to be jealous of her other lovers, even when they vaunt their love in public. Yet it is but human to challenge within one's own breast their right to proclaim their passion so boldly, unless they can by some special charm of manner or newness of praise prove their devotion more appreciative than that which has previously been uttered or is still silently cherished. Canon Rawnsley has selected a dulcet title for his travel-sketches, 'Flower-Time in the Oberland' (Glasgow: MacLehose), and writes in his wonted style of easy, personal narrative. Yet it may be questioned whether he has entirely justified his title or his publication. His account is not innocent of flowers, but they give no especial tone to the book, which might about as well have been written in June or July as in May. The aspects and experiences which the author dwells upon are of familiar places and familiar types. Yet the book furnishes pleasant reading. The last third of it is devoted to Lucerne, and in this portion is reprinted an interesting account, that had been previously published, of the revival of older styles of house-decoration in that hospitable city. A few misprints need correction. They are chiefly in German words. Probably among them is to be reckoned "wonderschon" (p. 124). It appears to us hardly likely that the transports of either enthusiasm or dialect can account for that form, despite the author's asseveration that his German companion uttered it repeatedly. And it is curious to find an English Churchman writing of experiences in Lucerne in 1903, and setting down the English Church in that city as in the Weggisgasse (p. 294). Can it be that the good Canon goes a-Maying on Sunday when away from home? St. Mark's is a pretty granite structure in the Haldenstrasse, far to the eastward, and was built in 1898-99.

'Pompeii,' translated from the German of R. Engelmann (Scribners), is the first of a new series called "Famous Art Cities," projected by the house of Seemann at Leipzig. It is a large octavo of 112 pages, in flexible covers, easy to stow away in one's handbag; and it gives in small compass a good account of the things most worth seeing in the resurrected town. The 144 illustrations, very well executed and chiefly from photographs, make it a useful appendix to the ordinary guidebook. It may safely be recommended for its accuracy, not only to travellers, but to all who wish to get some idea of Pompeii without leaving their firesides at home.

'Lyra Germanica-Latina' is the title of a little book in which Mr. Waldemar Kloss of Belleville, Ill., has gathered his own translations in rhymed Latin verses of some forty familiar German folk and student songs (St. Louis: Office of the *Amerika*). The verses are intended to be in the metres of the originals so that they may be sung to the well-known tunes, and in general they do indeed fit pretty well. But the "Einst hat mir mein Leibarzt geboten" becomes iambic from anapæstic, and the version of "Wohlauf noch getrunken" not only is not in the metre of the original, but seems to be in no metre at all. However, it matters little, for the good old days are gone when students were wont to sing in Latin over their beer, and in this country only the surviving relics of the past can join in the words of even "Lauriger Horatius" or "Gaudeamus." This new *Lyra* will, we fear, be struck by few save the bard and his immediate friends.

Those who care to know everything that is known and, up to the present date, knowable of that both simple and mysterious *cause célèbre*, the Dreyfus case, will find it summed up in a clear, concise, and very complete little book that an anonymous writer has just published under the title: 'Histoire Sommaire de l'Affaire Dreyfus' (Paris: Georges Bellais). The author has followed Joseph Reinach's big history, of which four volumes are already finished, than which there is no more exhaustive and, on the whole, more trustworthy authority on the matter, if we except a few questionable interpretations of the remaining litigious points. As to these the present author has not committed himself. In 186 pages he has condensed all the essential and now generally accepted facts in the case from the discovery of the *bordereau* in September, 1894, down to the latest verdict of the Court of Cassation (March 5, 1904) granting the request for a revision. He dispenses the reader from perusing the twelve volumes of judicial proceedings and the countless volumes of Dreyfus literature. The substance of them all is here, including the latest discoveries made since the Rennes sentence, showing that documents had been falsified

and antedated to be used against the innocent man in the second trial. The chronology and bibliography that accompany this brief history, its judicious comments on the moral and political repercussions of the case, its general tone of moderation and fairness, go to make an invaluable handbook for those who wish to talk sanely about a subject that, more than any other, has evoked on all sides a great deal of passion and nonsense.

The complexity of the glacial record in the Northern States is hardly more astonishing than the success with which it has been deciphered. A second monograph, by Frank Leverett, treating the 'Glacial Formations and Drainage Features of the Erie and Ohio Basins' (Monograph XLI., U. S. Geology Survey), makes a fitting sequel to an earlier volume by the same author, on 'The Illinois Glacial Lobe,' and sets forth in the clearest fashion an extraordinary body of well-observed facts on which the glacial theory now stands so firmly established. Among a multitude of interesting features, mention may be directed to two of special significance; one is the graceful looping of the terminal moraines on the southern border of the Erie Glacial Lobe—they may indeed be described as festooned between Bellefontaine and Mansfield. The other is the channel by which the glacial lake of northern Ohio came to be drained across southern Michigan. Both of these features had previously been discovered and described; they are here set forth in relation to the whole history in which they are but incidents. It is unfortunate that we have no popular book in which an adequate account of the glacial period in the upper Ohio and Mississippi valleys is available for the general reader.

The geographical pivot of history is the subject of a stimulating paper by H. J. Mackinder in the *Geographical Journal* for April. It is an attempt to exhibit human history as part of the life of the world organism by showing how the successive invasions of the Asiatic nomads from the steppe-land (the pivot) moulded the settled peoples of Europe. In some measure the strategic advantages of these nomads has been neutralized by the development of mobility upon the ocean. But the steppe-land is about to be covered with a network of railways giving a mobility of military and economic power greater than that of the sea, so that it will continue to be the pivot region of the world's politics. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper before the Royal Geographical Society, one speaker suggested that when the air becomes a means of locomotion, a great deal of this geographical distribution must lose its importance, and the successful powers will be those which have the greatest industrial basis. Other articles are upon Mantchuria and Korea, recent Russian travel and research in Asia, and the fresh-water lochs of Scotland.

The National Ethnographic Museum of Leyden, one of the first in Europe and the oldest in the Occident, has been for the past ten years under the direction of Dr. J. E. Schmeltz, who sends forth his annual report for 1903, showing constant communication with the Far Eastern nations and the people of Insulinde, as the Dutch writers call the Dutch East Indies, or Island India. The additions to the library reveal especial richness in those works which can be bought not on the counters of the average, or even special, bookshop, but may be obtained only by careful scrutiny and the application of time and wit, being often scholarly work of the highest order, but done by men whose publishers are obscure and whose income is apt to be a minus quantity. The chapter on the use made of the Museum shows that specialists, both natives of Japan and of Western countries, make frequent and particular use of the Japanese collection, more than of any other, since they know well the riches of this famous institution. The eight plates decidedly enrich the text, being devoted especially to the art of the nations of continental and insular Asia.

In the budget of the Secretary for Finances in Egypt, interesting details for the erection of the railroad from Berber on the Nile to Suakin on the Red Sea are given. The preliminary surveys and estimates have already been made, and now the moneys have been appropriated—in all, 1,770,000 Egyptian pounds. Work will be begun at once, and it is expected that in three years the road can be opened to traffic—a great event, for economic and political reasons.

According to the official reports for the semester recently closed, there were in attendance at the twenty-one universities of Germany 1,477 women, of whom only 54 were matriculated—namely, 28 in Heidelberg and 26 in Freiburg—as the privileges of matriculation in the three Bavarian universities of Munich, Erlangen, and Würzburg begins only with the present semester. The women contingent may have been even a little larger, as two of these institutions, Münster and Greifswald, do not distinguish between "Hoerer" und "Hoererinnen." Notwithstanding the rigid conditions prevailing in Berlin, the number of women in attendance there is practically as great as ever, having been 562. The reports of the other schools are as follows: Munich, 22; Leipzig, 62; Bonn, 89; Breslau, 98; Halle, 51; Göttingen, 58; Tübingen, 3; Heidelberg, 53 (not matriculated); Strassburg, 103; Freiburg, 85 (not matriculated); Würzburg, 75; Marburg, 18; Giessen, 11; Erlangen, 10; Königsberg, 67; Jena, 50; Kiel, 20; Rostock, 6.

The new 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ,' which is being published by the joint Academies of Sciences in Germany, and of which eleven parts, covering the greater portion of the letter A, have appeared, is having a very encouraging sale. The Cologne *Gazette* reports that there are more than 1,500 subscribers, an exceptionally large number of copies going to foreign parts, especially to North America. This success is very gratifying to the German Academies, whose finances were being severely taxed by the expenses of this immense undertaking. It is announced that completion cannot be expected short of twelve years.

—The instalment of letters from John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton easily takes the lead in interest among the contents of the May *Atlantic*. The long and intimate friendship between the two men, beginning in 1855 and continuing until death intervened, gave to Professor Norton a rare opportunity of forming an adequate appreciation of Ruskin's life and character. We have in the present number a brief but effective sketch of the home life, in which the ruling influence was the mother, "a personage who seemed rather a contemporary of Miss Austen's characters than of the actual generation." Though Ruskin was then thirty-six years of age, her attitude towards him was that of the watchful mother of a child not yet arrived at the years of discretion, though escaped from her control in matters outside of an immediate personal relation. The father had the air of a cultured English gentleman rather than a man of business, was an agreeable host, considerate in manner, well acquainted with the masters of English literature, and possessed of an unusual interest and taste in matters pertaining to the arts. Ruskin's own statements as to the serious deficiencies of his home life in developing the powers of independent judgment and self-control are strongly corroborated by Professor Norton's recollections. Ruskin's first acquaintance with Lowell's poetry came through a volume handed to him by Professor Norton at Geneva, in 1856, and a warm note of appreciation was returned on the following day. His delight in the spirit and fervor of the 'Fable for Critics' should be suggestive reading to the modern Harvard historian of our literature, who found himself unable to imagine how any one could find interest enough in that poem to give it the brief time necessary for its perusal. As to the other poems, "it is very interesting to see the stern seriousness of a man so little soured—so fresh and young at heart." Mr. Norton found in Ruskin a delightful personality, unpretentious, gentle, and considerate of the feelings of others, and entirely free, in his talk, from the air of dogmatism and arbitrary assertion often noticed in his writings.

—Col. Higginson's paper is devoted to the negro problem, the main thesis being simply that the negro is intensely human, and must be dealt with as a human being. The insistent idea that the former slaveholders are the only persons who have ever really understood the negro, is summarily and effectually dealt with. Many of the anti-slavery leaders had had ample experience to study slavery at first hand, and were in better position to forecast what the blacks might become under freedom than were their owners. Mr. Higginson deals forcibly, too, with the claim that lynching is done in defence of chastity. Let the color of the respective parties in any case of assault be reversed, and the alleged ungovernable regard for chastity evaporates at once, showing conclusively that caste, and not chastity, is at the root of the matter. Frederick J. Turner begins a series of papers on the diplomatic contest for the Mississippi Valley, with an ominous reference to our nation's progress towards the fulfilment of "its destiny on the Pacific *and in South America*." The editor lightens a number unusually full of matter for serious thought with a half-dozen pages on "Fishing with a Worm." Stephen Gwynn's recent book holds that the worm fisherman is *capable de tout*, because a wretch who came under his own observation caught a trout on a worm, and proceeded to kill it by biting through its head with his teeth; but Mr. Perry demonstrates that a man may remain a gentleman and still catch his fish

with a worm on due occasion, now as in the days of Walton.

—The May *Harper's* opens with Abbey's illustrations of "Hamlet." The accompanying critical comment, by Theodore Watts-Dunton, is largely an assault on the alleged wrongheadedness of German Shaksperian criticism. The Germans will insist upon putting Shakspere in with the "tribe of Ben," who work their imaginations along carefully studied lines of logical consistency, not with "the tribe of Nature's children," whose imaginations work them, and who are therefore as shaky in their logic as Nature herself. Regardless of the fact that scarcely one of Shakspere's plots was even partially invented by himself, the Germans go on writing long treatises upon the profound philosophical and allegorical intent of these plots. But Shakspere did not write plays, we are told, in order to find an outlet for his own thoughts and emotions. The dramatic instinct has no great need of expression except some need which impinges upon it from the outside, and that in Shakspere's case was the need of bread and butter. Hence he was forced to harness his genius to business, and he "harnessed it far too thoroughly to dream of producing plays for the purpose of expressing that great inner life of his which circumstance and temperament had been building up." The Globe Theatre, wanting a Hamlet, tapped the Shaksperian tree and furnished the channel wherein should flow the poetic "gum, which oozes from whence 'tis nourished." It may be asked here whether a dramatist who had thus thoroughly harnessed his genius to the business of getting a living out of the demands of the Globe Theatre, could correctly be said to be worked by his imagination, and not to be working it; but it would be cruel to deny to Mr. Watts-Dunton himself a strain of that shaky logic to which he assigns so high a place in Nature and Nature's children. An interesting idea offered in conclusion is that Shakspere was so full of Hamlet that "Hamlet thoughts," of the general character of the famous soliloquy, overflowed from the full mould into many of his other productions, notably "Macbeth," regardless often of the character of the men who were thus forcibly drafted into the service of giving them utterance.

—The May *Century* opens with a paper by Henry Norman on the "Mother of Parliaments," dealing not so much, however, with her essential characteristics as a mother as with the various whims and crotchets which the old lady has developed during her prolonged career. Mr. Norman expresses his confident anticipation of the erection of a parliament at Dublin for Irish affairs, and of the abolition of gratuitous service in Parliament. A very interesting paper deals with the "Lost Art of the Daguerreotype." The writer is Abraham Bogardus, one of the successful devotees of the art a half century ago, at the height of its development. Among the illustrations, all from daguerreotypes, of course, are portraits of Daguerre himself, Joseph H. Choate at the time of his graduation from Harvard, Edward Noyes Westcott in childhood, Mary Mapes Dodge, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Under the caption "History by Camera," George F. Parker gives an account of the Sir John Benjamin Stone collection of photographs to be exhibited at St. Louis in illustration of the history, antiquities, social life, etc., of Great Britain. Korea is discussed by the Rev. Arthur Judson Brown, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and Homer B. Hulbert, editor of the *Korea Review*. The former deals mainly with the country's present sad condition, the latter with its future under the one or the other of its would-be masters.

—There is always some fresh way to regard the Yellowstone National Park, and the May *Scribner's* considers it from a scientific point of view of its geyser basins, under the light of a group of color illustrations by Dwight L. Elmendorf. Arnold Hague is the competent writer. Capt. Mahan's fifth paper on the War of 1812 deals with the opening of actual conflict, the privateering operations of the two belligerents, and the actions between the *Wasp* and the *Frolic*, and the *United States* and the *Macedonian*. The "Field of Art" is given up to notes on Whistler, by Kenyon Cox, Frank Fowler, and Harper Pennington. Whistler's doctrines of art, Mr. Cox holds, at least explain the aims and tendencies of his own work, however inadequate they may be when applied outside those limits. Trying purposely to dissociate himself from representation, "his manner grew ever lighter and slighter, and he reduced art to a hint of composition, a ghost of color, little more than a memory of material—an art of subtleties, of nuances, of infinite refinements." The worst enemy to his art was the author of the 'Gentle Art of Making Enemies,' inasmuch as the writer was so amusing that people thought the painter a humorist too. Mr. Cox's note is quite sympathetic, Mr. Pennington's a warm defence, while Mr. Fowler is not disposed to pass the claims of Whistler's adherents without serious question. The best of the artist's work, he thinks, is precisely that in which there is least of his peculiar characteristics, preeminently his portraits of his Mother and of Thomas Carlyle, "two masterpieces by one who may not perhaps unqualifiedly be named master."

—The roads of the world lie open to the philosophic tramp; even Tibet he may essay if his philosophy be Buddhistic, and if there are any tracks there to speak of. So the roads of Spain stretched north from Algeciras for Mr. Bart Kennedy, and he swung out on the long trail through a land that has known more of the recorded wanderings of genius than perhaps any other. But his is a refreshingly new and different record. From being a sailor with a stoke-hole experience, an actor in a strolling troop, an engineer of some kind, a voice in Italian opera chorus, a journalist, a tramp at large, he started across Spain, absolutely innocent of Spanish, simply to see and to admire. He had the eyes and had the knack—had luck as well—and so he emerged on the French frontier at Hospitalet in safety, and has given us in his 'Tramp in Spain' (Frederick Warne & Co.) a report the most living and grasping since Miss Bates's 'Spanish Highways.' But this is a very different book, very masculine, full of the comradeship of men, impressionistic, and not *genre* work, but with the same reality and inherent truth. Of literature it takes no account. Not even Don Quixote is mentioned once in it; and Cervantes only to point the terror of the reiteration of his name at Alcalá de Henares. The writer's track from Jaen to Toledo took him straight through the country where Sancho Panza had trudged and Dapple trotted, but over that stretch a discreet veil is drawn. Evidently of purpose are we kept facing the people of Spain, by its roadsides and in its taverns. And yet, for all this reality, the smallness and frowziness of ordinary life are not allowed to oppress us. The wind of the road blows clear, and the sun shines, and the rain falls, and the long solitary reaches of the tramper's life give broad views of country and character. As always with the true wanderer on his feet, there went much philosophy to the making of this book—a philosophy cast in somewhat jerky and over-pungent form, but human nevertheless. If Mr. Kennedy will now learn Spanish, tramp through Spain again, and give us a new series of impressions, he will, between the two, have produced a unique thing. As it is, though he has little use for republics—always excepting that of Andorra—and calls this land of liberty "the great sham republic," he has touched the pulse of universal brotherhood and sympathy, and has brought the peoples of the Peninsula more than a step nearer to us.

—Following upon Baldwin's 'Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology' for English-speaking people, and Eisler's for the Germans, there is now appearing for the French a 'Vocabulaire Technique et Critique de la Philosophie' (Paris: Armand Colin), under the charge of MM. Lalande, Couturat, Belot, and Delbos, with the aid of a distinguished corps of assistants. There is a generous scheme of printing by which fascicles are sent out in a preliminary form to a number of persons even outside of France for suggestion and comment; three-fourths of the page being left vacant for this purpose. The plan of this vocabulary does not embrace the encyclopædic feature of Baldwin's Dictionary nor the voluminous quotations from authors of Eisler's. Philosophy proper and the normative sciences constitute its main theme, and psychology and sociology come in only as their terms are of general philosophical import. This difference of emphasis is the cause of a difference of character in the two dictionaries (aside from the great difference in size): the French has almost a leaning to a scholastic quality (it gives, for instance, separate articles to all the moods of the Syllogism), while the English may almost seem to envisage the time when philosophy shall suffer extinction at the hand of psychology. The subject of Symbolic Logic, to which Philosophy has usually been an unfeeling step-mother, is sure to receive a good setting out at the hands of M. Couturat; it is known that he is already engaged in writing an important work on this subject. In general, the definitions have the clearness and precision which are sure to characterize the work of French savants; and the many suggestions in the way of distribution of meanings between loosely synonymous terms, and the exclusion of meanings that tend only to vagueness, are without exception valuable.

—Lord Cromer's annual report on Egypt shows in an unusual degree the good sense, moderation, and ability which have characterized these state papers for the twenty years of his service. The financial prosperity of the country continues, the actual surplus of revenue over expenditures for

1903 being more than ten million dollars. The amount at the disposal of the Government, however, for the reduction of taxation is less than four million, the remainder being under the control of the representatives of the Powers who signed the London Convention of 1885. This anomalous system of finance is abolished by the recent Anglo-French Agreement, to which there is little doubt the other signatories, Austria, Germany, Italy, and Russia, will give their consent. Equal success has attended the efforts of the Government to maintain in existence a peasant proprietary class and to encourage its growth. The principal measures to this end have been large reductions in the land tax, improved irrigation, the sale of Government land in small lots paid for by annuities, the abolition of octroi duties, the freeing of the navigation of the Nile, the reduction of the railway tariff, but especially the establishment of banks for making loans to small farmers. In the five years of their existence these loans have increased from one hundred thousand dollars to 870 borrowers at the start, to nearly eleven million dollars to eighty thousand of the fellaheen. Referring to the cost, some fourteen million dollars, of the Assuan Dam and Assiut Barrage, Lord Cromer says with this moderate expenditure "more good has been done to the people of Egypt than by the five hundred million dollars of debt which Ismail Pasha contracted and, for the most part, squandered." An evidence of this is the fact that the bad Nile of 1902 caused an increase of only 13 per cent. of imports of cereals, while the increase in 1900, due mainly to the low Nile of the previous year, was 78 per cent. The development of the mineral resources of the country is still in its infancy, but "nearly all the Egyptian territory lying between the Nile and the Red Sea has now been allotted to private syndicates." With regard to the Sudan, Lord Cromer says that the work of civilizing it is "being carried on with zeal, energy, and intelligence." The tranquillity of the people has not been disturbed by the appearance of a new Mahdi nor by the rising of the Mad Mullah in Somaliland. "On the contrary, everywhere there is displayed greater keenness on the part of the people to improve their material position and to occupy themselves in agricultural and commercial pursuits." Among other signs of progress was the erection of 1,000 new water-wheels and the digging of five small flood-canals.

WALDSEEMÜLLER REDIVIVUS.

The Oldest Map with the Name America of the Year 1507, and the Carta Marina of the Year 1516, by M. Waldseemüller (Ilacomylus). Edited by Prof. Jos. Fischer and Prof. Fr. R. v. Wieser. London: Henry Stevens' Son & Stiles. Folio, pp. 55, and 27 plates.

It is comparatively easy, and by no means an uncommon exploit of scholarship, to prove that the world has entirely forgotten the name of one or another of those who deserve to be remembered because of what they accomplished in advancing the common stock of knowledge. It is much more difficult, and a great deal more important, to secure for such a forgotten worthy the widespread recognition which makes the details of what he wrote or did familiar to every well-read person. The name of Martin Waldseemüller has long been known to students of the discovery of America, and it has frequently been explained that the fact that he gave to the New World its name entitles him to an honored position in the popular memory. But the additional explanation had always to be made that he suggested the name under a misapprehension based upon partial information, and the public mind very properly refused to remember him with any especial gratitude. A lucky piece of good fortune, the chance finding of an old volume in the year 1901, renders it necessary to endeavor to change this popular attitude toward the man who christened America. Two maps have come to light which were drawn by Waldseemüller, and which seem to prove that he deserves a position of the highest eminence among geographers. They show him to have been gifted with uncommon keenness in appreciating the relationship between scattered bits of information gathered from chroniclers and travellers, with sound judgment in selecting what was probably true from among the mass of what was merely surmised, and with accurate imagination in reconstructing the outlines of the known world. More than all this, he made an impression upon the knowledge of his contemporaries, who adopted his map as a standard, and used it as a basis upon which to build up the new world-outline made necessary by the reports of the voyagers who completed the work of Columbus and Vasco da Gama.

The Jesuit College at Feldkirch borders the two sides of a mountain torrent which comes down from the Austrian Alps, a few miles south of Lake Constance. Here, while his colleagues carry on their work with the aid of the most modern appliances in the scientific branches, Father Joseph Fischer has for several years been studying the early geographical history of northern Europe, with particular reference to the westward voyages of the Scandinavians. A thorough and well-equipped student, trained by Professor Wieser of Innsbruck, he carried his researches far beyond the limits ordinarily reached, even in European libraries. In his quest for material, he was led to Wolfegg Castle in Würtemberg, which guards the accumulations of many generations of book and picture-loving German lords. Fürst Franz von Waldburg of Wolfegg-Waldsee is the worthy scion of the family, fond of his library with its priceless collection of Dürer's engravings, and equally fond of chatting with his foresters while he takes his beer on the well-worn benches of the village inn, where the tenants are most apt to find him of an evening, ready to give good advice or comforting sympathy in response to their tales of domestic discord or barnyard miscarriage. Near by is the quadrangular castle, with grand old baronial halls and lofty chambers hung with tapestries as fresh and bright as if just received from the Gobelins, serving as background to the well-kept armor of the knights, who also appreciated these things in long-gone centuries.

This was the setting to which Professor Fischer was welcomed in response to his request for permission to search for early maps of Scandinavia. As he looked along the shelves of the castle library, the heavily banded hogskin back of a tall folio volume attracted his attention. Its thick, red-beech sides were covered with leather impressed with early sixteenth-century ornaments, and held closed by solid brass clasps worked in Gothic style. Within, in addition to two single-sheet maps already known to students of cartography, were found the sheets of two large wall maps, each consisting of twelve separate sheets printed from wood blocks, measuring about 24x17 inches, making the map, when mounted, nearly eight feet by four and a quarter. On the inner side of the front cover was the book-plate of Johann Schöner, one of the best-known geographers of the early sixteenth century, containing the proud motto, which now seems to have a curiously prophetic significance:

"Hoc te, posteritas, Schönerus munere donat,
Quo stante, ingenij stant monumenta sui."

Seventy-five years ago, while at work on his 'Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie du Nouveau Continent,' Alexander von Humboldt made the interesting announcement that the earliest recorded use of the name America was in the year 1507, under circumstances which showed with quite unusual clearness exactly how it came to be selected as a name for the newly discovered region. A group of scholars had been brought together during the first decade of the sixteenth century in the little town of St. Dié, in the Vosges mountains, halfway between Strassburg and Nancy. One of the group, who professed geography, was Martin Waldseemüller, who sometimes gave his name the classical form of Ilacomylus. A number of letters written by him, and by others of the group, have been preserved, which show that about the year 1505 he was busily engaged in the preparation of a number of publications—a new edition of Ptolemy's geography; a globe upon which the portions of the earth made known by the discoveries of the preceding half-century should have their correct relative locations; a large map of sufficient size to give room for representing the details of geographical information regarding the old as well as the new-found world; and a text-book which should explain the meaning of geographical terms and the symbolism of cartography. This text-book was issued from the private press of the St. Dié Academy in the spring of 1507. In it, as Humboldt noticed, occurred the suggestion which was destined so profoundly to affect nomenclature: "alia quarta pars [mundi] per Americum Vesputium . . . inventa est, quam non video cur quis jure vetet ab Americo inventore, sagacis ingenij viro, Amerigen quasi Americi terram, sive Americam, dicendam: cum et Europa et Asia a mulieribus sua sortita sint nomina."

Humboldt also called attention to other extracts from this 'Cosmographiæ Introductio,' which state that the text-book was designed to accompany a map, "tam in solido quam plano depinximus"; which doubtless means that there was a globe as well as a map. The map is described with considerable detail, as having flags or escutcheons to mark the various countries, and crosses where the sea-way was dangerous for shipping, so that its identification, whenever a copy should be seen, was

comparatively easy. Humboldt was, however, unable to find a map answering the requirements. Ever since his day, speculation has been rife, in the intervals of wondering what had become of Waldseemüller's "America" map, in guessing about its probable geographical character. The most plausible suggestion was that it resembled one of the two maps showing the newly discovered regions, themselves radically different from one another, which were included in the edition of Ptolemy upon which Waldseemüller was at work in 1505, but which was not published until eight years later. The facts that neither of these maps bore the name America, and that one of them (the one with which Waldseemüller is more specifically connected) contained geographical features which became antiquated in the interval between 1505 and 1513, gave rise to additional speculation. The other maps of the second and third decades of that century, which might have shown traces of Waldseemüller's influence, bore such slight relation to the Ptolemy maps of 1513 as to give occasion for the most diverse ideas. It is hard to imagine a greater conglomeration of opinions than existed regarding the probable character of this map prior to Professor Fischer's announcement that he had found a copy of it.

One important result of the reappearance of Waldseemüller's 1507 map is the revelation of the very unsatisfactory condition of current knowledge of historical geography. Professor Fischer's discovery has practically destroyed the value of every opinion previously held in regard to the state of geographical knowledge at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Harrisse's magnificent work in cataloguing the recorded maps, Nordenskiöld's scholarly surveys of early cartographical material, the thorough studies of special subjects by Wieser and Ruge, will always retain their place. No one, however, had been able to appreciate to any exact degree what these maps reveal regarding the extent and the limitations of the information available to the academic investigator in the heart of the Vosges mountains, or to realize that most of the contemporary maps published by the professional geographers were strongly influenced by this single prototype. Professor Fischer has already done much to explain the maps, but he would be the first to recognize that his very careful and scholarly introduction to the facsimiles will be of most use as a basis for further studies of detail. His opinion that the 1507 "America" map is a direct copy from the well-known Canerio chart seems hardly justified, and the evidence which led him to think that Schöner's copy of the 1516 "Carta Marina" consisted of "proof-sheets" is more likely to prove merely that Schöner studied this particular map carefully, pen in hand. Many of the suggestions regarding Waldseemüller's sources, especially for Africa and the further East, need very cautious re-examination. The publication of these maps, of the wholly unsuspected 1516 sea chart quite as much as the long-sought 1507 "America" map, makes it necessary to reconsider the entire question of what European scholars and men of affairs at that time knew about the rapidly extending "known world." These maps show that the assumption that exact information was largely confined to the seafarers and their employers, and to the governmental navigation bureaus—an assumption fully justified by the maps previously known—must be abandoned. The problems connected with the relationship of maps, their parentage and family connections, which Harrisse has done so much to expound, must now be taken up afresh. Closely connected with this is the question of the personal obligation to one another of the men who dealt with scientific geography in the early sixteenth century. Professor Fischer has furnished the clue for the solution of many of these matters, and there is ample justification for the hope that he is the harbinger of a widespread revival of scholarly interest in the whole subject of geographical history.

SIX NOVELS.

The Stolen Emperor. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Story of Susan. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Issues of Life. By Mrs. John Van Vorst. Doubleday, Page & Co.

To Windward. By Henry C. Rowland. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Susannah and One Other. By E. Maria Albanesi. McClure, Phillips & Co.

A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin. By Frances Aymar Mathews. Robert Grier Cooke.

When the events warranted in Mrs. Fraser's tale, 'The Stolen Emperor,' took place, the real ruler of Japan was neither a Mikado nor a Shogun, but a great Regent, Hojo Yasutoke. This exalted personage, whose power appears to have been self-constituted and self-sustained, could keep a Shogun in bondage in a remote part of the empire and a Mikado in abject subjection in his own imperial palace of Kioto, but he depended for the safety and continuity of the empire on the fighting daimios, "the men who had withstood the temptation of being drawn into the corrupt and effeminate official life of Kioto, and who, as heads of the provinces they had subdued and the armies that had conquered them, constituted the military as distinguished from the civil or court aristocracy." The Regent's way of perpetuating his own rule was to denounce an emperor as imbecile or incompetent just when he was attaining his majority, banish or kill him, and set up as a figurehead for loyal worship a baby emperor who could not for many years be able to assert any divine authority or even attempt to turn the tables on Yasutoke. This habit of the Regent's was a matter of common gossip in Kioto, and when it was known that a very powerful daimio, Kashima, had been summoned to confer with Yasutoke, it was pretty well understood that the object of the conference was to get Kashima's consent to the deposition of the Emperor, Go-Horikawa, and his recognition of the son of that feeble youth and his consort the Princess Jito Sama, a woman most fair, virtuous, and wise.

The story opens with the coming of Kashima to Kioto, and a fine description of that pomp and splendor with which great feudal barons (perhaps without ironical intention) always emphasized an act of homage to the overlord. In the conferences with Kashima Yasutoke displays less astuteness than might be expected in such a practised negotiator of crime, and never suspects that the daimio's complaisance may conceal a sinister motive. The Regent had the disadvantage of age dealing with youth; he had forgotten to reckon with the dangerous and unruly passion of love. So, while he was congratulating himself on the daimio's easy compliance, Kashima was preparing to carry out the real purpose of his visit to Kioto—nothing less than the abduction of the Empress Jito, whom he had but once seen, then loved forever. The conception of Kashima's scheme is so bold and the subsequent devices for accomplishing his wild will are so simple, impulsive, and unscrupulous, that he may well be the hero of a national legend; and, if the tale is an invention, the character of a mediæval robber baron has been kept close to probability. Kashima is an aristocrat, bold and strong, single of purpose, sudden in action, altogether primitive. In the end he is thwarted and defeated, but not because he has reflected or wavered or felt any sentimental compunction about killing a dozen baby emperors, should they stand between him and his desire. The tale, in itself novel and exciting, is well and sympathetically told, and quite too good to be commended only as a "timely publication."

Mrs. Dudeney's name has hitherto been connected with the presentation if not the solution of disagreeable social problems which, though not new in the history of humanity, have not always been considered desirable or even fit for discussion in fiction. 'The Story of Susan' is distinctly old-fashioned, for the scene is laid in an English village just when the young Princess Victoria had become Queen, and Susan's troubles spring from her adherence to the Church of England and reluctance to accept, along with the love of Martin Heritage, his serious views of life or to conform her conduct and dress to the taste of the elders of the Methodist Chapel. In their day, no doubt, the situation was full of agitating emotion, but the twentieth century looks calmly, a little contemptuously, back upon those conflicts of creeds that provided so much excitement for quiet communities in early Victorian days. In the case under consideration our sympathy is all with Susan, and, if the question of the value of a creed can be settled by observing its effect on character, the Established Church has here everything in its favor. Perhaps these controversies still linger in England, and Mrs. Dudeney may mean to prove conclusively the inefficiency of Nonconformist doctrines and practices to bring about either worldly happiness or spiritual tranquility.

Through all vicissitudes, the contrasting characters of Martin and Susan are well sustained, and the sincerity of their sentiment for each other is never in doubt. The society of Liddleshorn appears to be typical of the period, made up of people with few ideas, some strong convictions, and a gift of quaint, amusing expression. We are reminded of 'Cranford,' but by contrast, for the 'Cranford' people were delightful—a term not applicable to any inhabitant of Liddleshorn (except Susan) introduced by Mrs. Dudeney.

Mrs. Van Vorst's book is sub-entitled "A Novel of the American Woman of To-day." The great difficulty confronting the writer of a novel relating to a class is to avoid

the appearance of indicting a whole people. We have high authority for saying that this cannot be done. Its counterfeit presentment, in a novel with a purpose, can, more's the pity; to the detriment of perspective, proportion, and the novel. Mrs. Van Vorst's story arraigns the club-woman. The book reviewer may not decide on the usefulness of the institution in question or the desirability of the attack, but is within a reviewer's rights in remarking that Madeleine Dillon, in coming from her country home to New York, had an unfortunate experience in the club which she joined. It was a small, select Lunch Club, which is seen at the outset discussing with harmless irrelevancy and entire inanity a book studied for the occasion. At the end of the few months of Madeleine's sojourn in the city we find one member dead by suicide because she could neither marry nor renounce a married man; one suffering the loss of her only child because a too rigidly scientific bringing-up had depleted him to the point when he could not endure an operation for appendicitis. One has become a hopeless invalid through destroying her unborn child; one has equally become an invalid through shock at having wilfully speeded her automobile, injured the chauffeur, and killed her seatmate; one, a man-hater, is sentimentally nursing the chauffeur; one has obtained a first divorce and is on the high road to a second. Of all the club members there is but one without theories—theories embracing any eccentricity, from views on sterilized milk to plurality of husbands; and even she is the proud possessor of "a first unfortunate marriage which ended in divorce." Madeleine Dillon came, saw, was tempted, and overcame. She gathered up her bairns and returned with her husband to Pennsylvania, where they lived a life of happiness, feeding the children on cow's milk.

If this contention against clubs proves anything, it proves too much for human credulity. Its logic is like that of the spitter in a public conveyance who from his pool of tobacco roared to a remonstrant woman, "You'd ought to be at home washing your husband's dishes, that's where you'd ought to be." It is neither for nor against Mrs. Van Vorst's doctrine that the critic breaks silence. It is to point out that the voice of warning speaks most clearly in other form than that of fiction unless the writer have an exceptional gift for story-telling, added to a burning sense of purpose. In Mrs. Van Vorst's case, and in view of her earlier book of experiences as a factory-worker, it must be said that her facts preach better than her fiction. In showing forth certain feminine tendencies of the day she reduces them to a pulp of absurdity; nor is her own work free from a taint of the modernity that she deplores—a rending of the veil from life's mysteries in unsuitable places. Pathology to-day is in the parlor, psychics on the highway, reserves nowhere. As a novel, 'The Issues of Life' is amateurish, stiff, thin, full of puppets. As a plea against the new woman with her clubs, her views, her hobbies, her many husbands, her few children, it is overloaded by its own bias. None but a George Eliot could have made a successful story out of such didactic material. Can we imagine a George Eliot writing a story on these themes?

'To Windward' is crudely constructed too, and flounders about in a sea of unrelated, magnified, and non-natural incidents. And yet bracing salt breezes blow through one-half the book, and the other half is largely given to the always fascinating heroisms flourishing in a great city hospital. The author writes of seamanship like a seaman, of hospitals like a surgeon, of both with naturalness and fluency. It is in weaving the well-twisted threads into a fabric that his weakness is disclosed. No weakness, but a mighty pungency, characterizes the dialects of the deck and the sick ward. As good as a bucket of salt water over the head are Amos's exhortations to his unruly crew in words which can be described only as "langwidge." As a specimen may be quoted: *"B'low there!* Break out!! Up ye come—all hands!! I'll get down there among ye, and make ye think ye're back on a lime-juicin' wind-jammer, ye grimy sweeps!!!" No less forcible is the language of the doctor on shore when occasion requires, revealing a vocabulary which, with a robust realism, constitutes the author's strongest points. In his efforts to link his stories into a story he is less happy. As to characterization, his hero and the hero's patron, a gruff old surgeon, are not more overdone in faults and perfections than many other gentry of fiction, while several of the minor persons, who are hardly more than "single-speech" characters, are creditably life-like. But the women are less so, and the villain limps audibly as he passes from iniquity to iniquity.

'Susannah and One Other' opens in a refreshingly old-school atmosphere. There is a nice little child and a charming Aunt Sue, the heroine, who sings "Sally in our Alley" and "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." Love is the chief interest, lying the chief stumbling-block. The troubled soul rests for a season in the enjoyment of a thoroughly old-fashioned novel. Unfortunately, the end does not quite uphold the beginning. This is not because Brahms and the telephone creep into the Paradise; true, we were content without them, but they do not tarry. Rather is it that towards the last the construction sags. It is perhaps not more incident that one craves, but more relevancy of incident; more untying instead of mere lapsing of difficulties. The improbability of the leading complication—an engagement foisted on a man and a girl who have never met—is made agreeable if not plausible by the naïve and unsensational telling, while the development and progress of the story, though more probable, take less hold on conviction because of the slump in their gait. For three-quarters of the way it is a pretty tale, with the good old home comforts of English farm country, English house parties, love-making and fine-lady manœuvring. Who could help enjoying a certain garden of which it is said, "it had the look of being loved"? If in its last quarter the luminary wanes, at least it sets in peace—the peace that only an English country novel affords.

Frances Aymar Mathews's stories are singularly unequal. The Chinese ones have excellent points. Indeed, the first of them, 'The Little Tragedy of Tien-Tsin,' is a masterly compound of idyl and tragedy. The author writes with evident knowledge of the Chinese, and with sympathy all the more real because not blind. Her pictures of the women are especially engaging. That she understands the feminine Caucasian as well, appears in the description of an old English woman whose face was a "map of wrinkles." "It was the face of a woman, however; of that woman who is as old as Eve, and who will be with us until sex is no more; the woman whose life is summed up in the one word—anxiety." But the white stories as a whole halt—if not throughout, then in some important point; so that, in spite of much cleverness in conception and writing, a feeling of disappointment often attends the close. In one the disappointment arises from the absurdly affected language of a last-century masquerade. In another the legend of the Wandering Jew appears in a shape of banality. In a third, when a sister rescues an imbecile brother from drowning, she is made to survive, only to perish later in trying to save the same brother from fire—a survival that is fatal within the scope of the short story; in the union of flood to flame lies not strength, but weakness. The two Canadian stories are well done; preferable to the tragic one we find the comical adventure of the fifteen donkeys. The fantasy that shows us Shakspere making love to Amy Robsart's daughter at Kenilworth and that reveals her as the Lady of the Sonnets, suggests thoughts that lie almost too deep for tears—certainly too deep for words unless Dr. Furness kindly take notice and furnish them. On the whole, however, and taking one story with another, we may "admire piecemeal," as Meredith's heroine did on a certain occasion. In the matters of printing, binding, and colored frontispiece, the volume is one to be admired absolutely.

Abraham Lincoln and his Presidency. By Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D. 2 vols. Pp. 379-411. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.

A new Life of Lincoln has no reason for being unless it presents new facts, or new views of old facts, or a superior style of writing. Mr. Barrett's latest Life of Lincoln (he had written a previous one thirty-nine years ago) does not meet any of these requirements. A few letters from public men of the war period are presented for the first time, but they are of slight interest. The judgments pronounced by the author on the men and events of the period are scanty and inconsequential, and his style is tedious and in places obscure. Two personal interviews with Lincoln are narrated near the end of the second volume. Each of these contains a fact which we have not seen elsewhere. The first of these interviews took place October 2, 1864, and Mr. Barrett wrote his notes of it at that time. The Presidential election was approaching, the candidacy of Frémont had been withdrawn, Republican prospects were bright, and Mr. Lincoln was in good humor. Referring to the opposition of the Frémont platform to "arbitrary arrests," Mr. Lincoln related with merriment an incident that had lately occurred. "Frémont had sent me a verbal message," he said, "that if I would shut up his refractory 'New Nation' man in Fort Lafayette, he would balance accounts." Mr. Barrett omits, however, to tell us who the "New Nation" man was. The second interview is dated November 4, 1864. The fact of interest in it relates to the contemplated appointment of

Chase as Chief Justice. Mr. Lincoln had not yet made up his mind. There was a preponderance of opinion among Republicans, he said, in favor of Chase, but those opposed to him were too important to be wholly disregarded. "My old friend Dave Davis," he added, "on the Supreme Bench, would be displeased with Chase's appointment. He talked the matter over with me once last winter, and thought it not best to put a man on the bench who would still be aspiring to the Presidency." David Davis was a man of discernment, but if his criticism of Chase had been spoken in Chase's presence, the latter might have replied with much force, *Tu quoque.*

Mr. Barrett's literary defects are largely compensated by copious extracts from the writings of Lincoln himself, who assuredly ranks with the foremost masters of the mother tongue. Mr. Barrett quotes the London *Spectator* as saying: "No criticism of Mr. Lincoln can be in any sense adequate which does not deal with his astonishing power over words. It is not too much to say of him that he is among the greatest masters of prose ever produced by the English race." Abundant proof in support of this eulogium is supplied in these two volumes. The passages quoted are judiciously chosen, and, being arranged in conjunction with the events described, make a much stronger impression on the mind of the reader than the same passages when found in the 'Complete Writings.' We reproduce two of these by way of sample—the one for its almost startling force, the other for its bearing on present problems.

On the first of January, 1841, Mr. Lincoln, then in his thirty-second year, was under an engagement to meet Miss Mary Todd at a designated hour and place and be married to her. He failed to keep the appointment. He was married to her subsequently, but during the interval he went through such a season of remorse and self-reproach that his friend, Joshua Speed, feared he would commit suicide, and took precautions against it. In a letter to John T. Stuart, dated January 23, 1841, Lincoln said: "I am now the most miserable man living. *If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on the earth.*" Mr. Barrett thinks that Mr. Lincoln's failure to keep the engagement was unpardonable, unless "reasonably accounted for," but that, since Miss Todd afterwards renewed the engagement, "it must have been somehow explained to the person who had a right to know the reason." This is not quite so glaring a non-sequitur as that of Miss Tarbell, who argues that because she found several old ladies of the neighborhood, sixty years later, who did not remember the affair, therefore it never took place. The truth is that Lincoln felt such a sense of the wrong he had done to the lady, and such a resulting loss of self-respect and self-confidence on his own side, that he resolved to repair it by offering himself again, although, when asked by a little boy where he was going on the evening when he was actually married, Herndon says he replied, "To hell, I suppose."

The other quotation is from Lincoln's letter to Henry L. Pierce of Boston, dated April 6, 1859, in reply to an invitation to attend a festival in that city in commemoration of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. This has been published often, but it seems to be quite as appropriate now as at the time of its first appearance:

"One would state with great confidence," says Lincoln, "that he could convince any sane child that the simpler propositions of Euclid are true; but, nevertheless, he would fail utterly with one who should deny the definitions and axioms. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded with no small show of success. One dashingly calls them 'glittering generalities,' another calls them 'self-evident lies,' and others insidiously argue that they apply only to 'superior races.' . . . This is a world of compensations, and he who would *be* no slave must consent to *have* no slave. *Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.*"

How would those last words look in the Republican national platform this year, coupled with a refusal to give freedom to the "inferior races" on the other side of the Pacific, or to promise it to them at any future time?

At the end of so large a work as the one under review, fraught with the mightiest events in our history, the reader looks for a summing up of the character and achievements of the subject of the biography. Even this is wanting. In place of it we have a few brief appreciations by others, the most sententious of which is that of Sir Edward Malet, who held a subordinate place in the British Embassy at Washington in the war time, and who said of Lincoln, in a book published forty years later: "Of all the great men I have known, he is the one who has left on me the impression of a sterling man of God."

William Hickling Prescott. By Rollo Ogden. [American Men of Letters.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Mr. Ogden's aim has been no more ambitious than to supplement Ticknor's standard Life of Prescott; having rather in mind to bring out the historian's personality than to judge his performance and rank as a writer. The result is a small volume furnishing agreeable reading for a couple of sittings, or even one. Prescott's journals and record of correspondence have been gleaned; the Harvard College Library has been interrogated for his reading while an undergraduate, and his "family room" (Hollis 11) has been identified; his letters and "noctographs" have been examined, the "occasional minor lapses" in his written Spanish remarked, Ticknor's liberties with Prescott's text when copying his English letters—"amusingly toned down, and now and then boldly altered"—pointed out; and especially a whole chapter reveals Prescott's political sympathies in a light which Ticknor naturally chose not to throw on them as not having (latterly, at least) the stamp of current Whig "respectability."

From all this it is impossible not to be drawn towards Prescott's simple and charming character, in accordance with unvarying tradition concerning him. His success, in copyrights as in reputation among scholars, is as romantic as his lifelong bearing-up against the great affliction of precarious eyesight. And here one might like to see brought out even more clearly Prescott's amazing quality of conscientiousness, which, when he was rich, social, not fond of work, and exempted by a cruel affliction from all call to work, led him to toil like a galley-slave, from a sheer sense of duty. On the other side—or should we not say on the same side?—is his curious methodical production, which permitted him to forecast the day and almost the hour when his task would be achieved; which was even gauged by formal written wagers with his secretary, the odds against himself, that so much would be accomplished in such a time and at such a rate. This measured flow at first seems opposed to the dignity of severe historical composition, whatever precedent may be found for it in the output of certain prolific novelists; but it meant simply the conscious control of materials finally amassed, and, for the rest, an added incentive to be diligent. If there was some pride in triumphing by the calendar, there was no self-complacency amid the applause bestowed on the grist of his mill. His modesty remained unaffected, nor was he capable of jealousy, while he could be frank in friendly criticism, as may be seen in the letter to Motley at page 212.

Some may be disposed to enter a caveat as regards Prescott's relations to Robertson. There is a significant entry culled by Mr. Ogden, at page 154, from the diary for April 23, 1845: "But beware of Robertson. Never glance at him till after subject moulded in my mind and thrown into language." In his "Conquests" Prescott inclines plainly to censure his Scottish predecessor almost without reserve, though his own books are hardly more than an aggravated amplification of portions of the 'History of America.' He had, of course, much more material at his command, but used it to much less advantage than Robertson did his limited material. Again, the systematic critical review of the sources, for which we are to a certain extent indebted to Prescott, is copied from Robertson, as well as from the Abbé Clavigero, Robertson's contemporary. The latter, in turn, derives much of his method and arrangement from Boturini. In a few instances Prescott praises Robertson indirectly. As for his own appreciations, they are the inevitable outcome of his time, of his lack of personal acquaintance with the countries and people, and his physical condition, for all which he is, of course, above reproach.

In connection with the wagers between Prescott and his secretary, already touched upon, his present biographer likens this "oddity" to a similar "sottise" on the part of Mme. de Sévigné. But the letter from which he quotes should be compared with preceding letters on the same subject, viz., the reading of La Calprenède's novel, 'Cléopâtre.' From these it will appear that though she had sworn to finish ("gagé d'achever") this novel, it was twelve-volume romances and not any "gageures" of her own that she considered to be "sottises."

There is a very pleasing portrait of Prescott for frontispiece, and an index. Sibley, Harvard's future librarian, as is shown at page 90, prepared the index to 'Ferdinand and Isabella' for $100; Folsom (p. 141) over-corrected the proofs of the 'Conquest of Mexico' for $50 a volume.

Pioneering in Central Africa. By Samuel P. Verner. Richmond: Presbyterian Commit-

tee of Publication. 1903. Illustrations and maps. Pp. xi., 500. 8vo.

The mission of which this book gives some account has the special interest that it was established in the Congo Free State to test the capability of the American negro for elevating his African brother, and it is manned chiefly by colored people from Mississippi, Virginia, and Alabama. It has borne the test successfully, judging from Mr. Verner's statement that "these Luebo people had become as civilized and more Christianized than the colored people of my own Columbia in five years' time." Of the individual work of the negro missionaries, men and women, by which in so short a time they had gathered in one town a church with 700 members, we regret to say we are told but little. The book is largely devoted to an account of the author's journey to and from his post, and his three years' residence as business manager of the mission and pioneer. The multiform character of a day's routine may be learned from his "labor programme for preaching, teaching, meditating, recording the results of linguistic study, overseeing the manual labor in garden, field, and building, inspecting and correcting the domestic and culinary departments, trading for native produce; keeping financial accounts of all transactions, receipts and expenditures; and receiving the constant stream of curious visitors (one of the most monotonous tasks after the novelty wears off)." His numerous pictures of the natives and their customs are interesting, but lack lifelikeness and variety, while he adds but little to our knowledge of racial characteristics.

His treatment of the delicate subject of the Congo Government is also disappointing. Naturally, in the interests of the mission, he would endeavor to refrain from writing so as to excite the ill-feeling of the Belgian officials, but he leans too far on the other side when he says that "the Congo is an instance of the policy of the open door," and that "the general effect of the Government has been progressive and beneficial." He acknowledges that "there are some flagrant abuses, but these are being corrected as rapidly as the conditions permit." It should be borne in mind that his mission was in the Kasai district, in which there have been, if we are not mistaken, few or none of the atrocities which have marked the Government's treatment of the natives in the northern and eastern districts. What this is can be gathered, however, from Mr. Verner's description of the manner in which the "Chef de Poste" collected the tribute of ivory and rubber in the mission town. His agents were a band of native soldiers, led by a native, and followed by a "vagabondish rabble of camp followers, thieves, rogues, rascals, runaway slaves, and idle riff-raff." At the first rumor of their coming the women and children hid in the depths of the forest—for "stealing women and children" was the aim of the camp followers—and the men prepared to fight. It was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Verner prevented attempts to loot the town, which doubtless would have been successful but for the presence of the white missionary. This system of tax-collecting, however, does not seem to offend him as much as "the lack of any voice accorded the settlers, traders, missionaries and colonists in their government," for he writes at the close of his narrative: "One of the happiest events of my experience in Africa, and that which reflected most favorably upon the officials of the Government of the Congo Free State, was an act of the Government by which the white men at Luebo were given the right of local government, the administrative functions being vested in the ranking member of the American Mission."

The contributions to science are an account of some pygmy neighbors, a few specimens of the folk-lore stories "told to the enraptured little darkies gathered about the evening fires," and some facts in regard to the language, arts, industries, and superstitions of the people. There are also numerous hortatory passages, apparently taken from missionary addresses intended to awaken in American Christians a sense of their duty to their African brother.

We cannot forbear to note here that, in a letter to Lord Lansdowne describing his visit a year ago to the Upper Nile, Lord Cromer contrasts the condition of the districts under British rule with that of adjoining Congoland. In the former, "numerous villages are dotted along the banks of the river. The people, far from flying at the approach of white men, as was formerly the case, ran along the banks, making signs for the steamer to stop. . . . It was impossible to mistake their manifest signs and expressions of security and content." On the Belgian side of the river for eighty miles "not a sign of a village existed. Indeed, I do not think that any of our party saw a single human being in Belgian territory, except the Belgian officers and men, and the wives and children of the latter. . . . The reason of all this is obvious enough. The Belgians are disliked. The people fly from them, and it is no wonder they should do so, for I am informed that the soldiers are allowed full liberty to plunder, and that payments are rarely made for supplies. The British officers wander, practically alone, over most parts of the country, either on tours of inspection or on shooting expeditions. I understand that no Belgian officer can move outside the settlements without a strong guard."

The Chronicles of a Pioneer School from 1792 to 1833; Being the History of Miss Sarah Pierce and her Litchfield School. Compiled by Emily Noyes Vanderpoel. Printed by the University Press, Cambridge, Mass. 1903.

In the palmy days of its female academy, Litchfield was the fourth largest town in the State of Connecticut, a commercial and industrial centre. It now lies at the end of a small branch railroad, but about 1820, which is the *floruit* of the academy, all the post coaches on the main route from Boston to New York, or from Hartford to West Point, ran through Litchfield. Not far from Miss Pierce's school was the famous law school of Judge Reeve and Judge Gould, the first of its kind in the United States. A charming description of the town was written by Mrs. Stowe in 'Poganuc People.' In 1810 the Rev. Lyman Beecher had been called to the Congregational Church in Litchfield; the frequent entries in Miss Vanderpoel's record of the school testify to his interest in the enterprise. Henry Ward Beecher, his son, was born in Litchfield in 1813, and was prepared for college by Miss Pierce.

She was a pioneer of women's education. Not that the curriculum of the Female Academy, as it was always called, differed to any appreciable extent from that which, about the same time, at Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies on Chiswick Mall was fitting Miss Amelia Sedley to adorn her "polished and refined circle." Spelling and dancing, geography and deportment, with all kinds of embroidery and needlework, and the designing of elaborate colored historical charts were the leading studies at the academy. But Miss Pierce's theory of education was in advance of her practice and her times. Miss Pinkerton aimed at cultivating the manners of Amelia; Miss Pierce would have made a sincere attempt to discipline her mind by the practice of English composition and the study of that 'Universal History' which she wrote for the use of her pupils. Life at Miss Pierce's was a singular mixture of Arcadian simplicity and old-fashioned formality. There were no athletics for women in those days; when Miss Pinkerton's young ladies went boating, the students of the Law School took the oar; there was a daily walk, in which the start was made in a regular procession from the academy, to the music of the flute and flageolet, but the ranks quickly broke up, and the walk became a stroll in the society of the gentlemen of the law. The school record displays an innocent pride in the number of happy marriages that were the result of this association. The strangest phenomenon of all, from the point of view (say) of Miss Pinkerton, was the fact that the law students were not discouraged from playing "on their flutes under the window of each lady after they had retired"; Miss Pierce herself on one occasion was so enchanted with their performance that she composed some verses, quoted in the 'Chronicles,' complimenting the young men on their "heavenly music." She wrote plays which were acted by her scholars, with the assistance, of course, of the Law School; they are couched in excellent Johnsonese, and though the outward formalities were not maintained at Litchfield, we gather that the intercourse was conducted in language that Miss Pinkerton herself could not have surpassed. The diaries of the pupils reproduced in the 'Chronicles' are extremely amusing. One young lady, whose spelling and punctuation, like Miss Sedley's geography, "leaves something to be desired," writes in 1802:

"Arose at six devoted the morning to studying the boundarys on the map in the four noon worked a little time I went out to the barn with the girls to study my lesson came in and recited it took a lesson in music in the afternoon read worked on my picture studied my spellings and spelt after school the Boarders all moved the South Chamber and my time was spent in writing in graret and I was forgot and licked to lost my tea however I did not go up raret again without partisioning to some one to caul me meal times the evening was spent in reading till Nine and after that went down and went to Mr Chappins at get some beer."

Miss Sheldon, aged fifteen, records that "In the evening Mr Stanly was there, his manners are genteel and agreeable, but I am afraid that beneath a form so beautiful is concealed a vile heart."

The 465 pages of 'Chronicles' collected by Miss Vanderpoel and Miss Buel include

every scrap of available information bearing on the history of the academy itself, its teachers, and the 3,000 pupils who attended during the forty years of its existence. There is a good deal of repetition, and much that seems to us to have only the remotest bearing on the subject, though it has an antiquarian interest that redeems the irrelevancy. For instance, there are some fifty-five pages devoted to the letters and private accounts of Miss Pierce's brothers, Col. John Pierce (in which we note, by the way, that he paid thirty shillings for twenty-one pounds of sugar, and twenty shillings for a pound of tea) and Dr. Timothy Pierce. The numerous reproductions of samplers, water colors, and historical charts are a really charming record of a leisurely kind of education that has an archaic and even a melancholy interest in these days of basketball and college preparatory courses. Miss Pierce's Academy left its mark on some three thousand homes. Many an Amelia Sedley must have been braced by that influence, many a Becky Sharp softened and reclaimed.

Turkish Life in Town and Country. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904. Pp. viii., 336.

This is the latest issue in the series entitled "Our European Neighbors," edited by William Harbutt Dawson. Miss Garnett has spent many years in Turkey. She is modest and careful in her statements, does not exaggerate, does not profess to know what she does not know. She is also sympathetic with her subject, without being blinded to evil conditions by that sympathy. She recognizes the virtues and the vices of the various peoples and classes dealt with in this remarkably comprehensive little volume with astonishing impartiality. As a woman, she enjoyed opportunities of studying the home life of the Turk which a man does not enjoy. Her picture of the harem life of the Turkish women is much more favorable than that usually presented. Polygamy is the exception, not the rule; two wives, the second taken because of lack of children by the first, seems "to be the extreme limit nowadays, and only once during my long residence in different parts of the country had I the opportunity of visiting a harem containing more than one" (pp. 13, 14). Turkish women "already possess all the legal personal and proprietary rights necessary to give them a social position equal, if not superior, to that of European women generally" (p. 15). The objection to their emancipation from harem restraints is one of custom and prejudice rather than of religious law. One of the most serious difficulties in the way of that emancipation is, in Miss Garnett's opinion, the consequent abolition of domestic slavery. The conditions of that system of domestic slavery of females which seems to be an essential part of harem life, are, according to her representations, such that in many respects the lot of slave girls in Turkey is preferable to that of domestic servants in England.

Turkish official life she finds corrupt and inefficient to the core. Places are of necessity bought and sold. As salaries are insufficient, uncertain, and always in arrear, the officials must inevitably support themselves by extortion and corruption. Justice is administered in the courts in recognition of the best fee. Of the retrograde movement now going on in Turkey, one finds indications in various parts of this volume—the check put upon the introduction of Western products and Western thought, the increased distrust and dislike of the native Christian populations, the omnipresent espionage, the increasing interference with educational institutions and influences, including books, the press, and the stage, the growing burden of ill-adjusted taxation, falling with especial weight on the agricultural classes.

Peculiarly timely is the chapter on "The Macedonian Nationalities." A residence in Salonica and the neighborhood brought Miss Garnett in contact with representatives of these various nationalities; and, apparently, journeys into the interior enabled her to extend that knowledge. The information obtained through personal observation has been judiciously supplemented by inquiry and study, and one gains from this chapter an admirable conception of the characteristics of the various populations of Macedonia. Those parts of Turkey with which Miss Garnett seems to be especially familiar are Salonica, Constantinople, Smyrna, and the immediately adjacent regions. The Arabic-speaking portions of the Turkish Empire are not treated in this volume at all.

The book is pleasantly and simply written; the illustrations, if not new, are well chosen for their purpose, the volume is handy and pleasant to the eye. Unfortunately, Miss Garnett follows the French method of transliterating Oriental names, which, while presenting the sounds satisfactorily to French-speaking people, is cumbersome and occasionally misleading in English.

Samuel Pepys, Lover of Musique. By Sir Frederick Bridge. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. Pp. x., 126.

No published diary has exactly the same stamp of candor as the diary of Samuel Pepys. Those who have written similar books, whether, as most of them do, they bury their worst sins and indiscretions under a discreet silence, or ostentatiously display them, like Rousseau and Restif de la Bretonne, all wrote for publication, or at least for a possible publication. Pepys has put such things into his diary as no man of his character can be conceived to have been likely to record if he had not felt sure that his privacy would be abundantly safe under the intricate cryptograph which he used. We have sometimes felt a certain sense of shame in reading these revelations, as if we were listening behind a door, or opening somebody's private letters. It is too evident that not a few readers of the Diary take a special interest in those confessions which Pepys must have written down in shame and confusion of face, while they peruse with indifference the record of his honest struggles for advancement in the public service, and the undesigned evidences of his good heart and kindly nature.

It is with unusual pleasure, therefore, that we take up this little book of Sir Frederick Bridge's, which deals with one of Pepys's most charming traits, his enthusiastic devotion to "Musique." Sir Frederick has written it *con amore*, as he does everything relating to that gentle art; and all those who like music will find it full of information and interest. Sir Frederick first shows from the Diary itself that Pepys deserves the name of musical enthusiast and was no mean critic of the art of his day. He then gives us two chapters on Pepys's musical contemporaries, Matthew Locke, the elder Purcell, and Henry Lawes, to whom Milton addressed one of his sonnets. Lawes was the author of a clever hoax at the expense of certain fops who affected to prefer songs with Italian words. He set to music the bare catalogue titles of a number of Italian songs with explanatory descriptions, and scored a decided success with these shallow critics. The words, translated, make such nonsense as this:

> "In that frozen heart for one
> Voice my Lady weeps
> If your eyes for two
> Voices, etc."

Other contemporaries named are Pelham Humphrey, Gibbons, Banister, and Monsieur Grabu, Master of the King's Music, panegyrized by Dryden, who wrote the libretto for his opera "Albion and Albanius."

We are next introduced to Pepys as a vocalist and as the music teacher of his wife and of several household servants, whose voices and musical taste were, in his eyes, quite as good recommendations as any more practical qualifications. In connection with Pepys's study of sundry instruments and criticisms on others, the author gives an instructive account of several which are now things of the past, the Lyra Viol, the Arched Viol, the Bandore, the Recorder, the Trumpet-Marine, and the Virginal, together with facsimiles of scores and tablatures for the "flagelet." The last chapter shows our diarist as a composer, and gives an account of his hard work on his two pieces, the basso song, "Beauty, retire," and the recitative, "It is decreed," the first of which is reproduced with the accompaniment. It is curious that this part of his musical activity brought him into serious trouble. In order to have near him an adviser in musical composition, Pepys had taken into his house and service a certain Morelli born in Flanders and bred at Rome. In 1679 this Morelli was accused of being a disguised Jesuit and plotting to dethrone the King. Pepys had enemies, who, on the ground of his connection with Morelli, secured his committal to the Tower in May of that year. He was eventually released on bail, but was careful not further to harbor the suspect.

This book is printed on excellent paper, with wide margins and good type. It has a sufficient index, and is adorned with a fine portrait of Pepys from the plate belonging to the Corporation of Trinity House.

The à Becketts of "Punch." Memories of Father and Sons. By Arthur William à Beckett. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

"Three working journalists," the author calls his father and his father's two sons. From 1841 till 1902 their association with *Punch* was very close, and the present volume is a record of that association. The elder à Beckett—"à Beckett the Beak"—was the friend of Dickens and Thackeray, and the author of those immortal works the 'Comic Blackstone' and the 'Comic Histories' of England and Rome. It is

amusing to know that Arthur à Beckett, who revised the 'Comic Blackstone' after his father's death, had, by the advice of his coach, made use of that treatise in preparing for the bar. The sons' repute is eclipsed in that of the father, and one of the pleasant features of this volume is the fact that there is no trace of any desire to alter the true perspective. The author and his brother may be said to have continued the tradition of their father, but their humor was of a less marked variety.

The reminiscences here preserved are not as a rule of any general interest; the public at large has forgotten about the *Glowworm* and the *Tomahawk;* and even *Punch,* as it has grown older, has come to lack the importance it once had, when those who met once a week to talk over its cartoon were among the most original men in England. But there is a good deal that is entertaining, and we may put down as both entertaining and instructive the author's account of his adventures in court as editor of the *Glowworm.* A libel suit was brought by an actor, who asked for damages because it had been said of him that in Palgrave Simpson's "Watch-Cry" his part had been "efficiently spoken by the prompter." The case is a good illustration of the dangers of the law of libel in England, for not only did the actor recover damages in this suit, but managed to get damages twice. The editor, after the verdict, republished articles by other editors applauding the manly stand taken by him in defending the suit, as a result of which he was sued over again. What follows is curious. He discovered that there was a "speculative solicitor" who "saw his way to making an income out of every paper with which I was connected." This solicitor was at once secured by a general retainer to advise the editor, before publication, as to whether any contemplated publication was or was not libellous. He was never called on for an opinion; and there were no more libel suits.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Amsbary, Wallace Bruce. The Ballads of Bourbonnais. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Ballard, Addison. From Talk to Text. Longmans, Green & Co. $1 net.
Carvalho, David N. Forty Centuries of Ink. The Banks Law Pub. Co.
Davidis, Henriette. Practical Cook Book. Translated from the German. Second American edition. Milwaukee, Wis.: C. N. Caspar Co. $1.25.
Elson, Henry William. History of the United States of America. The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. Revised to end of 1903. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net.
Kingsley, Florence M. Kindly Light. (Fiction.) Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.
Lorimer, George C. The Modern Crisis in Religion. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
McMurray, Charles A. Pioneers on Land and Sea; Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley; and Pioneers of the Rocky Mountains and the West. (Pioneer History Stories.) The Macmillan Co.
Pickard, Samuel T. Whittier-Land. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Smith, J. Ritchie. The Teaching of the Gospel of John. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
The Statesman's Year-Book, 1904. London and New York: The Macmillan Co.

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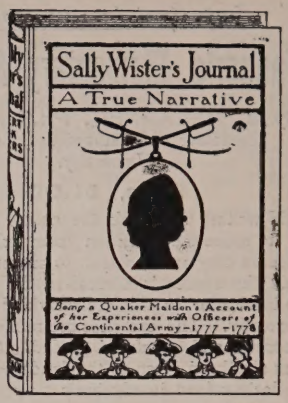
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1904.

The Week.

Ex-Gov. Black has now been officially chosen to make the speech placing Roosevelt in nomination at Chicago. Has the selection anything to do with a starchless civil service and the President's conversion to the system made famous by the ex-Governor? One might suspect so in view of the way in which Mr. Roosevelt is now throwing consular appointments to Quay. One of them is that of the discredited Saylor. When that product of Quay politics was first named consul at Dawson City by President Roosevelt, it was explained that the latter had been imposed upon. The thing was an accomplished fact before the President knew the man's record. But now he knows it, yet sends him to Coburg, Germany; and nothing but the efforts of Quay's other appointee in that country, Ambassador Tower, prevented the German Government from protesting against a consul of Saylor's character as *persona non grata!* Such a knuckling under to Quay, at the expense of the public service, is one of those mysterious lapses of a reform President which grieve his best friends, and which they can explain only on the ground that he cannot be a reformer again until "after the election."

Since Speaker Cannon said he wouldn't, the conviction has strengthened that Senator Fairbanks must take the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. The call for him will be intensified by the recent and remarkable Democratic gains in municipal elections in Indiana. That State will have to be "saved," and it throws a queer light upon Indiana politics that it is thought Fairbanks can to the saving. His is a "heavy respectability," of which the heaviness, at any rate, is undoubted. No public speaker can more quickly drive an audience to despair. It is true that he might successfully pose as the necessary antidote to Roosevelt—as a man without a spark of originality, and "safe" only because all his views are safely locked within his own bosom. His dread of even pretending to have a conviction is one of the standing jokes in Washington. On the other hand, the Vice-Presidential boom of J. A. Springer, president of the Cattlemen's Association, launched in the Colorado Convention on Thursday by ex-Senator Wolcott, has elements of strength, it seems to us, not found in any previous suggestions. The Republican party has in Mr. Roosevelt a candidate who owes much of his popularity in the Western States to his tremendous energy and his personal picturesqueness. Before a Western audience he can arouse enthusiasm as can few other campaigners. Yet considerations of propriety demand that he now remain at home, as McKinley did in 1900, receiving callers and reviewing an occasional parade, but not making stump speeches. The Vice-Presidential candidate must represent him on the hustings. Since he must send a substitute, why not send one as much like him as possible—a fellow Rough Rider? To put up Fairbanks for the active member of the ticket would be as unsuitable as for a theatrical manager, upon the indisposition of his swashbuckling hero of melodrama, to select as understudy the solemn and dignified player who is most at home in the rôle of the ghost in "Hamlet."

Prof. William James was one of the academic persons whom Secretary Taft bade for Heaven's sake keep silent on Philippine matters; but, in a public letter he has disobeyed the injunction. He asks if Secretary Taft is really an impartial judge of a condition that he himself has made. He is, "in the very nature of the case, bound, even though there were a flagrantly better possible alternative, to remain a passionate advocate of the system of which he is himself the author." Secretary Taft's scheme, pursues Professor James, is desperately Uptopian. To imagine that any nation is capable of determining precisely the kind and amount of liberty that is adapted to an alien race, is to enter upon an interminable calculus; while to execute such a policy would require officials "the offspring of a marriage between angels and steam engines." Phrases like "The Philippines for the Filipinos" mean nothing until they are supported by definite engagements. We are dallying with an issue as if we could conceal here a matter perfectly comprehended on the spot. "Benevolent drifting can hardly be more satisfactory than crafty drifting." So Professor James meets counsels of concealment, of procrastination; and, going behind the undoubted good will of Secretary Taft, he points to the real obstacle to the promises of independence—namely, the reluctance to give up power once seized. Sometimes academic persons see real issues rather more clearly than prejudiced philanthropists.

In five years the Philippines have imported $42,000,000 of rice, exclusive of freight, duty, and other charges. Hardly any rice, in fact, is grown in the islands, although it is the principal food of the natives and the Chinese. The most valuable lands for this kind of culture are lying fallow, while the Burmese growers are deriving a very tidy profit from the Philippines. This shocking state of affairs could easily be remedied. In the first place, the duty on rice is too low. The way to increase the supply and lower the price is to clap on a higher custom-house rate. That is what a committee which has been looking into the Philippine tariff question advises. But that is not all, for the committee also recommends that rice lands, and the animals needed to cultivate them, be exempted from taxation, and that the necessary machinery be allowed to come in duty free. What a fine chance for American capital! But is it quite certain that the Oriental mind will grasp the reasoning of the American protectionist? How can we make it plain to him that if we double the duty on rice, "this increase would not affect consumers," but would nevertheless "afford some protection to small growers, and might stimulate planting"? What keeps down the rice culture of the islands is the high price of labor, due to our exclusion of the Chinese. Let them in, say certain expatriated and recreant Americans, and rice growing will take care of itself. But to let an industry take care of itself is abominable!

The seventh annual conference for education in the South showed the hold which the educational movement is taking upon the people and the rapidity with which it is spreading. Beginning with the most thoughtful and liberal among Southern statesmen, it has already embraced the leaders in the larger communities, and has become so powerful as to demand consideration from politicians not wholly in sympathy with its objects. Besides educators and philanthropists, men with large commercial interests have been drawn to this work because they have seen a menace to industrial enterprises and business development in the illiteracy in the South, with its accompanying evils of violence and crime. Much is to be hoped from a movement which has enlisted the leading minds of an entire section of the country, so that all other questions of public policy take with them a secondary place; and which harmoniously unites such men as Gov. Montague of Virginia, Gov. Aycock of North Carolina, Gov. Jelks of Alabama, and Bishop Galloway of Mississippi, with educators like President Dabney of the University of Tennessee, President Alderman of Tulane University, President MacIver of the North Carolina State Normal School, Professor Mitchell of Richmond College—in fact, the chief men of all Southern institutions of learning of every class, and for both races. It is a great deal, too, when audiences composed chiefly of Southerners from States where negroes

are in a large numerical majority, will applaud to the echo such sentiments as Bishop Galloway expressed at the Birmingham conference—that negroes must be guaranteed the equal protection of the law, that "a white fiend is as much to be feared as a black brute," and that the majesty of the law must be sustained. Another element of hope is the growing spirit of recognition of the value of the training which negroes receive at Tuskegee and the industrial departments of Hampton. While the white sentiment in rural communities is still strong against the "educated nigger," it is gradually coming to recognize the industrial value of a trained workman, and this, in time, must lead to a recognition of the value of a trained brain to direct the trained hand.

This is a good time for everybody interested in wool to review the last seven years. Business is very dull in the market for the raw material, and as for the manufacturers, they are decidedly in the dumps. Shut-downs have already occurred among the mills, and others are threatened if trade does not improve. Part of this is due, of course, to general business conditions, but special causes have also been at work. It was intended that nobody should be treated more generously in the Dingley bill than the wool and woollen interests. But there seems to have been a blunder. Take the case of the dealers: They made large profits in 1897 by speculating in wool in advance of the tariff, but it is a question if the losses of 1898 were not of equal magnitude. The next people to take their profit from the new law were the manufacturers. But their joy was clouded when the growers, in their turn, began "to catch on." These have laughed last, and also best. Several years ago they succeeded in working up the price of their clips to figures which not only made it hard for the wool merchants to see a profit, but also forced the manufacturers to use cotton very heavily. Last year, wool sold in the West at figures equalling the seaboard prices, and this year the growers are asking fully as much—more in a good many cases. But from the very start the people have set their faces against advance in the price of clothing, and they are less disposed this year than ever to countenance it. With high-priced wool on one hand and short sales of goods on the other, the manufacturer must realize that things are seldom what they seem—especially tariffs.

The official report of the foreign trade of the Chinese Empire for 1902 throws a good deal of light on the causes of the depressed condition of the American cotton mills. Our exports of cotton cloths to China continue steadily to fall off. For March they were less than a quarter as large as last year. For the nine months since July 1, 1903, they were less than a third what they were the year before. Other exporting nations also fared badly, the Japanese mills being the only ones to increase their shipments to the Chinese markets. Strange as it may appear, in the Chinese trade report the imports of cotton goods for 1903 are figured at 128,620,004 taels, compared with 127,545,309 taels in 1902. But the case is quite different when they are reported by quantity. There were losses ranging from 11 per cent. in drills to 40 per cent. in American sheetings. Merely to state that cotton goods were higher in price does not make the situation plain. The annual trade statement of the Empire is interesting because it reveals why China cannot pay higher prices. Foreign trade in 1903 was disappointing; and it was particularly so in cotton goods. There were large stocks of these in importers' hands when the year began; the extreme fluctuations of exchange and the money stringency made the merchants slow to buy; the country was generally poor from the failure of the silk crop; and the indemnity payments, on account of the Boxer troubles, had a most oppressive effect on taxation. On top of all this came Mr. Sully's performances in the cotton market.

For several reasons, last week's sale of New York city bonds was of much importance. The city's credit was involved, since the average price brought by its 3½ per cents had fallen, within a year, from 104.29 to 100.10; and as the lower price was scored last March on the offer of only $3,000,000 bonds, some natural misgiving existed as to what rate could be commanded by the recent sale of $37,000,000. But beyond the problem of the city's credit lay the larger problem of the community's investing power. The financial phenomenon of the past eight months has been the action of great corporations, pressing their notes for discount at 5 and 6 per cent., in a total volume of not less than $150,000,000, because they could not find a market at former rates for their long-term bonds. This result has been variously ascribed to poverty of the investing public, to the rise in the general rate of interest, and to the mere fact that demands on the resources of the investment market had outrun supply. If any of these three explanations were correct, the bonds of New York city should have suffered along with new railway securities. It is therefore highly reassuring that the city's very large offer of new 3½ per cents should have resulted, first, in the loan being "covered" by bidders six times over, and, second, in an average price fully ⅞ of 1 per cent. above that secured in March. The price secured, ranging from 100.79 to 101.53, is low as compared with 1901 and 1902; but it is distinctly favorable as marking the first real change for the better since the general shrinkage of investment values began in the autumn of 1902. It also clearly signifies that watchful bankers have to some extent regained confidence in the investing public's power and willingness to absorb new issues of securities.

Mr. Cleveland's explanation in the *Saturday Evening Post* of the various circumstances which led up to the contract with the Belmont-Morgan syndicate in February, 1895, is interesting as showing his personal attitude towards the operation, after the lapse of years. That attitude was not left in doubt when uproar over the contract was at its loudest. In his message to Congress, in the following December, Mr. Cleveland affirmed, with characteristic bluntness, that he had "never had the slightest misgiving concerning the wisdom or propriety of this arrangement," and that he was "quite willing to answer for his full share of responsibility for its promotion." Furthermore, intelligent financial opinion long ago took the stand that the contract with the syndicate, costly as it unquestionably was to the Government, was at the time the only means of saving its credit to the Treasury and the gold standard to the country. What situation actually confronted the Government's finances may be judged by the fact that one of the organizers of the syndicate, barely a month before, had so far lost hope of preserving the currency standard that, at a bank directors' meeting, he voted to arrange for the formal opening of "gold accounts," as in the days of irredeemable paper money.

When, however, this is granted, two questions still remain in controversy. It is held by many critics that, had the Treasury been managed, twelve or sixteen months before, with the resolute courage shown in February, 1895, the crisis which led to the contract with the syndicate would never have arisen. It was the earlier hesitation in grappling with the difficulty which did the mischief. The second controverted point concerns the operations of the syndicate itself. It was formed to stop artificially gold exports which were draining the Treasury's reserve, and it was really for this service that the large indirect commission was allowed it. By a very unusual expedient—the banding together of the bankers in exchange, to draw on their European credits for supplying remittances which otherwise would have required gold exports—the syndicate's purpose was achieved during at least six months. The period of respite was important; it allayed existing panic, and it put the Treasury on

its feet again. But it was not a sound or permanent expedient, from a banking point of view. It was an effort to dam up the natural flow of international exchange, and it broke down completely in the end. It had, however, amply served its purpose as an emergency measure.

The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst has done many things which require courage; but none requiring more than his defence of the higher criticism. This city has just witnessed the close of a singular conference—the Bible League Convention—the professed object of which is protection of the Bible against its trained students. Clergymen and laymen from all parts of the country protested against "assaults" on the Bible—that is, the publication of conclusions reached by many of the most highly trained experts in this country and Europe. This conference, we venture to say, has done more than any of the higher critics to shake the faith of men in the Bible as an infallible and inerrant revelation; for, as Dr. Parkhurst puts it, the addresses "left upon the minds of a good many sincere people the idea that there is a great amount of incompatibility between scholarship and Scripture; that there be certain things about the Bible which, if known, would be embarrassing to the faith; and that turning too much of that searchlight of investigation upon the foundations of Scripture would shake confidence in the stability of the foundations." One of the Bible defenders dwelt upon the "unparalleled danger" of the present attacks. Serious men may well ask with Dr. Parkhurst, "Danger of what?" The truth is not dangerous, and falsehood is certainly puny.

Professor Briggs's address on theological education frankly stated a truth which the friends of the ministry would do well to ponder seriously. It is that one reason why so few strong men are now being drawn to the ministry is that theological investigation is not allowed to be as free as all other graduate studies. In law, in medicine, in all branches of science, the young student knows that he may pursue his inquiries fearlessly, form his own convictions without let or hindrance, and be sure of a welcome for whatever truth he may be able to discover. It is only in theology that he is given to understand that he will depart from preëstablished views at his peril. This cannot but act as a deterrent to an ingenuous and eager mind. In many, of course, the unselfish and religious motives prevail, and lead to a calling where the opportunities for usefulness are so great, even with a good deal of mental galling. But the most conscientious and robust natures—men like Arthur Hugh Clough and Leslie Stephen—feel compelled to prefer intellectual freedom even to spiritual service. The repulsion of such men from the church, to which, at heart, they are so strongly attached, is one of the tragedies of our generation.

Mr. Balfour was asked recently in the House of Commons about the request of a deputation from Manchester that the Government should summon an international conference to consider what could be done for the manufacturers. His reply was far from hopeful. He said that the deputation had laid particular stress on the subject of dealing in "futures," and he questioned the propriety of calling a conference on that point, "because I doubt whether any good can be done by legislation." That doubt has confronted every one who has ever seriously tackled the problem. But if anything occurs to Mr. Balfour along other lines, he will do all he can to bring British manufacturers into accord with tnose of the Continent. Meanwhile, the mill owners are not waiting for the Government to take care of them. Their search for new cotton fields goes steadily on. The outlook, on the whole, is promising. During the cotton famine of 1861-1865, the English manufacturers were still able to utilize Indian cotton, but that is now unsuited to the British market. The question whether India can produce a longer staple is one which is exciting deep interest, both here and in the United Kingdom. The Blue Book recently issued on the cotton situation says that little extension of the industry can be looked for in Egypt, and is silent as regards the Sudan. The really promising regions are Africa and the West Indies, and possibly the Fijis, Borneo, and Cyprus.

In view of Russian reverses in the Far East, the disparity between the alleged terms of the new Russian and Japanese loans is very striking. The Czar's Government will, it is affirmed, place a $160,000,000 five-year 5 per cent. loan in Paris, and it is somewhat vaguely stated that the bonds "will sell between 98 and 98.50." Japan's new loan will be of $50,000,000. The bonds will carry 6 per cent., and will mature in seven years. The "issue price" will probably be 93½, and the bonds will be a first lien on the Japanese customs. Just what commissions the two Governments are to pay to the bankers is not known, but that is probably a minor factor in explaining the great difference in the credit of Russia and Japan. The fact is, France has invested such enormous amounts in Russia in the past that she is obliged to keep on doing so, whereas the financial interest of the outside world in Japan has been insignificant. Besides, the resources of the one country are better known than those of the other. That Japan has a remarkable future may be admitted, but it is not clear just what lines her industrial development will take. French investors can see at once the sources from which, in the event of the worst, they can make themselves whole. That is why they refused to sacrifice their holdings of Russian securities in the great break in the Paris market of February.

"There is nothing more dangerous in a Pope than piety," said Pére Hyacinthe of Pius X., and the famous preacher added, "when it is not supported by broad and independent knowledge." These just words apply very well to the Pope's protest against President Loubet's visit to the King of Italy. Theoretically, at least, his Holiness is right. For any Power maintaining diplomatic relations with the Holy See to send its representative to the Quirinal, neglecting the Vatican, is a slight. The King of England and the Kaiser always contrive to make both visits; the Emperor of Austria stays away because he fears to make both and will not make one. But the point is not that Pius X. has a grievance against France; it is rather that, having no effectual means of resenting the slight, he might wisely refrain from empty diplomatic protests. Such action will only embitter the anti-clerical feeling now dominant in French politics, and it may bring about harm to the Church much more substantial than any technical lack of courtesy to the Primate. Of course, the anti-religious propaganda now at its height has naturally been abhorrent to the head of the Church. But as a matter of fact, the comments of Pius X. on the French situation have greatly aided Premier Combes's Neojacobins. It has been a situation to test the skill of a political Pope, which Pius X. apparently is not.

Lord Curzon's spectacular trip about the Persian Gulf receives an interesting commentary in the latest trade figures from Persia. During the fiscal year 1902-3, Russia exported to Persia $11,500,000, receiving $12,300,000. Great Britain sent $10,200,000 to Persia, falling into second place, and imported only $1,800,000. On any theory of favorable trade balances, Great Britain should be enormously the gainer by so much cold cash, while Russia and Persia are foolishly taking each other's goods. But it is probable that even the ultra-protectionists of Downing Street take very little comfort in a balance attained by decreasing the total British trade with Persia to about half that of Russia. In this case trade figures are a fair index of political influence, and the British look rather foolish fighting the phantom of Russian aggression in Tibet, while Russia is steadily approaching the Persian Gulf by the irresistible processes of trade.

THE MANTCHURIAN CAMPAIGN.

The evacuation of Niu-Chwang leaves the Japanese masters of the southern coast, for the Port Arthur fleet lies blocked in harbor, and the fortress city is hopelessly cut off from reinforcements from the north. Its reduction appears to be only a matter of time. It is unlikely that its garrison of 22,000 souls can have supplies for many months, and a costly assault may be unnecessary. In any case, we have at this early stage in the war the Japanese in virtual possession of southern Mantchuria, and at less cost than ten years ago, when their foe was the despised Chinese.

Gen. Kuropatkin's withdrawal from Feng-Wang-Cheng, the position chosen by himself, indicates that there has never been an adequate army of defence at the south. It seems probable—is hinted in certain dispatches—that Gen. Kuroki with, say, 70,000 men is in superior force at all points of contact. When it is recalled that the War Office at St. Petersburg promised 400,000 troops by May 1, it is clear either that the promise was not made seriously, or that the transportation facilities have been fatally unequal to the demands of war. Possibly the original plan of defence trusted everything to the fleet. On any other theory it is difficult to account for the absence of an adequate garrison at Niu-Chwang, and for the smallness of Kuropatkin's force. The complete collapse of the Russian defence recalls French estimates made early in the war. It was then stated definitely that the Trans-Siberian could feed and supply about 225,000 soldiers, and no more. Recurring news of short rations at Harbin and Mukden supports this estimate strikingly, and the whole Mantchurian situation bears out those shrewd Russian observers in academic circles who have seen in the extension of the Empire its weakness.

As for the near future, the retreat upon the railroad at Hai-Cheng is probably only the preparatory step to a general retrograde movement to Liao-yang, or even to Mukden. At Hai-Cheng, Gen. Kuropatkin's communications would be seriously menaced by the Niu-Chwang expedition, which will naturally be the next stage of the Japanese advance. In fact, only some blunder on the Japanese part could prevent him from being caught between convergent attacks from the east, south, and west. It should be noted, too, that, with Niu-Chwang as a base of supplies, the Japanese line of communication will be short and easily guarded, so that, in abandoning Feng-Wang-Cheng, Kuropatkin is sacrificing the traditional advantages of a Russian retreat. It should be said, however, that the seizure of the Liao-tung peninsula throws back to the main army of defence a large body of railroad guards, and that, generally speaking, Kuropatkin gains numbers as he retreats. Whether this rather mournful advantage compensates for the loss of the seacoast is more than doubtful, for it is quite possible that the Japanese, once strongly entrenched in southern Mantchuria, will simply give the next move to the Russians. And if it has been impossible to maintain a successful defensive across Siberia, the difficulties of assuming the offensive may readily be imagined.

In passing, one or two novel features of the campaign should be touched upon, as well as the renewed talk about the Yellow Peril. Probably warfare has shown no such example of sheer dogged persistency as that displayed in blocking the Port Arthur channel. Attempt after attempt has been made by merchant vessels, supported only by the mosquito fleet, until the outer channel is strewn with perhaps a score of stone-laden hulks. Hobsons were found in plenty among a nation whose customs do not permit Hobsonian rewards. At first sight the expenditure for this end seems enormous, and yet the bottling of the Russian fleet was indispensable if great landing operations were to be conducted in the Liao-tung Gulf; and, after all, the hulks stranded in the Port Arthur roadstead may not together equal the price of a first-class cruiser. This brilliant manœuvre, then, was based upon that exact calculation of cost and adjustment of means to ends which we may regard as essentially characteristic of the Japanese temperament. Incidentally, it has added a new chapter of gallantry to naval annals.

Naturally, the startling apparition of Japan as a first-class military Power causes consternation among the prophets. The *Spectator* mutters dolorously of the Yellow Peril, which it consents more kindly to call "a very serious and momentous change in the balance of power in Asia." We, for our part, believing that the balance of power in Asia is essentially temporary and vicious, and that the greatest of the continents should learn to govern itself, have welcomed the emergence of Japan from mediævalism and would also welcome the rehabilitation of China. There can be no peril to the world at large simply because the yellow races are learning to fight for their undoubted rights. Peril to certain forms of commercial exploitation, peril to the notion that the yellow races have practically no rights, there is; we grant that freely. As for the dread that China under Japan's guidance will overrun the world, we have Professor Ladd's testimony—he knows the Japanese well—and we have common sense to tell us that this prospect is the most unsubstantial of bogeys.

COMMISSIONER WARE'S DEFENCE.

The Pension Commissioner petulantly threatened, not long ago, to have nothing to do with the newspapers if they did not leave off criticising him. This superior attitude towards the press on the part of a writer who once worked for it, is not uncommon. Mr. Ware, however, has so far got over his aversion as to write a letter to the *Sun* giving what must be taken as the Administration's official defence of the pension order. It is, in a word, that the offence has been condoned by Congress. The money was voted to carry out the order, and this, Mr. Ware argues, was equivalent to a vote that the order was "both wise and legal." And he adds that "the right of criticism ends at this point."

We must, nevertheless, point out, in the first place, that the Commissioner is wrong in his facts. What Congress did was to vote $1,500,000, in the form of a deficiency appropriation, to make good the increased estimate for pensions due to the order in question. That was, in effect, simply to say to the Commissioner of Pensions: "If you must have more money, here it is." Neither house of Congress, and neither party, is going to be put in the attitude of appearing less generous to the old soldier than is the President. But this was to admit nothing as to the real merits of the order. On that question, as Mr. Ware must know, the House—or, at any rate, the Republicans in the House—took an explicit and adverse position. Representative Moon offered an amendment to the Pension bill, incorporating into the act the exact wording of President Roosevelt's order. But it was ruled out on a point of order, and the Republicans voted solidly to sustain the chair. Now, what was the point of order? Why, that the amendment was "contrary to existing law." That was the real verdict of the Republican majority. It would give the money, but it would not declare the order of the President legal. In fact, it declared it contrary to the law.

But it would make no real difference if Congress had approved the order. That would simply show that Congress had abdicated where the President had usurped. Mr. Ware's argument is flimsy. We ask, "Where is the President's authority in law?" The answer is, "Why, Congress took it lying down." What has that got to do with the law? The facts are not as alleged in Commissioner Ware's defence, but if they were, the only inference would be that we were rapidly Mexicanizing our institutions. For the President to assume all power and for Congress meekly to endorse and validate all that he does, is the preferred method in Mexico. By it we have seen a military oligarchy establish itself under the form of a republic. Things have got to such a pass that the Mexican Congress frequently votes President Diaz a sort of blank warrant for all that he may care to do between sessions. That would please Commissioner Ware.

To his mind, it would legalize everything. According to him, the conclusive proof that an act is legal and Constitutional is, that "there is no kick coming" from Congress.

The truth is, of course, that there is no surer way of breaking down the Constitution than by getting Congress to wink at its violations. That is the historic method. In precisely that fashion did Bismarck set his military boot upon the Constitution of Prussia. He boldly spent money on the army without authority of law. Of course, he knew what he was doing. He did not conceal the fact that the King was imperilling the throne, and he himself his own head. But he had as much contempt for danger as he had for paper Constitutions, and went on with a stout heart in his illegal course. Could any subsequent validation of his acts have made them legal? The amiable Mr. Ware would say so, but imagine the scorn of Bismarck himself for any such contentions! He simply bared his sword and the lawyers had to stand aside.

We shall have no such overt and violent trampling on the laws by an American Executive, at least not for a long time; but the threat of radical departures from the old notion of strict conformity to law, and of clearly marked division of powers, lies distinctly in this Bismarckian, or Mexican, conception of doing whatever may be necessary and then getting Congress to add its *visé*. One hears an alarming amount of talk nowadays about written Constitutions having had their day; about musty forms of law no longer being worth considering by a strong ruler bent on doing something for the country's good; and about the people not really caring any more about legality so long as things are "done." That is Commissioner Ware's argument: if the President is not impeached, then *ipso facto* he is law-abiding. The statement sounds absurd, yet it is undoubtedly satisfactory to many people. They say that if Congress does not cry out, if the country is apathetic, it is foolish to appeal to the law. Whatever "goes," must be legal. This insidious plea is making too much progress in capturing the minds of the unthinking to allow such a hollow defence as that of Commissioner Ware's to go without protest. Congress must not be reduced to a mere Presidential echo. If it has no voice and will of its own, it merely cumbers the Capitol. Under the Pension Commissioner's theory of Congressional functions, all real power would be transferred to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. In that case, we should have to borrow the comment on the Swedish Church made in an old ecclesiastical dictionary. It was: "This Church has no bishops, but it has certain superintendent ministers who take it very kindly to be called so." Similarly we should have to say: "This country has no Congress, but it has certain validators of the President's acts who take it very kindly to be called so."

THE BATTLE OF THE REFEREES.

Many sinister rumors are flying about in regard to the bills to cure the scandalous law's delays in this city. Some of them are manifestly absurd. It is said, for example, that Gov. Odell will veto the bill for Supreme Court Commissioners because Mayor McClellan vetoed the bill for redistricting (and politically plundering) the municipal courts. We are not set for the defence of the Governor, but we refuse to believe him capable of openly making spoils of the judicial system. Nor can we credit the report that one Justice has said that he will appoint Commissioners as soon as he gets his "slate" from the Republican organization. All this is but a part of the attempt that is obviously making on a large scale to confuse the public mind and to hide the actual issues involved, as well as to keep in the background the real motives of the interested parties who are endeavoring to create misconceptions of the intent and effect of the bills in question.

A sufficient answer to nearly all the objections, now raised as if they were great novelties, is to be found in the report of the Commission on the Law's Delays. It is alleged, for example, that the plan received no consideration from the bar. But hundreds of members of the bar appeared before the Commission, or submitted their views to it in writing, and the Bar Association at a regular meeting directed its Judiciary Committee to look into the projects of the Commission. This was done, and the report of the Committee, dated March 28, 1904, by Judge Dillon, chairman, pronounced the plans "well considered and practicable." In like manner it is ignorantly charged that the proposed court commissioners would saddle an expense of $300,000 or more upon the city of New York. But the Commission's report conclusively shows that the supplanting of referees and condemnation commissioners would result in a large net saving. The Constitutional doubts so suddenly afflicting many of our newspaper jurists we cannot undertake to discuss; but it is laughably clear where most of them have their origin. Vested interests in patronage are at stake. Legal advertising and other perquisites are in the balance. A favored class sees its privileges imperilled. Certain corporations are interested in having the blockade of the courts continue. Hence the troubled dreams of our Constitutionalists of the press.

What we are really witnessing is a hoary abuse fighting against its own abolition. This is natural. It is something as old as reform. But why try to clothe it in the garb of pained Constitutional scruple—infringement upon the rights and the discretion of the judges? In its essence, it is a clinging to patronage, an obstinate resistance to doing away with the evils of our referee system. All referees are not to be indiscriminately classed as favorites or dividers of the spoils. Among them are men of the highest character and ability, most of whose references come to them at the request of the parties to the case. They are exactly of the type desired for court commissioners, and as such would be able, by the consent of litigants, to do much to clear the calendars. But they are not the ones who are stirring up the present row. That is promoted by patronage-mongers and sharers in the judicial spoils who, between them, have made our referee system the reproach it is—wasteful, dilatory, and politics-ridden.

Memories are so short that people have forgotten what abuses of the power to appoint referees were discovered in the days of Tweed. One of the grounds on which it was sought to impeach a judge of that time was that he habitually named a certain member of the bar as referee, who divided fees with him. The court lists to-day reveal ominous repetitions of suspicious names; and the scarcely concealed interchange of family courtesies between certain judges, in the matter of appointments of referees, has already approximated scandal. To show what political managers of either party think to be the chief end of referees—that class now held up to us as a sacred band, to lay a reforming hand upon which is sacrilege—turn back to Richard Croker's testimony before the Mazet Committee. He gave it as his matured and statesmanlike view that "in all matters of patronage the judges should consider the organization first." Then followed this colloquy:

"Q. Even in the appointment of referees? A. Yes, sir.

"Q. There are able, good Democratic lawyers in the city of New York? A. Yes, sir.

"Q. Enough to fill all the positions as referee? A. All the places.

"Q. And you think that the judges should appoint as referees men who are in line with the Tammany organization? A. All things being equal, they should. Yes, sir, they should give them the preference. . . ."

Let it be understood that this is the abuse which it is proposed to tear up by the roots. Let it be made clear that most of the opposition to this great reform—long under advisement, carefully wrought out, and now on the eve of coming into operation—is of an interested sort. What it really bespeaks is the alarm and anger of men who see plunder escaping them. The bills which the Governor is besought to veto aim at reforming a vicious system, and it cries out in pain. They aim at expediting justice, and those who see their account in retarding it go about artfully to befog the issue. That is, in fact, very simple. It is whether New York is to continue to

lie under the shame and to suffer the losses of a system which denies justice by delay, and to perpetuate iniquities of judicial patronage simply because the beneficiaries cry out that to take away their spoils is to violate the Constitution.

THE WESTERN UNION AND THE POOLROOMS.

President Robert C. Clowry's explanations of the complicity of the Western Union in the illegal poolroom business are not even ingenious. A committee of the City Club charged the officers of the Western Union Telegraph Company with wittingly supplying a poolroom with a special wire for illegal purposes, and promising to provide a "fly" operator who would know enough to "drop cut of the window" in case the place were raided. The accusation was specific as to names, dates, and places. The wires which were asked for were strung and run down a chimney, in order to attract less notice. Col. Clowry replies, first, that it is the legal duty of the telegraph company to "transmit all messages couched in decent language"; that it "has no right to be a censor of public or private morals." He adds that he is "quite ready to coöperate with the constituted authorities in their effort to suppress crime"; and that "whenever those charged with the enforcement of the law" furnish "in writing" the names of persons engaged in keeping unlawful poolrooms, and "specify the places," the company will on request "cease the transmission of intelligence to such places." In short, whenever one of Col. Clowry's subordinates is caught red-handed, Col. Clowry will obligingly see that he stops violating the law. However, being pressed, in answer to the question whether he will insist on complete legal evidence of the illegality of the supposed gambling resorts, he says: "If Police Commissioner McAdoo will send me a list of places which the police *suspect* to be poolrooms, I will have the wires taken out of those places." To this, Mr. McAdoo pungently replies that "the responsible men who have charge of the racing department of the Western Union Telegraph Company have a better opportunity to learn, and actually know, more about poolroom men and the poolroom business than any other people in New York." Their employees collect and turn in the tolls daily, including their own wages.

The president of the Western Union likens his company to a railway, which sells tickets to all who apply, without scrutinizing their motives or morals. To make the application: Suppose the head of a gang of burglars went to the general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad and said, "We intend to crack a safe in Princeton to-night at two o'clock. We want a special engine in order to get out of town quickly. The engine must be ready with steam up, on a siding behind a shed, at half-past two sharp. We want a 'fly' engineer who knows the business, who will rush her out the minute we get aboard, and who can keep his head if the police make trouble, and pull us through regardless." Suppose the general passenger agent courteously replied, "We understand exactly what you want. We will see that the engine is ready, that it is standing where it will not attract attention, and that you have an engineer who is expert in getting cracksmen safely out of town. We do not sign written contracts in these affairs, and the price of the service will be double; but this is a part of our regular trade, and we guarantee satisfaction." Suppose, also, that in accordance with this verbal agreement the engine were actually on the siding, with steam up, at the appointed time.

Suppose, then, that when the Pennsylvania was publicly accused by responsible people with knowingly and regularly furnishing a special train service for burglars, with deliberately acting as an acomplice in the trade of thieving, President Cassatt were gravely to give to the press a long statement in which he affirmed that the railway was not a censor of public morals; that it made no inquiry about people who bought tickets, if only they were decently clad and soberly behaved; that the railway provided special trains for all who could afford the price, without scrutinizing their motives; and that when the prosecuting attorneys or the police would give written information about intended robberies, and make due request, the Pennsylvania would refuse its Burglars' Special to the persons to whom objection was made. Were President Cassatt to utter any such pitiful, pettifogging plea, his family would not wait for the railway directors to demand his resignation, but would clap him into an insane asylum at once.

President Clowry's reply is a juggle; it confuses the ordinary business of the company with an extraordinary business, of extraordinary profit, for which extraordinary provision is made. Of course, the Western Union cannot scrutinize every message offered it, cannot require a certificate of character from every sender or receiver, cannot probe motives; but when men come to it and ask, explicitly or implicitly, "Will you help me break the law in Room 210 on the second floor of such a building on Broadway," it can lawfully refuse, without a special warning by the police. The ordinary citizen on the street would feel outraged if he were requested to become a partner in crime; but, according to the evidence presented to the City Club, President Clowry's subordinates accept complicity in the criminal poolrooms as a part of their daily occupation, and President Clowry complacently excuses them on the ground that they are not moral censors.

This is a moral question, a question of rudimentary decency and honesty. President Clowry must have singularly misjudged the ability of ordinary people to grasp an elementary proposition when he declared to a reporter of the *Herald*. "It is all nonsense to try to put this matter on a moral basis. The officials of the Western Union Telegraph Company are not moral censors, and the courts have held that they cannot take that position. The company has wares to sell, and any one who can pay for them can buy them, and he will not be asked to what church he belongs." This, of course, is infantile sophistry. No one cares to what church President Clowry and his subordinates belong; but every man in this country—even an official of the Western Union—ought to be a moral censor, if, as President Clowry implies, a moral censor is a person who possesses the negative virtue of refusing to be an accomplice in crime. Law-abiding men, lovers of decency and order, must evidently appeal from President Clowry to his superiors, the directors. Do men like Morris K. Jesup, Jacob H. Schiff, and James H. Hyde accept as a conclusive dismissal of the grave and detailed accusations President Clowry's general denial, "I do not believe any fair-minded person will suppose that the Western Union Telegraph Company would willingly become a party to any criminal undertaking"? Do the directors accept the proposition that, because the company is not a censor of morals, it is therefore at liberty to enter a conspiracy with criminals? If President Clowry really utters such a theory of recklessness and lawlessness for the conduct of a great corporation like the Western Union, neither directors nor stockholders need be astonished at popular clamor for a Government management of telegraphs that shall shut out thieves and swindlers as they are now excluded from the mails.

GOVERNMENT MORE COSTLY.

The April Treasury statement shows that Secretary Shaw's estimate of a $14,000,000 surplus for the present fiscal year is hardly likely to be verified. The surplus on May 1 was $2,458,572, leaving about $11,500,000 to be made up in the next two months. One instinctively asks what this signifies regarding the future. Secretary Shaw has come out on the right side, so far, in his estimates of revenue. His error was in the matter of expenditures, which to date have proportionately exceeded those of the previous fiscal year. Since Congress has allowed for a margin of only $6,000,000 over expenditures next year, the financial outlook for that period is shrouded in doubt. Paying for a big army and navy and great public works may

present problems of unexpected difficulty.

The British Government is now in a similar plight. The speeches called forth in Parliament by Mr. Austen Chamberlain's budget reveal a situation strikingly resembling ours. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman showed that the nation's expenditures had risen from £93,000,000 in 1895 to the £142,000,000 estimated for the coming fiscal year; that is, about 53 per cent. Going somewhat into particulars, Sir Henry pointed out that the amount spent on the navy increased from £9,400,000 in 1870 to £17,600,000 in 1895, the estimate for 1905 being £42,100,000. Between 1870 and 1890 our own disbursements for naval purposes averaged not far from $20,000,000 a year, but in the nineties a great stride forward was taken, and last December Secretary Shaw estimated them for 1905 at over $103,000,000. It is the same story with the army. The British expenditure on this account rose from £12,300,000 for 1870 to £18,700,000 for 1895, and to £32,500,000 for 1905. Proportionately, we have far outdistanced Great Britain since 1895. Our army expenses were about $51,000,000 at that time, but for 1905 the Treasury's estimate was over $126,000,000.

Thus in piping times of peace the Britsh Government, like our own, finds its expenditures on a war basis. But who is responsible, and what is the remedy? Both questions were discussed at great length in the budget speeches. One speaker inferentially charged that the whole thing was a plot of the protectionists. "The budget," he said, "was protectionist in spirit and intention; the same policy of piling up expenditure had been pursued in the United States in order to provide a secure basis for the schemes of the great American financiers." Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, on the other hand, believed no blame could be attached to any of the recent Chancellors of the Exchequer. Neither Mr. Austen Chamberlain nor Mr. Ritchie, his predecessor, created the expenditures. And as for himself, during his long administration of the office, he had repeatedly raised his voice in warning at the way the bills were running up. Sir Henry Fowler quoted Lord Beaconsfield's remark that "finance is a question of policy," and said that it was not the Chancellor of the Exchequer's place to settle the policy of the Government. In his opinion, the Prime Minister was responsible for the growing expenditures. The speeches as a whole brought out the fact that things have been about as much at sixes and sevens in Great Britain, in the matter of appropriating public money, as in this country.

But while it is easy to see causes of the present situation, it is difficult to find remedies. That the nation is spending too much money is obvious. The army and navy are making the taxpayers sweat, but what public men advocate measures that will curtail the outlay on them? Mr. Haldane called attention to the fact that local and imperial taxation amounts to £190,000,000, or 10 per cent. on the national income. He wanted a commission to report whether the taxes are being levied in a just fashion, but he spoke dejectedly regarding expenditures; it was no use having an inquiry on this subject, "because expenditure depended on policy." There is the rub. The policy—who can change that? Even so resourceful a man as Mr. Haldane could suggest only that an effort be made to persuade the great Powers to check naval expenditures.

The friends of protection are continually telling us that this is not a poor man's country, and that we can stand a good deal of taxation. Our British cousins should take refuge in that comfort also. Mr. Austen Chamberlain tells them that they must look not merely at the growth of expenditure, but also at the nature of the bills they are now paying; and they must remember, too, their increased capacity to bear taxation. If John Bull does that, he will see that, heavy as is his load, it is relatively no greater than that borne by those "who lived in the halcyon days of the sixties, when gentlemen opposite seemed to think all things went well." Possibly, however, he may be so thick-headed as to believe a 5 penny income tax preferable to one of 12 pence.

THE ITALIAN SOCIALISTS.

FLORENCE, April 24, 1904.

The importance of the Socialistic organization in the eyes of this nation may be deduced from the fact that, as soon as the Congress of Socialists, to be held in Bologna on the 8th of April, was announced, all the principal journals devoted a series of articles to the discussion of the history of Socialism in Italy; and that, during the sittings of the Congress, the ultra-monarchical *Nazione* of Florence and the *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome, relegating the Russo-Japanese war, the advent of the German Emperor, the preparation for the reception of Loubet, even the Nasi scandal and the report of the Benadir inquiry, to the third and fourth pages, gave up the entire first and often the second to the discussions of the congress, finishing up each day with a leading article on the chances of the prevalence now of this, now of that, party of Socialists. The special interest of the general public is explained by the widespread desire to ascertain which party would obtain the majority of votes—whether the evolutionists, headed by Turati and Bissolati, who maintain that the rights and liberties of the proletaries, the amelioration of their moral, mental, and physical conditions, can be secured only gradually, by successive substantial reforms, to be attained by working within the limits and by use of the instruments of the social structure as it exists to-day, by taking part in the communal, provincial, and State organizations, by availing of the assistance of other parties, by supporting a ministry inclined to concede or to adopt a proposed reform, would prevail; or whether the revolutionary party, which rejects all such instruments and sees no chance for the proletaries save in the destruction of all existing institutions, the total demolition of the capitalist and the *borghesia*, and the advent to power of the proletaries *en bloc*.

The ascendency of the revolutionists, though denounced in the last congress at Imola, has been virtually increasing since the direction of the party fell into the hands of Ferri, who succeeded Bissolati as editor of the *Avanti*, the daily organ of the Socialists in Rome. Not that Ferri has ever admitted himself to be an out-and-out revolutionist, as does Labriola; but his actions prove him to be so, and his influence on the masses, impatient through suffering and credulous through ignorance, has led them to distrust more and more the efforts of the reformers, to incline increasingly to violent measures, to reckless strikes, to impotent resistance resulting in bloodshed and arrests, and to increasing friction with the employers of labor—with the effect of diminishing sympathy for their sufferings on the part of individuals and classes hitherto inclined to assist them. Yet Ferri has never scored a success by his agitation. Moreover, during the "universal strike" at Rome he "sat upon the fence," whereas he might have prevented that disastrous and criminal struggle, detailed in a former letter to the *Nation*, which resulted in the demolition of its chief author, Parpagnoli.

The convocation of a congress earlier than had been intended was promoted by the chiefs of the extreme sections, and especially by the reformers; seeing that the indecision of the working-class and agricultural organizations, produced by the contending currents, paralyzed all attempts to carry out the reforms pronounced urgent and indispensable, and must in the end plunge the masses into anarchy. Ferri, when the congress was decided on, notified his adhesion if, as a preliminary, the absolute unity of the Socialistic party should be proclaimed, and a motion was presented at the opening of the congress. No! said the reformers. First let us state our intentions and programme clearly and sincerely; then if there be a possibility of working together on parallel lines towards the same goal, we shall gladly avoid an open and public rupture, which will, we are aware, dismay the uncultured masses. But if such proclamation of unity is to fetter our determined line of action, make us responsible for doctrines and deeds which we deny and deplore, then we shall choose separation as the least evil, convinced that our policy in action will bring over to our ranks many who now are wavering between that action and the unrealizable methods of the revolutionists (alias anarchists). The desire of the Reformists was that, after a simple declaration of the several methods of the two parties, each being left free to follow their separate paths, the congress would discuss the important questions proposed at Imola to be studied and reported on by special commissioners, viz., the railway problem (governmental or private ownership); the tributary problem; the abolition of the octroi or city tax on food; the substitution of a progressive income

tax; the amount of income to be exempted; labor contracts; the industrial and agricultural organizations; the attitude to be assumed towards the influx of congregationists expelled from France; the problem of primary and secondary education, the really popular school for the masses; the crusade against alcoholism; the attitude of Socialists towards freemasonry, etc. The reporters had performed their tasks conscientiously, and each argument was of importance to the working classes, but no time was found for the bare reading, still less for the discussion of the report; the whole of the four days being occupied with the speeches of the adherents of the extreme parties, and still more with the introduction of other two "tendencies" suggested by a Left Centre and a Right Centre, new "fences" constructed by Ferri.

After the unanimous election of Andrea Costa, the veteran Republican and sincere Socialist, and two vice-presidents, Bissolati was called upon to present the order of the day of the reformers (or Reformists, as they are called). It was brief and succinct:

"The Congress reaffirms the autonomy of the Socialists as the party of the proletary class, whose object is its redemption from the oppressive tyranny of capitalism; and that it will retain this character exclusively, whatever direction the bourgeois government may assume. It declares, moreover, that, while preserving this distinctive characteristic, it will lend its support to ministries which offer sufficient guarantees for the conquest by the proletaries of those reforms of which at a given moment they have the most urgent need. As to existing institutions, the Congress declares that the party will continue to work within and by means of them, reserving the right to work for their overthrow if and when they present themselves as an obstacle to the proletary revindication."

In his brief speech Bissolati referred to the demand of their adversaries that the party should clearly and decisively affirm its antimonarchical character, and propagate the conviction that proletary redemption and monarchy are irreconcilable; but the reformers had already declared not only that the finality of the proletary redemption could not be attained under a monarchy, but that not all the reforms proposed by the radicals in their Roman congress could be carried into execution (for example, the principle of eligibility to all the offices of state, including, of course, that of kingship).

The order of the day presented by Labriola in the name of the revolutionists was as follows:

"Reaffirming the permanent and intransigent revolutionary character of the party of the proletariat in opposition to the bourgeois state [the term *borghesia* now comprises all classes outside the proletary], the Congress declares that the transformation of the political organization of the proletariat into a parliamentary, opportunist, constitutional and possibly monarchical organization is a degeneration of the socialistic spirit, inconsistent with the spirit of class warfare, with the very essence of the conquest by the proletaries of the Government (*pubblici poteri*). Hence it repudiates collaboration with any other class—not only participation in any monarchical government, but also systematic support of any bourgeois government, whatsoever tendencies it may evince, even if reforms proposed may be partially useful to the working classes."

Then succeeded an explicit command to combat monarchy in all its manifestations, to pursue the propaganda against it among the masses. The congress was called upon to reaffirm its resolve to renounce none of its offensive and defensive weapons against the Government, reserving methods of violence in case of necessity.

The two orders of the day being put to the vote, that of Bissolati obtained a fourth more adhesions than that of Labriola, thus confirming the preponderance of the reforming over the revolutionary theories. Neither, however, having received the absolute majority of votes necessary, the orders of the day of the two Centres were submitted—Rigola's with a marked tendency towards the reformers, and Ferri's with a decided adhesion to the doctrines of the revolutionists save as to the use of violence; and the latter, after a debate in which Turati also spoke with severity and some sarcasm, carried off a quarter more votes than the former, and victory was proclaimed for the revolutionists.

The public discussion of the results of the congress continued with unabated vigor during the interval between its close and the arrival of Loubet; the revolutionists accentuating their refusal to coöperate with other classes by forbidding Socialists to participate even in the ballot between the republican and monarchical candidates for the vacant college of Forlì—thus securing the election of the monarchical candidate by eight votes—while the Reformists continue to form and to organize sectional and regional committees based on perfect autonomy, so that while all accept the fundamental doctrines of Socialism, Sardinian Socialists provide for the special needs of their province, even as do Milan, Bologna, etc., and all await the presentations of the new organic reforms promised by the Giolitti Ministry. The nominal victory is for Ferri, but the substantial results are for the Reformists, who, by working within and without Parliament for the maintenance of pacific organization, will support the Radicals, the Republicans, and the ministerial party in promoting and carrying into effect the urgent reforms which have hitherto been retarded. The organization of the southern provinces, which Zanardelli had so much at heart, will be seriously studied, and there seems some hope that more success will attend the efforts of the present Ministry than has even been attained by its predecessors. On this the heart of the King is bent, and he not only urges his Ministry on the reforming path, but separately and diligently studies each bill, each plan of reform, before giving his signature to any.

For the moment, every class of the whole country is rejoicing in the presence of the President of republican France. The welcome given to him is unanimous and enthusiastic, because, after the fall of the Second Empire and the withdrawal of French troops from Rome, there was no cause or reason for hostility between the two Latin races; and since the French republic has accentuated its opposition to any interference of the Church with the State, all possibility of assisting in the restoration of the temporal power is at an end. The rupture in commercial relations between the two countries was brought about suddenly and unjustifiably by the personal rule of Crispi. Zanardelli opposed it from the first moment. The young King has done everything to promote a return to a cordial understanding, and the renewal of commercial relations was the first fruits of his efforts. No direct political alliance, no military offensive policy, will be aimed at. The Triple Alliance remains intact, the presence of the Emperor of Germany in Italian waters proving the immense importance that he attaches to it. Naturally, the Pope and the Catholic party object to the enthusiastic welcome given by the entire Italian nation to the head of "a persecuting government"; but the present Pope, while forbidding Catholics in Rome to take part in the welcome, has also discountenanced any contrary demonstrations. He is not a political Pope; he certainly will not reopen a crusade for the recovery of the temporal power; he is sick to death of his enforced imprisonment, and if, without endangering the spiritual interests of the Church, he can find a "live and let live" solution, he will assuredly promote it.

On the whole, therefore, the Italian horizon is clear, its foreign relations satisfactory; hence fresh assurances are given for the unity of Italy making for the peace of Europe.

J. W. M.

MARSHAL DE LUXEMBOURG.—I.

PARIS, April 20, 1904.

M. Pierre de Ségur has published in succession two volumes on the Marshal de Luxembourg: 'La Jeunesse du Maréchal de Luxembourg,' 'Le Maréchal de Luxembourg et le Prince d'Orange.' He now gives us the conclusion of his biography under the title of 'Le Tapissier de Notre-Dame,' a title which requires explanation. Since the sixteenth century it has been the custom to hang in the vault of Notre-Dame the flags taken by the French armies. D'Aubigné tells us, in his memoirs, that the great Coligny, finding himself at Notre-Dame, showed La Damville the flags captured from the Huguenot army at Moncontour and said, "It is time to take these flags away and to replace them with more suitable ones"—meaning the flags which he expected would be taken from the Spanish armies. During the reign of Louis XIII., the flags of Casal, of Brisach, of Rocroy were hung in Notre-Dame. The flags of past victories used to be replaced by those of the most recent. There remain now very few of these ancient trophies. A flag from Rocroy is still preserved at Chantilly, in the great "Galerie des Batailles." Another is kept at Cluny, where it was sent by Viollet-le-Duc.

The name of "Tapissier de Notre-Dame" was given to the Marshal de Luxembourg, whose military career was exceedingly brilliant. In a first volume M. de Ségur has told us the beginning of it:

"If," he says, "the treaty of Nimeguen (August 10, 1678) can be said to have marked the climax of the glory and the power of the reign, a reflex of this halo falls on the great captain to whom the King owed a good part of the final triumph. As a general, nobody contested the first rank to Luxembourg; and even outside of this prestige, his illustrious birth, his superior mind, and even the fear which people felt of his terrible sarcasm—all united to give him at court a unique place, higher than any other. Even in public, his name was on all lips. His high feats in Holland, the sort of fanaticism which he inspired in his soldiers, the singularities of his physique and of his character, marked him for the curiosity of the crowd."

In his splendid domain at Ligny, in Lor-

raine, Luxembourg led a royal life; in Paris, in his great hôtel in the Rue St. Honoré, he kept a real court. His sister was the famous Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. There was a dark cloud in his clear sky. Louvois had become his enemy. This enmity was veiled, but all the more bitter. Louvois found an occasion to strike his adversary in the famous "Affair of the Poisons," which has lately been described with so many details by M. Funck-Brentano. "On this extraordinary affair," says M. de Ségur, "so dark and complicated, I do not hope to throw complete light; my ambition is only to trace its great lines."

After the execution of the too famous Marchioness of Brinvilliers everybody looked for her accomplices and imitators. Suspicion was the order of the day. Bussy-Rabutin writes in a letter of April 28, 1679: "A crowd of charlatans has been multiplying in the capital, often drawing to their haunts numerous and brilliant customers." A *chambre ardente* was appointed to make an inquest. It was composed of eight councillors of state and six assistants. The president of this special court of inquiry was Boucherat, who afterwards became chancellor. The famous La Reynie, who was so long the head of the police, was one of the two reporters. The inquiry was conducted with great secrecy. At first only very vulgar people were examined, but from the beginning the name of Luxembourg was pronounced. "*Vox populi*," says one of Bussy-Rabutin's correspondents, "has accused Luxembourg for eight months, and you know well that in this country [Burgundy] very ugly rumors have been abroad." The truth is, that Luxembourg was not liked personally; his private conduct was bad. His imagination drew him towards the occult science of alchemy. He mixed with very bad company, and kept near him a sort of buffoon, an adventurer, who had once been tried for making false money. This man, called François Bouchard, who had assumed the name of Viscount of Montemayor, amused Luxembourg. He also played the part of a spy, and helped his master in all sorts of intrigues. We must not be surprised to see an inveterate skeptic, a thorough "libertin," like Luxembourg, consulting Bouchard respecting the future. "Libertinage," which would nowadays be called free-thinking, was often associated in the seventeenth century with the grossest superstitions. Astrology was always in honor in the highest circles.

Luxembourg was very intimate, also, with a young relation of his, a Marquis de Fouquières, whom St. Simon paints thus: "He was a man of quality, of much wit, of great courage, to whom nobody denied great qualities as a soldier, but the most wicked man that lived under the sky." He speaks of his corrupt heart, of his perversity. Luxembourg made through him the acquaintance of the woman Vigoureux, a friend of the prisoner Voisin and of some other dangerous characters, and among others of a Marquise du Fonte, of the magician Lesage. The latter was examined by the commission of inquiry and the name of Luxembourg emerged. I cannot go into all the details of this examination and others; it is enough to say that Louvois had an interview with Luxembourg and proposed to him to leave France. The marshal boldly refused, and asked to be sent to the Bastille; he was treated there with great severity. No proof of any sort was found against Luxembourg, but Louvois persisted in keeping him at the Bastille on the plea of peculation and fabrication of false money. He expected that the woman Voisin would make new revelations. She was burned in the Place de Grève without having said a word which could implicate Luxembourg. Her silence gave courage to the friends of the marshal, and the Prince de Condé came forward, protesting the total innocence of his cousin. The mother, the sister, the wife of the prisoner, obtained an audience from Louis XIV., who received them kindly and told them to be patient.

Luxembourg was still detained, but no longer as an accomplice of the prisoners. After some new examinations of Lesage and others, he appeared in person before the *chambre ardente*. He said to the judges: "Gentlemen, I went voluntarily to the Bastille to justify myself against the false, horrible, and absurd accusations which have been made against me. If you find that I have not victoriously destroyed them, I have only one favor to ask: it is to make my bonds stronger, till the whole nation knows that I have never shown a weakness unworthy of a man of my rank towards the miserable people with whom I have been accused of being very closely united." After these words he returned at once to the Bastille. The judges unanimously pronounced his innocence. Luxembourg was not, however, allowed to reappear at court. He went into exile at Piney; he was not allowed even to come within twenty leagues of Paris. He affected to feel no irritation against Louvois, and to show indignation only against La Reynie.

The trial of Luxembourg became the subject of many clandestine pamphlets, especially in Holland. He was accused of holding communications with the devil. A sort of legend was created in Germany, in which Luxembourg appears as a Doctor Faust. At his château in Piney, Luxembourg was occupied with arranging his pecuniary affairs. He found himself in great difficulties, but was saved from them by the intervention of the Prince de Condé. Great efforts were made by his family and his friends to bring him back to court; the obstinate enmity of Louvois prevented their success. Madame de Montespan triumphed for a moment over Louvois, and Louis XIV. summoned Luxembourg to Versailles. "Sir," were the first words of the King, "we will not speak of the past. I will mark my belief in your good conduct by confiding my person to your hands." The King by these words alluded to the function of captain of the bodyguard, which the Marshal had to exercise six days after his return.

The whole court rushed to call on Luxembourg—Louvois, among others, who was very well received. The Marshal was appointed in September, 1688, governor of the Province of Champagne, and received the order of the Holy Spirit. When the coalition was reformed against France, in 1688, the Prince of Orange had become the King of Great Britain; Condé was dead; but Louvois, who was all-powerful, gave no command to Luxembourg and kept him in pompous inaction at Versailles. Necessity soon came to the help of the Marshal. At the end of 1689 the fortune of war had declared itself against the French arms; when the campaign of 1690 was beginning, the name of Luxembourg was on all lips, and Louis XIV. declared himself in his favor, and placed him at the head of the army of Flanders. Louis XIV. informed Luxembourg of his resolution. "Sir," he said to him at Versailles, "I confide in you, as you are fortunate." "Who would not be so," answered Luxembourg, "in the service of your Majesty?" At the same time, Marshal de Lorge replaced the incompetent Duras on the Rhine; Catinat was sent to the army of Italy; Lauzun was to lead an expedition to Ireland.

The campaign in Flanders began in May. The Marshal took leave of the King on the 11th, and marched in the direction of Brussels. William of Orange was still in London, Waldeck had the command in his place at Brussels. On the 29th of May the French vanguard arrived under the walls of Hal, a few leagues from Brussels. This little place was evacuated by the troops which occupied it. William heard the news on his arrival from England. Louvois sent the severest orders. He desired Luxembourg to destroy with mortars and guns charged with red-hot shot the ancient capital of Brabant. He wished to strike terror among the population of Flanders. Such were not the sentiments of Luxembourg. Speaking of these populations, he wrote: "They publish openly that they would like to be under the rule of the King"; and, in another letter: "As for myself, thinking that a bombardment is an evil for those who are subject to it, without any fruit for those who inflict it, I assure you that I should not heartily undertake the bombardment of Brussels. . . . I should do it only with the painful feeling that it would effect but little, and that meanwhile the Prince of Orange would make operations advantageous to himself and very detrimental to the service of his Majesty." After reading Luxembourg's dispatches, Louis XIV. revoked the severe instructions given by Louvois.

Correspondence.

ALL HEROES' DAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question is often asked, "What national holidays are there in the United States?" The answer is that there are none, since none are appointed by the nation, though there are several holidays of really a national character, as being observed by all the States. The following days are kept without exception by the forty-five States and the District of Columbia: July 4, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. February 22 is kept by all, if I am correctly informed, with the exception of Mississippi. January 1 is a holiday except in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Also, some day of memorial for the soldiers of the civil war has probably universal observance. In the North, May 30 is fixed for Memorial Day, but in the South, where the season is earlier, April 26 or a date even earlier is assigned.

There are thus six days of practically national character—New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. The recent fall holiday, the first Monday in September (often called Labor Day), has been quickly adopted by all except Vermont,

Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Nevada, and North Dakota.

From time to time new holidays are suggested in honor of great national heroes. Lincoln's birthday is now observed by the following States: Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, North Dakota, Wyoming, and Washington. But February 12 is too near February 22 for the day to become popular. Several of the Southern States observe January 19, the birthday of their noble leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee. In the first fervor of sympathy in the brave death of President McKinley, his birthday, January 29, was suggested for national observance. That of Gen. Grant, April 27, has also been proposed.

It is evident, however, that we cannot multiply our holidays indefinitely, and that the accidental date of a great man's birth may be a very inconvenient time for celebrating his achievements. Why should not one day of general observance be adopted, to be called, perhaps, All Patriots' Day, or All Heroes' Day? The Church long since found this solution of the problem of commemorating her numerous worthies. There were not days enough in the calendar for all, but the general festival of All Saints' Day (November 1) suffered none to be omitted.

An All Heroes' Day would permit every State and community to pay fitting honors to its own worthies as well as to men and women of national reputation. By the cooperation of the school and the press from year to year, different patriots, writers, inventors—all who have helped the common welfare—might receive that commemoration, not which their lives need, but which an intelligent and grateful people need to give to the makers of their history. As there are now no holidays between the first Monday in September and the last Thursday in November, a convenient date would be the Monday nearest to the fifteenth of October.

Some suggestion like the one here outlined has presumably been made before this, but none has come to my notice. A move in this direction is the "Patriots' Day" observed of late in Massachusetts on April 19, the anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord, but this is naturally a commemoration of the Revolutionary heroes alone.—Truly yours,

FRANCIS LESEARE PALMER.

STILLWATER, MINN., May 5, 1904.

[We print this for the information it contains (though we do not vouch for it), but we cannot profess sympathy with the proposal, even as a check to the absurd and mischievous multiplication of holidays. The moral significance (witness Memorial Day) would be quickly lost in a holiday pure and simple; and spare us more empty names and forms from which the spirit has gone out. We have annual exemplification of the complete failure of those who celebrate in speeches Grant's and Lincoln's birthdays, or Forefathers' Day, to understand the true greatness of the men commemorated.—ED. NATION.]

THE GERMAN WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The diagnoses of the mental and emotional equipment of German women revealed in Christine Ladd Franklin's letter, published in this week's *Nation*, are not prejudiced so much by no knowledge at all of German women, as they are by an utter ignorance of the "large average of the population." She professes to have known many German women of the utmost culture and charm. Any nation that can produce many women of the "utmost culture and charm" is certainly not in danger of impeding the "onward march of women towards the ideal"; and this numerical testimony should be sufficient to save any country from being accused of producing, even "in the large average of the population," a class of women who have nothing better to recommend them to the men of a leading nation than "stolidity."

I am an American, born of German parents. I have been brought in contact with many German women in this country who were and are not "women of the utmost culture," but many of them were charming, and the very smallest minority of them were stolid. The women I have a personal knowledge of, with whom I became acquainted while studying in Germany, besides my aunts and cousins there, are the wives and daughters of farmers, mechanics, merchants, teachers, professors, clergymen, and professional men, and certainly none of them are stolid, stupid, or cowardly. They compare very well with the same class of women of Irish, or American, or English, or Scotch parentage in this country.

It seems a little puzzling to me for an American lady to say: "It is fine when a German man defends his fellow-country-women against the charge of stolidity." Why so? Germany is quite as civilized a place as France, England, or America; and German men love and honor their women at least as much as men of other nations do.

What are "the highest forms of civilization" in so far as the "ideal development of men and women" are concerned? Is it femininity? German women with German men say, No! Are they stolid on that account? Princess Bismarck was a typical German woman and mother. She was not stolid. There are many like her in the Fatherland. There are many like her in this country. If to understand and comfort their men be stolidity, let's thank God that German women are stolid.

Very respectfully yours,

DR. ADOLPH RUPP.

NEW YORK, May 5, 1904.

AN EARLY AMERICAN MUSIC STORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his notice of Mr. Elson's 'History of American Music,' your reviewer repeated after him: "There were no music stores before the nineteenth century" (*Nation*, April 7, p. 276). The following extract is part of an advertisement which appeared in the *Maryland Journal* of August 6, 1794, No. 1725 (p. 3/2):

"*Musical Repository, Market-Street, near Gay-Street, Baltimore.* J. CARR, *Music Importer*, LATELY FROM LONDON, *Respectfully informs the public that he has opened a Store entirely in the Musical line, and has for SALE*, Finger and barrel organs, double and single key'd harpsichords, piano forte and common guitars."

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

BOSTON, May 6, 1904.

SHAKSPERE'S SEABOARD OF BOHEMIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For three centuries the learned and unlearned have been puzzling or chuckling over the coast of Bohemia in the "Winter's Tale." May I venture to offer a possible simple explanation of Shakspere's apparent ignorance?

When he wrote the play (probably in 1610-11), the Holy Roman Emperor Rudolph II. was just approaching the end of his long reign. In 1609 he had been forced to grant to his Bohemian Protestant subjects the famous "Majestätsbrief," or Edict of Toleration—an event which must have stirred Protestant England. It is inconceivable that Shakspere could have been ignorant of these happenings in Bohemia. The importance of the rôle that Bohemia was playing at the time must have been as patent to him as it was, to say the least, to the average educated Englishman. The Austrian realm under the Hapsburgs extended from Brandenburg on the north to the Adriatic on the south, and from Alsace on the west to Upper Hungary on the east, the centre of Hungary being then in the hands of the Turks. The largest constituent of the monarchy was the Kingdom of Bohemia, the so-called realm of St. Wenceslas, which, in addition to Bohemia, embraced Silesia, Moravia, and Lusatia. Rudolph II., the head of the house of Austria in Shakspere's time, during the greater part of his reign held his court, which was graced by the presence of such men as Kepler and Tycho Brahe, and famed throughout Europe, at Prague, the Bohemian capital. Is it, then, at all surprising that Shakspere did not discriminate sharply between Austria and Bohemia, and in a general way substituted Bohemia for Austria? As an analogy, the house of Savoy figured from 1720 down to 1860 as the Kingdom of Sardinia, although the island of Sardinia was but a comparatively insignificant part of it.

Supposing that Shakspere had said that the Mediterranean washed the shores of Castile, would literary historians have accused him of the same ignorance of geography which has so long been unjustly laid to his charge? While it is true that scene iii. of act iii. is specifically laid in "Bohemia: A desert country near the sea," throughout the play "Bohemia" is used indiscriminately for the country and its ruler ("the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him," act i., scene i., etc.). Do not, at the present day, French and, for that matter, American journalists speak of the Prussians when they really mean the Germans? And how about Flanders? Is not the name of this small region used by historians for the Low Countries in general? And how about Burgundy? Supposing Shakspere had taken Charles the Bold of Burgundy as the hero of a tragedy, would he have been held up to ridicule if he had chosen to speak of the North Sea as washing the shores of Burgundy, meaning thereby the coast of Flanders and Holland?

Amid the mass of conjectures as to Shakspere's meaning, referred to by Furness, it is curious to find one, from the *Monthly Magazine* of January, 1811, which argues that there was "no breach of geography," in the following manner:

"In the year 1270 the provinces of Styria and Carniola were dependent on the crown of Bohemia. Rudolph, who became King of the Romans in 1273, took these provinces from Ottokar, the King of Bohemia, and attached them to the possessions of the house of Austria. The dependencies of a large empire are often denominated from the seat of Government; so that a vessel sailing to Aquileia or Trieste might, in the middle of the thirteenth century, be correctly described as bound for Bohemia."

Now, the memory of this ephemeral union of the thirteenth century (it lasted barely twenty-five years) could not possibly have lingered in the England of Shakspere's time, and it is really surprising that the ingenuity of the only commentator who appears to have been on the right track stopped short at this approximation to what would seem to be the rightful explanation. Dr. Furness himself, by the way, in the preface to his edition of the "Winter's Tale," rather singularly remarks: "Sicilia is Sicilia and Bohemia is Bohemia; and the one is no more on the mainland than the other is on the seacoast"; apparently forgetting that, for centuries before Shakspere's time, the southern part of the Italian mainland had come to be known as "Sicily on this side of the Faro" (the Strait of Messina), whence arose the designation of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Most likely the great Shakspere scholar had in mind the island of Sicily itself; but in any case his phrase goes to show that geographical terms are used loosely to-day just as they were in Shakspere's time. X.

Notes.

Jacques Rosenthal, 10 Karl Strasse, Munich, will shortly issue Part I. of a Supplement to Hain and Copinger's 'Repertorium Bibliographicum' of incunabula. This section alone will contain more than 400 items unknown to these editors, together with many corrections and annotations. The second part will follow in the course of three or four months. The edition will be limited, yet the price is moderate. Prof. Dr. Dietrich Reichling has it in charge.

Harper & Bros. announce 'The First of Empires: "Babylon of the Bible" in the Light of Latest Research,' by W. St. Chad Boscawen; and 'The Gems of the East,' viz., the Malay Archipelago, by A. Henry Savage Landor.

Brentano's will publish directly G. Bernard Shaw's 'Man and Superman'; 'How to Illustrate,' by Charles Hope Provost; and 'Tristan and Isolde,' a tragedy in five acts, by Louis Kaufman Anspacher.

Even the 'Statesman's Year-book' (Macmillan) has been drawn into the politico-financial vortex in Great Britain. The current issue opens with a series of tables, maps and diagrams intended to show without bias "the conditions of British trade and shipping from 1860 down to the present date." Another novelty is the assignment of Panama to a separate place as a world-power. One naturally turns to the chapter on Japan, with its sub-section "Defence," but here the data for the Imperial army are no later than December 31, 1900. "The strength of the navy," we read, "lies in its homogeneous armored ships backed up by a large destroyer flotilla"; and Japan is now building her own protected cruisers and destroyers, and will soon be able to construct battleships. A footnote on page 1053 records the fate of the *Retvisan* and the *Tsesarevitch*, torpedoed on February 8. This, we believe, is the only echo of the great duel now in progress in the Far East. For the rest, this standard book of reference maintains its character for usefulness and authority.

The fourth volume of "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb," edited by E. V. Lucas (G. P. Putnam's Sons), contains the 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets,' first published in 1808, a work which opened the eyes of a public to whom the Elizabethan drama meant little more than Shakspere and Jonson, to the existence of unsuspected mines of poetic jewels. The editor has included Lamb's extracts from old and rare plays preserved in the Garrick collection, and has enriched the handsome volume with notes and an index, both excellent.

'Getting Acquainted with the Trees,' by J. Horace McFarland (The Outlook Co.), gives to lovers of woody plants a good deal of chatty information. The book has been prepared by the author on account of a sincere desire that others, wearied by business cares, should derive from trees the rest and comfort which have come to him through woodland walks. The desultory papers do not lay claim to much scientific or systematic lore, for, if they did, they would fail in that which imparts to them a value to the tired merchant or, as in this case, tired publisher. Trees in books come next to trees in being, in regard to the pleasure they give—provided always that the trees in books are not treated too learnedly or exhaustively.

Photographic processes for the production of engravings, either in black or in colors, have arrived at a great degree of perfection. Grace Greylock Niles, author of 'Bog-trotting for Orchids' (Putnams), has selected excellent subjects for engravings, and has secured good results. Here and there the outline is too obscure, as in the case of the apple-blossoms and one or two more, and the colors are hardly fair in all instances to the plants they portray. In the interesting sketches of excursions in search of orchids, the author introduces a great deal of trustworthy information relative to other plants in the path. The material has been some time in accumulating, and it has been subjected to pretty careful revision before reaching its final form. One could ask for a more consistent nomenclature in the treatise, but these are wilful days in the matter of plant names, and it is only right that each writer should do as he or she pleases, if good vernacular names are placed by the side of the new Latin ones. The writer has made an exceedingly useful and attractive book, which will lead, or at least ought to lead, many to examine our beautiful wild orchids in their swamp fastnesses. We count it a definite gain to nature study to have a book like this placed within easy reach of summer idlers and of summer students.

In 'The Heather in Lore, Lyric, and Lay' (New York: A. T. De La Mare Co.), Mr. Alexander Wallace has gathered together nearly everything he could lay his hands on in regard to Scotch heather. The comparative rarity of heather in the United States strikes every Scotchman as a fault of no small magnitude. Why we should have no moors is, indeed, a question hard to answer. At Tewksbury and Townsend, Mass., and at a few other places, a little patch of heather comes to view and holds its own for a while, as if it meant to stay. But there are no "heaths," no wide moors covered with strong and vigorous heather. There are certain plants, notably *Hudsonia*, wonderfully like heather, and these, simulating the heather shape and habit, are our only substitute for the pretty Scotch plant. Of late years, a new chapter has been slowly adding itself to botanical literature, under the name œcology. This is defined as the study of all the relations of plants to their surroundings in the widest sense of the term. Climate, soil, competing plants, both kindred and alien, animals of all sorts, favoring and hostile, and, in short, everything which affects the plant, must be examined in this new branch of botany. It is to this new and important division of the subject that all such puzzles as the lack of heather here are referred. And, thus far, the answer has not been satisfactorily given.

In 'A Norwegian Ramble' (Putnams), one of a party that made an interesting carriole trip in southwestern Norway, endeavors to suggest to lovers of natural scenery who take their vacations for rest, the many attractions offered by that picturesque region. They crossed the country twice from Christiania, once northwest to Molde, their furthest point north; then in and out of the wonderful fiords down the coast, and again southeast through the Valders to the capital. In the opinion of the author, the traveller may find on such a trip the most interesting and beautiful scenery, and a kindly, hospitable, and honest population, tempered by the worst cigars in the world. The book is a trifle, but is pleasant reading, and contains a few very characteristic illustrations of the scenery from photographs by the author.

The number of really meritorious treatises on political economy is becoming so large as to make it impracticable to review them at length. 'Economic Principles,' by A. W. Flux (London: Methuen & Co.), would formerly have been regarded as a work of enough distinction to deserve extended notice; but we have to speak of it only as one of a class. Its most striking peculiarity is that it makes hardly any reference to the writers on economics. This omission certainly results in a freer treatment and a smoother style, and, for an introductory study, such as this professes to be, the advantages may outweigh the objections. Another commendable feature is the relegation of all mathematical demonstrations of economic principles to the appendix, where they are out of the way of those to whom they might be a stumbling-block. Many of the treatises now published contain such quantities of what can only be called economic gossip and professorial opinion as to make it refreshing to meet with a book of which sound reasoning is the distinctive feature. Nothing is here asserted, we may say, that is not proved, and we know not whether to admire more the lucidity with which the author establishes his premises, or the strictly scientific methods by which he deduces his conclusions. To follow such close reasoning requires a degree of con-

centrated attention which is not to be expected of ordinary students, and the subtitle, "An Introductory Study," need not be taken to mean that this is a book for beginners.

A trustworthy introduction to the general field of Muhammadan law has long been lacking. There were several translations of Arabic treatises, few of which were remarkable for accurate knowledge either of Arabic or of law; there were many detached papers on separate points of origin and development, especially by Snouck Hurgronje and Goldziher. Almost every book on the Muslim civilization touched the subject more or less gingerly and unhappily; but there was no general introduction. Into this gap, as into so many before in its centuries of history, the Leyden school of Arabic has now stepped with Dr. Th. W. Juynboll's 'Handleiding tot de kennis van de Mohammedaansche Wet' (Leyden: E. J. Brill). The sole defect in this book is its Dutch garb, which will render it impossible or hard of approach for far too many. It itself is a complete introduction. It begins at the beginning, and should be intelligible to the end for any non-Arabist who has interest in law. After an introduction dealing with the Qur'an, the traditions, the schools of law, and the bases (or sources) of the legal system, the different chapters of law are taken up and treated at length. This, of course, is not done with the same detail as by Sachau, in his 'Muhammedanisches Recht'; but, on the other hand, Sachau deals with those chapters only which may be described as public law, and leaves untouched the more personal and religious sections. Here the whole ground is covered, though not in such minuteness. Last come appendices and excellent indices of names and technical terms. The book may be commended to all students of legal history and usage as opening to them, practically for the first time, one of the great developments in its full width. And it would be hard to improve on the exposition which we have here.

The history of the Town Council of Amsterdam is a curious one. The members were elected for life from a restricted list of reputable and solid citizens. The body became the closest kind of a close corporation, consisting of fathers, sons, brothers and cousins, while relations of the worthy councillors not having a seat in the *Vroedschap* were provided with lucrative positions in the gift of the municipality. Not until the middle of the seventeenth century were laws enacted against this excessive nepotism, nor were they invariably observed. Mr. Johan E. Elias, in 'De Vroedschap von Amsterdam, 1578-1793' (Haarlem, 1904), gives a good sketch of the Town Council, but his main purpose is genealogical, not historical. He has made an exhaustive examination of all the general and special archives of Amsterdam for the history of all these "patrician" families, as they were called. Both this volume and the others to come will furnish much matter relating to those who emigrated from Amsterdam, as well as those who remained. Mr. Elias is in a position to make the most valuable contribution to the genealogy of New York settlers that has ever been made, and his work deserves to be known here as well as in Holland.

Mr. William E. Foster's twenty-sixth annual report of the Providence Public Library shows how a library can be administered so as to become a valuable part of the educational plant of a city. The statistics reveal a steady increase in the use of the reference and industrial departments, and in the work in connection with the schools. To numerous deliveries of books to schools and clubs has been added practical instruction to 1,500 children at the library in regard to its resources and their proper use, as well as to the graduating classes of the fifteen grammar schools by Mr. Foster himself. Under these circumstances it is not surprising to read that, while the circulation for 1903 was larger than for any previous year except 1897, the percentage of fiction read was the lowest in the history of the library.

The Calendar of "The Imperial University of Tōkyō" for 1903-4 is, in its corpulent proportions, an index of the great development and extension from the days of half a century ago, when "an office for the examination of barbarian books" was opened in Yedo. The edifices of the six colleges of Law, Medicine, Engineering, Literature, Science, and Agriculture are all, except that of the last, placed within the spacious grounds formerly occupied by the feudal lord of Kaga. Since 1897, when it received its present name to distinguish it from the sister institution then founded in Kioto, the history of the University is easy to follow. In the present calendar the chief features, in addition to the elaboration of detail for each college, is the notice of the preparation of a National History to be compiled from authentic records. Under various names, the committee has been more or less occupied for sixteen years. The work was expected to be completed by March 31, 1900, but it has been again prolonged for another period of fifteen years, in order to revise and publish the material already collected. In Part III., in the list of journals, memorials, and bulletins, published since 1887, we find that, of the "Historical Materials of Japan," volumes iv., vi., and xii. are already published. They relate respectively to the Kamakura period, the period of the schism in the imperial line, and the Yedo period. Five volumes of old documents relating to the periods from (A. D.) 702 to 769 are also published. Under the head of "Old Diaries relating to Japanese History," we find that no fewer than thirty-one volumes are apparently at the service of the public, though no details are given as to publication. Of all these, the text remains in the Japanese. The number of papers in English, French, and German on scientific and learned themes runs into the hundreds. The list of graduates since 1878, arranged under classes, is given, showing a grand total of 5,459, of whom 391 are deceased. Of the students on the roll in September, 1903, there were 3,771; the highest number in any college, that of Law, being 1,185, and after that the colleges of Medicine, Engineering, Literature, Agriculture, and Science following in order of preference by students. Besides the thoroughly modern character of the various scientific departments, it is interesting to note the fulness of organization of the departments of Japanese and Chinese history, literature, and philosophy.

—Again Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.'s 'New International Encyclopædia' has made a great leap in publication, and with the usual results. Volumes XV. to XVII. have appeared, and the account is closed. Haste, says the Arabic proverb, somewhat broadly, is of the devil. This is true, at any rate, of books and printing. Of the present work, as a whole, an opinion has been fully expressed from time to time in these pages. The best that can be said of it now is, that an evident effort has been made to remedy the equally evident initial weakness in the editorial staff. Much might have been done; more should have been done; something has been done. It is to be trusted, however, that the editors and publishers realize that this is simply a beginning. If their object is to furnish the leading encyclopædia in the English language short of the 'Britannica,' and to justify the title 'International,' doing for the English-speaking peoples what 'Meyer' and 'Brockhaus' do for Germans, they must set before themselves a series of supplemental volumes and then a new edition, recast throughout. For example, the last volume of 'Meyer's' fifth edition appeared in 1897; then came yearly supplements with exceedingly valuable contents in 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901; now a thoroughly remodeled sixth edition is well on its way. The results are evident in the work itself. Industry and perpetual revision are the price of accuracy and encyclopædic success, and it may well be that, after two or three such transformations, the 'New International' may really rival Meyer. It will surely be hard if the United States cannot supply as good an article as Germany—at double the price. In the meantime the American who can read English only, must be content with the measure of success here attained. It will be prudent in him, however, to read cautiously, to distinguish the varying value of the several articles, and to verify whenever possible. Unhappily, he will be sorely hindered in this by the many articles left without citation of authorities. But these it will be his highest prudence absolutely to neglect.

—All universities foster talent and are stepmothers to genius; rightly enough, since their mission is to be careless of the single life and cherish the type. In the first half of the last century the English universities were sunk in a lethargy from which the authorities roused themselves only when it seemed desirable to suppress an original mind. Tennyson lived to see the Cambridge of 1830, which he denounced

> "because your manner sorts
> Not with this age wherefrom ye stand apart,"

transformed, about two generations later, by a more sympathetic race of dons, with whom the undergraduates could actually exchange ideas. Twenty years before Tennyson and FitzGerald, despairing of the Cambridge professors, set out to educate themselves, Shelley and his friend Hogg were suffering a similar disillusion at Oxford. The latter's account of their undergraduate experiences has been quoted over and over in the biographical notices of Shelley; but Mr. R. A. Streatfeild's charming reprint of 'Shelley at Oxford,' by Thomas Jefferson Hogg (London: Methuen & Co.), is certainly the first convenient edition for those of the present generation who are interested in this vivid picture of Shelley's youth. Of Oxford in 1810 Hogg naïvely remarks that "although no great facilities were afforded to the student, there were the same opportunities of solitary study as

in other places." For the two terms, or about six months, which were the limit of Shelley's undergraduate career, Hogg was his inseparable companion, and they were expelled together. His admiration for Shelley's gifts and the charm of his personality led him to record every detail of their studies, their country walks, and their amusements, which were rare, for they were both ascetics with the asceticism of youth, which consists mainly of indifference to regular meals and preference for eccentric hours of study.

—Opposition is the life of such characters as those of Shelley and his Boswell, but they felt keenly the disgrace of their expulsion. Shelley "sat on the sofa, repeating with convulsive vehemence the words 'Expelled, expelled,' his head shaking with emotion, and his whole frame quivering." The plea for "Universal Atheism," the cause of this expulsion, was anonymous and was never offered for sale. It was a foolish schoolboy performance, and should have been treated as such. Hogg became a prosperous Government official, and to him Oxford made no reparation. To the memory of Shelley, some three generations later, University College erected, close to his old rooms, an unsightly, overdecorated cupola, under which lies Onslow Ford's pathetic marble figure of the drowned poet. That is Oxford's *peccavi* or palinode—well meant, no doubt, but excruciating to the eye. To Shelley himself, so cruelly cut adrift in his teens, it would have seemed appropriate enough that that symbolic image of defeat should be the chief treasure of his college. But Oxford's repentance is sincere; Shelley's watch and seals are religiously preserved in the Bodleian; his poems are even set in the degree examinations, which last concession (the most thorough-going that Oxford could make) might have disarmed the bitterness of this most loyal of the poet's friends, could he have lived to know of it.

—Compilations like Ralph Lefevre's 'History of New Paltz, New York, and Its Old Families, 1678-1820,' appeal to the local residents and descendants of the early settlers rather than to the general reader. New Paltz is to-day an Ulster County village of about one thousand inhabitants, the township of the same name having only about 2,200. It does not, therefore, occupy a large part in the history of the State. But a certain distinction is claimed for it because it was one of the few places in this country settled by Huguenots, because the patentees there purchased their land from the Indians before William Penn made a similar purchase in Pennsylvania, and because "the homesteads have been handed down in the family ever since the first settlement." The Huguenot settlers went from France to the German Palatinate, whence they removed to this State from 1660 to 1675; hence the name of the Ulster County town. Mr. Lefevre has brought together in accessible shape the old records which throw light on the early ownership of land and the first steps towards a government. They describe the superseding of log cabins by houses of stone; the displacement of the French language by the Dutch, and of the latter by the English; the change from a simple regulation of public affairs by the heads of the families to Government by the "Dusine" (Twelve) chosen annually, who had supervision of land titles—the body of voters deciding for themselves a large part of the public questions coming up, from the election of "chimmily viewers" to the purchase of a pall and a silver cup for the church; and the division of the land, originally cultivated in common. The history of the churches is given in detail, and family records are spread over many pages. A good deal of this material, together with stories of contests with the Indians, accounts of early amusements, and the experiences of hunters in pursuit of game (which then included deer and wild turkeys) and such animals as bears, wolves, and panthers, could be made of general interest in skilful hands; but Mr. Lefevre is a compiler rather than a maker of literature, as his "picture of a farm scene" on page 193 illustrates, and he not only fails to tell an interesting story, but throws his topics together in such haphazard fashion that one must hunt from page to page to complete an examination of any one of them. The descendants of the first settlers will find much to interest them in the book, and the very complete index of names will assist them in discovering what they want to know.

—'Law in Daily Life' is the title of a little handbook translated from the German of Rud. von Ihering, with notes and additions by Henry Goudy, Professor of Civil Law at Oxford (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). It is a collection of legal questions (the answers not being given) connected with the ordinary events of everyday life. The original plan of the book, which has passed through eight editions in Germany, may be seen at a glance. The table of contents—"(1) Railway Travelling; (2) At an Inn; (3) In Hired Apartments; (4) Household Affairs; (5) At a Tailor's," etc., etc.—resembles that of a conversation-book for beginners in a foreign language. The author's idea is to bring before the mind of the student the many legal relations and questions arising out of them suggested by the ordinary events of every day; *e. g.* (at a tailor's), it is a question what kind of a contract is made with a tailor when the customer supplies the cloth. Again, if there is no agreement beforehand, "can the tailor charge as high as he pleases? Can he retain the coat till payment is made?" Such questions, the author thinks, owing to their involving small amounts of money, rarely lead to an action; but, however this may be in Germany and in other countries which derive their law from Rome, we should say that in England and this country there was no question involving a matter however trifling which might not arise in court. However, a collection of questions presents to the mind of the student a vast array of legal problems, involving the most important principles in the practical form in which they suggest themselves in real life. The translator has added some questions in English law, which show that the method might be readily used for teaching common law. In fact, it is the "quiz" method systematized and perfected by a legal genius.

—Professor Burnet of the University of St. Andrews is the highest living authority among English scholars on the philosophy of Aristotle, an author curiously neglected by American universities. He has recently published in the "Cambridge Series" a volume of 140 pages entitled 'Aristotle on Education' (Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan), in which he presents a translation of the Aristotelian views of education as they have come down to us in the 'Politics.' Unfortunately, while we have complete Plato's treatment of education in the 'Republic,' Aristotle's discussion is a fragment. In fact, he does not arrive at the education of the mind at all, though he plainly meant to deal with it after the discussion of the education of the body, on which we probably have all that he had to say, and the education of character on which he left much unsaid. Gymnastics for the body, music for the character—so far, then, Aristotle takes us; for the mind, whose training should crown the whole, not a single word. To Aristotle, as to Plato, it would have seemed impossible to treat of education apart from politics; the citizen came first. But he looked no less to the individual man, and for him the ideal education was that which should fit a man to enjoy his leisure; the noble use of leisure being the highest aim of education. For Aristotle thought, and most people will agree with him, that what a man does with his spare time is the true test of his character and training. It remains uncertain what scientific studies Aristotle would have recommended, or did recommend. It is, however, an interesting fact that the development of mathematics which dates immediately after Aristotle, was carried out by men who were connected with the school of Plato; the Aristotelians did not contribute a single great mathematician. Aristotle himself cared more for biology and history, while Plato, the visionary, made mathematics the copingstone of the studies that were to fit the noblest men in his Utopia to govern the rest. Professor Burnet's translation is based on his view, doubtless correct, that the 'Politics' and the 'Ethics' were merely lecture notes, and so not to be judged from the point of view of style as we judge a dialogue of Plato. He has happily caught the lecturer's tone, and managed to be literal without being dry. It is a real triumph to have made Aristotle conversational; you see him leaning over the desk to illustrate his point with the epigram (now a commonplace) that one swallow does not make a summer, or to remark with dry humor that people don't deliberate about everything—for instance, a Spartan would never deliberate about something that had not to do with Sparta. To the scanty pages of the 'Politics' on education the translator has prefixed a hundred pages from the 'Ethics,' so that the reader may first realize Aristotle's theory of human happiness before he proceeds to consider how education may be made to secure it. The running commentary and the introduction are admirable.

GEN. GORDON'S REMINISCENCES.

Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon of the Confederate Army. With portraits. Scribners. 1903.

The lamented death of Gen. Gordon gives peculiar interest to these Reminiscences, as in the most serious sense his last word concerning great events. He was from first to last more than merely an observer. He was an actor constantly growing in responsibility and aggressive vigor, in audacity tempered by intelligent judgment, so that

finally Gen. Lee left to his discretion the time and place when and where, if at all, the Army of Northern Virginia should cease to exist. He was a furious fighter, who tells his tale with the modesty of bravery; a wise counsellor, who lays no claim to omniscience. But, from the day of his inspired ignorance when, with no military training, but flaming with patriotism toward a Provisional Government of six States, he led to Montgomery a company of mountaineers, to the closing campaign, in which Lee leaned upon him, a lieutenant-general and a trusted corps commander, there does not appear to have been a moment of hesitation, whatever the peril or how serious the demand, when he believed Confederate duty called. His subsequent career was one of the most notable results of the war fought over the doctrine of secession. An active belligerent from first to last, he frankly recognized that the sword to which the South appealed had decided for the Union. He manfully accepted the decision, and devoted an eloquent life to "strengthen the sentiment of intersectional fraternity which is essential to complete national unity." In Gen. Gordon's civil career the defensive nation, aroused by Sumter, stung at Bull Run, and fighting desperately for four years for existence, realized a peculiar triumph. That career was devoted to inspiring his comrades and their sons with love and respect for the country whose corporate destruction had been sought. It was to regain and retain her revolted citizens that there had been war.

As history, there are three salient points among the multitude of incidents with which this volume bristles. The first is the well-known fact that Ewell halted on the first day at Gettysburg, when, as Gordon believed, in half an hour he might have occupied Cemetery Hill. The other two claims are practically new, in the sense of being generally unfamiliar. One is that Ewell, influenced by Early, disregarded Gordon's advice to fall on the exposed Federal right flank in the Wilderness; the other, that Early, again from inappreciation of the situation, checked the advance at Cedar Creek when nothing but his word stood between the Sixth Corps and annihilation. In connection with Gettysburg, the familiar accusation against Longstreet of dilatoriness on the last two days also is reiterated. The weight of available evidence seems to sustain Gordon's categorical charge (p. 160) that Longstreet failed in the element of time to respond to Lee's command. But final decision should be reserved until the publication of Longstreet's posthumous defence, understood to be in the press, under his widow's name. The great and merited devotion of every Confederate to Lee makes it easier for them to believe that a subordinate must have been at fault.

The possibility of carrying Cemetery Hill at the time Gordon was halted beyond its base, must ever remain a matter of opinion. The propriety of Ewell's order to halt is a distinct question. When the First and that part of the Eleventh Corps (Federal) which had been engaged were forced back by superior and constantly increasing numbers, they concentrated on that hill which was already held as a rallying-point by an unengaged division and two batteries. These troops had been carefully posted behind stone walls and were covered by skirmishers. As the retiring troops reached the hill they took station on each flank of the waiting command, "and soon a formidable array of artillery was ready to cover with its fire all the approaches." Hancock, a tower of strength, was also present, and fresh troops were arriving. Howard and Hancock had already agreed that Cemetery Hill was an essential part of the prospective battle-ground. It seems probable, but probabilities in war are not final, that Ewell could not have carried Cemetery Hill on the afternoon of the 1st of July. The Union First Corps had been roughly handled and forced back, but the Confederates had been roughly handled also. Gen. Hunt of the Union army, a most competent judge, although not upon that field until after midnight, asserts that "an assault by the Confederates was not practicable before 5:30 P. M., and after that the position was perfectly secure." Early in the day Ewell had properly been restrained by Lee's order, given at a distance, not to bring on a general engagement until his army was concentrated. This was repeated by Lee from Seminary Ridge as a proviso in the order, sent through a highly qualified staff officer, to carry the hill if practicable. This competent officer, Col. Long, and Ewell together "found the position a formidable one and not accessible to artillery fire." Wisely they suspended operations, perhaps remembering Malvern Hill, although Gen. Gordon looks on the decision as an example of what Washington calls "untimely discretion." It would appear that Gordon's martial impulse overrides his military judgment in this expression of regret; and Lee's later longing for Jackson, Ewell's predecessor, as an insurer of victory, might well refer to some other phase of the three days' battle.

After a fierce collision on the 5th of May, the first day's fighting in the Wilderness campaign of 1864, Gordon's brigade was transferred in the night to the extreme left of Lee's lines, which, it was thought, Grant overlapped. To Gordon's surprise and delight, his scouts reported at dawn that in fact the Confederates extended far beyond the Union flank, which really was in the air and wholly unguarded, as well as without support. He verified this by a personal reconnoissance and independent examinations by others, covering several miles, and then begged that his own brigade and the next be allowed to roll up the Federal line, for no exposed and unready troops could withstand a sudden flank assault. However, Early, Gordon's immediate superior, possessed with the belief that Burnside, who actually was well to the Union left, was supporting the extreme right, disapproved, and Ewell, Early's superior, would not overrule him. But when Lee visited that front at 5:30 P. M., he immediately authorized the venture, for the double purpose of inflicting direct damage and of relieving the troublesome tension on his own right. The attack began as the sun went down, and, notwithstanding it was soon cut short by the darkness, it resulted in the capture of two generals and many men, in numerous Federal casualties, and in serious dislocation of that part of the Union line at comparatvely little expense to the Confederates, and that chiefly from their own cross-fire. Both lines were readjusted in the night. The Union military writers have naturally made light of this diversion, because it did not derange Grant's plan as a whole; and even Early, possibly because, saturated with the fear of Burnside's proximity, he had so entirely disapproved of the attempt, in his Memoir minimizes its importance, and congratulates himself that the Confederates got out of the natural confusion as well as they did. But that attack held the germ of a great disaster to the Union arms.

Gordon grew to be more nearly Jackson's natural successor than any subordinate Confederate general, although it does not appear that he was recognized as such until late in the war, if even then, by those whom he gradually overshadowed. He lacked Jackson's technical training, and certainly was not so harsh a disciplinarian; but his genius for leadership and his matchless courage developed an aggressive enthusiasm in the ranks, where Jackson's austere command simply yielded confidence. Gordon had all of Hood's dash that was valuable, with vastly more discretion, and united to the pertinacity of Longstreet and the gallantry of Pickett a wealth of practical resource that placed him on a very high military plane. He was born with military genius, as was Forrest; but it required the experience of the field to develop it into a highly efficient working power. If any Confederate could have delayed preordained disaster, it might have been Gordon holding a high command under Lee earlier than he actually attained it. He had much of Jackson's unswerving faith in an overruling Providence, and it was that faith alone which finally reconciled him to Jackson's loss when he reflected on "His control of the destinies of this republic." For from the human point of view the inner light revealed to him that in the Wilderness a Jackson would have rolled up the Union right on the 6th of May, with which we must agree; and also, with a confidence we do not share, he believed that at Gettysburg Ewell's corps plus Jackson would have forced the Federal troops from that field in irremediable flight on the first of July.

The other important allegation is that Gen. Early at the crucial moment halted the conquering Confederates at Cedar Creek, thus throwing away victory and preparing for their own rout later in the day. Gordon, now a major-general, led three divisions in the night over the presumably impracticable Massanutten Mountain, and at dawn surprised and put to flight all the Union infantry except the Sixth Corps. As he was about to concentrate his artillery, thirty pieces, more or less, upon those steady troops, Gen. Early, as alleged, came upon the scene and announced that there was glory enough for one day; and when Gordon urged the destruction of the remaining Federals by artillery fire, he replied that it was useless, for "they will all go directly." They did go back, but in an orderly, soldierly manner, unshaken and undismayed. In the afternoon the tide that had ebbed in the morning came flooding in, bearing with it Union victory. Gen. Gordon believes that the Sixth Corps was at his mercy at Cedar Creek, as it had been in the Wilderness, and that for the second time Gen. Early was the evil genius of the Confederacy. He charges neither disloyalty nor pusillanimity. He does imply inefficient generalship, an inadequate grasp at a critical time. But he is particularly aggrieved by Gen. Early's charge that plundering made advance impossible. Early's report of the battle (Official Records, 90, p. 562) asserts: "Word

was sent to Gordon . . . and Kershaw . . . to . . . advance with their divisions, but they stated in reply . . . and that their ranks were so depleted by the number of men who had stopped in the camps to plunder that they could not advance them." He adds (p. 563): "We had within our grasp a glorious victory, and lost it by the uncontrollable propensity of our men for plunder, in the first place, etc." "I had endeavored to guard against the dangers of stopping to plunder in the camps by cautioning the division commanders, . . . and I endeavored to arrest the evil while in progress, without avail." Such reports flew far and wide, and this official explanation of the untimely rest has made an indelible impression, so that the Confederates at Cedar Creek have become an historical example of the sacrifice of victory by indiscipline. But Gen. Gordon denies with emphasis that he and Gen. Kershaw received any order to advance, or that they ever replied that they could not. "Our troops were not absent. They were there in line, eager to advance." "We were not only urgently anxious to advance, but were astounded at any halt whatever" (p. 365). He also presents many competent and credible witnesses to disprove the charge against the men in the ranks as straggling plunderers. That the captured camps were plundered is true—the truth seeming to be that the despoiling was by crowds of unarmed convalescents who had rejoined the army while still unfit. Spreading over the field in search of booty after the organized troops had passed in pursuit, they deceived Gen. Early, and he misled the public. It is Gen. Gordon's bitter regret that his own report appears never to have reached Gen. Lee. Tenaciously as Gen. Early held opinions once formulated, nevertheless several days after the battle he said to Capt. Hotchkiss of his staff, about to report in person to Gen. Lee, that they should have advanced in the morning, although he cautioned him not to tell the general that (Official Records, 90, p. 582). This indicates a private conviction and personal retraction, notwithstanding persistent failure to make it publicly. From 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. the Confederates rested on their arms, making even no organized effort to carry off their captures, and Gordon might well feel dejected to see the ultimate consequences of his superb initiative lost through sheer passivity.

The result of an unfought engagement is problematical. The audacious and wholly unlooked-for assault at the break of day, on a flank that seemed perfectly protected by nature, drove off in confusion two large Federal commands. Had the temporary but vast preponderance of Confederate artillery opened against the Sixth Corps on a field so favorable to such fire, much damage must have been inflicted. But that corps, in excellent discipline and admirably commanded, could not have remained unresisting; and there was also an intact cavalry division to be reckoned with, against which it is unlikely Rosser could have made much head. Doubtless for tactical considerations the Union troops would have retired, but it by no means follows that they would have been defeated, nor that Wright, with such brigades as stood fast or rallied, would not have carried into effect, as he planned, the forward movement that Sheridan executed.

A single other comment on the clash of arms. Early's advance against Washington in July, 1864, was rendered fruitless by Wallace's tenacious and self-sacrificing resistance on the line of the Monocacy. Gordon recognizes the quality of that defence, but does not seem to appreciate that the delay thus caused, where no more than delay could be hoped for, made it possible for the Sixth Corps to march directly from the Potomac transports out the Seventh Street road, as Early's skirmishers deployed before Fort Stevens. Except for Wallace at the Monocacy, the Confederates might have had the moral advantage of a temporary occupation of the capital.

Besides the alarms of war, the Reminiscences illustrate in many ways the men and times of the Confederacy. The first chapter holds as clear and temperate a statement of the difference that led to armed collision as we may ever expect from one actively engaged. But nowhere is there repining at the result. The doctrine of predestination appears to have done its perfect work, so that, vigorous human resistance having proved unavailing, the issue is accepted as providential. Gen. Gordon is disposed to paint the internal discipline of the Confederate camps in brighter colors than we may accept, and there is none but jocose reference to the unrelenting conscription that drew into those camps practically the entire fighting population of the white South. It was the war of an oligarchy, and those who in uninstructed enthusiasm volunteered at the beginning, were retained by the same strong arm that forcibly added recruits to their gaping lines. As they reached the virile age, high-spirited youths continued to volunteer, but the rank and file that bore the heat and burden of the day, the men with domestic responsibilities, not concerned with abstractions of State rights and problems of the tariff, to say nothing of having no vital interest in the "peculiar institution," had Confederate pressure, not State loyalty, to draw them from their homes. Exemptions and discharges alike were few. There were no time-expired regiments, no reënlisting veterans. Certainly the leaders who put their hands to the military plough did not look back until stopped by exhaustion, nor did they allow the working force to halt. Once armed, the contagious sympathy of numbers and the hereditary instinct developed by the conditions of the field made one and all, conscripts and volunteers alike, superb fighters. The Confederate yell (the adjective used to be shorter) expressed the *gaudium certaminis*. It could be raised only by men who found joy in battle. Nevertheless, Confederate discipline was bad, even in 1862, when it should have been at its best, Gen. Lee himself being witness (Official Records, 27, p. 143; 28, pp. 617, 618, 643). As not unusual in time of war, religious ardor ran high in the Southern camps, and there are frequent references to prayer meetings at which officers and men were common suppliants for divine grace and material help, praying (as one expressed it) that the Lord "would take a proper view of the subject" and give them victory. Certainly if martial audacity and brilliant courage bore the same relation to Providence that the largest battalions have been said to sustain, those persistent fighters might feel sure of such support. The most dramatic situation of the whole book is Lee's midnight consultation with Gordon, out of which followed that extraordinary, although short-lived, triumph of deliberate daring, the capture of Fort Stedman by night assault—to our mind the most remarkable exploit of the war. That Gordon should plan and Lee permit such an assault, shows that in campaigns all things are possible to him who ventures.

It nowhere appears in this narrative how or when Gen. Gordon received his various promotions higher than that of Major Sixth Alabama; there is no record of the accessory honors that must have been his, and there is merely the most necessary mention of his disabling wounds and of his personal activity in the field. It is a modest tale, filled with vitality. Under Gordon's implied doctrine of predestination, the war had to come. Having come, we place George H. Thomas before Robert E. Lee. Having come, we thank Providence that Gordon so closely rivalled Lee in those qualities which, outside of the larger view at a critical time, made him a great American. In peace both men have deserved well of the country, and Gordon's later life and oratorical power carried his personal influence to a younger generation as well as to his own. When death removed him, a great and good American was taken away.

The clerical error of Kinsey for Kinzie (p. 32) should be eliminated.

Fleuves, Canaux, Chemins de fer. By Paul Léon. With an Introduction by Pierre Baudin, former Minister of Public Works, Paris: Armand Colin. 1903.

Towards an epoch-making mechanical invention the public commonly manifests a curious alternation of unreasonable distrust and unreasonable credulity. The new device at its advent encounters the contemptuous and often noisy disapproval of the few whose interests the newcomer jeopardizes. To this chorus there succeeds the equally uncritical applause of the many when once the success of the new machine or process is concretely demonstrated. By this time the spirit of speculative prophecy has been unloosed which can discern no limits whatever to the conquests which the new apparatus both mechanically and commercially is destined to attain. Long afterwards these too early and too optimistic forecasts are corrected soberly, and the new invention is set in due relation to the rest of the world's working equipment.

This was essentially the case with steam railroads. Henry Fairbairn, in his 'Political Economy of Railroads,' which was published in 1836, less than a decade after their introduction, spoke of canals as "the rude invention of a former age." In France the continuance of freight carriage by canals seemed in 1844 extremely doubtful. And yet, despite the marvellous way in which the railroad has transformed the economic life of the modern world, it is a fact not only that canals have not been discarded, but that the improvement and extension of inland waterways is more prominently than ever the avowed public policy of Germany, France, and Austria. It is to the tracing of this policy in France that M. Léon's volume is chiefly devoted, though he also essays to assess the rôle that inland navigation in general may reasonably be expected to play in the general drama of transportation.

How rapidly France was reticulated with railroads may be inferred from a lively

comparison which M. Léon presents. In 1846, when the French harvests were a failure, it was found physically impossible to transport Russian wheat into certain of the departments of France which were threatened with famine. Thus, while Provence teemed with provender, Indre was affrighted with hungry mobs and sanguinary bread riots. In 1854, only eight years later, when a similar crop failure occurred in France, the fear of famine had been wholly exorcised, thanks to the completion of the railway net.

The reversion to the earlier and all but discarded policy of improving inland waterways is traceable in France to the popular alarm felt after 1860 at the rapacity of the railroad companies when they had, each in its own territory, acquired a virtual monopoly of traffic. The indictments brought by M. Léon against the companies read like a version of our own Granger movement. Discrimination, extortion, special rates, and rebates (*tarifs d'abonnement, tarifs de saison*), and the exaltation of the railroad company to the post of arbiter of the industrial success or failure of the individual plant or manufacturer, all seemed intolerable. To temper or to break this monopoly recourse was had to inland water transportation. M. Krantz began with a thoroughgoing *enquête* in 1872. In 1879 M. de Freycinet undertook on a large scale the work of creating a modernized system of internal navigation. In 1880 all tolls on French waterways were abolished. Within fifteen years the tonnage thereon had doubled, although for forty years previous it had been at a standstill. During the first period—1880 to 1895—the tonnage by rail increased by 30 per cent. The De Freycinet scheme, unfortunately, was soon overlaid with a sorry lot of political jobs. Every part of France, no matter how ill-suited to serve as an avenue of national commerce, demanded its share of the lavish appropriations which had been foisted upon the budget. It was the old story of a universalized local grab which has so often characterized our River and Harbor bills. In 1879, for example, fifty-two millions of francs were expended for these purposes; in 1880, one hundred and three millions; in 1883, one hundred and forty-six millions. Then came the inevitable retreat, involving the abandonment of public works estimated to cost nine hundred and seventy-three millions, and the heavy attendant losses due to unfinished work, lapsing contracts, and the like. While France had been wasting her resources in thus spreading thin her expenditures over fifty or sixty seaports and over canals in all parts of her domain, England had concentrated her expenditure on a few great seaports; and Germany, besides beginning the canalization of the Rhine, had built up by lavish expenditure, chiefly on Hamburg and Bremen, the two greatest maritime ports of the Continent.

So lasting were the popular memories of the wasteful De Freycinet programme that in 1891 M. Pierre Baudin, at that time minister of public works, was unable to secure the definitive approval of the French Senate to his conservative scheme of public improvements. Though adopted by the Chamber of Deputies, it was practically postponed by the non-concurrence of the upper chamber in many essential details. It is still, therefore, at the bar of legislative approval. The scheme of M. Baudin involves an expenditure of 163,080,000 francs on ten of the most important seaports, the improvement of seven existing internal waterways at an estimated cost of 60,630,000 francs, and the creation or improvement of nine additional waterways at an estimated cost of 479,640,000 francs. On its financial side the project is guarded by incorporating the principle of riparian participation to the extent of one-half of the cost of all the new works projected. This general principle—"Aide-toi, l'État t'aidera"—has been adopted in Germany and Austria, and might well prove the effectual means of restraining our annual expenditures on rivers and harbors. The detailed discussion of the plan into which M. Léon enters in chapters 4 and 5, presupposes somewhat intimate acquaintance with the topography and commercial geography of France. For this reason it is less apt to attract the general reader than the author's very interesting description of the German canalization of the Rhine, or his discussion of the respective shares in the future work of inland transportation that may be properly allotted to rail and water, respectively.

A significant fact connected with the improvement of the Rhine for navigation is that while its traffic in certain instances increased four-fold between 1880 and 1898, the tonnage of the Westphalian railroads, in some ways competitors for the Rhine's traffic, simultaneously increased almost a hundred per cent. In part this augmentation of the railroad tonnage was due to the avowed policy of the roads to divert traffic by special rates away from Rotterdam to Hamburg and Bremen. Those who cherish the idea that State railroads are certain to do away with iniquitous discrimination may read with profit the detailed account of the flagrant and unblushing discrimination practised by the Prussian railroads even against their own countrymen interested as shippers or carriers in the navigation of the Rhine. The railway bureaucrat, no less than the railway autocrat, can seemingly unite in the apothegm commonly attributed to the elder Vanderbilt. "Multæ terricolis linguæ, cœlestibus una."

M. Léon arrives at the seemingly reasonable conclusion that instead of the railway and the canal or navigable river being regarded as competitors battling *à outrance* for exclusive possession of freight traffic, they may reasonably be regarded from the standpoint of the public interest as coadjutors. The rôle assigned to the canal must be a relatively subordinate one, of course. Fast freight, for example, is an exclusive possession of the railroad. But the true explanation of the persistence of waterborne traffic is the relative insignificance of its cost as compared with the corresponding items of cost by rail. The resistance to traction by water is estimated variously at from one-third to one-fifth of the resistance by rail. The cost of canal construction per mile is estimated by the author at about two-thirds of the cost of the average railway roadbed; and operation and maintenance per mile at a ratio of 17 to 62.5 in favor of the canal. Barges, he estimates, are about eight times cheaper than freight cars of equal capacity. It is not surprising, therefore, that French freight rates by inland waterways are about one-fourth of the rates paid by rail-borne freight. If, as the author argues, electricity is destined eventually to be used for canal traction, the cost of administration and operation will apparently be augmented. Whether the increased volume of traffic and the improved organization of its transmission will offset the increased expense, is a question for the experts. However, if one may presume to judge by human experience dating from the Pharaohs and extending to this year of grace, it is safe to hazard the opinion that inland waterways will retain indefinitely a permanent and an important, though an indisputably subordinate, place among the transportation agencies of the future.

Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington. By Francis, the first Earl of Ellesmere. Edited, with a memoir of Lord Ellesmere, by his daughter Alice, Countess of Strafford. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

It is well known that the great Duke of Wellington was not a man of many intimate friends, so that it is not strange that, of all the books which have been written about him, hardly any should have proceeded from those who personally knew him well. But during the last twenty-five years of the Duke's life, Francis Gower, son of the Marquis of Strafford, and created Earl of Ellesmere in 1846, was in constant social intimacy with him at Apsley House, Strathfieldsaye, and Walmer, as well as at the country houses where they both were guests. The Earl began to write on the day after the Duke's death, and this volume is compiled from a sort of diary or book of reminiscences in which he made memoranda about the Duke from time to time. In it, therefore, we have no mere detailing of general anecdote and gossip, but recollections by one whom Wellington seems really to have loved, and whom he certainly trusted to a remarkable degree. Herein lies the peculiar interest of the volume, and not in much that is specially new; for most of the important matters and many of the anecdotes in it have already become known to us from sources not first-hand, as this source is.

Thus, on the Duke's portraits, by which alone we can now know his personal appearance, it is interesting to have the verdict of one who was with him so much:

"The best sculpture of and concerning him is Steele's statue at Edinburgh, and the bas-reliefs on Marochetti's pedestal at Glasgow. The best portraits, Arbuthnot's half-length by Lawrence, and Sir Robert Peel's whole-length, standing with the telescope, also by Lawrence; one of the worst, Lord Bathurst's equestrian full-length, which is a libel on poor Copenhagen, who was not made of wood."

And this also is an interesting bit: "He was no neglecter of his own person, and his ablutions were not of the partial and scanty old school. He not only looked clean, but was so. I do not remember that in his society I ever heard from any one, still less from him, anything which might not have been repeated before ladies." Of that fear of approaching the Duke with remonstrance, under which so many of his contemporaries labored, the Earl seems to have had little or none: "I have combated his views and maintained my own with him over and over again, and never could detect in him the slightest trace of obstinacy of conviction or impatience of dis-

cussion." But here he is speaking of civil matters, and adds: "In any professional matter he was adamant, and neither Arbuthnot, nor I through Arbuthnot, could have made the slightest impression on him."

The Duke's contentedness of spirit once more finds good illustration here: "He had the propensity of cheerful minds to be satisfied with his own possessions and acquisitions. He thought Strathfieldsaye perfect as a residence, and he thought Walmer, as he thought most places where his lot was cast, charming." Ellesmere, on the other hand, speaks of Strathfieldsaye as a swampy flat, and of the house as a miserable specimen of a French château.

The Duke was a great reader of works on military matters, from Cæsar's Commentaries down to his own time, yet he "made it a rule never to read any work whatever bearing on his own military career. He said that they would merely tempt and provoke him to comments which he could not make without offence to living men." In two cases only does he seem to have departed from this rule: first, in order to supply Ellesmere with a memorandum for his article in the *Quarterly*, in 1845, on Alison, Marmont, and Siborne; secondly, when he wrote his famous memorandum in reply to Clausewitz's 'History of the Campaign.' Both memoranda are here given in an appendix; the latter, used by Ellesmere for his *Quarterly* article of 1842, has already been published in the 'Supplementary Dispatches'; the former we do not remember to have seen before. It leaves little of "Alison's nonsense"—"that pompous compiler from Gazettes, who to this hour thinks that the Duke owes half his fame to his writings"—whereas the Duke had got a mistaken notion that this Conservative sheriff "was a Whig, hired by that party to defame and depreciate him. I had much difficulty in convincing him of the real state of the case, namely, that Mr. Alison sincerely admired the Duke, but only admired himself a good deal more." The Earl adds, in speaking of the critics of his article, into which he had incorporated much of the Duke's memorandum: "The blockheads thought that they were commenting on me, or some one of as little weight and authority, little knowing whose language they were criticising and whose statements of fact they were disputing." Of course, it has now long been known under whose inspiration Ellesmere wrote.

Here is a piece of literary criticism by the Duke on a book of quite a different sort. He "used to say that 'Gil Blas' never could have been written, as some maintain it was, by a Spaniard, because it constantly describes dinners, which are unknown in Spain. The only dinner given him by an individual in Spain was by the Duchess d'Ossuna [this is incorrect; he dined once with Madame Sta. Cruz, and once with the King], and *that*, he said, was exactly like Bodas di Camacho in 'Don Quixote,' whole sheep, etc."

Of the Duke's own literary productions, the Dispatches, the most valuable and comprehensive material ever left by a modern to the history of his times, Lord Brougham said to Gurwood, "You have published a book which will live when we are in the dust and forgotten." This was reported to the Duke, who, with all that simplicity of mind and lack of self-consciousness which so distinguished him and so often confounded his opponents, merely remarked, "Very true; so it will."

Prefixed to the Reminiscences there is a brief memoir of Ellesmere by his daughter. There was nothing especially remarkable about him: he was a lover of literature and a patron of the fine arts, a good sportsman, an extensive traveller; indeed, the best of this part of the book is an account, given in letters, of a journey to Madrid and a sojourn there in 1823—a good picture of what now seems to us the almost incredible discomforts which even men of rank had to undergo in travelling in Southern Europe so lately as that time. Some public offices he held in his younger days; but after he fell heir to the great wealth of his uncle, the Duke of Bridgewater, he devoted himself chiefly to the amelioration of the people committed to his care, and his best memorials are the churches, schools, and institutions which he built or endowed. A good likeness of him is given in this book, which is excellently printed in Edinburgh, but is destitute of an index.

Japan To-day. By J. A. B. Scherer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The new president of Newberry College, South Carolina, spent four years as instructor in the schools of southern Japan, and made himself familiar with the language, human nature, and especially with the home life of the people. It is one of the great and compensating advantage of residence away from the large cities that one can see the primal springs of the nation's greatness, while realizing more keenly defects and shams. It is certain that in Japan there is an abyss of difference between the governing few and the millions governed.

Man and nature, rather than things of artifice and arrangement, are agreeable to the temperament of the author. In making comparisons, too, he is very happy, and also judicially fair. One antithesis which he develops and handsomely illustrates, is that the Chinese are ethical and the Japanese æsthetical. The burden of Chinese literature, as visible in its three thousand years of production, is that of order, propriety, duty; that of Japan's, during its twelve hundred years' expression, is concerned with things of charm and beauty, of art and decoration. The flower of the older civilization is filial piety; that of the younger, beauty. Though facially alike, the Chinese and Japanese are radically distinct. The former seem densely stupid, and the latter alert and quickly perceptive. Yet, while the Chinese have been great originators, the Japanese are but clever imitators, with a possible exception in the field of fine arts. "If they have ever created anything outright, it has not been shown." The Japanese is shrewd, the Chinaman is deep. The keynote of one character is sentimentalism; that of the other is conservatism.

The opening chapter, entitled "The Cynosure," has evidently been written rapidly and to suit the goddess of the nick of time. Besides military statistics, it gives on confronting pages the naval strength of Russia and Japan in January, 1904. The other chapters, on "Sunrise Land," "Views Awheel," "Glimpses of Home Life," "The Awful Japanese Language," "Sermons Garnished with Smiles," "Life in the South," "The People of the North," etc., go more deeply into things perdurable. The text is reinforced by illustrations, two in colors and the others handsomely reproduced from photographs by an effective process. There is no index, which the book deserves, for here we have not a flat poster, but a true picture, with color, foreground, perspective, and satisfactory grouping. The text throws light on the treatment of the insane, the old way of looking at female humanity, the prevalence of belief in fox possession, the priestly methods of exorcism, and the delightful vanity of the young sprigs of new Japan. One of these, on seeing in the picture of an American city telegraph poles and wires, expressed his surprise that such inventions had already reached America!

The author quotes considerably from other writers in treating of Buddhist sermons and in telling about the Ainu of Yezo; but in talking about the language, and in describing Japanese traits, he is original and informing, speaking out of experience. He attributes to the Japanese the practical negation of morality, as we understand the word. He makes very clear, what so few Westerners can understand, the vast difference between the travelled ministers of the Emperor and the trained naval and army officers, and the untouched multitudes. He frankly acknowledges that, in talking about the ethics of the Japanese, we deal with psychology rather than morals, though the two fields touch at vital points. The common native has no conception of the value of time. "No foreigner that has lived in Japan can ever forget the terrible word, 'Tadaima.' It means by-and-by, which is to say, Never." Apparently the Japanese has no nerves. With us worry kills more people than work, and what will drive a Westerner mad, or cause physical suffering, will leave no more trace of disturbances on a Japanese face than on the bronze forehead of the Dai Butsu at Kamakura. The true Oriental is a man of colossal impassivity. Whether this absence of nerves is a defect or not, it is to us incomprehensible. Hence (shall we say?), the Japanese are strangely lacking in sympathy. Mr. Arinori Mori, who knew his countrymen so well, pleaded earnestly for the inculcation of sympathy, because, said he, "it is the crowning virtue of civilization, and the indispensable basis of the democracy we hope like other nations to become." Often this lack of sympathy amounts to positive cruelty. But the most serious negative characteristic of the Japanese people is the absence of mutual confidence. Suspicion taints every feature of life in the East, retarding commercial development, and hindering that real civilization which, unless it comes from the people, and not from the Government, is sure ultimately to prove a failure. A long resident set down the leading characteristics of the Japanese people as "conceit and deceit," while an eminent Japanese declared these to be "licentiousness and lying." Like most honest scholars who study the Japanese language—sure index of national character—Dr. Scherer finds it "permeated with insincerity." On the other hand, of the positive traits the leading one is economy. "A Japanese can live and lay by a surplus where a Westerner would starve a dozen times over." The wages of a maid servant in the interior, besides her board

and clothing, both of the simplest and cheapest, is three dollars and a half a year. Politeness, based on rules for every possible experience in life, as fixed and inflexible as brass, is another characteristic, and so is industry.

Thus, while the author says all sorts of lovely things about the people among whom he lived, to whom ties of gratitude bind him, and of whom he so highly thinks, he has the courage of his opinions. He devotes an entire chapter to Dr. Verbeck, believing him to be worthy to be ranked with Ulfilas, Augustine, and Patrick, and giving strong reasons in proof of his argument. He writes: "Nor shall we ever despair of the future of a race who, for all their faults, proved so responsive to the spiritual magnetism of a holy life as did the Japanese to this master missionary." In his final chapter on "The Gates of Asia; or, the Larger Meaning of the War," he gives seven reasons for believing that the Japanese will win. Their victory will mean the salvation of China and the triumph of the West in the East. Altogether, this is a timely book, charged with elements of permanent value.

The Life of Nathaniel Macon. By William E. Dodd, Ph.D., Professor of History in Randolph-Macon College. Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards & Broughton. 1903. Pp. xvi., 443.

The present volume is a welcome addition to the literature of American history, not only because it furnishes us with a good account of the public life of a little-known Southern leader, but also because it is another indication of the growing interest in the study of history in Southern institutions of learning. Professor Dodd has made use of some unprinted material—the Macon papers, the Joseph H. Nicholson papers, the Yancey-Steele correspondence, the Warren County records, the Jefferson and Monroe manuscripts—and of some printed material not readily accessible to Northern students. The Macon papers have been used to good purpose at different points, notably in showing that the alienation of the "Quids" began as early as 1803. Of the longer secondary accounts, Schouler appears to have been used almost exclusively. Adams's history is not mentioned in the bibliography or referred to in the text. Indeed, we take it that Professor Dodd has made no use of Adams—that is, of the best history of the United States in the first two decades of the nineteenth century.

Macon was no intellectual giant, like Marshall; he was not a great orator, like Webster; not a brilliant debater, like Calhoun; not a fascinating leader, like Clay. Yet for a quarter of a century he exercised a first-rate influence in his party and in Congress. He was able to do this because of his sound common sense, his industry, his probity, and his never-failing devotion to the duties of his position; because he represented clearly, persistently, and faithfully the ideas of the section from which he came. He was a product, as well as a representative, of the narrow local provincialism and the close-fisted economy of the hard-headed rural classes of Western North Carolina. He believed in State sovereignty, and in a penny-wise governmental policy. He believed in slavery. He believed in expansion for Southern agriculture and in restriction for New England commerce. He believed in unostentatious democracy, both for the individual and for the State. Beyond these things he had little interest and little insight. What he saw he saw clearly, believed in profoundly, and worked for persistently; what he did not see clearly he did not see at all, and cared for as little. His political conduct follows naturally. He mostly opposed the measures that were successful, and favored those that failed. He might be called the great opposer. He opposed the adoption of the Constitution, though not actively. He opposed the Jay treaty. He opposed the nationalizing policy of Hamilton. He feared the "monarchical" tendencies of New England, and was disgusted with the aristocratic pretensions of Washington. He opposed war; New England disloyalty alone was responsible for the failure of the embargo. He opposed governmental expenditures beyond the barest necessities, and voted against the bill to repair the White House furniture, and the bill to erect the Washington monument; he even begrudged Jefferson the postage on his letters. He opposed measures for internal improvements because they were unconstitutional, and the "American system" because it was a scheme to take from the Southern Peter in order to pay the Northern Paul.

Professor Dodd has set the man and his attitude on these questions before us with clearness and force, though with no great literary skill. That he is an admirer of Macon is clear. Yet he is not blind to his mistakes or to some of his limitations. Frequently he condemns the position taken by Macon, and frankly states that the conduct of North Carolina, and of Macon as a citizen of North Carolina, in the Revolution was "almost shameful." Nevertheless, while one does not feel that Professor Dodd has hesitated to condemn Macon where he believes him to have been mistaken, one cannot but feel also that some of the limitations of Macon are shared by his biographer. Certainly Professor Dodd realizes the position of the agricultural South far more clearly than he does that of commercial New England; certainly he has not the historian's sympathy with New England Federalism; certainly the statesmanship of Hamilton does not appeal to him. His "John Marshall" comes out with the true Jeffersonian ring, and throughout the book the most distinct impression of Marshall's work that is left with the reader is gained from the statement that "John Marshall had not then [1800] been canonized, and so his decisions were not received as dicta of heaven-born justice" (p. 186). So far as can be gathered from Professor Dodd's chapter on "The Revolution of 1800," that movement was mainly significant because it abolished the "levees" of Adams and dispensed with the "coach and four" of Washington; while of the significance of the Louisiana purchase, so clearly set forth in the masterly chapter of Henry Adams, one learns nothing at all. Finally, it is to be feared that Professor Dodd has as little realization as Macon had of the vital forces at work from 1816 to 1828.

The Sporting Dog. By Joseph A. Graham. Macmillan. 1904.

This work belongs to the American Sportsmen's Series and is attractively illustrated by cuts of its subjects, namely, setters, pointers, retrievers, beagles, foxhounds, and greyhounds. Although Mr. Graham does not overlook entirely bench-show points, he treats of the dog preeminently as an object of sport. Throughout the book he shows a freedom from partisanship too uncommon among writers on such subjects. Indeed, his liberality is likely to shock advocates of the straightbred Llewellin setter, for he makes his classification broad enough to admit the "cold-blooded" Llewellins, hitherto debarred, to a place among the orthodox straightbreds. He has had experience as a sportsman, a breeder, and a patron of field trials, and has, moreover, carefully studied his subject. This embodiment of his knowledge will stand for clean sportsmanship, generously free from pettiness.

Beagle lovers may find their favorite somewhat briefly dealt with, but greyhound men will rejoice in the admirable treatise on coursing hounds. Foxhounds are accorded none too much space, but the status of the foxhound in America is well defined. The pointing bird dogs naturally receive the greatest share of attention, and the setter seems to be the favorite of the author, as it is generally of the sporting public. Mr. Graham sketches the history of the Llewellin setter in America, and by good descriptions gives a sort of personality to the great field-trial champions and producers, such as Gladstone, Count Noble, Gath, Roderigo, Antonio, Gladstone IV., Marie's Sport, Tony Boy, Lady's Count Gladstone, and Mohawk. His account will interest everybody who owns a dog descended from these heroes. What he has to say of "class" in field-trial dogs should impress on breeders the value of this quality when transmitted to dogs for the South and West, where wide ranging is the prime essential. His opinion that orange and white is, from the viewpoint of utility, the best color combination, the reviewer cannot agree with, and would suggest, from both science and personal experience, the superior utility of a white-backed dog with under-parts heavily marked with black.

Probably many bench-show men will disagree with Mr. Graham in his statement that Cincinnatus's Pride is, in all-around quality, the best dog shown for years. He may be the best combined bench-show winner and field-trial performer, but in bench quality he is clearly inferior to at least half-a-dozen dogs shown in New York within the last two years. Still more open to question is the assertion that Ulverstone Rap is the best Laverack in America. It is unfair, however, to expect the author to be as able a judge of bench dogs as he is of shooting dogs. Not only will his work be an authority on its subject, but it will give pleasure and satisfaction to every reader who loves the sporting dog.

Dictionary of Historical Allusions. By Thomas Benfield Harbottle. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

We shall not pretend that this is a satisfactory work. It is too short, its subjects might have been more judiciously chosen, and it is not scrupulously accurate. We cite a few passages which require little or no comment: *"Oath of Strasburg.* The oath of allegiance taken

by Charles and Louis, the sons of Louis le Débonnaire, to their brother Lothair, the Emperor, after the battle of Fontenay in 841." Under *"Verdun, Treaty of,"* Charles the Bald, Louis and Lothair are called the sons of Charlemagne. *"Treuga Dei.* The Truce of God, imposed upon all the vassals of the Empire who were at war amongst themselves, by an edict of the Emperor, Henry III. [*sic*], issued at the Diet of Constance in 1403." But the *Treuga Dei* goes back to the first half of the eleventh century. *"Paladins.* A select band of knights in the service of Charlemagne, the most famous of whom was Roland or Orlando. Most of them were killed at the Battle of Roncesvalles, where Charlemagne's troops were defeated by the Moors [*sic*] in 778." Whether or not this definition would pass muster in a dictionary of *literary* allusions, it is out of place here. *"Renaissance.* The revival of learning in Italy in the fifteenth century. It was largely due to the advent in the West of many Greek scholars who fled from Constantinople on its capture by the Turks in 1453, and introduced the masterpieces of Greek literature for the first time to the scholars of the West." Apparently Mr. Harbottle is unaware that Greek had been taught in Italy for more than fifty years prior to 1453. *"Mulmutine Laws.* A code of laws said to have been drawn up by Mulmutius, King of the Britons, *circ.* 400 B. C. They were translated by Alfred the Great, and remained the basis of English law until the Conquest." *"Canada Act.* An act passed in 1774, giving a constitution to Canada." *"Magdeburg, Sack of.* At the capture of Magdeburg by the Austrian General Tilly, in 1629," etc. *"Landsgemeinde.* The ancient popular assembly in the Forest Cantons of Switzerland. Every male above the age of sixteen had access to it. It elected the chief magistrate (Landamman), levied taxes, and exercised judicial functions." One would hardly infer from this statement that the Landsgemeinde still exists in several cantons of Switzerland. In the notice of the League of Cambray no reference is made to Julius II., and the essential features of the Treaty of Bärwalde are left out. By an obvious misprint the Day of Dupes is placed in 1603, and perhaps it is a misprint which gives 1780 as the date of Mme. Guyon and the Quietists. Mr. Harbottle thinks that the Man in the Iron Mask wore a mask of iron, and notices *Compte Rendu* without saying a word about Necker.

We could easily enlarge this list of slips and extravagances were it necessary to do so. Of course it is an easy matter to find errors in any book of reference where the dimensions are considerable, but here the dimensions are not considerable and the number of mistakes seems larger than the law allows. Why a book of reference should be printed on thick paper we are unable to conjecture, unless the author is trying to make a little "copy" go a long way. Mr. Harbottle might have doubled his space by using thinner paper. We stated at the outset that the choice of subjects was open to criticism. In illustration we would point to the author's capricious selection of nicknames. But further criticism would only accentuate the points which have been touched upon already.

The English Church from the Accession of Charles I. to the Death of Anne (1625-1714). By the Rev. William Holden Hutton. Macmillan. 1903.

This, the sixth volume in the 'History of the English Church,' edited by the late Dean of Winchester and the Rev. William Hunt, appears before the fifth, which is to cover the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. With it the purpose of the editors—to provide for the first time an adequate, continuous, and readable history of the English Church in neither too large nor too small a number of volumes, each from the pen of a writer who has given especial attention to the period of which he writes—is nearing its fulfilment. All of the volumes thus far have been of distinct literary and historical merit. Though the single volume by a layman (Dr. James Gairdner's account of the Church under Henry the Eighth and Mary) is perhaps the best of all, the reverend authors of the other parts of the history have done something for their cloth in helping to disprove the universality, at least, of Clarendon's caustic dictum that clergymen "understand the least, and take the worst measure of, human affairs, of all mankind that can read and write."

Mr. Hutton's work is not unworthy of the excellent company it keeps, though it lacks something of the active charm of the previous volumes. This is doubtless due in part to the character of the period of which it treats. An era of misdirected struggle and, in general, of defeat, important and critical though it may be, cannot supply the most inspiring material for composition. But the lack of vigor that is to some degree apparent in the author's picture is due in greater measure to the severe constraint that he has put upon himself, in the interest partly of brevity and partly of what he considers proper unity. He has studiously avoided touching upon the history of other religious bodies in England during the period of the Puritan revolution; he has said as little as possible of the political history of the country during the same period; in fine, he has attempted what is almost an impossibility. So much is assumed that his sketch lacks somewhat of body and life.

The result has reacted upon the author even in the parts of his work that are inherently most interesting. Archbishop Laud is one of the most commanding figures in the whole history of England. To portray him adequately would be to achieve distinction for the entire book. Mr. Hutton has on other occasions dealt with this theme, but here, though we recognize the judiciousness and carefulness of the student, Laud does not stand out solidly and impressively before us, as he does, for example, in the essay of Professor Mozley, or in the sparkling sentences of Bishop Creighton. But when we have complained, perhaps unduly, of a certain coldness in manner, we have uttered the only complaint that the book arouses. It is richly stored with material within the range to which the author has confined himself, and his treatment is thoughtful and appreciative. The publishers are to be thanked for the excellent specimens of bookmaking that the series affords, and the respective authors for the ample provision of maps, chronological tables, and indexes. It is to be hoped that the death of Canon Overton is not destined to deprive us of the promised concluding volume from his pen, which his minute and sympathetic knowledge of England in the eighteenth century made him, above all others, the one writer to furnish.

A Century of Expansion. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. With maps and index. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903. Pp. 316.

Mr. Johnson's purpose is to treat step by step the territorial development of the United States; so he opens his narrative with a definition of the term "expansion," which becomes so elastic in his treatment that he credits Virginia with having inaugurated the policy of expansion—that is, natural growth—and crowns the Republican party for having consummated it in the forcible and unnecessary annexation of the Philippines. The book—pleasingly written, be it said in partial extenuation, and to a certain extent logically developed—is to be regretted for two reasons: first, because the spirit of it is pernicious, the course of our history being viewed through the jaundiced eye of the Jingo; and, second, because of inexcusable carelessness in dealing with facts. On the first point, what more need be said than that the author reads in the Louisiana Purchase a forecast (p. 126) of the "annexation of Alaska, of Hawaii, and of the Philippines"; that he deems it "ill-advised and mischievous" to have withdrawn from Cuba? To these pronouncements let us add that in his view (p. 276) the Spanish authority in the Philippines at the time of the American occupation was unchallenged by the inhabitants of the islands, who (p. 285) "wanted to be under the sovereignty of the United States."

The author, to consider charge two, persists in the obsolescent idea that the West, at the end of the eighteenth century, was rebellious, and that, under first-rate leadership, she might have struck fortunes with Spain, then intrenched in Louisiana. There has not survived in American history a ranker fallacy; and as for discrediting the genius of James Wilkinson for intrigue, it is clear that to Mr. Johnson the devious ways of the general—who so securely ensnared Burr and deluded Jefferson—are unknown. The Genet business, too, has been thoroughly misunderstood (pp. 68-69), though enlightenment might have been found in certain publications of the American Historical Association, and in the text of the Treaty of Alliance with France, in connection with the discussion of the measures proposed by the intrepid Frenchman.

To a great many it will be edifying to learn that the Louisiana Purchase (p. 97) included, by inference, West Florida, and that Texas had neither part nor parcel in it. The whole question of the Floridas (pp. 129-132) is bungled—West Florida and East Florida are inextricably confused in the narrative. Mr. Johnson apparently overlooked the dispute which arose over the former under the terms of the Louisiana Purchase, and utterly ignored the revolution of 1810 which determined its fate, leading to its incorporation with Mississippi Territory. The question of Texas is equally well muddled. First, it is only when we reach page 163 (the Louisiana Purchase

was settled on page 97) that we find the title to Texas to have been at all in dispute; but the essentials of the controversy are nowhere given. Concerning the eastern boundary, we have (p. 163): "Spain, on the other hand, insisted that Louisiana stopped at the Sabine River." The eastern boundary claimed by Spain was the Arroyo Hondo, sixty miles or so to the east of the Sabine, and it was here in 1806 that the armies of the two countries stood facing one another and under orders the fulfilment of which meant war. The Neutral Ground Treaty, perhaps the most corrupt in our history, was now negotiated by Wilkinson; the effect of it was practically to abandon our claim to Texas. Yet there is no mention of it.

President Jackson's position on the proposition to annex Texas is put in an entirely false light, as false as the author's declaration that Jackson thought Burr, in his conspiracy, "really cherished hostile designs against the United States" (p. 137). Here, it may be pointed out, as typically slipshod, that James Long in 1819 is made to declare the independence of Texas; and that the date of the battle of San Jacinto is given as April 27, 1836. But the acme of partisanship and historical inaccuracy is reached when the author avers (Texas was knocking at the door of the Union):

"Hitherto, Texas had claimed nothing farther west and south than the Nueces River as the boundary between her and Mexico. Now, at Jackson's suggestion, the claim was pushed to the Rio Bravo or Rio Grande del Norte. But even this was not sufficient to satisfy the rapacity of Jackson and his followers. Mexico was actually willing, in her helplessness and despair, to relinquish her claim upon Texas and to yield to the United States the whole country, not only to the Nueces, but also to the Rio Grande" (p. 172).

Mr. Johnson's historical judgments are equalled only by his generalizations. Who that is acquainted with Spanish-American history, even in the alphabet, would declare the date is 1810 (p. 128): "The plotting of Miranda, encouraged by Hamilton, had led to general revolt throughout Central and South America"? Another observation by the author is worthy of mention. He sees (p. 197) only with the close of the Mexican war "the rise of sectionalism in national politics."

The book has five maps and an index, which is not as full as it might be.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alphandéry, P. Les Idées Morales chez les Hétérodoxes Latins au Début du XIIIe Siècle. (Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes. Sciences Religieuses. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

Annual American Catalogue, Cumulated, 1900-1903. The Publishers' Weekly.

Ashton, Mark. Azalim. (Fiction.) Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

Baxter, Sylvester. Edwin A. Abbey's Holy Grail. Boston: Curtis & Cameron. $1.50.

Bibliotheca Magica et Pneumatica. Catalogue 31-35. München: Jacques Rosenthal.

Blumenthal, Verra de. Folk Tales from the Russian. Rand, McNally & Co.

Broadhurst, Thomas W. The Holy City. (Drama.) Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1 net.

Burdick, Arthur J.—The Mystic Mid-Region: The Deserts of the Southwest. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Callaway, Frances Bennett. Charm and Courtesy in Conversation. Dodd, Mead & Co. 85 cents net.

Chantepie de la Saussaye, P. D. Manuel d'Histoire des Religions. Traduit sur la seconde édition allemande. Paris: Armand Colin. 16 fr.

Clarence King Memoirs, with The Helmet of Mambrino, Published for the King Memorial Committee of the Century Association by G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Clarke, Wm. B. A More Excellent Way. (Religious.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe. Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman. New ed. William R. Jenkins.

Conrad, Joseph, and Hueffer, F. M. Romance. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

Cooke, Grace Macgowan, and Macgowan, Alice. Huldah. (Fiction.) Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Dasent, Sir George Webbe. Popular Tales from the Norse. New edition, with a memoir by Arthur Irwin Dasent. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Day, Lewis F. Stained Glass. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Decourcelle, Pierre-Henri-Adrien. I Dine with My Mother. Translated from the French by Evelyn Clark Morgan. The Neale Pub. Co.

Dodge, Theodore Ayrault. Napoleon. (Great Captains.) Four volumes. Vols. I. and II. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4 net per volume.

Drage, Geoffrey. Russian Affairs. E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

Drummond, Henry. Going to the Father. Dodd, Mead & Co. 40 cents net.

Early Reviews of English Poets. Edited by John Louis Haney. Philadelphia: The Egerton Press. $2 net.

Early Western Travels. Vol. II., John Long's Journal, 1768-1782. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.

Evidence of Gen. Buller before Royal Commission on War in South Africa. Longmans, Green & Co. 6d. net.

Foulke, William Dudley. Slav or Saxon. (No. 43 of Questions of the Day Series.) Third edition, revised and enlarged. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

Hanbury, David T. Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada. The Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

Henry, Arthur. The House in the Woods. (Fiction.) A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.

Keeler, Charles. The Simple Home. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

Kingsley, Florence Morse. The Singular Miss Smith. (Fiction.) The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Lübke, Wilhelm. Outlines of the History of Art. Edited and largely rewritten by Russell Sturgis. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $10 net; postage, 64 cents.

Macdonald, Greville. The Tree in the Midst—a Contribution to the Study of Freedom. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $3.

Maclean, J. M. India's Place in an Imperial Federation. Longmans, Green & Co. 1s. net.

Mathews, F. Schuyler. Field Book of Wild Birds and their Music. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

My Commencement. (Scrap-book.) Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.

Nelson, Charles Alexander. Analytical Index to Volumes 1 to 25 of Educational Review. Educational Review Publishing Co.

Phillips, David Graham. The Cost. (Fiction.) Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Pulsford, Edward. Commerce and the Empire. Cassell & Co. $1.50 net.

Rowe, L. S. The United States and Porto Rico. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.30 net.

Spencer, Herbert. Autobiography. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co. $5.50.

Stephens, Robert Neilson. The Bright Face of Danger. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

The Death of Alexander Hamilton. Reprint of the Coleman Collection. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Highroad. (Fiction.) Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

The History of America. Guy Carleton Lee, editor. 20 vols. Vol. I., Discovery and Exploration, by Alfred Brittain, in conference with George Edward Reed. Vol. II., Indians in Historic Times, by Cyrus Thompson, in conference with W. J. McGee. Vol. III., Colonization of the South, by Peter Joseph Hamilton. Vol. IV., Colonization of the Middle States, by Frederick Robertson Jones. Philadelphia: George Barrie & Sons. Printed for subscribers only.

The Jessica Letters. (Fiction.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.10 net.

The Journey of Coronado. Translated by George Parker Winship. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.

Tolman, William H.; and Hemstreet, Charles. The Better New York. Afterword by Josiah Strong. The Baker & Taylor Co.

Townshend, Dorothea. Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Turgénieff, Ivân. Novels and Stories. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Vol. X., The Jew, and Other Stories. Vol. XI., The Diary of a Superfluous Man, and Other Stories. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 each.

Venable, Wm. H.—Saga of the Oak, and Other Poems. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

Warne, Frank Julian. The Slav Invasion and the Mine Workers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Wister, Owen. The Virginian. Popular ed. The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.

Wood, William. The Fight for Canada. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. Ltd. 21s. net.

Wyon, Reginald. The Balkans from Within. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1904.

The Week.

It is quite evident that this year's political campaign is to be conducted in a very soldierly fashion. There are to be no loose ends. Unlike the Russians in Mantchuria, the different Republican groups will not be allowed to fire upon each other. Dissensions within the party no doubt keep the blood circulating in time of peace, but with the enemy in sight there can be but one mind and purpose. The Iowa State Convention will show how the thing must be done. Gov. Cummins is all very well in his proper place, but in a Presidential year his proper place is far in the rear. The "Iowa idea" is as much a misfit in 1904 as the Massachusetts idea, and should be treated in exactly the same way. On the eve of their State Convention the Massachusetts Republicans were casting sheep's-eyes on Canadian reciprocity. This, however, was promptly nipped in the bud. Lodge brought the official platform from Washington, and the convention dutifully abandoned the Massachusetts idea for the American idea. On the eve of the Iowa Convention "nothing is heard but stand-pat talk." Senator Allison and Secretary Shaw "have been apprised of the wishes of President Roosevelt," and the platform will be written accordingly. This is much the safest way to do the business. The Republican creed was laid down at the Vermont Convention by Senator Foraker, and it is only necessary that the other States should construct their platforms after the pattern of his speech, care being taken to have a Lodge or an Allison on the spot to see that no inadvertences occur. The President's success in making Congress do the right thing every time in the last six months was an excellent preparation for the task of making the State conventions toe the mark.

Not even the sense of humor is to be left free at the Chicago Convention, apparently. The Administration has, the *Tribune* announces, kindly prepared in advance the platform endorsing the Administration. It is a relief to know that the Administration thinks so well of itself. It defines itself as both conservative and fearless, cautious yet bold, wise, pure, and strong. This must be true, for the Administration itself has said it, and Lodge stands ready to swear to it. Congressman Williams told the Republicans that they were not going to hold a convention, but a meeting to ratify whatever the President had said or done. But he did not foresee that even an inspired platform would be issued by the Administration. Had he done so, he would probably have warned it against what he once called the "ungentlemanly vice" of taking itself too seriously.

We rub our eyes as we read of a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall to demand reciprocity with Canada; of 30,000 business men of Massachusetts petitioning for it; and of the most influential Republicans in the State (not members of Lodge's machine) putting through resolutions calling for it. This is flat rebellion. Lodge has publicly told the party in Massachusetts that reciprocity is a Democratic policy, and privately declared that no good Republican could adopt it and live—that is, live politically. The great sensation of Monday night's meeting was the statement that Lodge had virtually threatened members of the Legislature with political destruction if they did not smother their convictions in favor of reciprocity. Hence the meeting substantially resolved itself into a defiance of the "one power behind the throne in Massachusetts"—namely, the junior Senator. Resolutions antagonistic to him were carried "with a shout." All which, according to Lodge, shows that these Republicans are already proved to be little better than false knaves.

The withdrawal of ex-Mayor Reed of Kansas City, with the consequent clinching of the nomination of Joseph W. Folk as Governor of Missouri, is an admirable illustration of the final futility of machine control. As county conventions have succeeded each other, and Folk's name has roused the first genuine enthusiasm shown in State politics for years, the machine organs have run the gamut from open ridicule to a very reluctant acquiescence. While the young Circuit Attorney's candidacy has swept Missouri with the completeness and something of the spectacular effect of a prairie fire, the machine strongholds have smouldered in the way that a half-dry swamp does when surrounded by a conflagration. With the surrender of Reed, Kansas City seems to have become a strong Folk town, and it is possible that St. Louis may give way and withdraw its Boss Butler candidate before the State Convention meets in June. Meanwhile, talk of Republican success and of Folk for Vice-President must lose effectiveness, as it is so plainly machine labelled.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, barring out John Turner, the anarchist, lays down the broad principle that Congress may exclude any alien "in such cases and on such conditions as it may see fit to prescribe." The full text of the decision is not yet at hand, but the court evidently considered the legal power of Congress, without regard to the wisdom or reasonableness of the particular ground of exclusion. This ruling, indeed, is in line with that regarding the Chinese. The cases and conditions may be whimsical—color of skin, eyes, or hair; views of religion, political theories—but, Congress once having passed the law, there is no appeal; the alien must bow in submission. Whatever may be the rights of residents or citizens of the United States as to freedom of speech or of the press, as to assembly and petition for the redress of grievances, the alien who "is not permitted to enter this country, or, having entered contrary to law, is expelled," is "cut off from worshipping or speaking or publishing or petitioning in the country . . . merely because of his exclusion therefrom. He is not one of the people to whom these things are secured, and cannot become such by an attempt forbidden by law." John Turner indubitably came under the operation of the law, for he was an avowed anarchist, said to belong to the "philosophical" school, which does not advocate violence. A clearer case for a test of the statute could not have been found. For Turner himself no one can have special sympathy, for he seems to have been rather a poor creature, lacking in both force and ideas, certainly not a leader whose suffering could assume the dramatic aspects of a martyrdom. But neither the validity of the law, nor our want of personal interest in the first man to feel its force, should blind us to its radical defects.

This particular law will, we are confident, contribute little or nothing to the safety of the republic or of its officials, from President down. Even without it, any man, alien or native, who advocated violence to public officer or private citizen was liable to due punishment. Under it, the resident anarchist of the "philosophical" type is still immune. He may entertain the absurdest notions as to the uselessness of governmental machinery, as to the perfectibility of human nature, and as to the reign of universal love when rulers and legal restraints are abolished at a stroke; but so long as he holds these views as mere pious theories, he may go his way untouched. Practically, then, the law operates only in cases of aliens who are professed anarchists.

There's no use crying over spilt milk, but it is always in order to speak one's

mind about the careless or malicious persons who spilled it; and in connection with Gov. Odell's veto of the Law's Delay bill we have just this to say: No one familiar with the whole situation can doubt that politics, and politics of a peculiarly contemptible sort, did this important measure to death. To those who know the inside scheming which brought it about, the talk about Constitutional objections is simply laughable. If there was any real question on that point, why did not the Governor grant a hearing? Is not Judge Dillon's opinion as well worth taking as Mr. Cunneen's? But it is needless to debate about that, since the motive was really unconcealed. What we have seen is politics laying its dirty hand upon judicial reform. If the Republican machine could not have its court spoils, it would deny the prayer of business New York for relief from the scandalous blockade of justice. And as for those judges who were so fearful lest their "discretion" in appointing referees be interfered with, they are doubtless making smiling preparations to go on naming each other's sons and nephews, and other favorites, or creatures of the bosses of either machine, at the cost of litigants.

Particular interest has been felt in the Government crop estimate published last week; first, because of the important relation of the harvests to the country's prosperity, and, second, because of the singular position into which the United States has drifted in the matter of agricultural exports. Prosperity, no doubt, is always influenced by the harvests. This year's special interest in the problem arises from one very interesting fact—that the back-tide of industrial reaction which unquestionably set in last summer in the East, was checked and in large measure overcome by the flood of real prosperity in the farming West and South. There is no question that the highly profitable grain and cotton harvests of 1903 added such genuine strength to the resources of the farming community as to enable the country as a whole to resist the demoralizing tendency of the Eastern money-market disturbance. This is why the crops are now studied with unusual concern. The Department's estimate of April, on the condition of winter-sown wheat, was the lowest in more than twenty years; this was a natural consequence of the trying winter. The new May estimate gives the same figures of condition as in April, and adds that the destruction by last winter's storms reduced the growing area by some 10,000,000 acres as compared with the estimate of December.

This sounds unfavorable; but it must be remembered that the farmer who sows his "winter wheat" in the late autumn always reckons on such vicissitudes. If his early wheat comes up well in the spring, he has so much assured; if it is spoiled by an unfavorable winter, he can plough up his land and replant. There have been, moreover, many years like 1895, when a partial failure of the early wheat was followed by so abundant a later yield that the total crop was one of the largest ever harvested. The situation undoubtedly gains interest from the curious movement of our exports. The latest statistics of the season's shipment of wheat from the United States show the smallest monthly movement reported in this season since the great expansion of our grain production began in 1878, and there can be no doubt that our position in international exchange has been affected by the decrease. But critics are not agreed as to the reason. By many, it is held that the unusually high price fixed for wheat in the Chicago market—the highest since the "European famine" of 1897 and 1898—has cut off our export market; a result not impossible, since Europe itself produced last year 400,000,000 bushels more of wheat than in 1897, and 93,000,000 more than in 1902. Another interesting theory, propounded chiefly by the English grain experts, is that the consuming power of our own population has of late been increasing more rapidly than our grain production; the inference being that the United States, even with a good-sized crop, can spare less wheat than formerly for the outside world. But this is a theory to be approached with much caution.

It is believed by the *Wool and Cotton Reporter* that in some cases it will require years of continuous operation for the cotton mills of this country to make good their losses of the past seven or eight months. That the situation is bad, every one will admit; but it is easy to allow one's self to become too pessimistic. Predictions are always hazardous in the cotton industry. In the early part of 1898, for instance, Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge and other prominent New England mill owners asked the Massachusetts Legislature to come to the relief of the Northern mills. Their plea was that, unless they were granted longer hours of labor than the law allowed and some rebate of taxation, their business would be driven South. Almost immediately, however, the New England mills entered upon a period of unusual prosperity, which continued up to a comparatively recent date. At the moment the Southern mills are getting a somewhat larger share of the business offering, as the demand has recently been running stronger to coarse goods. Unquestionably, the increase in new cotton mills has been too rapid of late. The number was not excessive for good years, but good years have, of course, to be averaged with poor years. But, year in and out, this country is consuming more and more cotton goods, and foreign markets are being opened up. Just at present our best customers are feeling poor, but the conditions may change at any moment.

Naturally, the chief topic of discussion last week at the annual meeting of the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association was the speculative advance in the staple. President Heath's notion on this subject is rather peculiar. He sees the high price of the raw material on the one hand and the stagnation of goods on the other. This is a bad fix for the manufacturers, but they are largely to blame for it. Everybody could see last fall that there would be a very short supply of cotton, but, instead of accepting this fact and talking with a big voice to make the public pay a correspondingly high price for goods, they became bears on the raw material. But the bulls were too much for them, and quotations went to "dizzy" figures. If the mill owners had not made all this fuss about "speculative manipulation," the public would not have got the idea that goods were artificially high. As it was, consumers held off from buying until prices should fall. All this may be true, but would not things be as bad, if not worse, if the opposite course had been pursued? If there had been fewer bears on cotton the staple might have gone to a much higher level. Is it true that goods have failed to advance as much as the raw material mainly because consumers would not pay more? It has not been a question of would not, but of could not. President Heath may be sure that the manufacturers made no mistake in trying to keep the price of cotton down. If they had acted differently, they might to-day have much larger stocks of unsold goods than is actually the case.

Minister Barrett's figures regarding the foreign trade of Argentina for 1903 should have a good deal of interest for Americans. The total trade was 23 per cent. larger than during 1902, and in the last decade there has been an increase of nearly 90 per cent. This is astonishing progress, as in the last ten years the total foreign trade of the United States has shown a gain of only 43 per cent. In the matter of exports to Argentina, our own country ranked next to Great Britain and Germany. But as regards imports from there, it was behind Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Africa, and Brazil. This leads our Minister to call for a reciprocity treaty. Mr. Barrett is so many thousand miles away that he has not heard of the new official definition of this term—namely, an exchange of non-competing articles. That rules out Argentina, with her wool and

hides. Mr. Barrett tells us that Argentine trade is going to be better in 1904. But of greatest interest is his statement that the country contains 245,000,000 acres of fine arable land, not a tenth of which is yet under cultivation. This brings to mind the statement of Broomhall, the Liverpool grain expert, that the position of the United States is now threatened by Russia and Argentina. A decade ago a great deal was heard about the impending ruin of the American farmer from Argentine competition, but never has he been more prosperous than since then. He can be pretty sure, however, that if he clings to the notion of dollar wheat, he will simply be "holding the umbrella" over South America.

That the Bible is in need of defence from such defenders as the American Bible League, is forcibly argued by the *Independent*. But it goes on bluntly to intimate that there is a "big publishing and financial scheme behind this League." The propaganda against the higher critics, who are said to have "subsidized" the publishers, is to be carried on by means of "branches for Bible defence" all over the country. These are to establish relations with the Sunday schools, and are to furnish by the million "Bible Primers" and tracts, and one knows not what other works up to a Bible dictionary, out of which every taint of modern scholarship shall be rigorously excluded. As the *Independent* puts it: "These men are going at it in the right way for profit for the managers, but not in the right way for the search for truth." We do not believe, of course, that the excellent gentlemen who came forward to save the Bible by denouncing its students, had any ulterior and pecuniary aims; but they must see, now that it is pointed out to them, the peril of turning their League into a money-making concern. Some Simon Magus might be found among publishers, willing to be more orthodox than the Pope, if well paid for it.

Japan is said to feel very keenly the hard terms on which her new foreign loan has been floated. Japanese newspapers are drawing unflattering contrasts between the rate Japan is made to pay and that paid by Turkey and South American countries. But the hardest thing to bear is the lien on the customs revenue, which is regarded as a blow at the national honor, and as placing Japan on the footing of an uncivilized nation. This is stretching the case somewhat; for though we find Turkey and China in the same situation as Japan, we find Greece, and, in a modified form, Portugal, also there. Still, there is no denying the fact that Japan has a right to feel that her self-respect has been impaired. The nation had to have the money and could not get it on better terms. The Government is trying to weaken the effect of the customs pledge as much as possible by claiming that it is "merely nominal, and is based on improbable contingencies." But there's the rub. "Contingencies" are a black beast to investors. One question of great interest regarding the present loan remains unanswered: Has any provision conditionally been made for a foreign administrator of the customs? If so, the situation is indeed mortifying.

The Japanese Government is circulating pamphlets in this country regarding its trade and finances. The figures on the growth of the foreign commerce are amazing. In 1871 the total external trade amounted to less than $20,000,000; in 1901 it was $254,000,000. The increase per decade in population has, however, been only a little more than 10 per cent. But we regret to notice that Japan has started on her new career with an entirely false notion of what constitutes successful trade. In 1901 her exports and imports practically balanced each other, imports being nominally the larger. We are accustomed to think of ourselves as a highly successful nation, but if we saw our imports equalling our exports we should certainly believe we were on the road to ruin. No wonder Japan finds it hard to borrow money on such a showing as this. Still, it seems strange that the nation should be able to keep up this marvellous development of its resources for thirty years on a false basis without coming to grief. Will not our friends of protection unravel this mystery?

A rumor from Berlin has it that the war party in Russia is for making peace on the basis of a Japanese protectorate over Korea and the restoration of Mantchuria to China. Nothing could be more unlikely at this stage of the war. That the Russians have practically given up southern Mantchuria is shown in the abandonment of Niu-Chwang and the destruction of the expensive works at Dalny, but meanwhile Kuropatkin's concentration is progressing, and the probability is that he will try conclusions with Kuroki on the road to Mukden. That battle should determine the course of the campaign for many months. If the Russians should be driven out of the sacred city of Mukden, their prestige in Mantchuria would be shattered, while the Japanese would probably be able to recruit native forces on the spot. So the Russians must fight for Mukden at whatever risk. As for the basis of peace suggested at Berlin, it need only be said that Russia would hardly come off worse than that in case of utter defeat. At this point she will hardly accept the status prior to 1897 for herself, while admitting Japanese preponderancy in Korea. But indeed all peace rumors are silly while Russia retains a foot of Mantchurian territory. What we are at present witnessing is a gigantic scheme of manœuvring the Russians out of the province, and bloodshed has hardly begun.

Well may the Austro-Hungary military demands have caused the "utmost bewilderment among all parties." The Government asks the largest sum ever contained in a budget of the Dual Monarchy. The Austro-Hungary revenues have been running about even with the national disbursements, and the new budget, if voted, means additional taxation, of course. The story in this case is the same as in our own. The money is needed for the army and navy. The former demands 353,000,000 crowns for the coming year, against 324,443,065 crowns last year. The worst showing is in connection with the navy. For 1904 the estimates amounted to 50,026,410 crowns, but for 1905 the demand is for 121,000,000 crowns, an increase of 142 per cent. Forty-eight million crowns are wanted for shops, 34,000,000 for torpedo boats, and 10,000,000 for submarine boats—in all 92,000,000 crowns, or about $18,500,000. The reasons for the present heavy demands are not wholly apparent, but it is strongly implied that the Government has had its eyes opened by Russia's unreadiness for war. In some circles the extraordinary budget is attributed to the additional burden imposed on Austria by the Eastern war in preserving peace in the Balkans.

Almost a year after his epoch-making Birmingham speech, Mr. Chamberlain reports progress to the same audience. He declares that Mr. Balfour is on the way to the true preferential doctrine. He believes that the people are already converted, for he regrets that a referendum is impossible. As to that, dissolution to-day would speedily bring about this desired referendum. But Mr. Chamberlain was cautious enough to hint that the Education bill, the Licensing bill, and other parochial measures had made the Government so unpopular that the result of a general election would be doubtful. But, he continued, there would be no harm in a Liberal interregnum, provided it were short and the fiscal reforms were resumed after its fall. From inadequate dispatches it would be unsafe to infer the temper of Mr. Chamberlain's address; but it is at least evident that he impliedly condemned those acts of his Ministerial associates in which he himself had not been interested, and that he claimed for his personal policy the merit of alone being important and popular. Such a statement leaves Mr. Balfour in the position of a blunderer and man of half measures, who is ruling only till the master spirit sees fit to take hold. That is evidently Mr. Chamberlain's view, and it is not very far from the fact.

THE PARKER CANDIDACY.

Whether or not the Indiana Convention marked high water for Parker, it was low-water mark for Bryan. He fairly flung himself upon Indiana, confident that his appeals would be heard, and the result was not only his defeat, but his open humiliation. Nor have his attempts to make himself party dictator been at all well received by the Democratic press. Newspapers in the South, for example, which have before had nothing but kind words for Mr. Bryan, now speak with much bitterness of his demand that the party ask his consent before writing its platform or naming its candidate. It is, indeed, Bryan and Hearst who are now the surest promoters of Judge Parker's fortunes. The latter's silence never seems so grateful as when contrasted with Bryan's loquacity. As for Hearst, it is a case with him simply of "money talks"—and smells. But Bryan appears to be completely wearing out the patience of the party. It says of him what the Matabele warrior said to the British officer about the Maxim gun—he did not mind the gun that "spoke" once, or even the one that spoke several times, but for the life of him he could not stand the gun that "kept on talking like an old woman."

The fact of the Indiana convention instructing for Judge Parker may easily prove decisive of his nomination. Now put forward as he is by the strategic States, the others will be more and more disposed to follow after. No Democrat can be elected who cannot carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana. That is conceded, and three of those debatable and necessary States have instructed for Parker. New Jersey is doubtless ready to support him. This gives him a political prestige and advantage which any other candidate will find it almost impossible to overcome. The demand made of every proposed favorite son or suddenly unblanketed dark horse will be, "Can he carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana?" But those States have already agreed upon another man.

In actually pledged votes, Judge Parker now has a long lead. Claiming none from New Jersey, 128 delegates to St. Louis are instructed for him. That number will rapidly swell as the Southern conventions come along. Georgia is certain to add her 26 votes to the Parker column. So are Alabama and Texas, with their delegations of 22 and 36, respectively. In fact, so strong is the evidence that Parker is to have the support of the Southern States, that we may safely assign him the delegates from all of the solid South except Maryland. They alone would give him, with the votes he has already in hand, something like 430 on the first ballot. This is saying nothing of delegates which he may pick up in Ohio and Illinois, Michigan and Wisonsin, or of the possibility of the vote of New Jersey and Pennsylvania being for him from the first. But even 430 votes is an impressive array—Mr. Cleveland had but 392 on the first ballot in 1884; and it is natural to expect that the same tendency of other "booms" to break up and go to the leading candidate which resulted in Cleveland's nomination on the second ballot, will fall out to the benefit of Judge Parker at St. Louis.

His candidacy has been in many respects unprecedented in American politics. Personal enthusiasm for him cannot be said to exist and to be carrying everything before it, for he is personally unknown to the rank and file of the Democratic party. His name has been identified with no issue. Out of politics and on the bench for eighteen years, his work is not of a kind to be inscribed on party banners. Yet he has had the good fortune, partly by accident of location, partly through the aid of shrewd political managers, partly on account of the repulsion created in decent Democrats by the unspeakable Hearst, and partly on account of his reputation as an upright judge and a frank, honest, and unassuming man, to unite upon himself the hopes of Democrats who look and long for the restoration of their party to its old sanity and vigor.

Such a candidate cannot but be interesting to all; but it would be foolish to deny that there are many doubts which he will have to resolve before he can commend himself to the people of this country. The Hill incubus he must manage to shake off. Hill is a thoroughly found-out man. Every one knows him for a small-minded, cold-hearted, unscrupulous intriguer. If Judge Parker allows it to be supposed that he is "Dave Hill's man," he will be overwhelmingly defeated, as he will deserve to be. Of course, discrimination is necessary, here as everywhere else. No candidate is bound to refuse a vote offered him because he does not like the voter. There is, indeed, a certain element of comedy in the virtuous alarm over Hillism on the part of friends of Roosevelt who, nevertheless, see without a qualm their candidate catering to Quay and Platt. Even the meanest boss alive is entitled to support whom he will. We have no quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt because he accepts the political aid of Platt and Quay; but we deplore his subserviency to them. In like manner, no one can blame Judge Parker for allowing Hill to support him, provided he makes it clear that he is, through all, his own man, and that this is to be a Parker campaign, not a Hill campaign, and, in case of election, a Parker Administration; not one dominated by Hill. At the same time, no friend of Judge Parker's should refrain from telling the truth. It is that while intelligent Democratic sentiment has nothing but kindness for him, it has nothing but loathing for Hill.

To escape from the suspicion of a Hill taint is the first essential for Judge Parker; and next will come the need of showing the country that he has mature and sound views which he can defend with sound argument, and enforce, if given the opportunity, with firmness. With the advantages, he must also shoulder the disadvantages, of being a practically unknown man. Freed thereby from personal animosities and political antagonisms, he may the easier obtain the nomination, but the wisdom and success of his candidacy must remain problematic until it appears that, known, he has the ability, the character, the convictions which the American people have a right to demand in their Presidents.

QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CHAIRMAN.

Next to the difficulty of pitching upon a suitable running mate, President Roosevelt is finding that of selecting an eligible National Chairman most perplexing. The position has apparently been offered to a portentously long list of gentlemen, who have all with one consent begun to make excuse. This is the more strange since the chairman of the National Committee has been, in either party, an officer who wielded enormous power. Not only in the course of the campaign, but in the between-election years, has he had much to do with shaping party policy and influencing legislation and appointments to office. This has been true even when the chairman's party was defeated; how much more so when successful! Now power of that kind is usually sought, not fled from, by men in public life. It is not strange, then, that people are wondering why so many to whom the President has made approaches are saying, "I pray thee, have me excused."

The reason is probably financial. It is felt that this year it is going to be a hard job to put the Republican Committee in funds. Hence the declination of one of the "mentioned" after another is not unlike that of the Russian general who was asked by the Czar some years ago to accept the portfolio of Minister of Finance. "Sire," was his reply, "in the present state of our finances no one would take that post unless he were either a genius or an idiot. I am neither." Or it may be that some of the gentlemen whom the President has requested to accept the Chairmanship have had a scruple similar to that of a prominent Republican urged by President Harrison to become Chairman in 1892. The reason he gave for refusing was substantially as follows: "The Chairman of the National Committee is obliged in these times to raise a large sum of money. If he succeeds in electing his ticket, he is certain to be called a corruptionist. If he fails, he will be

thought a fool. I do not wish to have the reputation of being either."

Every one knows that the legitimate expenses of a Presidential election are very great. They have grown inordinately with the introduction of lavish methods. No books are kept—at any rate, no accounts are ever published—and exact knowledge of the money raised and spent is necessarily within the reach of but few. We have excellent authority for saying, however, that Mr. Hanna had at his disposal in 1896 no less than $7,000,000. Now, luxury in campaigning grows by what it feeds upon. Heroic and unusual expenditures one year come to be taken as the normal standard of outlay thereafter. It is probably true, therefore, that the party which has had the most money in one campaign is called upon to produce still more in the next. Moreover, it is generally agreed among politicians that Republican campaigning comes higher than Democratic. Somehow, it takes more money to "get out" the Republican vote. Perhaps it is that, under beneficent Republican policies, the members of the party are all so busy getting rich that it requires an extra inducement to prevail upon them to leave their gainful occupations long enough to go to the polls.

Whatever the causes, large subscriptions to the campaign fund have somehow to be obtained; and what any prudent man, meditating the Chairmanship, must see, is that they are going to be uncommonly difficult to secure this year. In the first place, with the disappearance of the threat of Bryanism, many Republican purses which fear had opened in 1896 and 1900, will snap shut. Nothing like fright to produce funds; but the coming campaign now promises to be one in which it will be impossible to terrify people into generous contributions. Then, of course, there is the peculiar difficulty of raising money for President Roosevelt. To replenish his overdrawn Wall Street account, at the same time that his anti-Wall Street attitude is exploited for all it is worth in the West, will be the task, almost impossible of achievement, laid upon a Republican Chairman. Clearly, it would tax the resources of the most agile. He would have to be at once a Trust-buster and a Trust-booster.

It would be well if the embarrassment of the Administration over this aspect of the party finances were to lead to a reform. It is needed in both parties. Both have been too lavish and too unscrupulous in the use of money in politics. Both have allowed their Chairmen a degree of secret and irresponsible power, largely through the disbursement of campaign funds, too great for safety, too well fitted to produce corruption. If, as Goldwin Smith says, our political parties have overlaid the Constitution, committees and chairmen have too often overlaid the parties. The malign influence of Chairman-Senator Gorman, after 1884, and of Chairman-Senator Hanna, after 1896, should be a warning even to stout partisans, to say nothing of good patriots. All this financial aspect of party management should be thrown open to the light. If corporations are to be compelled to publicity of accounts, so should political committees. If the mere pecuniary side of the Chairmanship had not been made so unpleasantly prominent, it is probable that President Roosevelt would not have had to hunt so long for a Chairman. Character and political sagacity would be in more demand than the ability to raise secretly and to spend corruptly millions of dollars.

"UTTER DISREGARD FOR POLITICAL INFLUENCE."

With fine irony the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* begins his dispatch of Friday in this strain: "President Roosevelt has once more demonstrated his utter disregard for political influence in any matter involving right and wrong, by summarily dismissing from the postal service Richard Van Cott, son of the Postmaster of New York." The irony is evident, for the facts presented in the rest of the dispatch show that in his treatment of Cornelius Van Cott the President's surrender to the spoilsmen and politicians may fitly be characterized as contemptible.

It is not necessary to go far into the history of the case. Mr. Van Cott has for years been a machine Republican and spoilsman of the ordinary robust type. He has never scrupled to lay the patronage of the various offices he has held at the feet of Platt or any other boss who chanced to be ascendant. He should never have been appointed to such an important position as postmaster of New York. Having been appointed, he should never have been allowed to demoralize the service by making it the football of politics. No one was surprised when Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte reported last December—almost five months ago—that Postmaster Van Cott had been operating with Heath and Beavers in illegal salary allowances. Van Cott paid Beavers $4 a day, charged against New York "expenses"; and the Conrad and Bonaparte report not only describes this transaction as "fraudulent," but adds, "We find it impossible to doubt that Mr. Heath, Mr. Van Cott, and Mr. Beavers himself all knew the payment of this additional compensation was expressly forbidden by law, and that it was called 'expenses' to evade this prohibition."

Here was ample warrant for the summary removal of Van Cott, had the President really desired to place purity and efficiency above politics and to redeem his promise of "the immediate reformation of the service by the turning out of the offenders." But, unfortunately for the service, Van Cott had powerful friends in a doubtful State, and the President was willing to suspend action of the "utmost vigor" till there had been further investigation. From time to time there have been rumors from Washington that Van Cott must go, but a day or two later we have always been informed that the investigations were not yet complete. Apparently the "hound's tooth" which President Roosevelt once had in mind as a model of cleanness was both dirty and decayed.

We now learn that one set of inspectors recommended the removal of Postmaster Van Cott, his son, and twelve subordinates. But Senator Platt stood by his protégé, and the President turned Assistant Attorney-General Robb loose on the case, with the evident hope of finding the charges against Van Cott less damning. Mr. Robb has been diligent, and has succeeded. He censures Van Cott for slackness in several directions, but sees nothing in his conduct that has been actually criminal. His prime error has been to allow his son too much authority. This son has indulged in so many and such various irregularities that he must go, but the man who is really responsible for all the crookedness can stay his term out. Mr. Van Cott must, however, refund to the Government some $2,100 of which it has been defrauded. His brother, Whitfield Van Cott, drew $1,800 as inspector of mail boxes, but performed no services whatever. Of course, Cornelius Van Cott dwelt in blissful ignorance of this diversion of $1,800. Young Richard Van Cott drew $300 while in Europe for seven weeks, when the law allowed him only fifteen days' vacation. Here also the elder Van Cott must have been imposed on by a wayward son. The guileless old gentleman was also conveniently blind when the hopeful Richard rewarded his heelers with appointments and promotions, wrote to Beavers that he had promised certain positions in return for ward work, and "usurped the functions of the superintendent of delivery, to the detriment of the service." In short—to put the best face on the matter for Mr. Van Cott—he turned his back while his brother and son pocketed Government money and debauched the public service.

Nevertheless, he is strongly backed by Senator Platt; and accordingly President Roosevelt has once more demonstrated his utter disregard for political influence by making the son the scapegoat. Doubtless the President was guided by those precious sentences in 'The Strenuous Life,' by Theodore Roosevelt:

> "No man who condones corruption in others can possibly do his duty by the community."
>
> "There must be no compromise under any circumstances with official corruption, and, of course, no man should hesitate to say as much."

The incident throws an instructive light on investigations "in our own time and our own way." The Democrats will find it easy to persuade wavering voters that corruption quite as flagrant as that under Postmaster Van Cott will be passed over pretty lightly, especially if the offenders have influential friends. Those quiet little heart-to-heart talks to which the President proposes that Mr. Robb shall devote his summer will—if the outcome be anything like that in New York—excite, not admiration for a strenuous and reforming President, but inextinguishable and derisive laughter.

THE WAR AND PANSLAVISM.

The Macedonian question is settled—so most of the European Powers profess to believe. Turkey solemnly pledges herself to Bulgaria to carry out the measures of reform she promised at Mürzsteg to Austria-Hungary and Russia, while Bulgaria stands charged with the task of suppressing revolutionary committees and conspiracies against the Turkish Empire. For the present, Turkey enjoys serenely the most recent of her diplomatic triumphs; Bulgarian politicians and merchants breathe freely, as the danger of war with Turkey is eliminated; the Austrian press is jubilant; and the various nations represented in the reorganization of the Macedonian *gendarmerie* appear pleased with the respective "spheres" allotted to them. Only from London ominous mutterings are heard. Lord Lansdowne thinks that there is "only too much reason to be disappointed over the progress achieved," and fears that if its rate be not accelerated the Powers "may be confronted by a situation which would cause grave anxiety." Evidently, British distrust of Russia has not been converted into full faith in Turkey.

And Russia herself, so long, in the language of Hammer-Purgstall, "the oracle of Turkish diplomacy, the arbiter of peace or war" in everything concerning the Balkans—Russia, who since the death of Stambuloff has had Ferdinand of Bulgaria in the hollow of her hand, who has dominated Montenegro, carried on a successful propaganda in Crete, shaped the destinies of Servia, and even cast longing eyes in the direction of Rumania—why is official Russia silent in regard to the most recent phase of the Eastern question? The answer must be sought, of course, in the Far East. Whatever the outcome of the war, there can be no doubt that its mere outbreak was a bitter disappointment to the party in Russia which stands for Panslavism—the union of all Slavic races under Russian hegemony, if not under the Russian sceptre. The Macedonian insurrection was one of the most convenient pretexts for the agitators of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and the press of both cities, no less than the leaders of "society," frowned upon a war which threatened to divert attention from Panslavist achievements in the Balkan States.

It was evident that a war in the Far East meant a strengthening of Austro-Hungarian influence in the Near East, and all the effusive sympathy of Czechs and South Slavs, as expressed in telegrams to Russian papers at the outbreak of hostilities, could not disguise the plain fact that, for the time being, Panslavist agitation in Macedonia and elsewhere in the Balkan peninsula had received a check. The change of front on the part of the press, in obedience to authoritative hints, was unmistakable. Both the *Viedomosti* and the *Russ*, which had hitherto been most emphatic in asserting the claims of the South Slavs as against "German aggression," suddenly held the Macedonian question to be of minor importance, and admitted that the fate of the Panslavist agitation depended largely upon the issue of the war with Japan. Most significant was the declaration of Mr. Tcherep-Spiridovitch, the president of the Slavic Charity Union, in an address delivered at Moscow:

> "Slavdom is now passing through a momentous crisis in its history. . . . The hostile sentiment toward us in England, America, Italy, and even in certain circles of France; the endeavors of the Vienna press to stir up public feeling against us, and to create complications in the Balkan peninsula, in order to incite Turkey, Rumania, and Greece against us, and to bring about the annexation of Macedonia and Old Servia by Austria; the incessant hostile agitation carried on within Russia herself, and the encouragement of separatist and revolutionary tendencies in Finland, Armenia, Poland, Little Russia, and among the Mohammedans; the mission to Sweden of the Japanese ambassador at St. Petersburg, for the purpose of fomenting the anti-Russian agitation; and, finally, the possibility of a hostile rising in China—all this imposes upon us the necessity of preventing, by every means in our power, the formation of a coalition which would be far more dangerous than that of the year 1855."

It is clear that the Russian defeats have for the time being put a stop to the more or less open Panslavist propaganda in the Balkan peninsula. Panslavic glory, seventy years ago, lay in purely literary and linguistic union, in which Russia was only one of the elements, together with Poles, Czechs, and the Slavs on the Save and the lower Danube, and on both sides of the western Carpathians. After 1830 even the Poles could for a short time forget the wrong suffered at the hands of Russia, and, under the leadership of their great poet Mickiewicz, swell the Panslavist chorus. To-day, Panslavism is chiefly a political issue, but it may be doubted whether the rallying cry of Russia will ever be as potent as it once was. Possibly we may hear from some centre of South Slavic activity such a protest against Russian pretensions as came a few weeks ago from Cracow, in Galicia, through the Pan-Polish organ of the National League. This league is a secret patriotic organization, whose activity extends over all the three parts of the former Kingdom of Poland, with headquarters in Warsaw; and its address, while undisguised in its rejoicing over Russian defeat, counsels worldly wisdom, and faith in the breakdown of the pernicious government of that blind bureaucracy which has been the bane of Russia and is primarily responsible for her present disasters.

And Russian Panslavists appear equally blind to the effect which the fortunes of the war in the East are bound to have upon the impressionable imagination of the peoples of the Balkan States—for the aspirations of Serbs, Bulgarians, Bosniaks, Montenegrins, Rumanians, Greeks, and Albanians are primarily national, and are becoming increasingly so. Racial consanguinity, literary affiliations, even religious ties, are giving way to considerations of trade and material success. Nicholas of Montenegro, the ablest of Balkan rulers and poet though he be, while as tenacious as ever of his dream of a restored Old Servian Empire, has, through the marriage of his daughter to the King of Italy, entered Old World politics. Servia cherishes the memory of the great days of the fourteenth century, as Bulgaria does those of the old Bulgarian Czars. Albanians—Christian and Moslem alike—are turning toward Italy or Austria for material advantages. In fact, the wonderful success of the Hapsburg monarchy in dealing with Bosnia and Herzegovina has introduced an element into the Balkan problem which every one of the countries in the peninsula will have to reckon with, and which is bound to disturb the dreams of Russia.

THE SOCIAL NOVEL.

Some three years ago the Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post* wrote enthusiastically of an Alsatian novel called 'Les Oberlé.' It seemed to mark the emergence of a young writer, René Bazin, who had devoted an exquisite, if apparently slight, talent to the description of country life in France. Within three years of the appearance of that notable book, M. Bazin has been chosen to fill the chair in the Academy left vacant by the aged Legouvé. The formal reception of M. Bazin gave M. Brunetière an amirable opportunity to comment upon the novel in general, and upon this new novelist in particular, as a representative of the social tendency in fiction. Indeed, these academic orations, however perfunctory at times, have at least the use of supplying an organ of expression for cultured Paris. Under the dome of the Institute are said things—wise and true things sometimes—which in Anglo-Saxon countries re-

main unformulated and only vaguely understood.

At first sight it was incongruous that M. Bazin, a conscious and almost a painful artist of the phrase, should have been selected to make the eulogy of the centenarian Legouvé. For has not Legouvé said of himself somewhere: "I would have been a great soul, and I have been only a good fellow"? Indeed, the contrast is somewhat striking between Legouvé, the delightful *bourgeois* lecturer, faddist, and playwright at large, and Bazin, the self-contained artist of the perishing land ('La Terre qui Meurt'). But the apparent antithesis was not too wide for M. Brunetière's dialectic. He found that M. Bazin's novels, particularly 'Les Oberlé' and 'Donatienne,' were infused with the simple humanitarian spirit so strong in Ernest Legouvé; that Bazin had compassionated the toilers of the farms much as Legouvé had succored the wounded of the siege of Paris. And, naturally, the consideration of social tendency in M. Bazin's fiction gave M. Brunetière a new opportunity to frame in new words his indictment of the old naturalists and realists, and to preach once more his favorite doctrine that literature must be judged according to its social implications.

On this theme he spoke with more than usual eloquence. Recalling that M. Bazin's beginnings fell at the time when the battle of the naturalists was at its height, M. Brunetière struck straight at the great Flaubert:

> "To speak only of the chief, master, and guide, don't you think it would be one of the most painful things in the world to be one of Flaubert's characters? . . . They surely are not the spoiled children of his fancy. . . . How he sets his *bourgeois* up before you and makes them atone for the crime of not being artists! And, without dreaming that he himself perhaps is a little to blame, how he scorns them for having come into the world! Was not that the great error of our naturalistic school? It did not love the creatures its talent had made. . . . Painters, novelists, dramatists, poets even, all, or nearly all, were pitiless towards the lowly world which they represented to us. They studied it, one would say, only to ridicule or insult it. Their doctrine of art was only the expression of their pride as a literary aristocracy. And what was the result? Simply that they have generally expressed and represented only appearances. Truth, which in order to be found needs not so much to be striven for as to be loved, withheld herself from them."

Probably M. Bazin blenched at the insinuation that his art, simply because more pitiful, was greater than that of Flaubert, and the compliment, for M. Brunetière, was heavy-handed; but the novelist of the social disorder throughout rural France undoubtedly agreed with the critic when M. Brunetière said: "Literature is not a diversion of mandarins. . . . Such as we are, we write neither to kill time, nor in the absence of more serious occupation, nor to express our personality (concerning which our fellow-men are much less curious than we suppose), nor to display our virtuosity. . . . The nineteenth century ended by understanding this, and it was all up with the doctrine of art for art." Recalling Alexandre Dumas's taunt that the phrase consisted of three meaningless words, M. Brunetière protested, "No, not meaningless; full of meaning, on the contrary; but of bad meaning, of doubtful and dangerous meaning."

> "One may make Science its own be-all and end-all, because, . . . though we did not exist, the world of science would be about what it is. We may suppose so at least. We may believe, with likelihood, that, though we were not, the planets would none the less swing their orbits across infinite space; and it does not seem probable that if we, some day, should disappear from the surface of the earth, nature and life would be annihilated and disappear with us."

"But art," continued M. Brunetière—"what is art without man? To what would it appeal? What would its subjects be? Art has properly no existence and reality except for man and by man—in humanity, for the senses it delights, for the hearts which it consoles, exalts, or fortifies. That is why the first condition of art is to be human, even before it is art."

No one will imagine that this view is novel. It was formulated in Greece long before Matthew Arnold had said that poetry was "criticism of life," or Tolstoy had more sweepingly insisted that art was the communication of emotion; but it is a doctrine which M. Brunetière has made his own, and a salutary one, to preach to artists. It should not be forgotten, however, that in M. Brunetière's fervor there is a dogmatism quite as marked as ever there was in the art-for-art people. Your scornful geniuses, your Flauberts and Maupassants, cannot so easily be wiped off the slate as abnormal or anti-social. They, too, are a variety of human kind. In fact, M. Brunetière has himself failed in compassion in failing to perceive that the inevitable conflict between the individual and society is far more tragic in the case of the artist than it is in the case of the average man. And he did not admit that, while the world might be the better if artists had generally borne the social yoke meekly, it certainly would be the poorer in works of art. But in general M. Brunetière's homily was wholesome, and M. Bazin is surely incapable of flattering himself that Flaubert is finally dethroned because pity married to literature has produced social novels as good as 'Les Oberlé.'

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, April 30, 1904.

As you enter the courtyard of Burlington House just now, you see, rising in the centre, a large equestrian statue, the first exhibit you come to in this year's Academy, though the last numbered in the catalogue. The figure of a man, nude, muscular, vigor in every limb, sits astride a large horse with the same suggestion of force in its equally well-developed muscles, in its pose and action. In both, there is something heroic, something, you feel before even opening your catalogue, of allegory. And you are right. For, when you do consult the catalogue, you find that the group is the work of Mr. Watts, and that it is called "Physical Energy." That it is noble and impressive purely as sculpture, there can be no question. But you cannot help wondering whether Mr. Watts, with his tendency to preach a sermon in everything he does, did not place it in its present position as a sort of solemn warning or in grim satire. If you could suspect Mr. Watts of a sense of humor, you would think, indeed, that he meant it as a titanic jest, for a less appropriate symbol could not be set up at the threshold of the Academy. If there is one thing more than another one looks for in vain on Academic walls, it is surely "physical energy"—or energy of any kind. It would seem as if the men and women who painted all the anæmic canvases that fill gallery after gallery, had not the strength to use their eyes, as if it were all they could do to hold a brush in their indifferent fingers. It is this general effect of weakness and debility and utter futility that strikes one more and more at the Academy as the years go on, and as the artists of the slightest individuality and accomplishment become more and more disinclined to contribute to it. But, for this very reason, any work that reveals the least strength, the least "go," the least indication of personality, appears at the Academy the more remarkable. And so I am brought round again to Mr. Sargent.

It has been the same now for some time past. Mr. Sargent triumphs by sheer "physical energy." His canvases, full of life and vigor and vivacity, make him tower a giant among the anæmic pygmies, however he might stand worthier competition. And at the present moment he is showing not only at the Academy, but in three other of the principal London exhibitions. At the New English Art Club, whose members have at least enough energy to want to see and express things in the right way, even if they do not always succeed in doing so, Mr. Sargent has a small study in water-color of a couple of Spanish soldiers lounging in their barracks that makes everything round it fade into insignificance, so surely and swiftly does he, with simple washes and a few touches of pure color, get what the other exhibitors, using the same medium, miss altogether, despite—or because of—their imperfectly concealed striving. That several studies—again of Spanish soldiers, of a vase in a garden, of the Salute in Venice—should produce the same impression at the Old Water Color Society is less surprising, for members of that eminently respectable British institution have, ever since William Hunt, looked upon niggling and minute finish as the supreme virtues of the art of water-color. Then, at the New Gallery, Mr. Sargent has two portraits—one of an elderly, gray-haired lady; the other of Mr. Lucy, "Toby, M.P.," whose dulness in *Punch* is such a perplexing contrast to the brilliancy of his reputation. But these two portraits are far from representing Mr. Sargent at his best, and, anywhere else, I fancy they would

not strike one as particularly notable. Nor do I think the six at the Academy—the Academician is now limited to six works—will eventually be counted among his finest, while certainly of these the three most ambitious in size and scheme cannot be considered the most successful. Already, the large full-length of the Duchess of Sutherland is the most talked about of the six, though this is due not to Mr. Sargent's work, but to the social rank and notorious beauty of his sitter. It may seem extraordinary to find fault with Mr. Sargent for over-prettiness, and yet he now comes dangerously near it; beauty apparently bewildering rather than interesting him. Of course, judged by Academical standards—for example by Mr. Dicksee's excursions into millinery, the fault might be thought to lie the other way. It is Mr. Sargent's luck that in London he is always judged by such standards.

The Duchess stands in a shady garden, and against the background of dark green foliage the paler green of her long flowing gown makes a cool, pleasant harmony. Her neck and arms are bare. One hand rests on the rim of the low basin of an unused fountain, the other falls lightly at her side, holding a branch broken from the near thicket. The pose is graceful and charming. But it is not easy to understand why the sunlight that falls here and there on the gown and, beyond, on the marble pedestal and bust under the trees, should have no effect whatever on the flesh of neck and arms. It may be said that the whole arrangement is conventional—the arrangement of the eighteenth-century portrait painter. But why should the play of light on minor details be carefully observed and noted when the most important part of the picture is summarily disposed of according to the laws of an outworn convention?

The large "Countess of Latham" is still more formal in design and treatment. The pose of the seated figure, the flow of the sumptuous velvet draperies, the architectural background with its accompanying curtain, all suggest Lawrence; so much so, that I wonder if the portrait were painted after last winter's exhibition at the Academy when Lawrence was the "Deceased British Master" to receive special prominence. But there is nothing of Lawrence in the head. It suggests no one but Mr. Sargent—and Mr. Sargent when the personality of his sitter has aroused in him not the shadow of interest. I seem to have seen the same head in more than one of his recent portraits.

At the third of his large canvases it is impossible to look with unprejudiced eyes so long as it hangs in the present exhibition. It represents Lord Londonderry in his robes of state, and it so happens that there are two other portraits almost as large, by two other painters, of two other dignitaries in all their official splendor. One is "The Marquess of Linlithgow," by Mr. Robert Brough, who, a few years ago, was thought almost the most promising of the younger men; the other is "The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot," by Mr. Herkomer. But in neither has the imagination of the artist carried him beyond the pose, the accessories, the vision of the photographer, and it must be a court tailor's dummy upon whom the robes are hung. But Mr. Sargent has at least risen to a sense of the stateliness these robes demand. He shows Lord Londonderry not only in his official dress, but performing his official functions, as he appeared at the Coronation. Through the dim aisles of the Abbey he advances, bearing aloft the great Sword of State, with a swagger which I hope is not wholly the artist's invention; his gorgeous train and peer's coronet borne by a little page in a costume scarcely less picturesque. But again one asks if the distinction of the portrait is due to the merit of the painter or the feebleness of his rivals. And, really, even at the Academy, the "Lord Londonderry" does not appeal to me as much as the smaller, less gorgeous, less pretentious portrait of Mrs. Wertheimer. Here there is none of the audacity that has made Mr. Sargent's paintings of other members of the family so sensational. It is a fairly quiet study of an elderly woman, of the quality of the warm flesh of a face under a heavy coat of powder, of the different textures of an elaborate black gown, of rich ornament in the various detail; and it is painted with the knowledge which, at the Academy, is a pleasure in itself. What a comfort, how restful, after the Academical bungling and clumsiness, simply to have one's eyes carried so easily down the gilt curves of the chair by the long, sweeping, expressive brush marks! For rendering of character the still more unpretentious study of Gen. Wood, U. S. A., is finer; while if the presentation portrait of "T. L. Devitt, Esq., President of the Shipping Federation," fails to interest one as a portrait, the model of a ship that fills the background is perhaps the best piece of painting in the Academy. But, having said so much, I must add that one begins to feel in Mr. Sargent's portraits something of fatigue, as if he had been "turning them out" too rapidly. Only, even in his fatigue, he is more vigorous than the average exhibitor at the Academy.

You have only to glance at the other portraits to realize how much he gains by the absence of competitors. Mr. J. J. Shannon is unusually uninteresting this year. Signor Mancini's eccentricities of technique are a drawback to qualities otherwise amusing in his work. Mr. Charles Furse, lately elected an Associate, whose principal portrait balances Mr. Sargent's "Duchess of Sutherland" on the walls of the large gallery, comes very near failing altogether from a too obvious determination to be vigorous at any cost. His "Diana of the Uplands" (his title for the portrait) stands holding-in two impatient greyhounds as she struggles against the wind that sweeps across the high moorland. She wears a long white silk cloak and a large-flowered hat, as out of place in her surroundings as the exaggerated movement seems in such a conventionalized landscape. Here you have vigor bought at too dear an artistic price. And there is a similar contradiction in Mr. Furse's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver fishing in a rocky pool. Everything is as realistically rendered as possible, except just what is most essential—the atmosphere. The two figures, especially that of the man, are as flat as if cut out and stuck on the canvas. Mr. Furse, you would think, had been exhausted by his bid for independence in the composition. I have already heard Mr. Orchardson's portrait of Sir Samuel Montagu much praised. But it would be difficult, surely, for any painter of ability not to realize so pronounced a type, and beyond this realization I see nothing in the portrait, certainly none of Mr. Orchardson's finer qualities. Indeed, this is not a notable year for him. In a portrait of a woman—just the head and shoulders—he has had more of a chance for the exquisite detail he loves in the chiffon of the bodice and the roses stuck in its folds; but the face is curiously empty. As for the other portraits, there is none to which special attention need be called, unless for the distinction or notoriety of the sitter; as, for instance, in the case of Mr. Herkomer's "Mr. Chamberlain," though I do not know whether it was to accentuate those now familiar characteristics, thanks to which the task of the British caricaturist has been made easy for him, that Mr. Herkomer shows himself unexpectedly reserved in the treatment of the room he has given Mr. Chamberlain for background.

There is some little pretence of vigor in a few large allegories that might have strayed from the Salon. At least, the men who painted them had the energy to attack a large stretch of canvas. But this is their only virtue. Nor can more be said for the one or two huge records of public ceremonies; this sort of subject could not be seen, and then rendered, with more crudeness than by the British artist. The only large decoration, done for a definite purpose, that promises to prove effective when in its proper place, is Mr. Brangwyn's "Departure of Lancaster for the East Indies," one of a series of panels for the Skinners' Company. It is badly hung at the Academy, which might seem a matter of course if Mr. Brangwyn were not one of the lately elected Associates; his election and Mr. Furse's being looked upon as the Academy's concession to the recent loud and severe criticism of Academical policy. As far as one can tell, as one studies the panel here, Mr. Brangwyn does not rely solely upon the size of his canvas to give a feeling of bigness and dignity to his design. He knows how to distribute his figures, how to make them tell as spaces of strong, harmonious color. The groups that build up both sides of his composition separate to show, between, the blue water, a ship with sails spread, and, above, a blue, romantic sky. And throughout he observes an intelligent regard for the decorative value of his painting on a flat wall. Sometimes Mr. Brangwyn threatens to fall a victim to his own mannerisms, and admission into the Academy, unfortunately, is not an inducement for an artist to do the best that is in him. But in this panel Mr. Brangwyn has done his best as well as one can see, and there are few things as strong in the exhibition. Another piece of decorative work, smaller in scale and simpler in design, is Mr. Abbey's central panel and the reredos for the Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris. Mr. Abbey has taken the old altarpiece of the Primitives as model. On a background of flat gold the cross rises in very low relief. On it hangs the Christ; on one side St. John holding the chalice, on the other the Blessed Virgin with clasped hands. But if the design of the Primitive is easy to copy, his unconscious, his unintentional naïveté is not. Mr. Abbey's faces are too modern, while, in the endeavor to produce the necessary flatness of effect, the draperies are not

only without modelling, but without the decorative lines and folds the Primitives knew so well how to give them. It seems to me that Mr. Abbey has fallen between two conventions. He has another picture, "A Measure," a large upright. Out of the subject he might have made one of his charming pen-and-ink drawings. In the foreground, a woman, in voluminous white draperies, moves in a melancholy dance; beyond, halfway up a flight of stairs, two musicians, in the costumes Mr. Abbey knows so well, are posed; at the top, a group of people look on; and to their left, through an open loggia, are glimpses of a brilliant blue sky—an arrangement, however, that would tell to better effect on the stage of the old Lyceum, or the new His Majesty's, than on canvas within a frame.

A few landscapes are among the rare pleasures of the exhibition. On press day, a critic whispered in my ear that it is a Clausen year. I cannot quite agree, for I have seen pictures by Mr. Clausen that surpass in poetry of conception and charm of execution the four he is now showing. But Mr. Clausen always has the grace to try and see Nature pictorially and to remember that there are such things as light and atmosphere. After the big Academic arrangements by Mr. Waterlow and Mr. David Murray, after the too evident, artificial attempts by Mr. Alfred East to "arrange" his landscapes on the old picturesque lines, it is a relief to come to Mr. Clausen's quiet, honest study of "Willow Trees" and of the sky at evening, or of his group of "Gleaners" returning from the fields. In the first he shows that he has learned from Barbizon how to lead your eyes into his picture, so that, without being distracted by disturbing detail, you can see the loveliness of the heavens in which the last glory of the sunset lingers, and the strange tone, the mystery, of the willows silhouetted against it. And he seems to have brought his weary "Gleaners," with their ungainly bundles, trudging homeward, to the very front of his picture, so as to make you feel how statuesque the laborer may become in her weariness—how even a shapeless mass may have its pictorial value if only it keep its relative place in the aerial envelope.

I often think that Mr. La Thangue, by emphasizing his own crudeness, helps one at the Academy to appreciate Mr. Clausen's refinement. For Mr. La Thangue, choosing very much the same subjects, refuses to see them pictorially that he may, as he probably believes, see them more realistically. And so his sunlight, whether of the brilliant south or the cold north, hurts with its hard glitter. His figures appear to be made of cast iron, to have been looked at through a camera. M. Thaulow has one of his marvellously true studies of snow and ice in Norway, and another of running water in "The River Dordogne." Mr. Adrian Stokes and Mr. Edward Stott both have characteristic pictures, and other good landscapes might be discovered if it were not, apparently, an article of faith at the Academy that paintings should be hung so as to show to the worst advantage.

The water colors and black and white, as usual, are feeble beyond belief; which is the more unpardonable as only this winter the International Society proved what tremendous interest could be given to a well-selected and well-hung series of drawings and prints. In the Sculpture Gallery, from Mr. Alfred Gilbert one has the same bracing feeling of "physical energy" as from Mr. Sargent among the painters. He shows the head of an old woman in an enormous hood drawn over her cap, and he calls it "The Mother of the 9th Symphony," much to the bewilderment of the critic. But it makes little difference what he calls it, or what it means. I have seldom seen such a wonderful study of an old face, lined and wrinkled, but strong and beautiful with age. The detail of exquisitely suggested lace and a rosary at the throat seems a trifle inappropriate, but Mr. Gilbert cannot suppress his delight in delicate detail — the goldsmith's delight; and, after all, it does not destroy the solemnity of the face. There is also a bronze group of "Angel and Child" for a tomb, by Mr. John H. M. Furse, as beautiful in sentiment as in form and line. Mr. Swan's little statuette "A Mermaid" proves how well he understands the value of silver to the sculptor. But there is little else. And artists and craftsmen will miss the examples of enamel and of the silversmith's work that sometimes have been such a feature in the sculpture section. Mr. Alexander Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson, hitherto frequent contributors, now send nothing. N. N.

CORSICA.

CORSICA, April, 1904.

All the islands of the Mediterranean have some features in common—a keen, dry, brilliant air, picturesque shores, a flora of the same general type. But Corsica is unlike all the rest in its greenness, and in respect of its greenness it is the most pleasing to the eye. The interior of Sicily is bare and brown. There is a good deal of Africa about Sardinia and the Balearic Isles; while many of the eastern islands, and especially the "shining Cyclades," are little better than masses of bright white rock set in a blue sea. Corsica, however, has verdure everywhere, not only because her situation gives her a pretty copious rainfall, but because the great height of the central mountains provides stores of snow which feed the streams till far on in the summer. Thus she is in many ways the most striking and romantic of all these Mediterranean isles, with peaks loftier than any in Sicily (except Etna) or in Crete or in Cyprus, and a combination of elements of beauty scarcely to be found elsewhere.

Corsica is full of mountains. A lofty chain traverses it from north to south, sending off so many spurs in all directions that there is, except in one district on the east side of the range, hardly any level ground in the island. A mountainous country is not necessarily a beautiful country; for though it must always have elements of grandeur, it may be grim, hard, forbidding, as are the mountain regions of large parts of Asia and Africa. Forms may be tame, color may be dull or monotonous. But in Corsica, with its abundant streams and its luxuriant vegetation, the mountains secure their full landscape value. They rise within a few miles of the sea to heights often exceeding eight thousand feet, and so make upon the eye a due impression of their magnitude. Their lines are usually bold, and often noble. They are mostly built of granite, gneiss, or porphyry, and so have that solid strength and majesty which specially belongs to the old crystalline rocks. Their crests bristle with spiry pinnacles, their faces show long rows of projecting towers, while beneath there are deep gorges, where a torrent roars through a trackless glen between unscalable precipices. One is reminded sometimes of the high Alps, sometimes of the finest among the cañons of the Rocky Mountains. The snow, moreover, which on the Apennines disappears altogether in the summer, remains in this moister air till July or August upon the loftiest peaks, and gives an indefinable sense of remoteness and purity to the glittering summits.

In another respect Corsica has a great advantage over even the wildest parts of the Apennines. She has retained a great part of her ancient forests. On both sides of the central range, at heights varying from two to five thousand feet, the valleys are filled with dense woods. The lower zone is composed, as in Italy, mostly of chestnuts; the upper zone of beeches. Both are beautiful, in their several ways. The beech has a brighter green, and more frequently reaches a great size. But the chestnut permits a freer growth of grass and of shrubs beneath its shade, and gives sylvan landscapes of incomparable loveliness. Very different and even grander in their effect are the pine forests, of which a good many still remain in the inner valleys, under the shadow of the great peaks. The Corsican pine (*Pinus Laricio*), tall, straight, of a sombre dark green, attains a great age and vast dimensions. Many and many a tree is two or three hundred years old, and far exceeds a hundred feet in height. No forests of evergreens in the Alps or in Germany rival the stately gloom of such Corsican valleys as Bavella, Aïtone, or Valdoniello. This last-named fills a deep circular hollow under the pass of the Col di Vergio. Lofty mountains, snow covered till May or June, raise their stupendous rocky walls above it; green pastures sweep down to it from below the rock walls. It lies beneath, a vast, sombre mass, here and there open where the woodcutters have been at work, and letting the huge, straight bare trunks, crested at the top by a mass of foliage, display their splendid proportions; in other places, so dense as to make a green twilight of darkness and silence. The wind sweeping up the valley sometimes sinks to a moan, sometimes swells to a deep roar, which rises from the hollow and echoes far away among the recesses of the crags.

Not less beautiful than are these inner forests, and far more cheerful, is the vegetation which clothes so profusely the lower hills and descends to the very edge of this sunny Southern sea. Corsica has of all the Mediterranean coasts the greatest abundance of scrub wood and undergrowth. Nothing is so characteristic of its scenery as are the masses of shrubs which form what the people call *macchie* or (in French) *maquis*. This shrub growth consists chiefly of heath, sometimes fifteen or twenty feet high, with a wealth of whitish or purplish flowers, of glossy arbutus, of lentisk with its reddish blossoms, and of two kinds of cistus—one with large blossoms of a brilliant pink, the other with somewhat smaller white flowers, resembling at a little distance the white roses of an English hedgerow. Other plants grow among the *maquis*, especially the aromatic

rosemary with light blue, and the lavender with dark purple, flowers, as well as more than one kind of a broomlike shrub whose yellow blossoms light up the pale heath and the darker green of arbutus and ilex. It is these shrubs that give to Corsica that peculiar scent of which Napoleon used to talk at St. Helena as the feature of his birthland that most recalled it to him, as indeed it most dwells in the memory of those who know the isle, for nothing takes a stronger hold on memory than odors. It is half pungent from the aromatic flowers, half sweet from the honeyed leaves of the cistus and the fainter scent of the heath blossoms. It comes out best under the sun; nor is anything more delicious than the whiffs of fragrance which the cool mountain breeze brings down along these slopes.

One other feature of the vegetation must not be forgotten. The evergreen oak, at times low enough to be a part of the *maquis*, sometimes becomes almost a forest tree, and, with its graceful outline and its dense dark-green glossy foliage, forms here and there thickets of singular beauty. Thus there is hardly a hillside, save the highest pastures and craggy precipices, that has not in Corsica some charm of wood or shrub or flower; the variety as remarkable as the luxuriance.

But Corsica is not only a land of mountains. It is also an island, and the sea penetrates its western and northern coasts in so many deep inlets as to be almost everywhere near, and a constant presence in views from the heights. Beyond the foreground of rocky peaks or gorges, beyond the middle distance of woods or heath-clothed slopes, one has the shining sheet of the Mediterranean—blue if it be near, gray if more remote—stretched out on the horizon of all the wider prospects, adding an amplitude and a mystery to the grandeur of the forms and the richness of the colors. All the western shores are lovely, with their endless succession of bays guarded at each horn by foam-lit promontories, while, far within, the wave ripples more softly on a beach of sand or pebbles. But perhaps the most attractive piece of coast is that which forms the western side of Cap Corse, the long and narrow peninsula that projects thirty miles northward from the main mass of the island. Here mountains rising steeply to three or four thousand feet descend in thickly wooded slopes mostly covered with *maquis*, but sometimes also terraced by the labor of many generations into vineyards and olive yards and citron orchards and tiny fields of corn. The road, mostly keeping several hundred feet above sea level, winds along a shelf cut in the rocks, sometimes climbing a bold promontory, sometimes doubling up one of the deep glens through which cheerful little brooks descend from their fountains high up among the hills. Villages more populous and more prosperous than in almost any other part of Corsica (for the people are here exceptionally industrious) are built irregularly along the slopes that face the western sun, half covered during springtime by the soft white veil of pear and plum and cherry blossom. To the southwest the great snowy line of Monte Cinto and its companions bounds the view, while beyond the blue sea-plain the summits of the Maritime Alps can in clear weather be faintly descried. Of all the beautiful landscapes which the Mediterranean coasts have to show, there is none, not even the northern side of Majorca, more beautiful than this, because none is so rich in its mingling of wild verdure with what Homer calls the rich works of man.

One other piece of scenery deserves to be mentioned, because in it, too, the grandeur of land and sea is brought together. The village of Evisa stands not far from the west coast on a grassy ridge, over which chestnut trees are scattered, some 2,600 feet above the sea. Behind it to the east is the great forest of Aïtone, filling a valley between lofty mountains, the northern range topped by a line of savage granite crags. On the north, just behind the village, this green ridge drops in precipices to a gorge so deep that the eye cannot reach its bottom. Full to the west the gorge, joined from the south by another almost as deep, falls to the sea between tremendous rock towers, square towers of red porphyry, standing out on each side from the main mountain masses, and forming a sort of gigantic portal through which the river descends to the bay of Porto. I saw this portal first at eventide, when heavy mists hung over the tops of the crags, and the setting sun shot from beneath a cloud a ruddy glow over the cliffs, with a faint gleam reflected from the dim gray waters. It looked like the gateway to some unknown world, such a gateway as Dante might have set upon the path that led to the waters of Cocytus. I saw it again in the morning, when the piece of sea framed between the red rock walls shone like a sapphire, and the full light showed pine trees clinging to the face of the precipices, and white lines of waterfalls flashing among the crags. The little sandy bay, guarded by these mighty walls, with a soft murmur descending from the great dark forest behind, seemed such a strand as that on which Ulysses found the Lotus Eaters, happily far removed from the world of toil and care. Nor was this little bay less lovely when, following the track down the gorge, one reached the gentler slopes that surround it. I have never seen a more striking contrast than was here between the inexorable sternness of the mountain lines and the rich, soft profusion of the hanging woods, evergreen oak and sheeny arbutus and fragrant heath, lit up by the pink and white blossoms of the cistus and the yellow masses of broom, mingled with olive and fig tree, while in front there was the serene immensity of the sea, neither stern like the rocks nor genial like the woods, but impassive, changeless, silent, yet voiceful with the ripple of many waves.

Scenery like this, or like the Calanche, to which one comes following the road to the southward round the coast, a succession of deep ravines between precipitous towers of rock falling abruptly to the sea—such a landscape as might be formed by setting the aiguilles that surround the Mer de Glace in a blue sea from which only their upper three thousand feet would stand out—ought to have inspired poets or occupied painters. But Corsica has had no poet and no painter. Nor has this scenery any associations with the life of man in the past. Nothing seems to have ever happened there. One feels in gazing on a Corsican landscape much as one feels in the solitudes of the New World, in the Rocky Mountains, or the Yosemite Valley, or among the forests of eastern Cuba. Nothing seems to have ever happened in Corsica. It is nature and nature only that one has to thank for whatever of beauty there is. The villages are, as a rule, singularly unpicturesque, with their tall, bare, austerely plain houses, standing detached upon the hillside, never a creeper trained upon them or a flowerbed by the door. Scarcely a church seems more than two centuries old; scarcely any has the smallest architectural merit. The only relics of the past are the watch towers, usually round, but sometimes square, that stand at intervals along the coast, most of them built by the Genoese in the days when Barbary pirates hovered round these shores, ready to swoop down upon any defenceless hamlet and carry off the inhabitants into slavery. The people of Corsica seem to have been in past centuries but slightly affected by the general movements of European life, and they have left few memorials of their earlier days. But the people of Corsica are too large a subject to be discussed at the end of a letter. I must reserve for another a few comments upon them.

Correspondence.

THE "TOMB OF IDOMENEUS" AT KNOSSOS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Arthur Evans has not yet closed his this year's campaign at Knossos, and accounts of his fifth year's work upon the site of the Labyrinth are not yet received, beyond the general statement that work there is making good progress. But again there has been a surprise resulting from trials made upon ground adjoining the House of the Double Axe. By the end of April, excavations in a headland north of Knossos which widely commands both land and sea in all directions, and towers above the Labyrinth site, have brought to light a great stone Mausoleum consisting of a square chamber capped by a lofty gable constructed after the fashion of the Cyclopean pointed galleries in the fortress at Tiryns. This chamber is approached by an arched entrance-passage. There seems no doubt that this passage was arched, although its upper courses have been much ruined and the whole of it has been seriously quarried into. This combination of the arch with the "Cyclopean" gable is most unexpected, and somewhat disconcerting, since the gable has hitherto figured as a makeshift for the arch in early buildings of this kind. In other ways, too, the new building is quite unique. Its magnitude may be roughly guessed at from the fact that it has taken sixty men a fortnight to clear the débris. That its general nature is sepulchral may be gathered from the discovery of a cist-grave below the floor in one corner.

Nearly all the metal objects which may confidently be supposed to have been placed wihin the great square sepulchral chamber have disappeared. Doubtless they were removed in ancient times. Nevertheless, scattered relics of the original contents have been found. Interesting among these are clay impressions of the royal signet, familiar already as found in various parts of the Labyrinth. Indeed, not only

originals but evident forgeries of this same signet have come to light there. Another link demonstrating close connection with the Labyrinth was forthcoming in the remains of painted jars of the finer "palace style." This style has received its name from the Knossian palace, where alone examples of it had hitherto been found. Also, a carved stone lamp with a pommel of crystal was unearthed in the sepulchral chamber, and finds its nearest analogue in the stone vases, lamps, and crystal objects already discovered in the palace near by. From the newly discovered Mausoleum also have been taken several objects which must be classed with the examples of early Egyptian art gathered up here and there in the palace. Mr. Evans mentions among the new discoveries of this class an Egyptian basalt bowl, an Egyptian necklace of lapis-lazuli with pendent figures, and many alabastra.

He surmises that the sepulchral monument thus discovered was built for one of the last kings of the House of Minos, inasmuch as only one grave was found in it, although there was room and to spare for others. Accordingly, he hazards the conjecture that this great monument may perhaps in some way represent or stand for the traditional tomb of Idomeneus, mentioned as one of the sights of Knossos by Diodorus (v. 79), who even gives the epitaph that stood upon it. It is needless to say that no such inscription has come to light as that quoted by Diodorus.

LOUIS DYER.

OXFORD, May 4, 1904.

SHAKSPERE'S BOHEMIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is very strange that the "learned" ever should have puzzled over the seashore of Bohemia in the "Winter's Tale," since the perfect explanation lies wide open, at least as soon as we open Greene's "Pandosto," from which the play is taken and where that shore appears. It would be precisely like wondering "for 300 years" at some large departure from history in "Macbeth," and never observing the same in Holinshed. Some of the historic facts noted—Bohemia having played a far larger rôle in earlier centuries than recently—might account for Greene's conceptions; but those of a sixteenth-century novel are hardly more needful to account for than the like in romances of Arthur or Charlemagne. This Bohemia of course is fairyland, with no more relation to geography than that of city "artists."

Respectfully,

EDWARD FARQUHAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1904.

Notes.

The French Société des Bibliophiles is preparing a study of the illuminated MSS. of Augustine's 'De Civitate Dei.' They are very desirous to discover the possessor of the MS. of this work which was sold on May 23, 1889, by Messrs. Sotheby at the Hamilton sale. Information should be sent to Comte A. de Laborde, 5 Avenue du Trocadéro, Paris.

Mr. Berenson some months ago called attention in these columns to a project for publishing photographic reproductions of works of art in English private collections and elsewhere. This has now taken shape in The Arundel Club, whose committee is headed by Lord Balcarres, associated with Sir Walter Armstrong, Sir Martin Conway, Sidney Colvin, Lionel Cust, Claude Phillips, John S. Sargent, and other weighty names. The annual subscription is one guinea, and if a start is made with 100 subscribers, probably fifteen photographs will be the return to each member; the number of prints increasing with the support. It is in contemplation to issue a second and even a third series for subscribers willing to pay therefor. But the first series will be tried alone, and will deal wholly with the Old Masters. The honorable secretary to be addressed for enrolment is Robert Ross, Esq., No. 10 Sheffield Gardens, Kensington, London, W. Payments on account of the Club should be made to Messrs. Barclay & Co., Ltd., No. 1 Pall Mall East, S. W. March 1 is the date of annual renewal.

The Leipzig Kunsthistorischer Verlag (New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is just beginning issue of a 'Niederländisches Künstler-Lexikon,' based on research in the archives, and edited by Dr. Alfred von Wurzbach. It will record nearly 2,000 monograms. The work which it supplants, Nagler's, has in thirty years become quite antiquated. Biographies will be given of all Dutch and Flemish painters whose products have come down to us, with descriptions of their authentic works in public and private galleries, and of engravings after them. Painters, engravers, etchers, sculptors, medallionists, architects, even art patrons and collectors, will be looked after. The range is to the close of the last century. Two octavo volumes will result.

'Rubens,' by H. Knackfuss (Bielefeld and Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), is as fully illustrated as its companion "Monographs on Artists," and the text gives pretty much all that the average reader will care for in the way of biography, though it contains little either important or interesting as criticism. We are assured that the translation, by Louise M. Richter, has been revised by Mr. Hobart Cust, "so that, while retaining the meaning of the German original in its integrity, the differences in the two languages might be adequately overcome." The result is a rather less barbarous phraseology than that of some of its predecessors, but we are still staggered by such turns of speech as "a strong task [taste?] for soft and shining flesh-tints," or such words as "uncessantly" and "laying" for lying. Rubens's influence on "woodcarving" is spoken of on page 45 and again on page 159, where it would seem, from the context, that wood engraving is meant. In most cases the description of the illustrations is scrupulously exact, but a reproduction of an engraving after 'The Descent from the Cross" is erroneously stated to be "after a photograph from the original." In spite of such minor blemishes, the publication continues to be a useful one.

Mr. J. N. Larned's 'History of the United States' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has a number of features that should commend it to teachers of secondary schools. The page is clear and open, and the paragraph and marginal headings fresh and apt. There are numerous sketch maps scattered through the text; the larger maps, sixteen in number, being grouped together at the beginning of the volume. The apparatus of topics and suggested readings appended to each chapter is, on the whole, the best we have happened to see. It is interesting to note that the author does not think "documents" too heavy for his purpose, but makes frequent references to them in his lists. The appendices summarizing the data about Presidential elections and listing important measures of the Federal Government are also well contrived. In some other respects the praise must be more qualified. One does not look for much originality in the choice of topics in an elementary textbook, and Mr. Larned does not in this particular wander far from the beaten track. One wonders, however, that half of the volume should be devoted to the period prior to 1789, and that the momentous events subsequent to 1865 should be disposed of in two short chapters of less than fifty pages, or about two-thirds of the space given to the Civil War. The style, too, is not impeccable, being often loose and inelegant. On the whole, however, the book is to be pronounced an important addition to the list of useful textbooks in American history for schools.

Arthur J. Burdick's 'The Mystic Mid-region: The Deserts of the Southwest' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), even without the very readable text, is captivating through its beautiful illustrations alone. They are, of course, all from excellent photographs, and exceedingly well chosen and adapted to the respective chapters. As the book makes no pretension to depth or exhaustiveness, an occasional slip or slight error should not be noted, still less censured. This is (what is not often the case with such publications) a modest book. The writer, who evidently has seen the great desert of the West with wide-awake eyes, eclipses his own personality and experiences by placing his subject in the foreground, and thus, quite involuntarily, indeed, excites the reader's curiosity to know more about him and his rambles in that region. Alive to the impressiveness of nature, he sees not only the incontestably picturesque in the appalling wastes he describes, but also a certain grain of poetry, without exaggerating it at the cost of truth. Much useful information of a general (and also specific) nature is disseminated in an agreeable manner through these pages. We are gradually introduced to the subject as it was and as it is, to learn finally what it is expected to become through the redeeming hand of man. This is logical arrangement. The chapters on the plants and animals of the desert are not only attractive, but useful; there is botany and some zoölogy, after that popular style which incites to study even without technical preparation. The plates are calculated to give living impressions of the forms they illustrate. The author has had the good taste not to crowd too much Indian on the reader, and still less does he burden the Indian with extravagant romance or poetry. Everything in this little volume is in its place and in proportion with the rest.

Mary Austin's 'The Land of Little Rain' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) consists of about fourteen sketches from the borders of the desert. They contain more poetry than de-

scription, although that poetry is not meant for fiction. Not unfrequently the poetic tendency casts a thin veil over the logic of the treatment, but on the whole it is harmless, and the book is readable for those not caring to learn too much. The illustrations are fair, though not always strictly in harmony with the subject. There is some really useful advice offered to tourists in the region. While this is partly a "desert book," most of the contents is devoted to the country bordering on the desert, and hence covers a ground rarely if ever trodden, and deserves commendation and attention.

Among the various anthologies published this season, prominent is Ernest Pertwee's 'The Reciter's Treasury of Verse, Serious and Humorous' (London: Routledge and Sonnenschein; New York: Dutton). It forms an openly and clearly printed volume of more than 800 pages; but 71 of these constitute a practical essay on the art of speaking. Grave and gay are mingled here without reason if not without rhyme, and the character of the selections as a whole cannot be discovered by index-learning, for there is no index. Some of the pieces are certainly ower lang. America is proportionately well represented — Hay, Leland, Holmes, Longfellow, the Lowells, Poe, John [*sic*] Whitcomb Riley, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Bayard Taylor, Whittier, N. P. Willis, and yet others. Victor Hugo, Goethe, and Schiller enter by way of translations. The selection includes many standard poems fit for recitation, and some for which this quality much outweighs the literary.

As of songs, so it might be said of the cook-books of any country—let who will make the laws. The popular German work for housekeepers of Henriette Davidis has just been brought out in the original and in an English translation by C. N. Caspar Co., Milwaukee ('German National Cookery for American Kitchens'). It is not to be despised as a means of freshening and reinforcing our domestic dietary. The metric system is discarded in the weights and measures. Thirteen pages are devoted to displaying characteristic German dishes in a bilingual list, duly indexed; and there is a separate English-German vocabulary of culinary terms. The practical plates for joints, fish, etc., are reproduced.

President Nicholas Murray Butler's *Educational Review* has just been indexed analytically for its first twenty-five volumes (January, 1891, to May, 1903), by Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson of the Columbia University Library. Here under one alphabet will be found topics, articles, writers, authors of books reviewed, admirably presented for research; and, in view of the eminence and range of the contributors to the *Review*, it is needless to say that this index claims a place in every public, college and high-school library. The editor himself is naturally the fullest contributor, filling three of the double-columned pages; but President Eliot, as writer or occasion of writing, shines with half a page. Special attention should be called to the geographical rubrics —Connecticut (though it have but one item), England (one page), Massachusetts (three-quarters), New Jersey, New York (three pages plus), etc.

Mr. David W. Hoyt, Providence, R. I., sends us Part viii. (Part iii. of Volume ii.) of his 'Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass.,' embracing the respective families of Knight, Littlefield, Pecker, Sanders, Sawyer, Sayer, Simmons, Titcomb, and Wheelwright, and several others. Friends' Meeting in Amesbury is also taken account of, and there are additions and corrections for Volume i., with a notable addendum for the Blaisdell family, and a page to the Rev. George Burroughs, one of the best known of those executed for witchcraft in 1692. This is a handsomely printed genealogy, and proceeds slowly according to public support.

A more than usually interesting volume by Prof. A. Gazier, entitled 'Mélanges de Littérature et d'Histoire' (Paris: Armand Colin), contains a number of studies of a totally unconventional character dealing with controverted points in lives and letters. For instance, Professor Gazier expresses new and pointed views on the real import and origin of "Tartufe," and seeks to explain naturally the long embargo on its performance. Again, the singular shiftiness of Fénelon while at Cambrai, and the still more inexplicable conduct of Massillon in consenting to consecrate Dubois as bishop, become intelligible enough in the light of the patient and ingenious analyses here given. Professor Gazier, like many another representative of modern historical method, seems somewhat disposed to look askance at any judgment that claims prescription from attack. The last essay revives the vexed question of spelling, and takes a moderate position in favor of slow and judicious reform.

In 'La Méthode des Classiques Français' (Paris: Armand Colin) M. Paul Desjardins seeks to point out and prove that, in strictly classical work, the course of intellectual invention or development remains fundamentally the same, whatever may be the field or the material in which the artist works. In support of this thesis (which should have called for something less summary than a prefatory note) we are offered a review of Pierre Corneille, Nicolas Poussin, and Pascal, as typical of the spirit and method described, namely, the disposition to subject movements of mind or soul to the controlling influence of reason and the conception of *ordonnance*. While the idea is not new, the collocation of names certainly is; and here we venture to doubt the soundness of the theory, for unless (with M. Desjardins) we think only of the Pascal of 'Les Provinciales,' we surely cannot forget the passionate appeal of the 'Pensées': "Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point."

From Ernest Leroux, 28 Rue Bonaparte, Paris, we have the first fascicle of the new "Bulletin de la Société Française de Fouilles Archéologiques." The foundation of this society dates from January 14 of the present year, and the Bulletin officially records the steps towards it, and the subsequent proceedings, membership, etc. There follows a lecture on the excavations at Susa and on Persian antiquities in general, delivered by M. Louis Watelin on March 18. The Society will promote research and bestow on French museums the objects found.

The educational policy of the Indian Government, as set forth by Lord Curzon in a state document, just published, is one which will commend itself to all who are interested in the education on Western lines of Eastern peoples. It is founded on the experience of just half a century, for it was in 1854 that the directors of the East India Company accepted the systematic promotion of general education as one of the duties of the State. The main end for many years of the system then instituted was to create a class of intelligent and efficient Government servants, and primary education was neglected. The fundamental importance of this is now fully recognized, and the support of village schools is henceforth to be made a leading charge upon provincial and local revenues. Instruction is to be wholly in the vernacular up to the age of thirteen, and will not be completely abandoned at any time. But in primary education "English has no place, and should have no place," are the viceroy's emphatic words. The system of university education is to be modified so that it is hoped that it will no longer tend to accentuate the defects of the Indian intellect—the disproportionate development of memory, the incapacity to observe and appreciate facts, and the taste for metaphysical distinctions. Industrial, commercial, and, above all, agricultural training are to be prominent features of the new policy. Not only are textbooks on agriculture in the vernacular to be provided, but the Government proposes to establish an Imperial Agricultural College with an experimental farm and research laboratory. Female education will be promoted by establishing model primary girls' schools in important centres.

The report of the Moseley Educational Commission is prefaced by a brief statement signed by all the commissioners, summarizing the conclusions upon which they are all agreed. They remark upon the absolute belief in the value of education prevailing in this country; on "the spirit that animates both teachers and pupils"; on the close connection between theory and practice, and the important part assigned to manual training; on the liberal expenditure, both public and private; on the absence of any religious difficulty, which materially facilitates the work of the schools, and on the high esteem in which the services of experts in various branches of knowledge are held. They believe that in America education is universally regarded as fundamental to democratic civilization, or, as President Roosevelt told them, "education will not save a nation, but no nation can be saved without education." All the commissioners, with three exceptions, have submitted individual reports, nearly all of which deal with the general features of American education. Some have specialized, as, for example, Drs. Bradford and Gaskell on medical education, Professor Ayrton on electrical engineering, Mr. Barclay on commercial education, Mr. Groser on legal education, and Mr. Spender on truant and reformatory schools. A general conclusion drawn from the reports by a writer in the London *Times* is, "that there is yet nothing like finality in American educational institutions, any more than in our own. They, like us, are feeling their way along more or less untried ground; with greater energy, perhaps, and more freedom of experiment, as differences in national character and outlook, or the absence of old traditions, class distinctions, and religious difficulties, have smoothed the path of reform. The educational awakening that is beginning here has come earlier in them, and is being followed up more quickly."

The Imperial Cabinet of the Government of

Japan has issued the twenty-second volume of its statistical Annual, which bears date of 1904, and, in the French language, contains statistics on multifarious subjects to the end of 1902, though those relating to post, telegraphs, transportation, and commerce are for the most part brought down to the end of March, 1903. Under eighteen divisions, beginning with territory and population, and ramifying through all the departments of executive Government business, closing with finance and political administration, there are set before the student carefully digested and tabulated details of administration. Notable additions to previous issues are seen in the pages devoted to Formosa, which in 1901 showed a resident population of 2,750,956, besides over half a million transients. The newly modelled city of Taipeh (Japanese Daihoku), which in drainage, cleanliness, hygiene, and general standard of civilization is the model for the whole island, contained 49,799 souls, being the first of the eight cities in the island having each over 10,000 people (five of these having 20,000). The vital statistics regarding marriage, divorce, birth, and death of the Formosans show that illegitimacy is probably not greater in the new part than in the old part of Japan. Migration to Yezo and the northern islands continues to be brisk (43,401 in 1902), and apparently four-fifths remain as permanent residents in this new, promising part of the empire. The fertile and well-watered valley of Ishikari Province, containing the mineral riches and the capital, leads in population. The worthless Kurile Islands, with which Russia compelled Japan to content herself in place of Saghalien, show that, of 621 immigrants thither, 539 came away. Even the Ainos, those gentle and degraded savages, now come under the statistician's notice, reckoning a total population of 17,374. Instead of their dying out, as the theorists would have them, births show an increase of more than fifty per cent. over deaths. On the 31st of December, 1902, there were 8,043 Chinese, 2,223 British, 1,640 Americans, 662 Germans, 519 French, and 236 Koreans in Japan, while, in addition to the laborers, students, and travellers already abroad, 32,900 received passports (5,457 for China, 4,354 for Russia, 5,096 for the United States, and 11,457 for Hawaii).

—The Baker & Taylor Co. publish a third volume, 'The Congregationalists,' by the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, in their series, "The Story of the Churches." It does not compare in fulness with Prof. Williston Walker's 'Congregationalists,' but, designed as a brief popular history, its choice of matter and its manner of treatment adapt it admirably to the end in view. There is no attempt to trace the sources of American Congregationalism back to European soil, but nearly every striking aspect of the American development has its appropriate word. An exception is the scant mention of Roger Williams; and Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson are dismissed too cavalierly as "wilful and insolent mischief-makers." An excellent summary is given of the Cambridge Platform of 1648, followed by an estimate of the amount of subsequent deflection from its principles. There is a good and sympathetic account of the Half-Way Covenant—a bone of contention which invites perennial exhumation. A chapter on the Great Awakening steers a middle course between the "deplorable excesses" of the revivalists and the "beneficent work" of their hands. Whitefield's vanity and violence are called by their right names. Jonathan Edwards and those carrying on the elaboration of the New England theology have a chapter, "Growth of Doctrine," but it is evident that Mr. Bacon thinks their refinements would be wasted on the readers whom he has in mind. Three chapters, "Disruption," "Unitarianism," and "After the Disruption," are related to different stages of the Unitarian development and separation. The temper of these chapters is irenical. The Unitarian will be less likely to complain of them than the orthodox Congregationalist. The imputations of the orthodox writers who brought on the controversy are described as "unjust and outrageous." It was the orthodox party, we are told, that departed from Congregational principles. Of these principles Mr. Bacon is a consistent advocate, and by no means a mere apologist for the concrete Congregational development into "a rigidly hardened sectarian mould." There is complete misapprehension of what was called the "Western Issue" among Unitarians, and it is difficult to understand how Emerson's letter to Henry Ware, jr., in 1838, is read as "exasperatingly flippant." In the "Public Reforms" chapter, Mr. Bacon's filial attraction to the form of anti-slavery doctrine represented by his father is simply the expected note. Channing and Bacon are bracketed as like-minded; but Channing was an early convert to Garrison's anti-colonization doctrine, whereas Bacon was the chief protagonist of colonization so long as any one remained to do it reverence.

—Mr. Charles M. Andrews's 'History of England' (Boston: Allyn & Bacon) is a convenient handbook of less than six hundred pages, covering the period from the earliest times down to the accession of the present King. It is mainly a political outline, though a good deal of the social, industrial, religious, and literary history of the English people is narrated or referred to in such a way as to put the student on the right track. It is intended as a textbook for American schools and colleges, and ought to answer this purpose very well. No doubt the author does not expect to be followed implicitly. In his account of the Boer war he uses the phrase "British suzerainty," does not refer to the compact of 1881, nor to the trial and conviction of Jameson in England; nor does he describe the nature of the "grievances" which led to the war. There is a total omission, too, to emphasize Mr. Chamberlain's connection with those events, which was certainly important. In the same way, in discussing the causes of the American war, he says, as to "no taxation without representation," that it is hard to see what good would have been done "by a few men elected in the colonies and sent three thousand miles to sit in a Parliament that was thoroughly corrupt, and represented no one except the men who bought the votes of the electors." What the colonies wanted to do was not to be represented in Parliament, but to vote the money themselves as they had been accustomed to do. "No taxation without representation" was merely another form of what appears in the Declaration of Independence as: "He [the King] has combined with others [the Parliament] to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation . . . *for imposing taxes on us without our consent.*" This was no cry of "excitable colonial orators" (p. 460), but the solemn declaration of Jefferson, Franklin, Roger Sherman, Samuel Adams, John Adams, and fifty others of the most able and learned Americans then living, made to justify their rebellion in the eyes of the civilized world and of posterity, and with the full knowledge that, if they could not make their position good, they would pay the penalty with their lives.

—There are great advantages in learning any mathematical theory which is subsequently often to be applied, from a logical syllabus expounded in lectures. The propositions should be numbered in the syllabus in one series, from beginning to the end; and propositions very frequently employed in the proofs should have, besides, brief names. Then, in the case of a corollarial proof—that is, one not requiring the introduction of any subsidiary lines or quantities—mere references to the numbers of the premises, sometimes with the number of times each is to be applied, will generally suffice. In case this is not enough, brief indications of how those premises whose application is not quite obvious are to be applied may be added. Theorematic proofs—that is, such as depend upon some ingenious addition to the conditions of the proposition to be proved—will require this addition to be stated; after which the proof becomes corollarial, and should be treated like any other corollarial proof. The student having become perfectly familiar with the arrangement and general contents of such a syllabus, by working through it, will ever after find it an invaluable work of reference, in which any result may be found directly, together with the logic of it in a nutshell. Dr. A. Clement Jones's 'Notes on Analytical Geometry: An Appendix' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde) approaches to being such a syllabus in a duodecimo of 172 pages, of which 30 are occupied with examples and hints for their solution, with a perspicuous one-page index. The work is confined to plane curves of the first two orders, together with unicursal cubics, the whole treated from the metrical point of view, with Cartesian coördinates and occasional references to polar coördinates. The most serious omission is the problem of two conics without contact, with single contact of 2, 3, or 4 points, and with double contact, which is often wanted and is not very readily worked out. A better book of the same sort might be made; but, as it is, Dr. Jones's 'Appendix' will prove a lifelong blessing to many a student.

—About half of volume xii. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), is occupied with the first English translation ever published of the 'Relación de las Islas Filipinas,' written by Padre Chirino, a Jesuit, and published at Rome in 1604, one of the most valuable sources for the early history of the Philippines under Spain. This relation is to be completed in the succeeding volume of the series, and shall be considered as a whole in connection with that volume. The first half of volume xii. contains various

documents of 1602 and 1603, referring to the depredations of the Moro pirates, to the perennial contest between friars and laymen, to the restrictions on trade with Spain, America, and China, and to the desirability of expelling the Chinese, especially after the revolt of the latter in Manila in 1603. We note how the desire to aid the Portuguese in conquest in the Moluccas led to the abandonment for a year or two of the work of making good the Spanish assertion of authority in the Moro regions of the Philippines; this is only one of the earlier instances of Spain's vacillating policy in dealing with the Moros, and it was promptly paid for by the renewed activity of the Moro pirates in scourging the coasts of the central islands of the Philippine group.

—Just now, when Senators and Representatives at Washington are showing a tendency to adopt toward the Philippines the old restrictive trade policies of the colonizing nations of two and three centuries ago, it would be worth while for these gentlemen to turn back and read Philippine history in the light of such documents referring to Spain's policy in the archipelago as are contained in volume xii. and as will appear in succeeding volumes of this work. They will find that all concerned in the question—the Spaniards in Spain, the Spaniards in the Philippines, and the Spaniards in Peru or Mexico—assumed of course that mediæval trade and navigation restrictions would be imposed, but all labored to the end that the other fellow's ox might be gored; if our legislators will then trace the workings of this policy down through the eighteenth and into the nineteenth century, especially to the extent of ascertaining what the foreign travellers in the Philippines had to say about the results of this policy of shutting up the Phillipines for fear some other people might develop them or do them some good, they will not need to recall American colonial history to guide them in their deliberations. Another difficulty which Spain early encountered in the islands is indicated by this statement in the letter of the provincial of the Dominicans in 1603: "One of the auditors of these islands told me years ago that the judges in Castilla ordinarily performed their duties well because they were seeking honor, but that in the Indies it was the reverse, and that what the judges seek is to enrich themselves." Among the friars themselves, all was not going well, in 1603; the provincial of the Augustinians is asking the King to send out some strict inspectors, to restore the discipline which he laments as having been lost in his order.

—The 'Jewish Encyclopædia' moves steadily on its way, and the sixth volume (God—Istria) is as full of variegated lore as ever, and contains several rubrics of more than Hebrew interest. Thus, the "Golem," the Jewish *homunculus*, a somewhat unscientifically constructed Frankenstein, vivified by a "shem" or wonder-working name of God inserted in its mouth, sometimes played a part like the magician's broomstick which was only too industrious in its labors. But the article makes no mention of the grotesquely horrible use of this idea by Achim von Arnim in his 'Isabella von Aegypten,' known now best, perhaps, through Heine's 'Romantische Schule' (iii., 2). Another equally interesting article is on the queer Aramaic nursery rhyme, *Had Gadya*, "A kid, a kid," with its analogies to the "House that Jack Built." A musical setting of an English version is also given and a very full bibliography, but the article itself might have been made clearer. In history a long and very able account of the Inquisition (16 pages) easily leads for interest and importance. As before, biography is strongest of all, and demands by far the most space; in this volume we have the outstanding families of Goldsmid and Hirsch in their association with agricultural colonies and the Hirsch Fund. Biblical rubrics of importance are few; Dr. Cheyne has six pages to set forth his very latest views on Isaiah. On Muslim matters we are given almost more. Goldziher treats admirably "Islam" and "Hadith" in relation to Judaism, and there is an exceptionally full (5 pages) and able account of Ibn Gabirol, whose blood was Jewish, but whose philosophical ties were all with Islam. Another strange kinship was that of Immanuel b. Solomon, the friend of Dante, and poet in Hebrew and Italian, with a range from an imitation of the 'Divina Commedia' to caustic satire, bold eroticism, and even a flippancy which has brought his verses under the ban—a somewhat limited, jerkily pious Heine. Another has had unwitting contact with East and West since his death. Of the first-century scholar, but above all miracle-worker, Hanina b. Dosa, tales are told which have passed into the 'Arabian Nights' and become part of popular hagiology. This was first worked out by Perles in his 'Rabbinische Agada's in 1001 Nacht,' and attention has again been called to it by Chauvin in his 'Recension Égyptienne des 1001 Nuits.' These references must be added to the scanty bibliography given here. An especially valuable article with an elaborate tabulated list treats Jewish Incunabula. Another, still more elaborate, is that by Bacher on the history of Hebrew Grammar (13 pages). Yet in details it is open to criticism. Samuel Lee's grammar (1827) was worthy of more special notice for the scientific advance which it marked. Davidson's 'Introductory Hebrew Grammar' appeared first in 1874—the 1894 edition was the eleventh—and was a pioneer in its class. In 1882, Robertson's translation of Müller's 'Syntax' appeared, and has since gone through several editions. Finally, in the minds of some of its contributors the conception of this work as a general encyclopædia evidently still clings fast. So they give us the information, "India: an extensive region of southern Asia"; "Ireland: an island west of Great Britain." But such things are now so few that they come in with a merely humorous effect; the encyclopædia, as a whole, has found its garden and is cultivating it diligently.

SANDYS'S HISTORY OF CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

A History of Classical Scholarship, from the Sixth Century B. C. to the End of the Middle Ages. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1903.

Dr. Sandys long ago won honorable standing as a classical scholar. His excellent edition of the 'Orator' of Cicero appeared nearly twenty years ago, and he had previously done able service as editor of the "Bacchæ" of Euripides and of the posthumous commentary of E. M. Cope on the 'Rhetoric' of Aristotle. One would naturally look, therefore, for something of value from him on such a subject as the History of Classical Scholarship, and there is doubtless a point of view from which such an expectation will be fairly satisfied. We cannot but feel, however, that a good opportunity has been sacrificed.

For the purpose of his book, Dr. Sandys defines Classical Scholarship as "the accurate study of the language, literature, and art of Greece and Rome, and of all that they teach us as to the nature and the history of man." Of course, no work of one or two volumes could exhaust all that might reasonably be said within the limits of so ample a definition. Greece and Rome have entered so deeply into the history and nature of man that the problem of an author working under such a definition must be simply one of determining what small fraction to select from the mass of material that might possibly be utilized. Now Dr. Sandys has chosen so to burden his book with comparatively unimportant facts as to crowd out any adequate consideration of the real meaning of Greece and Rome to the history of human progress. Too large a portion of the book is fairly represented by page 421, in which we learn that early in the fourteenth century the monk Sophonias wrote paraphrases of certain works of Aristotle, valuable chiefly for their excerpts from earlier commentaries; that the metropolitan of Mytilene, Leon Magentinus, wrote scholia on the 'Organon'; that the rhetorician and grammarian, John Glykys, wrote a Syntax more remarkable for its lucidity than for its learning; that John Pediasimus, professor of philosophy at Constantinople, produced scholia on Hesiod and Theocritus, and that Manuel Chrysoloras played a leading part in the revival of Greek learning in Italy. Only one of these men is mentioned elsewhere in the volume, and then not in such a way as to bring him into any vital relation to the subject in hand. To know a multitude of such facts with reference to any given period is one thing; to know the general characteristics of that period, and the part of classical study and tradition in determining those characteristics, is quite another thing. To make some contribution to knowledge of this second sort would have been of far more service to the cause of classical scholarship.

No possible effort of human scholarship could accumulate such a mass of detail without the intrusion of many errors, but we may assume that Dr. Sandys has been fairly careful. In a few cases, however, he has tripped where one would least have expected it. In the few lines given to Asinius Pollio he notes Pollio's severe criticism of Sallust, and adds: "On the other hand, he expressed a very high opinion of Cicero," quoting a well-known passage preserved in the 'Suasoriæ' of the elder Seneca. Now the hostility of Pollio to Cicero in matters literary was notorious. Only two pages from the passage quoted by Dr. Sandys, Seneca relates the amusing incident of Pollio's abrupt departure from the house of Messala Corvinus because a too enthusiastic poet had been allowed to bewail the death of Cicero and the consequent silence of the Latin tongue. Seneca says that Pollio remained

to the end most hostile to the fame of Cicero. After his death his son, Asinius Gallus, wrote a voluminous work to prove his father's superiority over Cicero, and this was answered by Claudius. Of Cicero's famous remark to his brother concerning Lucretius, Dr. Sandys says: "It is disappointing to find in Cicero so vague a criticism of the merits of a poet who had done him the honor of studying and imitating his own translation of Aratus." Saintsbury also makes the passage alluded to the basis of severe treatment of Cicero as a critic. Both are entirely unfair in their use of Cicero's words. In replying to a letter from his brother, he incidentally quoted an opinion which his brother had expressed, and gave his assent. It was a mere afterthought at the close of a letter dealing with matters personal and political, not literary, and Cicero was under no obligation to say more.

It is far wide of the mark to say that "literature before and after Cicero had comparatively little attraction for Quintilian." One can hardly imagine how Quintilian's treatment of Virgil, Horace, and Livy, though comparatively brief, could have left Dr. Sandys with such an impression. If any one thing is evident from Quintilian's great work it is that he was an earnest and intelligent reader in a very broad field of both Greek and Latin literature. Coming down to a later period, the treatment of Roswitha of Gandersheim, that interesting gleam of feminine culture from the tenth-century darkness of Saxony, is far from satisfactory. It is not correct to say that her dramas were written in actual prose. It might be easy enough to prove that they do not satisfy any adequate definition of poetry, but she herself doubtless regarded the form as poetic. "Reimprosa," "halbpoetische und halbprosaische," "ein Mittelding zwischen beiden," are some of the terms rightly applied to her work by Barack, in his edition of 1858. Nor is it putting a correct interpretation either upon her own words or upon the facts to say that she was a close imitator of Terence. She felt scandalized that men who were otherwise good Catholics should allow themselves to be stained with a knowledge of wicked things through their delight in the sweetness of expression found in the plays of Terence. Accordingly she sought, in dramatic form, to substitute the *laudabilis sacrarum castimonia virginum* for the *turpia lascivarum incesta feminarum* of the Roman poet. Close imitation did not suit her purpose, and does not appear in her work. From what we know of her, we may well doubt whether she ever applied her own mind closely to the study of that which she regarded as defiling to the minds of those about her. Dr. Sandys might well have given us a careful study of the genesis of so fair a flower in the apparently forbidding literary soil of the Saxony of the tenth century.

The custom of author's readings previous to publication, instituted by Asinius Pollio and so prominent a feature of the following century, certainly deserves some mention in a history of classical scholarship. The relation of the policy of Augustus to the plea of Horace for the literature of his own day, as opposed to that of the old republic, is another interesting question not raised by Dr. Sandys. Still another is the motive and effect of the assault upon the Ciceronian style by Pollio, the younger Seneca, and their followers. The statement that the earliest writers of Latin literature were not born in Rome, suggests a false inference as to later writers. Will the author name a few really important writers in any period of Roman classical literature who were born in the city?

It was doubtless a mere oversight that the name of Richard Volkmann is omitted from the selection of important authorities enumerated at the head of the chapter on the 'Rise of Rhetoric and the Study of Prose.' Volkmann is more widely used in recent years, either in separate form or as condensed in Müller's 'Handbuch,' than any of the authorities named. The slips of the type-setter have not been entirely worked out. A number of cases in which B. C. has usurped the place of A. D. will give no serious trouble, as the discrepancy is too great to go unnoticed.

We should have been glad to see in this book a work which would have been a source of strength to classical scholarship at a time when it is fighting a hard battle against misconceptions as to its real nature and utility. We cannot avoid the impression that a dip into this book will have directly the opposite effect upon any mind not already definitely anchored on the classical side. The mass of facts that Dr. Sandys has accumulated, with a labor of which few can have any adequate idea, were well worth getting together in accessible form; but they ought not to be called a History of Classical Scholarship. Dr. Sandys found himself unable to bring his subject beyond the year 1350 in this volume, and a second will follow.

MORE NOVELS.

The Picaroons. By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus. By M. E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co.

High Noon. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Messrs. Burgess and Irwin model their 'Picaroons' on the picaresque tales of early seventeenth-century Spanish literature that "dealt with the fortunes of beggars, impostors, thieves, etc., and chronicled the Romance of Roguery." The translation of similar themes into modern San Franciscan,—picturing dissipated reprobates from Harvard College to the Philippines, misdemeanors from shanghai-ing to opium-smuggling, worded in slang of the latest devices from college to cockney—makes a compound that we should rather call the very Roguery of Romance. Probably the modern shady loafer has never been more minutely or ingeniously portrayed. The racetrack, the Chinese lottery, the Spiritual-medium cabinet, the Turkish bath lend their aid to the local mud. Full details are furnished of all modern sorts of trickery and fraud served in the most technical tongue of the professional hobo. We can remember no tale of mere blood and thunder that would not seem refined after this banquet of those unpicturesque vices, drinking and cheating. The often inventive and occasionally amusing flash of story and vocabulary only makes the matter more deplorable. A few such books would suffice to send the public to reading their old "Lady's Annuals" and "Bride's Keepsakes" with avidity.

Pleasantly disinfecting is it to turn to 'The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus,' a story of the Green Mountains, and to breathe mountain air geographically and spiritually. Far up among the hills lived a man crippled by a falling log in the very flush and prime of his youth. Here he despaired and blasphemed till salvation came to him in the form of a friend bringing the opportunity to work. The work brings yet other friends, and a drama weaves itself about the invalid's cot with mountains for the everlasting witnesses, and the seasons ringing their changes at the windows. There are excellent pictures of farm life, and there are good portraits of genuine Vermonters of stage-coach days. Uncle Shim and Aunt Lize well illustrate the kindly shiftless and the kindly capable. There is a Twiddie who, in the early chapters, swings her bare legs from a butternut branch and rushes about like a young calf, and who grows up before the reader into a thing of delight in her engaging naturalness. There is Hugh the Cripple, who finds his own life in his work, and gives back life abundantly to others in example of pluck and the counsels of a hard-won wisdom. There are the friends from the outer world beyond the mountains, the *deus ex machina*, who suggested to Hugh the woodcarving; there are the woman and the geologist—all bringing gifts of help, mental and moral, to the cripple, changing his life for all time. It is a story of high thinking, wholesome living, and withal of an interest that holds to the end. In gratitude for these traits one can well forget a sentimental touch here, a vagueness there, and certain final disposings, the which to particularize here would be "going into the treachery of reasons."

Alice Brown's stories should be read singly if the mind is to be left detached enough for proper appreciation. So taken, they are well worth weighing and analyzing. In bulk they overtax the reader with a sense of preciosity, of differentiation to the *n*th power, of complication of the complex, of life in a microscope, of emotions first wire-drawn and then split, of the eternal feminine tiptoeing down the ages, her own soul in her hand, searching for new quintessences of herself as Henry James searches for the right word. Read one at a time, and pondered over, they fill one with an almost breathless perception of the writer's clear vision into human relations—a vision that sees straight and around corners as well. We are struck, too, by a mystical tendency that loves to hover near the supernatural, serene and unafraid; then, when we have caught the breath again, we can at leisure approve the originality of conveyance for each emotional message. For that is what the stories resolve themselves into. Alice Brown is the Mary Wilkins of the superfine emotions. The one is no more morbid than the other in the matter of treatment. If Alice Brown's topics are more deeply sentimental and her pen dipped in esoterics, at least she dries her weeping pages with a dash of bright, warm humor, straight from some very sunny clime. What there is of morbid is to be found in the eternal ladies themselves; in her who is deeply hurt at being called "a reasonable woman"; in her—the heroine of one of the most charming of the stories—the old gentlewoman who passed her life in an agony of unspoken jealousy of a supposed early affinity of her husband. How delightful, by

the way, is the Diana of this story!—the niece made up of divine tenderness and bubble-pricking fun. Chief among the self-torturers is the Margaret of "The Map of the Country," who more than all out-womans woman in prophesying to her lover on the eve of their wedding the tangles to be—telling how his soul will alter, what she ought to do and knows she shall not do, what her soul will do and what the Almighty will be asked to do, and what other souls have done; after all which prescience and reminiscence a humorous burst of her lack of humor closes the scene. The vivisection and comparative history of man's and woman's wedded love thus go forward in these tales and in a thousand others less clever than Alice Brown's. What might not a story-teller deserve of the public should he write of the woman who merely goes on being a woman without specialized thinking about it—the woman who in mellow years considers young ways of worship from her lord as retrogression?

Architecture and Other Arts. By Howard Crosby Butler, A.M., (Part II. of the Publications of an American archæological expedition to Syria in 1899-1900 under the patronage of V. Everit Macy, Clarence M. Hyde, B. Talbot B. Hyde, and I. N. Phelps Stokes). The Century Co. 1903. Pp. xxv, 433.

The prospectus of this work of five volumes announces that Part I., by Robert Garrett, will be ready in 1904 and will be devoted to the topography and itinerary, and that the parts numbered respectively III., IV., and V. will also appear during the present year, and will be devoted to Greek and Latin inscriptions, Semitic inscriptions, and anthropology. The volume before us, in a solid buckram cover, makes a beautiful "quarto," which the old-fashioned classifier of books would be apt to call a small folio. The number of the illustrations is not stated anywhere, but, as the table of these fills eleven pages with about fifty-five entries to a page, it will be seen that the number is very great. They are, in small part, plans of churches, villas, and the like, taken from the book by the Count de Vogüé, well known as 'La Syrie Centrale,' and published in 1877; the majority of the remainder are half-tones, very clear and very well printed, from photographs carefully selected from a great block of six hundred and more brought home by the expedition. Under the conditions, with difficulties of travel, of heat and dust, of burning sunshine, of exposure, of packing, of transportation, the prints are surprisingly good. A full-page plate is devoted to a conjectural restoration of the temple at Burdj Bakirha, a Roman tetrastyle; and there are also a few such restorations in the pages of the book, such as the very interesting one (p. 364) of the outermost gateway at Si' in the Djebel-Hauran.

The region covered by the exploration is rather carefully indicated and described by the author, except that he has not allowed himself to refer to latitudes and longitudes, making it difficult to place his localities except by the aid of a map of unusual quality and of very large scale. Part I., indeed, is to contain a general map of Syria based upon Kiepert's, published in 1899, and several detailed maps on a very large scale, proofs of which are before us. The Orontes runs from south to north, never more than forty miles distant from the coast, until, after a course of 250 miles from its springs near the ruins of Baalbek, it turns westward to run past Antioch to the sea. Just east of the north and south stretch of the river, and between Antioch and Aleppo, lies the range of mountains known as Djebel il-A'la; and just east of that again a valley, and then another range called by Mr. Butler Djebel-Barisha. South of this lies a much lower tract, which may be taken as extending from lat. 35° 30′ to lat. 35°—that is to say, it is thirty odd miles broad, north and south, and much longer east and west. Those two districts form what is called in this book "Northern Central Syria," although the most eastern district, Djebel el-Hass, lying south of Aleppo, is sometimes considered apart. Far away to the southward lies Djebel-Hauran, and there again the explorations are taken up.

Nearly all the country explored is mountainous, and nearly everywhere the mountains are denuded of earth, and exhibit as barren declivities of rock as do the mountains of Greece. A picture for the express purpose of showing the aspect of this barren wilderness is inserted at page 6 of Chapter I., which deals in a convincing manner with the question of the deforesting and the consequent disappearance of the soil. It will not be necessary to be more lenient to Turkish rule in admitting with Mr. Butler that the beginning of the destruction of the country by the uneconomical use of its forests antedates that rule, and that abandonment was already well advanced in the seventh century. He finds also a partial cause for the deforestation in the building of the late Roman period, the peaceful and prosperous and architecturally ambitious days between the reign of Vespasian (for instance) and the ruinous invasions of the Saracens. After so many centuries of desolation, the buildings are found almost perfect, except for their wooden roofs and floors, wherever they have been preserved by that same desolation; for, where some slight reawakened prosperity has brought a larger local population and more enterprise, hope, and activity, the stones of the Romano-Syrian monuments are disappearing one by one, broken up for the humble buildings of the people, their pavements, their ovens, their bounding walls, and even burnt into lime for mortar.

The term "Romano-Syrian" would not be accepted by our author, and he has good reasons for his assertion that the character of the work is fully as much Greek as Roman. It is a little too sweeping a statement, which we find on page 20 and thereafter, that Roman vaulted building was of massive structure, with stone bedded in mortar, and that, as these Syrian buildings are vaulted as well as walled with hewn stone, they are, on this account, non-Roman. The Romans knew also arcuated building with blocks of stone, set dry, without cement of any kind, as is evident enough in such towns as Nîmes, in the theatre of Marcellus, and the great amphitheatres of Rome and elsewhere, and thousands of aqueducts and bridges; and, of course, in Africa and Spain, as noticeably as in Syria. At the same time we sympathize with Mr. Butler's wish that a term could be compounded out of "Greek" exactly as Romanesque has been made out of "Roman." Why not Hellenesque? But the term Greco-Syrian is suggested; and in the same connection (page 21) it is pointed out with perfect propriety that this Syrian style of building in great blocks of fairly hewn stone "may more properly be called *post-classical Greek* than Romanesque." This discussion, by the way, is not absolutely novel, because no student of De Vogüé's book, named above, which was published nearly forty years ago, can have failed to consider the subject very much from the same point of view.

In the lands east of the Mediterranean are a vast number of buildings so little injured that they are recognizable in all their parts, so that, with a certain amount of study and "constructive imagination," the plan of a dwelling-house or of a church can be restored with great completeness. Their discovery changed the whole aspect of Roman and Romanesque architecture for the world of students. A third and quite important class was added to the too familiar and often-contrasted styles, viz.: those of Western Europe (Romanesque) and of the Balkan Peninsula, and the cities of Syria (Byzantine). It is not now our business to inquire how far the discoveries in Africa, still more recent, form a fourth term in the comparison, and how far they are to be classed with the ruins of Syria as expressing an outlying or provincial style common to all the stone-producing countries of the great empire.

The work of this American expedition has been largely that of following up De Vogüé and his draughtsmen, with the threefold purpose of comparing his accounts and plates with the actual ruins, of completing his record by means of photographs, and, of course, of extending it where occasion might serve by new discoveries in the same line of research. With great frankness it is confessed that but little entirely novel was found; that is to say, few wholly unexplored sites were examined. On the other hand, many sites were discovered by De Vogüé in which there remained buildings of great interest as yet unpublished. And so the record is made up. For the rest, let it be said that the book from end to end is consistent and homogeneous. Building after building is carefully explored. There was no time, as it seems, for the making of many new plans, nor was there money for digging, even on sites evidently important as places for research. The camera and the careful annotations of the author had to do the work. It is not stated how far a more complete study, spade in hand, would be likely to reveal much important information about the buildings, their purpose, and their history. The best has been made of the opportunities offered, and the book is the most important contribution to architectural study since the publication of Choisy's 'Histoire de l'Architecture' in 1899.

The Life of John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, Compiled from his Letters, Records of his Conversations, and Other Sources. By G. C. Moore Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

All who love to read the life of a good soldier who was also a good civil governor, and, above all, a good man, will enjoy this record of the career of Lord Seaton, better known during the greater part of it as Sir

John Colborne. He was born of parents of the middle class in 1778, educated at Winchester School, and at the age of sixteen received, through the interest of the Earl of Warwick, an ensigncy in the Twentieth Regiment of Foot, but did not join it until two years later. "I remember," said he, "when I first joined, my colonel, when speaking to me, pointed to an officer, and said: 'There, sir, that officer was shot through the body and was all the better for it; there's encouragement for you,'" It seems, indeed, to have been the right sort to suit Colborne, for from that time he owed nothing to patronage, but every step which he gained was won either by hard fighting in the field or by hard work as an administrator.

In his first campaign, the unfortunate expedition to Holland under the Duke of York in 1799, he was twice wounded and was brevetted captain. Next he served in Minorca, Egypt, Malta, and Italy. While in Italy he met an American sea captain—name not given, but the man described as the ugliest he ever saw—of whom he says: "He gave a ball at Naples and borrowed a beautiful band, and, after the ball was over, he sailed away and took the band off to America, as a present to the President. For this he was dismissed the service." But what, we wonder, became of the band? During the last year of this period of Colborne's foreign service he acted in Sicily as the military secretary of Sir John Moore, for whom he acquired "a devotion which lasted beyond the dark hour of Corunna and became the inspiration of his life." Thus, in 1809, we find him in the Peninsula as a major and military secretary again to Moore, accompanying him in the short and fatal campaign, standing by his noble deathbed, and one of those who buried him next morning "on a bastion at Corunna." The rest of that year was spent chiefly in London, settling the accounts of the expedition and warmly defending his late general's military reputation, which, as Colborne held, "was basely sacrificed to party spirit," against the attacks which were made upon it. We are given many interesting letters and memoranda relating to this time, which should be useful to the historian.

Hence it was not until April, 1810, that Colborne returned to the Peninsula and began his service under Wellington, soon afterwards becoming lieutenant-colonel of the Sixty-sixth and later of the Fifty-second, which remained the regiment of his love. Gen. Beresford had said to Wellington: "I recommend you to employ Colborne; he is equal to anything"—and so indeed he proved to be. Constantly employed either in battle or in posts of the most arduous duty and responsibility, he was at length very seriously wounded in the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, but struggled on in the charge until the fortress fell. Invalided to England, he was on his back for ten months, since more than a year passed after the battle before the surgeons could extract the ball from his shoulder. Sir Harry Smith writes: "The pain Colborne suffered in the extraction of the ball was more even than his iron heart could bear. He used to lay his watch on the table and allow the surgeons five minutes' exertions at a time, and they were three or four days before they wrenched the bone [ball?] from its ossified bed." This was in April, 1813. In June he was married to Miss Elizabeth Yonge, called "the Beauty of Devonshire," and a month later he went out again to the Peninsula. He served with the army until the first fall of Napoleon, winning particular distinction, if not the battle, at Orthes, and soon after the peace became a colonel and Knight of the Bath.

At Waterloo he was once more to the front with the Fifty-second, and the concluding hours of this battle were the most glorious of his life. Then occurred that movement of his regiment upon the flank of the Old Guard, a movement over which so much ink has already been spilt. The one thing actually new which is contributed in this volume (though the editor suspects it not) to the literature of this discussion is that it confirms the Duke in his oft-repeated opinion that to describe accurately the incidents of the battle of Waterloo is a task impossible for man. It appears that Colborne, who believed that his regiment had the main hand in deciding the battle, never had heard of the charge of the British Guards until he read of it at Paris in the Duke's Waterloo dispatch. It was perhaps this, bringing home to him the fact that, in a great battle, "every officer being intent upon some particular object, with a distinct part to perform, his eye is confined to a small angle," which led him once to say to a party of officers of the Fifty-second, who were finding fault with the dispatch: "For shame, gentlemen! One would think that you forgot that the Fifty-second had ever been in battle before." Like the Duke, he felt that there was glory enough for all, and the Duke's generalship he eulogized, both as displayed in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. Of the latter he wrote: "Never did any commander gain a victory more by his personal exertions and by his prompt presence at points where the efforts of the enemy had nearly succeeded."

At Waterloo, Colborne saw his last actual warfare. From 1821 to 1828 he was Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, and then began his service in Canada, which lasted until 1839. He left there after having served as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, as Commander-in-Chief of the forces, and finally as the first Governor-General under the new Constitution. In times of unusual stress, and of great delicacy of relations with the United States, in the rebellions of 1837 and 1838, he showed himself to be a man of all the firmness of purpose and the willingness to assume responsibility which such crises demand. His reward on his return to England was a peerage and a pension of £2,000 for three lives. But even now his services to his country were not over; for he was yet to be Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands (1843-49) and Commander of the Forces in Ireland (1855-60). Thus it was not until his eighty-third year that he retired, with the rank of Field-Marshal. Two years later he died.

This was the life not of a man of genius, but of one who was, in the opinion of all his contemporaries, a type of the highest manhood. All who dealt with him, from the private soldier to the Commander-in-Chief, seem to have honored him; and if there was about him in his moments of repose a certain grave reserve which seemed like coldness, this disappeared when the time came to act, so that soldiers said of him (as was said of Sherman) that he was never so pleasant as when in battle, and the sternest sort of duties in his civil commands were always performed with a winning urbanity. In personal appearance we are told that he was the beau-ideal of a soldier, and his portraits, given in this book, bear out the saying. His character was marked by great simplicity and by an utter dislike of show and ostentation, in which respects, as well as in face, he strongly resembled the Duke of Wellington. This facial resemblance (though Colborne was much the taller man) often led to mistakes, and the Duke's own son said of it that Colborne was so ridiculously like the Duke that he could hardly help laughing, and thought that his father was talking to him.

The editor of this volume, the same who lately gave us the delightful autobiography of Sir Harry Smith, has done his work well. So far as possible, he lets Colborne's own letters and memoranda tell the story; his transitions and footnotes are always clear and to the point. The two appendices, on Sir John Moore's campaign and on the Fifty-second at Waterloo, contain useful if not wholly novel collections. The book is excellently printed, and the fine illustrations and maps are no mere makeweights, but really serve the purposes for which they are intended.

Adventures among Pictures. By C. Lewis Hind. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

This is a day in which very little is allowed to be wasted, and in which the by-products of a manufacture are often almost as profitable as the principal thing manufactured. One of the forms of modern thrift is the production of books from the odds and ends of journalism. Anything once printed seems worth preservation between covers, and the most fugitive paragraphs are scraped together and given a sort of immortality. The cost of bookmaking is thus reduced to that of illustration and mechanical execution, and the pictures are relied on to carry the text. The present volume is an example of this kind of manufacture. As editor of the *Academy*, Mr. Hind wrote, from time to time, a number of short articles having more or less relation to art, sometimes notices of exhibitions, sometimes informal reviews of new books, sometimes bits of agreeable chatter apropos of anything or nothing; and of these, carefully reprinted and embellished with twenty-four illustrations, eight of them in colors, after sundry works of art ranging from Piero di Cosimo and Botticelli to F. Caley Robinson and Fred F. Foottet, the book is composed.

The result is decidedly jerky. Mr. Hind explains that he is impressionistic on principle, and quotes Anatole France to the effect that "the good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." He is also elaborately casual, and takes great pains to give an unpremeditated and accidental air to his utterances. He begins abruptly in the middle, after the fashion of the writer of stories, or he casts his criticism in the form of a real or imaginary dialogue. He tells us how he visited a Burlington House Exhibition of Old Masters and went home to look up what had

been said of Cuyp, and the rest of the article is made up of extracts from Ruskin on all sorts of subjects; the pictures by Cuyp never getting described. One article is called "An Admirer of Hals," and begins: "I was looking at Franz Hals's 'Laughing Cavalier' in the Wallace collection, when a voice at my elbow said: 'That's a wonderful thing—a wonderful thing, sir. The rollicking humor displayed in that face is——' " The admirer of Hals turns out to be a retired business man who has just been reading Gerald Davies's book, and who proceeds to deal it out through several pages. So we have the substance of a review without its form, and a pleasant enough article at small expense. At the end, the volume tails off into Occasional Notes, some of them not over half a page long.

All this is well enough done and must have made acceptable journalism. Mr. Hind has a knack of writing, a brisk style, and some real interest in and feeling for painting; and his avoidance of seriousness of form would prove no drawback to the immediate effectiveness of occasional writing, any more than the fact that he really has very little to say, or that he is sometimes careless and inaccurate in statement. We demand of such slight dishes only that they shall be grateful to the palate and easy of digestion; it is not necessary that they should be substantial or nourishing. There are still, however, old-fashioned people who think that a book should have some continuity and some system, and that a dinner should be something else than a collection of cold scraps. To such we cannot recommend this book.

Some of the illustrations, particularly those in black and white, after familiar masterpieces, are good; but we hope it is not strictly true that the others are "reproduced in the colors of the original paintings."

Bacteriology of Milk. By Harold Swithinbank and George Newman. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

The relation of bacteria to dairy products is a subject which assumes an ever increasing importance with the knowledge that these organisms may materially aid in the manufacture of cream, butter, and cheese, or may, on the other hand, produce harmful fermentations of the milk, and spread among its consumers divers sorts of contagious disease. One is therefore inclined to receive even a bulky book on this topic with favor, especially when the authors begin by stating, "Our aim has been to systematize the bacteriological study of milk rather than incorporate every known or tested fact concerning the subject" (p. viii). Unfortunately, however, this aim has not been steady enough to withstand the temptation to encyclopædic inclusiveness which seems particularly to beset writers upon hygiene. Monographs by experts upon certain phases of the milk-supply problem are much needed; but a tome which discusses chemistry, physiology, general bacteriological technique, air and water analysis, ripening and disease fermentations of dairy products, the characteristics of pathogenic organisms, epidemiology, systematic bacteriology, legislation, practical details of dairy management and glass-blowing, can only be an heroic attempt at the impossible. The chapters on methods for anaerobic cultivation and on air analysis have, indeed, been well-handled by Mr. Swithinbank and Dr. Newman; but they are out of place in a work on the 'Bacteriology of Milk.' On the other hand, the treatment of media-making, in view of the progress made towards uniform methods by the American Public Health Association, is confusing and unsatisfactory, and the section on Water Analysis weak, since it ignores the determination of the approximate numbers of colon bacilli.

Coming to the real subject of the book, we find much to praise. In Chapters I. and V. the conditions which lead to the multiplication of bacteria in milk are discussed with much success. The authors declare themselves strongly in favor of the disputed view that normal milk from the udder of a healthy cow is sterile, thus agreeing with Lister and with Sedgwick in this country and differing from Ward, Harrison, and many others. The contamination of the product after milking is well treated, and some excellent photographs are reproduced of bacteriological culture plates exposed to the air in various localities. One, in particular, which faces page 22, well shows the way in which bacteria are carried by macroscopic solid particles, each of the larger colonies showing an obvious speck of dust at its centre. The admirable studies of Park in New York as to the relation of cleanliness, temperature, and time to the bacterial content of milk are fully quoted, and these and other figures show that while, under proper conditions, milk can be so produced that it shall contain less than 10,000 bacteria per c.c., the numbers actually found in ordinary city milk often run up into many millions. Analyzed more closely in a valuable table on page 130, it appears that during the storage of milk there is first a sudden increase in the number of bacteria, followed by a sharp decrease, then a slower but much more extensive multiplication, resulting in an enormous bacterial population, which finally again slowly declines. The authors rightly conclude that the first increase probably includes a number of microbes of various sorts originally present in considerable numbers in the milk, and that this is checked by the harmful products of the true lactic acid bacteria, which, multiplying more slowly, finally predominate overwhelmingly during the second maximum.

After this general discussion, the authors take up in Chapters VI. and VII. the industrial side of milk bacteriology, the ripening of cream, butter and cheese, and the agency of microbes therein, the use in these processes of pure cultures like the Bacillus 41 of Conn, and the various disease fermentations which may produce blue, red, yellow, bitter, soapy or ropy milk. As to the source of the lactic-acid bacteria which are of such significance in the mellowing of cream, the authors are in doubt; the recent work of Prescott on the identity of these organisms with *Bacillus coli* suggests one possibility.

The last half of the 'Bacteriology of Milk' treats the strictly sanitary side of the subject, and this section, written, according to the preface, by Dr. Newman, is the most valuable portion of the work. There is first a good review of the distribution of tubercle bacilli in milk, in which the Liverpool results are freely quoted. The question as to the transmission of bovine tuberculosis to man is well discussed, the conclusion being that at which practically all scientists have now arrived, viz., that, while rare, this transmission may and does occur. Milk epidemics, of which two hundred and fifty are now on record, come in for full treatment, their characteristics being in general a special incidence upon persons under fifteen, a short incubation period and a low mortality. Abstracts are then given of a number of outbreaks of typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever actually traced to milk, most being English and a few American. As is too common in English textbooks, German and French data are largely ignored. The most serious defect in this section is, however, the scant treatment of the relation of milk to infantile diarrhœa, which is by far the most important aspect of the entire subject. One-fifth of the children born in our large cities are swept away before the end of the first year of life, and numerous statistical studies, notably those carried out at Berlin, have shown that this slaughter is mainly due to the use of fermented cow's milk. Dr. Newman discusses the somewhat fanciful theories of Ballard and Newsholme as to the exact method in which bacteria gain access to the milk; but his treatment of practical remedial measures is quite inadequate. These measures are two: first, cleanliness in production and coolness during the transportation of the milk; second, Pasteurization before it is used. Proper conditions of production can be brought about only by systematic bacteriological examinations and the enforcement of definite standards by health officials. Messrs. Swithinbank and Newman, on page 136, in our opinion most unwisely discredit such numerical estimates; and in their conclusions, though advising that such examination should be made, add that "the time has probably not yet come for fixing a minimum [meaning maximum] standard of the number of organisms permissible." The time has come in Philadelphia and New York, where such standards have produced admirable results; the time has come in Boston, where they are to be shortly put in force; it is bound to come in all progressive communities.

The 'Bacteriology of Milk' contains a vast array of information; but, in grasp of the proportions of the subject and in judicial point of view, it cannot materially add to the progress either of the science or the art of sanitation.

The Diary of Matthew Patten of Bedford, N. H., from 1754 to 1788. Published by the Town. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Printing Co. 1903. Pp. 545.

The settlers of the town of Bedford, in Hillsborough County, twenty miles from Concord, were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, hardy and frugal. Matthew Patten, born in Ireland in 1719, came to this New Hampshire locality in 1738. He was a steady-going farmer, who became justice of the peace and later judge of probate. He had acquired the diary habit, it seems, early in life, but the sheets of his book previous to 1754 have been lost. He used to record his daily transactions in the simplest terms

imaginable, reciting facts, and adding no reflections. He wasted no words.

One day is much like another. The diarist writes straight through in one sweeping sentence, whether of day's work, or what not, as the following entry in September, 1755 (p. 20), will testify:

17th went to Litchfield and Got 4 gallons of rum from Thos Parker for the town and Two Quarts and a pint for James Little and 1¼ Quart for myself for which rum Richard McAlester sent 4£ my mother 5£ and my brother 2£ and the remainder I laid out myself ye whole came to 12-6-9 and recd an aCcount pr Patrick Taggart that my father in law was laid speachles at portsmouth.

So an entry in November following, where we read:

22d Got my Deed I had of Ensn MacGregores acknowledged by justice Boyes and returned home and in the evening I supposse about 9 a Clock at night there was a Smart Shock of an Earth Quake almost as hard as the hard shock on the monday night before but of not so long Continuance and Borrowed one bushell of salt from Robt Macmurphy.

This is a perfectly genuine record of the doings of a plain, hard-working man, in the days of small beginnings and modest results. It depicts stern realities in a style that knows nothing of literary merit, but which is nevertheless interesting because unstudied. The pages are full of names and incidents that must be of value to descendants of the good people of the region. An entry of June 2, 1783, "I got ½ a pint of Rum from Zech Chandler on credit and I went to the falls and I got 4 shad," reminds us that Senator Zachariah Chandler of Michigan was born in Bedford, and exhibited the traits of his ancestry.

The book has exasperating features. It lacks an index; and there is no running-title to indicate the year in which the entries are made. It seems a strange oversight that the town has not furnished at least an index of names, seeing that the diary is chiefly useful that it may be consulted by persons interested in tracing genealogy, or learning some facts with regard to an already known ancestor. Barring this serious defect, which might be repaired in a separate volume, the publication reflects credit upon the town of Bedford, for the material is worthy of preservation and the book is well printed.

A History of Two Reciprocity Treaties. By Chalfant Robinson. New Haven, Conn.: The Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Press.

This volume deals with the Canadian treaty of 1854 and the Hawaiian treaty of 1876; it also contains a chapter on what the author calls "The Treaty-Making Power of the House of Representatives," *i. e.*, the power of the House to refuse legislation (especially an appropriation) required for the purpose of giving effect to a treaty already duly ratified. This power has caused trouble in the past, and may do so in the future. The author's review of the matter is fair, but it is not relevant to the main purpose of his volume, and is a reprint of a magazine article.

Reciprocity seems to be a subject which attracts Mr. Robinson a good deal; he gives us here as a comment upon the full text of the Canadian and Hawaiian treaties several elaborate historical chapters and an introduction on the early trade relations of Great Britain with her colonies, and the changes produced by the independence of the United States. The value of the volume is mainly historical. The author raises questions of policy, but does not answer them, or only in a tentative way. The importance of reciprocity treaties he exaggerates, we believe, greatly; how far reciprocity tends, as he seems to think, to political union, is a very obscure problem. If it is ever tried on a great scale and for a long period of time, there will be an opportunity of finding out whether there is any general law governing the subject; hitherto the protectionists have taken very good care to prevent anything of that sort. The two most conspicuous attempts at tempering protection by reciprocity—our Canadian treaty and the Cobden treaty with Louis Napoleon—were not suffered to poison the protectionist air of either France or the United States for many years, and the third experiment, the McKinley-Kasson reciprocity treaties, are still *in gremio Senatus*, and not likely to get much further. To free traders reciprocity combined with protection is an absurdity, or at best a mere expedient. Cobden himself only believed in it so far as to think that a good treaty with France *might* enlighten that country through the operation of its own beneficence; but it did not. The fact is, that reciprocity and protection, instead of being, as some protectionists have always fondly imagined, supplementary in nature to one another, are in essence mutually repugnant, especially in a system like our own, where every tariff is the result of a sort of bargain made among all the leading industrial interests. The theory is that you clap on a high duty on something, and then lower it as an inducement to the foreign nation to make a corresponding reduction; but, in practice, the duty in question turns out to be essential to the system, and the parties to the bargain cannot be brought to take it off. Such, at least, has been our recent experience. But it will probably be centuries before the reciprocity illusion is entirely dissipated.

Le Origini degli Stati Uniti d'America. Da Gennaro Mondaini. (Collezione Villari.) Milan: U. Hoepli; New York: G. E. Stechert. 1904.

It is a significant fact that although Cavour took the English parliamentary system for the model of the Piedmontese, which later became the Italian, the political development of Italy has been rather along Latin than Anglo-Saxon lines. France, with her centralization and bureaucracy, has set the example which Italy has followed; racial affinity has proved stronger than the ideals of a few thinkers and statesmen. Had Cavour lived twenty years, he might have held his country closer to the constitutional practices of Westminster, which he admired. But since 1861 the drift in Italy has been away from England, and, needless to say, Italians have paid but little attention to American history and government, or they would not have rested content with the popular history of the American Revolution which Carlo Botta wrote a century ago and they still refer to as an authority.

We give a particular welcome, therefore, to Signor Mondaini's 'Le Origini degli Stati Uniti,' the latest volume in the excellent series of histories edited by Prof. Pasquale Villari. This is a book thoroughly up-to-date, written by a man trained in the modern methods of historical investigation, who has, moreover, a firm grasp of his subject and a straightforward style. He describes in seven chapters the beginnings of European settlements in North America, the Puritans, the plantations in the South, the commercial society of New York and Pennsylvania, the struggle between the English and the French colonists for possession of the continent, and the war of independence. In a final chapter he describes the political organization of the new society, and its tendencies at the birth of the republic.

His work blends the general purpose of Mr. Bryce and that of Mr. Goldwin Smith. It might well serve as a manual for the American student, because, in addition to giving a brief narrative of events and a critical comment on social and political conditions, it expresses the opinions of an intelligent foreigner who approaches the subject without prejudice. He treats the Puritan and the Virginian with equal fairness, and, what is perhaps a harder task, he indicates briefly but very clearly the steps by which the character of each was slowly transformed. Particularly striking is his picture of the Constitution, which apparently created a government so decentralized that, in theory at least, it ought to have been in a perpetual state of deadlock, for any one of the three branches—the President, the Senate, or the House—could block the activity of the other two, while the Supreme Court could declare unconstitutional laws which the Congress had passed and the Executive had approved. Signor Mondaini has mastered his subject so well that we hope that he may, in a second volume of similar character, describe the development of the American Union during the nineteenth century.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anspacher, Louis K. Tristan and Isolde, a Tragedy. Brentano's.
Confessions of a Railroad Man. New York: S. R. I. Community.
De Moratin's El Sí de las Niñas. Introduction and notes by J. Geddes and F. M. Josselyn, jr. American Book Co.
Euripides's Iphigenia. Edited by William Nickerson Bates. (Greek Series for Colleges and Schools.) American Book Co.
Fisher, George Park. Outlines of Universal History. New ed. American Book Co.
Garland, Hamlin. The Light of the Star. (Fiction.) Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Hull, George W. Elements of Algebra. American Book Co.
Johnson, Charles F. Forms of English Poetry. American Book Co.
Latham, Edward. A Dictionary of Names, Nicknames and Surnames. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Mathews, Francis Aymar. Pamelia Congreve. (Fiction). Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Pratt, Edwin A. Trade Unionism and British Industry. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
Rambaud, Alfred. Expansion of Russia. Second edition. Scott-Thaw Co.
Roscher, Wilhelm. The Spanish Colonial System. Translation edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents net.
Shorter Elizabethan Poems. Introduction by A. H. Bullen. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.
Tanner, J. H. Elementary Algebra. (Modern Mathematical Series.) American Book Co.
Thaxter, Celia. An Island Garden. New edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
The Reciter's Treasury of Verse. Edited by Ernest Pertwee. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
The Scots Peerage. Edited by Sir James Balfour Paul. Vol. I. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
Thomas, Mrs. Theodore (Rose Fay). Our Mountain Garden. The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Thompson, A. Beeby. The Oil Fields of Russia. D. Van Nostrand Co. $15 net.
Vacaresco, Helene. Kings and Queens I Have Known. Harper & Brothers. $2 net.
Wagner's Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg. Introduction by W. P. Bigelow. American Book Co.
Watertown Records. (Fourth book of town proceedings, and second book of vital statistics.) Boston: Stanhope Press.
Winkley, J. W. First Lessons in the New Thought. Boston: James H. West Co. 60 cents.
Wyld, M. Alice. The Dread Inferno: Notes for Beginners in the Study of Dante. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

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The Week.

Amid the confident Republican prophecies of discord and folly at the St. Louis Convention, it may not be generally realized that one thing is already assured—the Democratic platform will this year be sound on the money question. Be the candidate who he may, he will not be for free silver. Nor will he be for any kind of meddling with the gold standard. So much is made certain by the action already had in State Conventions, and by the overwhelming drift in the party. Of the delegates now elected, at least two-thirds are against dragging the free-silver corpse from its grave; and, with the South returning rapidly to its historic position in favor of sound money, there can be no doubt that the St. Louis platform will be satisfactory on the currency issue, whatever its other planks may be. The efforts of Mr. Bryan to secure a reaffirmation of the Kansas City platform have come absolutely to nothing. Two or three Hearst-ridden States have gone in for that madness—having accepted him, why should they stick at anything?—but the great phalanx of Eastern and Southern States which have to elect the President, if any Democrat can be elected at all, have shown beyond a peradventure that they will have none of it. They may divide about candidates, but they are unanimous against breaking a leg twice over the same free-silver stone.

A significant announcement from Nebraska implies that Mr. Bryan himself is aware of the futility of further struggles against the inevitable. He is going to stump his own State as a candidate for the United States Senate. Nebraska Republicans have been so shamed and demoralized by the methods of Dietrich and his kind that the State is now regarded as fair fighting-ground. As so many times before, the Republicans have "redeemed" Nebraska from the Populists only to make its last state worse than the first. Bryan may succeed in carrying the Legislature. Obviously, however, as a candidate for the Senate on the regular ticket, he cannot be the enraged and irreconcilable bolter that complacent Republicans have pictured him.

For invincible optimism, commend us to the official Administration view of the party rent in Wisconsin. It is admitted, to be sure, that the Democrats will very likely win the Governorship, and that the Republicans will lose two or three Congressmen, but what of that? All factions are going to work hard for the electoral ticket, and that is enough for Washington. Defeated Congressmen can be "taken care of"; even if control of the House should be lost in consequence of the quarrel, it would not really signify. The Administration would still live. We have our doubts, however, whether this cheerfulness is not a little forced. It will certainly be thought so in Wisconsin. On the other hand, if, from the news which comes out of Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Massachusetts, the uninstructed reader should gain the impression that there is anything but harmony in the Republican party, it can instantly be disposed of by turning the pointer to Ohio and Iowa. Never did lion and lamb lie down together with more convincing manifestations of real brotherly love than do Senators Dick and Foraker. As for Secretary Shaw's State, it was evidently a mistake ever to suppose that the Iowa idea meant a friendly revision of the tariff. More than two-thirds of the national delegates protest that orthodox Republicans, at least, entertain no such idea. Last year's platform was so delicately balanced that the voter might fancy it inclining either way. This year's will be immovable in any direction. "Gov. Cummins of Iowa is the only man who can save you from the wrath to come," declared Congressman John Sharp Williams in one of his tariff speeches last winter. But the Republican leaders will have none of such means of salvation. One wrath at a time for them, and that of the protected manufacturer is more vivid than any tearful dread of future judgment.

Senator Daniel of Virginia says the American people are not going to stand the Republican policy of "dumping" much longer. Secretary Shaw, however, is of quite another mind. He told the Iowa State Convention last week that the chief issue of the campaign this year would be the Democratic claim that American goods are sold cheaper abroad than at home. But, he adds, while this is true in a way, the fact can be proved only as to about one-thirtieth of our exports. The astonishing thing is that it can be proved even to that extent, as the people who sell abroad at less than cost are not, as a rule, disposed to publish the fact. We trust Secretary Shaw has not based his present estimate entirely on the export price of commodities as figured by the Treasury Department. But, taking his figures at their face, they show that about $50,000,000 of American goods are annually sold abroad at less than the domestic prices—a fact which the Democrats may be able to use to advantage. According to the Iowa Republicans, protection must be maintained to its full extent in order to keep American industries from making war on each other. That is, certain manufacturers must be allowed to charge domestic consumers such inflated prices that they can afford to sell at a loss abroad. If they are not, there will be some throat-cutting among the friends of protection. No one has a right to say that a man shall not sell his goods abroad at any price he may care to name. But when the Government taxes 80,000,000 people to make good his losses, that is another thing.

President Roosevelt's letter, read at the Cuban banquet on Friday night, goes frankly upon the supposition that he is the big policeman of this hemisphere. All his professions of friendliness are qualified by the assertion, "Brutal wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may finally require intervention." Note, the wrongdoing is not directed against this country. It is not a case of impaired national rights that the President has in mind. His position is, rather, that if we do not like the kind of government maintained in neighboring republics, we will step in to compel a change or to take over the territory. Such a proceeding is as unknown to international law as were the doctrines which the President invented and applied to Panama. The right of intervention has been discussed and defined in hundreds of text-books, but not one of them recognizes this dangerous assumption of President Roosevelt's. How filled his mind is with it appears from the unconscious way in which he gives it expression. He probably does not intend to translate it into action until after election; but the inference is disquieting that, as soon as chosen President, he will set about a vigorous "policing" of San Domingo and the rest.

With so many able editors enthusiastic for Roosevelt, he yet seems strangely to lack outspoken defenders in the press. The eloquent silence of Republican newspapers about his pension order, for example, filled the American correspondent of the London *Times* with astonishment. Mr. Smalley could not understand that sort of thing. To have nothing to say when the leader of your party is attacked, is a new conception of journalistic loyalty. Another instance of the same thing is the entire failure of the leading Republican organs to speak a good word for the President in the Van Cott case. In the face of the reproaches of the Democratic and

independent press, they are absolutely dumb. We admit that they had a hard case on their hands. The facts showed conclusively that the Postmaster of New York was grossly unfit to be kept in office; but why, nimbly evading the facts, could there not have been an indignant hurling back of "slanders," in the good old thick-and-thin style? The *Tribune* printed all the news, but could not find its editorial voice. It has, however, a good precedent for keeping its zeal for Roosevelt so carefully under restraint. Horace Greeley wrote that he "supported" Taylor in 1848, but added: "I did not hurry myself to secure his election."

Interesting side lights on the pension industry are furnished by the testimony taken in the Federal Court at Portland, Ore., in the case of Pension Agent T. A. Wood and his son, Hosea Wood, charged with conspiracy to defraud the Government. Nearly all the applicants appearing before Agent Wood were Indian fighters, and a careless crew they were. R. B. Wilmott, who appears to have led a company, testified "that he had not intended to sign the affidavit used by Mrs. Rosetta Garrison, but that her name had been written into a blank affidavit which he signed, expecting it to be used for some member of his company." It was his custom to sign blank affidavits, he added, and trust to the agent, Wood, to use them for the benefit of his old comrades in arms. Joseph Gibson was another trustful soul who was deceived. Counting upon the upright Wood, Gibson had signed seventy-five blank affidavits. In the case of Cornelius Beals it appears that "he had his doubts," as also when he vouched for Sarah A. Hill, an Indian war widow. "He called the attention of Wood to the fact that she had been married after the death of her husband, the Indian fighter." But Wood said "it was all right for him to make the affidavit, notwithstanding the subsequent marriage."

Another witness who helped to illustrate Wood's methods was Joseph Melrath, the notary public who was employed by the pension agent to affix his jurat to the affidavits as they were used. "There were shown him a bundle of claims, affidavits, and fee agreements which bore his jurat, and which other witnesses said they did not swear to on the date shown by his jurat." Mr. Melrath admitted that they were right, since on the date when the greater number of the affidavits were supposed to have been acknowledged, he had not even been in Portland. His excuse was: "Hosea asked me to let him do the dating, because he did not like my style of dating." It was Hiram Wood, "a gray-haired veteran," unable to sign his name, who seemed best to exemplify the friendly spirit of the Wood method. He had made his mark on a number of blank affidavits without intending them to be used to further the claims of Harvey A. Hogue, Jane Greer, and others, but hastened to add that "he knew the parties named and could have sworn to their claims." It was he also who "amused the spectators by hanging his feet over the jury-box and remarking to Judge Bellinger in the midst of the proceedings: 'You've got pretty old since I seen you last.'"

Several interesting commercial problems hinge on the arguments which began on May 18 before the Interstate Commerce Commission. Primarily, the question at issue is that of railway "differentials," by which is meant a concession, or handicap, allowed to a given railway, or to railways running to a given port. The theory of the "differential" was that if, for instance, all railways running from Buffalo to the seaboard had agreed on uniform rates for carrying export freight, a railway less favorably equipped than the others, or running to a port less advantageously situated, might properly be permitted to charge a lower rate. Such a concession was to do no more than counterbalance the disadvantages under which the "differential" railway labored. The present dispute chiefly concerns "differentials" in favor of railways serving Philadelphia, Baltimore, and outlets for the South. The claim of the New York lines is that these ports have outgrown the conditions which were originally met by the differential concessions. For evidence, statistics are submitted showing that, in the past twenty or thirty years, New York has lost much ground in the export trade, relatively to outside ports. Its shipments of wheat and corn in 1881, for instance, were 60 per cent. of the country's entire export, whereas in 1903 the ratio was only 44 per cent.

There is undoubtedly good ground for arguing that, under present conditions, the "differentials" allowed to many of these outlying ports have discriminated unjustly against New York. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that this is the whole cause of the decline in New York's percentage of our total export trade. In facilities for storage, for harbor transportation, and for dock room, all seaports are limited, and when the limit is approached, an overflow of the country's growing traffic to the younger ports is inevitable and altogether desirable. Construction of the great grain elevators in the Chesapeake, improvement of the freight service southward from the Middle West to New Orleans, and the building of new railways from the Nebraska corn belt to the Gulf, drew to those export points a good deal of export business which, under old conditions, would theoretically have come to New York city. It was perfectly natural that, with the rapid growth of such facilities, these other ports should have increased by leaps and bounds the percentage of the country's export trade handled by them. It was equally natural that the ratio of this city's exports to the total should in some degree decline. But it should be equally plain that, with this advance in facilities of the younger ports, the argument for "differentials" disappears.

President Parry discussed the labor problem in his annual address on May 17 before the National Association of Manufacturers at Pittsburgh. This organization stands for sound ideas regarding the open shop and freedom from union tyrannies. President Parry says that all employers would prefer to see their men highly paid than to see them struggling for a mere livelihood, but he asserts that the blame for low wages cannot be thrown on the former. The only way to raise wages is to increase per-capita production. There cannot be any doubt on this point. Labor is essentially paid in kind. What people work for are the things they eat, drink, and wear. Anything that restricts the amount of such things decreases the amount consumed by those who produce them—that is, lowers their real wages. If the labor unions could once master this idea, they would see the folly of their course in trying to limit production. The cost of commodities must always be based on the unit of production. What the working man needs is the chance to work to his full capacity in turning out the units; but this is just what the labor unions aim to defeat.

The freight-handlers' strike on the Sound boats is a naked attempt to force recognition of the union. In his formal statement, Jacob W. Miller, general manager of the marine district of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, says that the only question at issue is whether he shall discharge an assistant foreman who has "served for many years faithfully," but who has not joined the union. Mr. Miller adds: "The public can decide whether or not a corporation should do such an unusually inhumane act, even though its own very large interests may be jeopardized by thus protecting the welfare of one true man." The demand that a foreman shall be thrown out of work because he does not choose to bow to the union and submit to the whims of a walking delegate, would be regarded as too preposterous for serious consideration were it not that unions are everywhere securing such admission of their absurd claims. As for the jeopardy to large interests of which Mr. Miller

speaks, no doubt the company may suffer a temporary loss by maintaining its position; but we can imagine no course more unwise and disastrous in the long run than the sacrifice of a faithful employee to an irresponsible union.

North Carolina, Alabama, and Kansas have clashed in the Government Printing-Office. John Martin of Morgantown, N. C., is a "highly esteemed young man," and when he was assigned to a "case" beside a young Alabama negro he objected. The white compositor's protest was made to Division Foreman Roberts, "who hails from Kansas," and who informed Martin, when a second request for a transfer was received, that "the negro was as good as he." Mr. Ricketts, foreman of printing, upon being appealed to, replied that the President's attitude in this matter of recognizing the rights of negroes is so well known that he had no other course than to sustain Roberts. North Carolina interprets the situation as an insult to an esteemed citizen; Alabama is humiliated because the authorities are standing behind her "nigger" and giving all the other colored men in the printing-office an unnaturally haughty air; and Kansas, with characteristic modesty, is conscious of having struck a blow for industrial equality. The incident suggests the practical dread of business competition which lies behind much of the talk about "race purity."

So long as Mr. Balfour is alert enough to emasculate both free trade and protectionist resolutions in the Commons, he cannot be beaten on the fiscal issue; but it is hard to see how he can continue mere Parliamentary evasions and avoid the accusation of cowardice. That charge Lord Hugh Cecil made roundly against Mr. Chamberlain last week. Mr. Balfour himself is in the position of affirming nothing and denying nothing. He cannot even reaffirm his own doctrine of retaliation, for, with his Chamberlainite following, he must go the whole way or not at all. Yet the Premier's rather humiliating weakness on the main issue should not disguise the fact that he is pretty strong in the division lobbies. His appeal is to convinced partisans of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's type, and even more to the numerous members of both sides who see in a general election the end of their Parliamentary lives—for the next appeal to the constituencies will probably make a revolutionary change in the personnel of the Commons. Everybody realizes that, and many who theoretically would like to upset the Ministry, practically stay their hands when they think of saying good-by to their seats. In rather striking contrast to Mr. Balfour's agility in keeping himself politically alive long after his political *raison d'être* has ceased, is Mr. Chamberlain's forthright capture of the Liberal-Unionist organization. To be sure, that is only a shell, but possession of it makes it easier to discipline the Free Trade Unionists, who will be driven into open secession with Mr. Winston Churchill's group, or back to the party fold with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

It is at last admitted in Parliament that war exists between England and Tibet. On all hands it will be a relief to be rid of the pretence of a diplomatic mission. The Government will now be able to call any one who questions the wisdom of the war a traitor, or, worse, a Little Englander. Lord Lansdowne has already termed the Tibetans "rabid barbarians," and the Ministerial press, which has been praising Col. Younghusband for emphasizing the amiability of the Lama's subjects, will doubtless follow Lord Lansdowne's lead. The whole affair shows once more that parliamentary safeguards are relatively useless when an executive officer is willing to take the chances of war. In the present case, Lord Curzon's expedition was organized on the principle of heads I win, tails you lose; for either a diplomatic or military triumph would presumably make him Duke of Lhasa. The reckoning, however, is likely to be painful to the Indian taxpayer, who will bear the brunt of the expense, and possibly to the rate-payer at home. Gen. Macdonald's brigade is already in a very insecure position, and reinforcements will probably have to be got up to the roof of the world. As significant, finally, as Lord Lansdowne's abuse of the enemy was the refusal of the War Office to forecast the probable settlement. This is in striking contrast to Mr. Balfour's general disclaimer of territorial ambitions in Tibet. Now that a state of war is admitted, the time for disclaimers is over.

Evidently the channel of Port Arthur is obstructed, not blocked, and all Japanese landing operations in the Liaotung Gulf are threatened by the existence of a formidable fleet in being. Since the loss of the *Hatsuse*, Togo's superiority is not sufficient to allow him to disregard the Port Arthur squadron, and it seems very likely that a descent in force upon Niu-Chwang must wait until Port Arthur is reduced and the Russian fleet destroyed. That should be a very costly matter, for it is probable that the attack will be pressed in order that Kuroki, who now seems waiting for the peninsula campaign to be carried out, may strike at Mukden before Kuropatkin has been greatly reinforced. In short, except for the presence of armies on the ground, the case stands as it did after the first attack upon Port Arthur; the Japanese must confine their operations to the Korean Gulf until it is certain that the Russian fleet cannot interfere with the transport service. Wild speculations as to the probability of the Baltic squadron changing the naval balance of power this summer bear their improbable character on their face.

The sinking of the *Hatsuse*, presumably by a Russian mine, while ten or twelve miles off Port Arthur, has excited wide discussion and, in some bosoms, a good deal of indignation. Outcries against the Russians are premature so long as we do not know whether they have done what they are charged with—namely, sowing mines broadcast in the open sea. The *Hatsuse* may have been destroyed by a mine accidentally adrift—perhaps by a Japanese mine. It remains true, however, that a grave principle of military and international law is involved in the dispute. That the laws of naval warfare should have been so little codified hitherto is somewhat surprising. The rules of war on land are much more elaborately and precisely fixed. The Hague Conference extended the principles of the Geneva Convention to maritime warfare, but that, of course, relates mainly to hospital ships, etc., and does not touch the questions now raised. A few national regulations have been published, as, for example, our own Naval War Code recently issued; but even here we get general principles rather than specific details. Our code, for example, permits "measures that are indispensable for securing the ends of the war, and that are in accordance with modern laws and usages of war." Evidently, that gets us "no forrarder." The very thing we want to know is, what are the laws and usages of war, as bearing on the employment of floating mines?

Americans and Englishmen are making the most numerous exclamations against these war implements. They do it, we must say, with uncommon ill grace; since it was they who, at the Hague Conference, consistently opposed the various proposals to diminish the destructiveness and cruelty of the weapons and methods of war. Against the prohibition of the "dum-dum" bullet and of shells containing asphyxiating gases, the American and English delegates voted. They were also more than cold to the propositions in the fourth paragraph of Count Muravieff's circular, one of which was: "The prohibition of the use, in naval battles, of submarine and diving torpedo boats, or all other agencies of destruction of the same nature." That, argued the Americans and English jointly, would be to put a check upon inventiveness; and Capt. Mahan recalled the fact that the first use of the torpedo was denounced as cruel and unlawful. He was for giving inventors free play.

THE SELF-ELECTOR.

President Roosevelt's attitude towards his own election is paradoxical. On the one hand we seem to have a President of the nicest scruple and utmost delicacy. He will make no speeches to induce his fellow-countrymen to keep him in the Presidency. His record is before them: if they approve, and desire to reward, well and good; if not, he is prepared to accept their verdict with a quiet and even mind. In any case, he will maintain the dignity of his high office. He will not even resort to the time-honored device of receiving "delegations," over whose heads he may address the people with artful appeals for votes. All this regard for the proprieties is admirably—if a trifle ostentatiously—correct. We see joined to it, however, the spectacle of a President working for his reëlection with a directness, an unconcealed and unintermitted activity, and a choice of methods unexampled. Nothing is too small for Mr. Roosevelt's oversight. The platform has first to get his *imprimatur*. Even the speech in which he is to be nominated at Chicago must be submitted to his expert literary revision. For all we know, he may have designated the men who are to lead the cheering. No detail seems to escape him; for, as a somewhat disgusted Republican Senator said, when referring to the party's political arrangements, "The President bothers about everything." As for the selection of a National Chairman, Mr. Roosevelt has made that a personal perquisite in a way to attract unfavorable comment from even the most loyal of Republicans, as the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent frankly admits.

To break up a Cabinet in order to get a head for a political committee, strikes people as a violent process. Secretary Cortelyou has barely begun his work in a department which the President himself has described as of the highest importance. Execution of some of the policies supposed to be nearest his heart is confided to the Secretary of Commerce. Yet the latter is to throw up his office and give way to an untried successor, all for an imagined exigency in party politics. To the objections of Republicans who have borne the heat and burden of the day—namely, that Mr. Cortelyou is too recent a convert from Democracy (he voted for Cleveland in 1892) to be placed in charge of the Republican campaign—we attach little weight. The significant thing is, that the President is ready to disarrange Government affairs in order to secure a chairman who shall be, in a peculiar sense, his personal representative. What is left, then, of the President's assumed delicacy? He will not speak, but he will work and plan night and day; he will dictate everything; he will be his own manager, for, of course, Cortelyou really means Roosevelt; he will not fling himself at the heads of the people, but he will control and minutely supervise every man who goes to them in his name.

This is not all. The man whom the President has personally selected to extol and nominate him at Chicago went direct from the White House to tell the reporters of his profound disgust with those who were making it a "fad" to "war against vice." At the very moment when the Bishop of New York was congratulating the community on the triumph of a great moral protest, and when the press, both secular and religious, was recording and rejoicing over the victory, ex-Gov. Black was declaring that "the whole thing reeks of hypocrisy." This was no insinuated scoff of a coward tongue; it was the unblushing, the open, the cynical, and deliberate utterance of President Roosevelt's chosen spokesman.

Washington dispatches inform us that Mr. Roosevelt, with a fine detachment all his own, has already read over the ex-Governor's laudatory speech, and is convinced that it will produce a deep impression upon both convention and country. It may. If the Democratic press seizes the opportunity now before it, Mr. Black's contempt for reform and public morality will be so well understood that his praise of the reforming and moral Roosevelt will seem like elaborate sarcasm. It is no new thing for the ex-Governor. His present scorn for those who would suppress felonious gambling recalls the disdain which he expressed in his first message to the Legislature for all who strove to improve the public service. At them, too, he sneered as men who had found in civil-service reform a "capital" without which they would be "bankrupt." Their plan, he affirmed, was not "necessarily high-toned because it lacks common sense"; and he went on with the frank brutality of a jobber in offices to say that "in my judgment civil service [*sic*] will work better with less starch."

Mr. Roosevelt strove mightily, when Governor, to put back the starch which Gov. Black took out. That showed sufficiently what he thought of his predecessor's methods. What he thought of his political manners and morals has been in no doubt. The cynical spoilsman can have but the smallest personal attraction for the hearty reformer. Why, then, was the cynic selected to sound the praises of the reformer? Only, we suppose, on that theory of being "devilish sly" in politics which occasionally afflicts and subdues President Roosevelt. His idea appears to have been that it was necessary to reassure other States about his prospects in New York. Disquieting rumors have been afloat. It has been alleged that the Republican machine was not enthusiastic. So the President has reached for a man in the very interior of the machine. The ex-Governor is an epigrammatic orator, and if he follows his native impulses his phrase-making will be at the expense of the reformer and an insult to the moralist. He is quite capable of glorifying his own spoilsman's principles, and asking the Convention if it cares anything about "a jobless faith, or a creed which dooms a man to a lean and plunderless integrity."

THE WESTERN REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS.

Republican conventions in Western States have no pity, this year, for the repose of Presidential candidates. The outright split in Wisconsin last week is a cloud on Republican prospects considerably bigger than a man's hand. If persisted in, the bolt led by Senator Spooner will infallibly enable the Democrats to elect a Governor, while, in the war to the knife between the two Republican factions, Congressional districts are in danger of being lost and the electoral ticket itself is in peril.

Of the merits of the Wisconsin quarrel it is impossible for the distant observer to gain a clear view. Each side denounces the other in unmeasured terms. Each accuses the other of cheating. A man so devoted to party "regularity" as Senator Spooner, and so fertile in metaphysical reasons for surrendering his private judgment to party policy, must have felt himself bitterly wronged before being willing to lead a revolt. Yet it does not appear that his faction would have had a majority of the convention even if the contesting delegates had been seated. Doubtless the intention is to get the National Convention, or the National Committee, to adjust the differences; and every effort will surely be made to induce the two factions to relax their grip on each other's throat. But party strifes of this kind are notoriously hard to quell, even if a formal truce be declared; and Republicans who remember what havoc was wrought by "half-breeds" and "stalwarts" in this State, cannot but be disturbed as they see those very names, and the ferocity that went with them, making themselves at home in Wisconsin.

It is true that Senator Spooner gives his assurance that there is no danger to party prospects in the nomination of two State tickets. Certainly the plurality of 105,000 for McKinley electors in 1900 yields a good margin of safety. Still, there are manifest difficulties, and not the least of them is found in the Wisconsin ballot law. The two conventions at Madison named the same set of Presidential electors, indeed, but the statutes forbid the printing of any candidate's name twice on the official ballot, even though he is nominated for the same office by several organizations. Since the two tickets were put forth simultaneously, each elector will appar-

ently have the right to decide in which party column his name shall appear. Unless some truce is patched up, therefore, or one faction submits to being thrown out of court by the National Convention, it will require a large amount of "splitting" for either "stalwart" or "half-breed" to vote a full electoral ticket. Mechanically speaking, it will be very much easier to vote the full Democratic ticket. In view of the dangers, it is hard to believe that such astute politicians as are engineering the Wisconsin fight will maintain their unyielding attitude after the National Convention has pronounced on the question of regularity.

In Illinois, the celestial angers of the State Convention have been varied by Olympian laughter. So prolonged and stubborn a contest for the nomination of Governor is without precedent, certainly for many years. On its face, the struggle might be thought to be an old-fashioned one between rival aspirants, without the intervention of a machine to make everything go off with smooth celerity; but closer inspection shows that it is simply three or four machines in a deadlock. The solidity and stolidity of the array of delegates for each of the leading candidates bespeak pledged and fettered men rather than representatives of the party met to consult its highest interests. Gov. Yates has been one of the most conspicuous son-of-his-father failures; while an argument openly used in behalf of Lowden is that, being very rich, he can afford to be an honest Governor.

What one is most struck by, however, in all this hurly-burly of quarrelsome conventions, is the indication that the whole system is breaking down. There is nothing sacred about it. It was merely a party shift, to begin with, supplanting the Congressional caucus only because it was expected to work better. But it now working pretty badly. Conventions are confessedly unwieldy—members in some States run to 1,500, or more—and expensive; and if they lead to many more such wearisome deadlocks or huge wrangles as we are now seeing, the question of an alternative method may well be raised. Of course, the idea was to base the convention as broadly as possible so as to give the people large participation, and hence make them more satisfied with the result. In practice, however, it appears that 1,500 nobodies are less fitted to deliberate and decide wisely than 100 capable men, while much more exposed to being deceived or corrupted or led away madly in a "stampede." With the thousand or more delegates on the floor, we have come to have the 5,000 or so in the galleries, doing all they can to make the convention take on the appearance of a mob, and so still further to degrade it. After the Chicago Convention of 1892 there was much discussion of the evils of crowd-ridden conventions, and proposals were made to limit them to actual delegates and reporters for the press. The proceedings at Springfield, Ill., certainly point to the need of some such remedy, joined with a limitation of the number of delegates, if the whole convention system is not to fall into disrepute.

And how strange a light do the Wisconsin and Illinois rows throw upon the conception of government by party! "Party," wrote Burke, "is a body of men united, for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." But what principle, particular or general, unites or divides these warring Republican factions? They profess the same party doctrines, yet they fly at each other like wolves. No principle whatever is at stake. Spoils, power, office, plunder—these are the controlling things. And what we ask is how even a National Convention, dominated by men who dream only of patronage and faction and personal advantage, can be expected to formulate a real body of party principles? Drawn by their hand, the platform is sure to be, in Burke's language again, "unsafe to touch and unsafe to stand on"—"a tessellated pavement without cement."

NEGRO CHURCHES.

"The negro church," declared the report of the Atlanta Conference of 1898, "is the only social institution of the negroes which started in the African forest and survived slavery; under the leadership of priest or medicine man, afterwards of the Christian pastor, the church preserved in itself the remnants of African tribal life, and became after emancipation the centre of negro social life." The extended study of American negro churches, made under the direction of Atlanta University and just published, approaches the subject from this point of view.

Of all the forces active in the negro's uplifting, his church is the one which is most self-directed, and does its work along the lines of the inherited tendencies of the race instead of against them. Regarded as the direct descendant of the wild gatherings in the African jungles for the Obeah sorcery, both the strength and the weakness of the negro church can be better understood. While the political rights of the race have been denied, its churches have been allowed to flourish, with but few exceptions, since the time when the theologians discovered that it was proper to hold Christians in slavery. One of the most impressive facts brought out in the present monograph is the strong desire of the negro to have churches of his own, with the great number of instances in which these have been successfully established and maintained. "Nothing is more striking or hopeful for the negroes than the manifest fact that mere charity of patronage, however bountiful, has not satisfied them." The richest denomination "has nearly the smallest negro membership, not because it does not give to them, but because it does not treat them as equals." On the other hand, the denomination with the largest negro membership "is confronted by the strange fact that its black members have actually refused alms, while the Methodist Episcopal Church has a hard time to keep its colored membership from secession, despite pecuniary advantages." While in many cases established by missionary efforts of the whites, the 27,000 negro churches, with their three and a half million members and thirty millions of property, are monuments to the negro's own zeal. The congregation becomes his social unit. His naturally demonstrative and emotional nature gives character to his worship.

The vital present problem is the supplanting of the old-time emotional exhorter, famous only for the "rousement" of his discourses, divorcing his religion entirely from practically morality, and often setting the worst of examples in his personal life, by the educated minister who becomes a force for good among his people. The change in the old order encounters tremendous difficulties. The negroes are prone to schism, and are only too ready to leave a church or get rid of its pastor if the preaching fails to suit their taste. Young men who are capable of better things in the pulpit, are often forced by circumstances too strong for them into following those traditions of the negro church which take it farthest back toward barbarism.

Those who compiled the Atlanta report chose as fields for more detailed study a Black-Belt county, and cities and towns of various sections, both North and South. Opinions which were collected from intelligent negroes as well as white men show decided differences in regard to the way in which the church is fulfilling its trust. In Thomas County, Ga., where the churches have split until there is one to every 150 negroes, the investigator reports that the young people look upon these largely as "bureaus to provide amusement" (not all white churches are free from like reproach), and that "some of the secret societies are more vigilant as to their constituencies than the church." Scandals concerning the preachers are frequent. "The majority of ministers," says the report, "are unlearned or ignorant men, ignorant in the sense of fitness for leadership." In the larger cities, on the other hand, where common interest in property keeps congregations together, the standard appears to be far higher. Many instances are reported in which colored ministers have the thorough esteem and

confidence of the white men in their communities. Outside of certain localities, the evidence can hardly be disputed that there has been improvement of late years both in the character of ministers and in the general moral level of the people. "Forty years ago," says the report of the Baptist Home Mission Society, "the minister who could read was the exception; now the exception is one who cannot." Under conditions of freedom, it is the almost unanimous opinion of those, both white and black, whose views have been sought, that the crying need of the negro church is for a devoted, intelligent, and high-principled ministry.

"The best negroes," said a Southern delegate before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church recently, "are the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians." The element of truth behind such a statement as this is probably that the class which leaves the "shouting" Baptist or Methodist Church for a colder intellectualism on the one hand, or a solemn ritual on the other, is likely to be above the average in intelligence and character. One of the contributors to the Atlanta report makes an interesting analysis of the history of the negro ministry. The minister of slavery and early freedom was ignorant, but a real leader of his people in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. Such instances are to be found as that of "Uncle Jack" in Virginia, whose freedom was bought for him by his white neighbors, and whose influence over his people was so great that planters, instead of punishing their slaves, often referred them to the discipline of their pastor, which was more effective. After the war, the negro congregations were without homes, and the minister who could raise money for church building came into favor regardless of his piety or morality. Church debts since that time have made it necessary to have ministers who could keep the churches full, and have distracted interest from the spiritual aspects of religion. When the children in the colored public schools of Atlanta were asked for their definition of Christianity, less than half gave preference to a moral conception over a more or less hazy theology. The minister most needed by the negro is one who shall bring his religion into as close connection as possible with every-day life.

A CORPORATION AND ITS SOUL.

Though corporations usually have no souls, the Western Union at any rate is undergoing the painful process of acquiring one. During the last few weeks the officers and directors of the company have received enough spiritual admonition to create a soul under the ribs of death. President Clowry's order of Tuesday week, cutting off telegraphic service from the poolrooms, indicates a growing knowledge not only of practical affairs, but also of moral law. If the public did not take Col. Clowry's announcement at its face value, he has only himself to blame for the prevalent skepticism, since his case is not unlike that of the maid who, whispering she would ne'er consent—consented.

When the committee of the City Club charged officers of the Western Union with knowingly abetting a felony, and with coöperating to make the running of poolrooms secret and successful, President Clowry remained silent for a few days. Then he issued a carefully written statement in which, evading the main charge of complicity in crime, he declared that the company was not a moral censor, and could not refuse to transmit racing or any other news that was couched in decent language. He entirely ignored the accusation that the Western Union gathered the news from the racetracks, sold it to the poolrooms, made special arrangements for eluding the police in delivering it, and kept inspectors busy to prevent leakages from poolrooms that paid for the news to other rooms that were trying to steal it. Nevertheless he was willing to reverse his position and become a moral censor if the civil authorities would request the company to withdraw its service from any particular poolrooms.

The inconsistency of this plea was pointed out by many commentators, especially by Police Commissioner McAdoo, who replied that President Clowry already had far more knowledge of the poolrooms than the police could possess. Western Union operators and instruments were in every room; the Western Union inspectors were on guard; and the Western Union treasurer received the daily tribute from the gamblers. If the company were really in earnest about purging itself, it need not wait for the Commissioner of Police, but could act on its own private information.

The discovery that the Western Union was an accomplice in crime was a severe shock to a number of worthy gentlemen in the directorate, who had not followed the details of operation, and who were keenly pained by the additional facts brought out in public discussion as well as by the severe comment from press and pulpit. Senator Chauncey M. Depew declared that unless the company set itself right, he would resign from the board; and everybody was aware that men like Morris K. Jesup and Jacob H. Schiff would never rest under the imputations that were laid against the Western Union. Mr. Schiff was abroad, but the common report—since confirmed—was that Mr. Jesup was demanding immediate action by the directorate. People were naturally surprised, therefore, when the Executive Committee merely endorsed President Clowry's utterance, shifted back to the police the responsibility for action against particular poolrooms, and promised that *hereafter* racing news should be furnished "only to such applicants as shall give assurance that it is not to be used for poolroom purposes." The resolutions of the Executive Committee obviously failed to meet the situation; they were a virtual admission that the Western Union was willing to cease co-partnership with felons only when the police had evidence against it; in other cases the company would continue to defy law and decency.

A more untenable position could scarcely be imagined. It was a confession of guilt and a refusal to reform except under compulsion. President Clowry found himself under a cross-fire from the press, from certain of his own directors who were less satisfied than ever with the conduct of affairs, and—worse than all—from the District Attorney. The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but, as is well known, a pursuer quickens the pace. By a curious coincidence the public received almost simultaneously two pieces of news: President Clowry, on his "own initiative," had discontinued the official delivery of reports of horse races to all classes of subscribers in the city of New York; District Attorney Jerome had begun an inquiry into the connection between the Western Union and the poolrooms. To establish a relation of cause and effect between these two facts is impossible. It is enough to remark that President Clowry threw to the winds his elaborate argument about the legal duties of a common carrier, discarded his objections to becoming a moral censor, and treated as so much waste-paper the unhappy endorsement of his own Executive Committee. In his latest utterances he comprehends the situation far more clearly than he did at first. In response to the question whether his company will lease wires to poolrooms, he declares emphatically: "Certainly it will not. When an application to lease a wire is made to us, we will inquire into the use to which it is to be put, and if that use is illegal we will refuse the lease. Poolrooms are illegal, hence we will do no business with them." Col. Clowry further asserts his right to annul the lease of a wire: "No contract is binding when it is in violation of the Penal Code and against the public good. Therefore we need not lease wires to poolrooms, and will not do so."

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

Of the Pope's circular note of protest against President Loubet's visit to Victor Emanuel III., there seems to be only one opinion, namely, that it was a grave mistake, and augurs ill for the future diplomacy of the Holy See. The pity of it is that the protest was evidently dictated by a sincere, if narrow,

piety, and the consequences of this ill-advised expression recall Père Hyacinthe's recent criticism, that "nothing is more dangerous in a Pope than piety when it is subject to the influence of a Secretary of State more or less of a Spaniard and a reactionary." As if to confirm this view, Mgr. Méry del Val's hand is thought to appear in an alteration of the circular letter. The version which reached the French Foreign Office lacked certain minatory phrases which went to all the other chancelleries of the Catholic world. Naturally, this suppression, once discovered, has heightened the offence.

Let us admit that, from his own point of view, the Pope was absolutely right in resenting a recognition of the usurping house of Savoy, which involved the disregard of the Holy See. President Loubet's visit must inevitably have been offensive to the Vatican. But it was highly inexpedient for Pius X. to seek a diplomatic remedy which was no remedy at all. A public reaffirmation of the temporal power, a measured complaint against the Trasteverine "captivity," would have shown that the Vatican yielded no point of principle. Such an encyclical need not have mentioned the French visit. The coincidence would have pointed the reference to President Loubet. A letter addressed only to the faithful would not have become a Parliamentary order of the day at Paris, whereas the circular note has already provoked serious reprisals in the withdrawing of the French Ambassador to the Vatican, and the whole matter will be laid before the Chamber of Deputies this week to add bitterness to the anti-Clerical agitation.

Already it is rumored that M. Combes will demand the denunciation of the Concordat, with the complete separation of Church and State in France. That he desires this may safely be assumed; that the French Republic can afford to give the Church its liberty, by withholding State support from it, is very doubtful. For Napoleon's momentous treaty of 1801 with the prisoner Pope Pius VII. was in some respects merely the logical formulation of principles worked out through many centuries of conflict between the Kings of France and the Popes. From St. Louis's time France had claimed the right of nominating bishops; Louis XIV. was ignominiously beaten on that issue, but Napoleon secured the important right beyond the possibility of reasonable dispute, and by nominating bishops under the Concordat France gains a national character for her Church, and guards against its undue political subservience to the Roman Curia. The agreement to pay a fixed stipend to the secular clergy arose naturally out of the Revolutionary theory of the Church as a function of the centralized State. The power to discontinue the stipend is the power to regulate the attitude of the priests towards the nation—to reward the loyal and to punish recalcitrants. At the comparatively slight expense of $10,000,000 a year, the Government of a country still profoundly Catholic at heart becomes at once the protector and the controller of the Church.

Imagine the Concordat abolished, and all moral claim to control would vanish. To-day, the Government peremptorily closes the convents and abolishes the Catholic schools, chiefly because the patron of the Church is necessarily its master. On the other hand, any attempt to regulate the bishops or the parish priests, after the Concordat had been abolished, would amount to tyranny. Now the Government has special rights over the Church; then it would have only the general rights it exercises over all citizens and associations. With Church and State fully independent, it would be as outrageous to interfere with Catholic education in France as it would be with, say, Methodist education in America.

As the case stands, the Catholic Church in France is in admirable condition for its work. Throughout the country parishes one finds curés not only of simple piety and saintly life, but also of fine education and breeding. No one who has observed the work of such men in the country towns, where in many cases the curé is maintained only by the national stipend, would wish to see their enlightening influence withdrawn. Often these men are about the only persons in a village whose life makes positively for morality or ideality of any kind. Largely because of the overt contempt of religion so prevalent in modern France, the parish priests generally have developed those heroic qualities which are the fruits of persecution. In the dislocation which would follow the abolition of the Concordat, the Church might suffer in tone. Many parishes would be abandoned, the missionary work necessitated by the change would be conducted not by loyal bishops, but in many cases by political bishops, eager only for ecclesiastical advancement. At some distant day the Church might be the better for regaining its freedom; for the present, one could anticipate only a considerable loss in spirituality and moral efficiency.

Over-clever persons, it may be said in conclusion, detect behind Pius X.'s gigantic indiscretion the instigation of the German *diabolus ex machina*. Nothing seems less probable. The Pope has simply done what seemed good to him as an unyielding potentate; it is not likely that he took counsel of any one. The result, of course, will be to turn the Vatican towards Germany because away from France. Far beyond the Roman Catholic Church, Pius's singularly ill-phrased and ill-timed letter will be regretted. Many who have deprecated a certain casuistical element in Leo XIII. will ask themselves, if, since the Vatican is inevitably in politics, there is not much virtue in a political Pope.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1904.

On May 12-14 the annual meetings of the Council of the Archæological Institute of America, and of the committees of its affiliated schools — of Classical Studies at Athens and in Rome, and of Oriental Study and Research in Palestine—were held in this city, and brought together a notable body of scholars. The general meetings of the Archæological Institute, for the reading and discussion of scientific papers, are held, as your readers will remember, in the Christmas holidays. The Institute celebrates this year the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation, and may look with just pleasure on what it has accomplished—particularly on the present and promised future of its Schools. In membership the Institute has grown more rapidly during the last few years than ever before, and now has more than fourteen hundred members, in fifteen affiliated societies reaching from Boston to California. Two societies have been added in the course of the past year, in Colorado and in Southern California. The latter, with its headquarters at Los Angeles, is proving already one of the most active and vigorous of all, having within five months secured ninety members and an important collection of books and paintings (formerly the property of the Franciscan mission) as a nucleus for a museum, and entering heartily into the work of making phonographic records of Indian and Mexican music. The Institute has persuaded Mr. Arthur Farwell, whose acquaintance with Indian music is as intimate as that of any other American, to spend three months this summer at Los Angeles in the transcription and classification of these records, and Professor Stanley of the University of Michigan also hopes to give some time to this undertaking. That these musicians will have in many instances the opportunity to cause a song to be repeated by the singer, and need not trust entirely to a single phonographic record, will be recognized as a great advantage.

The addition to the Institute of several affiliated societies in the West naturally leads it to resume the greater activity in the field of American archæology which it exerted during the first years of its existence, particularly through the work of Mr. Bandelier. The resources of the Institute are so small in comparison with those of several museums and other organizations which are busy in this field, that it cannot vie directly with them, but it hopes, as in the past, to find within its means some important work which has been neglected by other agencies. At present the Institute maintains a fellowship in American archæology, the incumbent of which is living with the Mayas and studying their customs. In particular the Institute expects to exert needed influence and to attain important results through its affiliated societies in the West. At its recent meeting, the Council of the Institute created a committee on the preservation of monuments of American antiquity, and urged its societies in the West to take an active part in seeuring

measures to this end. As a national body, with societies in five of the Western States as well as in the East, the Institute has peculiar opportunities for obtaining information as to what is desirable and practicable, both from the men of science who are connected with museums, and from those who live in proximity to the monuments and know exactly what the condition of these is, and what are the threatening dangers.

For the last twenty years, the Institute has furthered research mainly through its schools. In the publication of the results of research, its chief enterprise has been its journal, the *American Journal of Archæology*. Together with its School at Athens, however, it publishes 'The Argive Heræum,' of which the second and concluding volume will be issued before the close of this year. It stands sponsor also for the masterly drawings by Mr. Bacon and Mr. Walker of the architectural remains at Assos, for the facsimile of the important Venetian manuscript of Aristophanes which was published a year ago, and for Professor Frothingham's expected work on the Arch of Trajan at Beneventum. At its recent meeting, arrangements were made for the publication of a quarto volume of papers of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, a copy of which will be sent to every member of the Institute, and for a Bulletin of the Excavations at Corinth by the American School at Athens.

The changes made at the last meeting in the lists of officers of the Institute and its schools were slight. Professor Hoppin of Bryn Mawr will serve next year as associate to the director of the School at Athens, and Professor Carter of Princeton will render a similar service to the School in Rome, while Professor Schmidt of Cornell will be the director of the School in Palestine. Messrs. Harriman and Macmahon were appointed fellows of the School at Athens, and Messrs. Harmon and Van Buren received fellowships in the School in Rome. Professor White of Harvard was invited to represent the Institute at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, next July, and Professor Wheeler of Columbia was asked to be the representative at the Congress of Archæologists to be held in Athens next April. Mr. Arthur Evans of the Ashmolean Museum and of Crete, and M. Th. Homolle of Delphi and Delos and of the Museum of the Louvre, were elected honorary members of the Institute.

The next meeting of the Council and of the committees of the schools will be held in Boston next December in conjunction with the general meeting for the reading of papers. The change of the time of meeting from May to December was for the convenience of scholars whose homes are in the West and who cannot leave their work conveniently in May. A cordial invitation was received to meet in Washington, but this was not pressed, in consideration of the appropriateness of the Institute's celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary in the city of its birth.

CORSICA AND ITS PEOPLE.

CORSICA, April, 1904.

In a previous letter I have written about Corsica as a land; let me now say something of the men who dwell therein.

The first question which a reader will ask is the question which in the Odyssey is always first asked regarding any race to whose shores the wandering voyager is driven: Are they savage, or are they friendly to strangers, and with a kindly mind? This question is quickly answered. The island, despite its reputation, is perfectly safe for a traveller, as safe as Massachusetts, safer than Missouri or Montana. There is still a good deal of murder going on. The vendetta remains; not, indeed, so frequent as when Mérimée wrote his novel of 'Colomba,' seventy years ago, not perhaps more frequent than in eastern Kentucky; but sufficiently frequent to excite little censure from the educated class and still to win the sympathy of the ordinary man. The family tie is extremely strong, and the sense of honor extremely susceptible, so that assassinations to revenge the slaughter of a relative or to wipe out an insult are pretty common. They are lightly punished, usually by three years' imprisonment, if the offender has not cared to make his escape to Italy. But this is the only sort of crime that is rife. The expression "bandit" denotes not a robber, but a man who, having killed some one, has taken to the *maquis* (heath), *i. e.*, has forsaken his village to hide in the tall heath scrub or low woodland which covers most of the island, and which is so impenetrable that twenty gendarmes may fail to find an outlaw in a single valley, and fail the more easily because he has usually the good will of the inhabitants. There is living at this moment in Corsica a famous "bandit," more than eighty years of age, who in his youth and middle age killed not a few persons, and who, after many adventures and various dealings with the French authorities, is now peaceably ending his days as a hero, or a national curiosity, whose photograph figures on picture postcards in all the shops of Ajaccio and Bastia. Most of the old *voceri*, rude popular ballads, sometimes striking in their forcible simplicity, turn on the vendetta; and one of the best known of these describes a girl who, being left the last of her house, with no male relative to carry on the family feud, devotes herself to avenging the death of her father.

Corsica is like Ireland, where, if you have nothing to do with the local troubles of the country—in Corsica as in Ireland they often turn upon land disputes—you can travel alone and unarmed everywhere. In Corsica, as in Ireland, robbery is disapproved, for robbery belongs to what the Irish call "dirty crime" (*i. e.*, crime unconnected with land questions or with politics), and the pride of a Corsican scorns the action. They are a proud people, with a high sense of independence and of personal dignity, and they have so recently emerged from a state of what was virtually private warfare, when everybody carried arms and used them freely, that their hot blood has not yet had time to cool. But they are not an unkindly or repellent people. People greet one another pleasantly on the road; the stranger is shown his way with friendly alacrity; the landlord gossips cheerfully to his guest about crops and the village life. They are not, however, so vivacious and so talkative as either the French of Aquitaine or the Italians of Tuscany; indeed, a comparatively taciturn people, not deficient in force or intelligence, but incurious, not much interested in the things of the mind, and far less industrious than are the peasants of Liguria or Lombardy.

There are few of them. With an area of 3,367 square miles (a little less than Porto Rico), Corsica has only 395,000 inhabitants (about eighty-eight to the square mile). Most of her surface is no doubt mountain or rough woodland, not fit for cultivation; but if the parts that are cultivable were developed, she could support a population three or four times as large as she has now. Not only are there wide tracts in the level east coast now deserted (owing to malarial fevers) which might be profitably tilled, but there are in many other districts hillsides fit for vine and olive and fruit trees which are left to be browsed over by goats, the mainstay of the peasantry. As the Corsican women have less personal beauty than those of middle Italy or southern Spain, so the Corsican man is seldom tall or striking in appearance. He has the strong face, the active frame, the quick movements of the mountaineer. But he doesn't like hard work. Seldom can he be induced to carry even a traveller's knapsack, though this may be partly due to his pride. He loves to sit in the sun in some open space on the edge of the village, with a group of others like-minded, discussing village affairs and, above all, politics. There is as much politics to the square yard here as in Greece or in New York. Nothing interests the Corsican so much. He does not read books; indeed, there are no bookshops outside Bastia and Ajaccio, and very few even in those towns. He does not care for beauty, for nothing can be less ornate than his house, within and without. There is not a moulding to the window, there is seldom a flower-pot in the room or a flower-bed outside. But he throws his whole soul into the getting and keeping of posts in the public service, especially local posts in the towns or villages, for this is what politics means. Laying its grasp upon the whole life, it pervades even business in the towns, and creates petty local factions everywhere. It naturally becomes associated with and intensifies the rivalry or hostility of families; indeed, it springs out of personal or family ambitions much more than out of any divergence of opinion on the controversies that distract the French Republic. Corsica forms a little world of its own, jealous of intruders, occupied by its local interests or passions. The bulk of the people would like to be Bonapartist, as they continued to be for a good while after the fall of the Second Empire. Now that the prospects of the scions of that family have died away, monarchical principles as principles have no great hold on the voters. Neither are they fervently Catholic, although more Catholic than their nearest French neighbors in Provence and Languedoc. But every election is contested with an immense zeal, and with an expenditure of money, not always a legitimate expenditure, disproportionate to the means of the electors and of the candidates.

Absorbed as Corsica is in herself, she has, nevertheless, no strong national feeling. The visitor is surprised at the want of it in a country so detached from the rest of the world, and a country which in the eighteenth century made so long and so stubborn a fight for freedom. A nation may be a nation, however small. The Ice-

landers, of whom there have never been more than seventy thousand living at one time, are a nation. So, one may almost say, are the Montenegrins, who, till the recent extension of their territory, were even fewer than the Icelanders. But the Corsicans have never had an independent political life as a people, nor a literature, nor an art, nor any political traditions filling the popular mind. They have shown, even in these days of the revival of historical memories everywhere in Europe, no interest in their language, or in their folklore, or in their history, or in their monuments, scanty and unimportant at best, that have come down from prehistoric or Roman or mediæval times. Only to-day is a society for Corsican archæology being formed by a few of the more educated. Yet they are a community standing apart, neither truly French (for, though they are well content to belong to France, France has not assimilated them), nor yet Italian. Their tongue, still generally spoken by the mass of the people, though most understand French also, is indeed an Italian dialect; but they have little intercourse with that country, and no sort of wish to unite themselves politically to the new kingdom. (The cry of "Italia Irredenta" has never included Corsica, which is more truly Italian than Trieste or any part of the Dalmatian coast.) They love not France the more, but Italy less, for Italy is to the Corsicans associated with the harsh rule of Genoa, against which they frequently rebelled, and from which they passed to France, after a short struggle to stand alone under the gallant Paoli, who comes nearest to being their national hero. In the eighteenth century there was no longer a chance for a small people.

Strangely obscure seem the annals of this island when one compares them with those of Sicily or even Cyprus. Corsica is scarcely heard of in ancient times. One splendid chance she had to become a centre of civilization in the western Mediterranean when the Greeks of Phocæa, preferring exile and freedom to the over-lordship of the Persian kings, left their Ionian home to plant themselves at Alalia on the fertile eastern coast of Cyrnus, as the isle was then called. The hostility of the fierce Etruscan sea-robbers, leagued with the fleets of Carthage, led them to abandon their settlement, and Corsica relapsed into darkness. She is seldom mentioned in Roman days, seldom in the Middle Ages. Few, indeed, were the persons of note that come from her down till modern times. The one who climbed highest was Formosus, a native of Vivario near Corte, who, as a leader of one of the factions at Rome, became Pope in the ninth century. A later Pope, exercising that amazing right which the chair of Peter claimed over all islands, and in respect of which Adrian the Fourth bestowed Ireland on King Henry the Second, gave Corsica to the Pisans, but they held only a part of it, and ultimately lost it to the Genoese. If it was ever really feudalized, the traces of feudalism have practically vanished. Few castles remain, and there are now scarcely any families uniting large possessions to social predominance. A spirit of equality reigns which is not wholly due to the republicanism of France, but recalls the communal system under which large districts seem to have lived in the Middle Ages.

Corsica makes to-day upon the visitors the impression of a country which has remained curiously detached from the main movements of European history. One must travel as far as Lapland in one direction or southern Russia in another to find a region with so little in it to recall the long past during which the peoples that are now most advanced have been struggling upwards into civilization. Even its towns, except the old quarter of Bastia and the villages (for one can hardly call them towns) of Corte, Calvi, and Bonifacio, have preserved scarcely anything of a character that can suggest the vicissitudes through which they have passed. It has no literature and no art. It is a piece of the early mediæval world which, until a century ago, had scarcely begun to share in the general progress of mankind. Such history as it has is a dim and doubtful record of petty conflicts. Only once has it affected the great procession of events, but on that one occasion it affected the procession of events to some purpose. That was when it gave birth to the great conqueror and administrator whose brief career changed the face of Europe.

MARSHAL DE LUXEMBOURG.—II.

PARIS, May 3, 1904.

Luxembourg's great enemy, Louvois, died almost suddenly on the 15th of July, 1691. Louis XIV. wrote a letter to the Marshal to notify him, saying: "I invite you in this conjunction to redouble your care and vigilance, in order that this event may not be prejudicial to my service, and to let me know directly, till further orders, all that may happen." Louvois was replaced as minister of war by his third son, the Marquis of Barbezieux, a young man, twenty-three years old, intelligent but inexperienced. It is clear that the King intended to take upon himself the chief conduct of the war. "There is no day," says Dangeau, "when the King does not work eight or nine hours." Madame de Maintenon writes: "The King gives two or three hours to hunting, when he can. He comes back at six and goes on to ten, without stopping, reading, writing, or dictating. He often sends the princesses after supper to answer some courier." The correspondence preserved at the Ministry of War confirms these words; one finds in it letters of fifteen to twenty pages, dictated every day by Louis XIV., corrected, annotated with his hand, written to the generals commanding in various countries. "Without containing broad views," says M. de Ségur, "or conceptions of genius, these letters are distinguished by constant good sense, lucid precision, studied moderation, justice, and impartiality, which, more than the brilliant ornament of his reign, ought to assure to Louis XIV. the esteem and respect of posterity." They are remarkable for great preoccupation with equity, great horror of the petty abuses of power—very rare qualities in a monarch. The dispatches sent to Luxembourg show us at times a familiar, easy, almost modest, Louis XIV.

"I am sure," he writes in one, "that you will form the best resolutions on the spot; as for myself, I can speak only by the map, and, if I am mistaken, you must not be embarrassed by my remarks, which are probably too distant to be just. . . . I take the affairs of my armies much at heart. It is not astonishing if I think of all that might happen. . . . I know that I am not teaching you anything in sharing my intentions with you. When we made war together we always understood ourselves well. It seems to me that the distance which separates us does not hinder our thoughts from having some relation with each other."

I omit details of the manœuvres and marches of the campaign of 1691. The Allies made great preparations for the following campaign of 1692. Louis XIV. resolved to besiege Namur, and left in person for the frontier, accompanied in great number by the ladies of the court. The great engineers Vauban and Coëhorn conducted the operations of the siege. Luxembourg had command of a large army, which protected the besiegers. The King had in his carriage on his way to Namur the Princess de Conti, the Duchess de Bourbon, and the Princess d'Harcourt; in the coach of the Duchess de Chartres were the Duchess de Gramont, the Duchess de Chevreuse, the Countess de Mailly. Madame de Maintenon travelled in a separate carriage, and behind her was a long series of carriages full of ladies in splendid dresses. They all dined and supped in the carriages. Madame de Maintenon distributed money all the way to the poor. This extraordinary procession, worthy of the talent of Wouvermans, lasted six days. The King held a great review for the ladies before the troops were sent to Mons.

After the siege of Namur the King had to undertake the siege of the citadel; William of Orange could not save it, and forbore to attack Luxembourg, who guarded the siege; the citadel was obliged to capitulate. Luxembourg encamped his army at Steenkerque, feeling very quiet there, when William of Orange endeavored to surprise him. He was much superior in infantry, and Luxembourg's magnificent cavalry could not well aid him on narrow ground. The military genius of Luxembourg never served him better; the account given by M. de Ségur of the battle of Steenkerque is equal to the best chapters of military writers. The flower of the French nobility was engaged in the struggle. "It was," writes D'Artagnan, "the most magnificent spectacle that could be imagined." The English battalions showed their usual bravery and doggedness. The Mackay division was entirely exterminated; nothing was left of its five regiments, the finest in England. The loss of the Allies was estimated at twelve thousand men; the French lost eight thousand men. Paris was overjoyed; all the fine ladies adopted the "cravate à la Steenkerque," as the Prince de Conti, one of the heroes of the day, had worn a long cravat of lace round his neck during the charges which he led.

William of Orange does not seem to have shown his usual qualities at Steenkerque. "Where were your generals?" said Luxembourg ironically, a few days after the battle, to an English prisoner. William resented his defeat with unusual bitterness. After two months of delay, spent in marches and countermarches, he returned to Holland, leaving the command to the Elector of Bavaria. Luxembourg left his army to Boufflers, and had a triumphant return to Paris. He became the hero of the capital. In one of the songs of the day we read:

> "D'honneur, je ne suis plus surpris
> Qu'Atlas portât le céleste lambris,
> Comme dit la *Métamorphose*;

Puisque nous voyons en ce jour
Que toute la France repose
Sur la bosse de Luxembourg!"

Luxembourg was slightly hunchbacked, and William alluded to it when he said that he never succeeded in seeing his back.

The ensuing campaign again brought Luxembourg and William face to face at Neerwinden. The account of this famous battle is even more dramatic, in M. de Ségur's volume, than the account of Steenkerque. This time William was attacked in his lines, which were a prodigy of camp fortification. Neerwinden was the central point; a triple assault of the place was necessary, and in the end, after repeated charges of cavalry, it remained in the hands of the French. The two sons of the Marshal were wounded under his eyes. William was obliged to give the signal for retreat. A panic seized a part of his troops, and a terrible slaughter took place in consequence. William, as firm and calm in defeat as in victory, rapidly repaired his losses, and, to the general surprise, Luxembourg made no move after his victory. His army was not paid regularly; several regiments were on the eve of mutiny. It was time to place the French troops in winter quarters.

Luxembourg returned to Paris. He was very coldly received at Versailles by the King and by the court, but he consoled himself with the ovations of the populace and the fanaticism of the army. The marshal had a proof of it when, the day after his return, he went to Notre Dame, where a Te-Deum was sung for the victory of Marsaglia (that of Catinat over the Duke of Savoy, on the 4th of October, 1693). From the vaults of the old cathedral hung, according to the fashion of the time, the flags captured from the enemy during the preceding years. Never had the vaults been adorned with such a profusion of standards; and of these hundreds of trophies, attesting the glory of our arms, Fleurus, Leuze, Steenkerque, and Neerwinden had furnished the better part When Luxembourg arrived for the ceremony the attendance was complete; an immense multitude filled the church and its entrance. Frail, weak, of small size, Luxembourg had some difficulty in cutting his way through. The Prince of Conti was not far off. He goes to the Marshal, seizes him by the hand, and, showing him to the bystanders, "Make room," he shouts loudly, "make room for the *tapissier de Notre Dame.*" The words went echoing from mouth to mouth: "Room for the *tapissier de Notre Dame.*" The crowd, respectful and docile, opened its ranks, formed an alley with all heads uncovered; and, amid acclamations, advanced the man who incarnated at the time the fortune of France.

After painting the man of war, M. de Ségur paints the courtier, makes us acquainted with his private life, his pleasures, his tastes, his principal friends. These were all "libertines," men of pleasure—Albergotti, a Florentine who had entered the French army; the Marquis de Cavoye, the Count de Gramont, Roquelaure, a sort of buffoon. It is surprising to find the name of Racine among these. Louis XIV. said with a smile: "Cavoye with Racine thinks himself a *bel esprit*, and Racine with Cavoye thinks himself a courtier." But Racine may be believed when he wrote to Madame de Maintenon: "I dare say that the *grands seigneurs* ran after me much more than I after them; but, in whatever company I found myself, God gave me the grace never to blush at the name of the King or of the Gospel." The most intimate friend of Luxembourg was the Prince de Conti, the nephew of the great Condé, the brave soldier of Steenkerque and Neerwinden, "the most amiable and seductive of men," says Saint-Simon. "He was the Germanicus of our time," exclaims Saint-Simon. Luxembourg and Conti formed a sort of association and cabal to control the Dauphin, as the health of Louis XIV. was becoming precarious. M. de Ségur enters into many particulars as to the complicated intrigues Ségur established between the Princess de Conti and Mademoiselle Choin, the mistress of the Dauphin; he also speaks at length of the long trial of precedence which took place in the Parlement between the dukes and peers.

The opening of the campaign of 1694 interrupted this debate, and Luxembourg had to return to Flanders. The state of his finances obliged Louis XIV. to reduce the strength of his armies, and Luxembourg was constrained to act purely on the defensive. He succeeded in paralyzing by his manœuvres the forces of William of Orange.

The campaign ended to the satisfaction of the King, without any appreciable results for either party. On his return to Paris, Luxembourg occupied himself with his personal affairs, always in a state of great confusion, when he fell suddenly ill with pneumonia. The Marshal asked at once for Bourdaloue and for Fénelon. They both saw him in his last moments. The public consternation was great; it seemed to all as if the fortune of France was gone with the "tapissier de Notre Dame." Fifteen days after his death, however, Madame de Coulange wrote to Madame de Sévigné: "You may believe, madame, that nobody here imagines that there was but one M. de Luxembourg in the world; his best friends still meet often; the pretext is to cry, and to drink and eat and laugh and find themselves good company; and 'de Caron pas un mot.' So the world is made—the world we still like."

Correspondence.

THE SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The idea of giving a seacoast to Bohemia did not originate with either Greene or Shakspere, but occurs in an earlier work, 'Florambel de Lucea,' as may be seen from the following piece of information extracted from it by Clémencin in his edition of 'Don Quijote' (Vol. III., p. 381):

"After sundry acts of prowess they landed in a seaport of Bohemia called *Esterlin.*"

The association with Hungary on a following page proves that the real Bohemia was meant. An extract from another book ('Emperor Esplandian') about California—this time an imaginary country—given on page 385 of the same volume, will probably interest American readers. O. T.

Notes.

The Librarian of Congress informs us that the Library is about to publish the first volume of a History of that institution, by Mr. Dawson Johnston.

The Irish Texts Society makes the satisfactory announcement that its Irish-English Dictionary, long in preparation, will be ready in August of this year. "It is estimated that the work will comprise nearly 800 pages, crown 8vo. It contains a far larger number of words used in the living Irish language and in the more modern written compositions than any Irish dictionary yet published. It is the first analytical dictionary of the language. The gender, genitive and plural are given with each noun, and copious examples are added of idiomatic forms, and especially of the employment of the various particles, whose uses and functions offer special difficulties to the student. The irregular verbs are illustrated by paradigms. In many cases the authority for a particular word is given, and the part of the country in which the word or expression is in use is indicated." The price will bring the work within the reach of all students. A specimen page shows that the type (brevier) is as clear as could be expected in a book meant for general use. If we may at all judge by this page, the dictionary will be an immense advance upon O'Reilly's, the only one heretofore available. With this and Fournier's English-Irish Dictionary, lately published, the older generation of those who have struggled with the difficulties of Irish will have reason to envy present-day beginners.

In June, the Macmillan Co. will publish the fourth volume in the Cambridge Modern History series, viz., 'The French Revolution,' and in the autumn the official biography of Burne-Jones.

Cassell & Co. are about to publish a 'Cyclopædia of Mechanics,' in eight volumes, edited by Paul N. Hasluck and copiously illustrated; and have already begun issuing in parts an illustrated 'History of the Russo-Japanese War.'

'Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers,' by Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy, a collection of humorous negro stories, folklore, and articles upon the negro question, will be bound up with some thirty slave songs gathered by the author in her native Kentucky, together with "several essays upon the origin of this barbaric music and how to sing it." It will bear the imprint of the Bandanna Publishing Co., No. 361 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York.

Little, Brown & Co. have nearly ready 'A Treatise on American Railroad Law,' by Judge Simeon E. Baldwin.

'Our Common Schools: Their Administration and Supervision,' by William E. Chancellor, is in the press of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

A second book on animal life by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, entitled 'The Watchers of the Trails,' is announced by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

A study of the nature of the borough in the minds of the Domesday valuers, 'The Domesday Borough,' by Adolphus Ballard, town clerk of Woodstock, which the Oxford University Press is on the eve of bringing out, is based on an independent collation of the Domesday evidence.

The majority of names in Esther Singleton's 'Japan as Seen and Described by Great Writers' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) are those of transient tourists or of persons having little or no acquaintance with the history and language of the country. Yet, on the other hand, such writers may give more vivid impressions. The extracts are arranged under the heads of Country and Race (without any reference to Satow), History and Religion (without any reference to Knox and other writers on religion), Places and Monuments, Manners and Customs, Arts and Crafts, and Modern Japan. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, reproduced from well-known photographs, and the selections are for the most part proportionate and in good taste. The editing and proofreading, however, are none of the best. Some of the French spellings, like Foudji (Fuji), Daiboudhs (Daibutsu), etc., in a book which is said to be both "edited and translated," are shockingly off from the standard which has been in use for now more than thirty years. A sentence describing *saké* as "fermented drink, rice brandy," is hardly in order from the point of view of science. Some of the photographs are wrongly marked. For example, the "Shinto Temple, Kobé" is nothing else than the familiar tomb of Kiyomori, which stands in the yard of a famous Buddhist temple. Some of the statements of Humbert, who wrote nearly forty years ago, are obsolete and anachronistic. To speak of Nijo (which was the Shō-gun's) as "the Mikado's palace in Kioto" is much the same as referring to the palace at Versailles as the German Emperor's. Such a book as this should have an index. It is neatly printed, handsomely presented, and contains much valuable and informing matter.

The photo-engraving processes have not often been turned to better account than in the beautiful treatise, 'How to Make a Flower-Garden' (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Professor Bailey furnishes an attractive introduction, full of good sense and wise counsel, and contributes also a few short and instructive papers of a practical character. The rest of the book is a patchwork of most uneven quality. A few of the contributions are of a high order, while some are not at all in that class. But this was to have been expected when more than forty writers set about making a small treatise on gardening. The editor of such a treatise must be held blameless, for he cannot rewrite *all* the articles offered: the most that he can be required to do is simply to see that no misleading advice finds its way into the pages. So far as a careful perusal has gone, no serious errors of statement or advice have been detected, and the book as a whole can be recommended as both charming and useful.

In 'Trees and Shrubs,' Part III. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Professor Sargent continues to make excellent use of the remarkable skill of the botanical artist Mr. Charles E. Faxon. Twenty-five "new or little known ligneous plants" are here brought under Mr. Faxon's pencil. In addition to the accompanying descriptions given by Professor Sargent, notes are presented by Messrs. Greenman, Rehder, and Shaw, the whole making an interesting as well as important contribution to dendrology. In this group of twenty-five species, *Cratægus* (Hawthorn) claims a prominent place, arrogating to itself eight of the plates. This genus has been of late undergoing a process of splitting-up until it seems to bid fair to become the terror of herborizers, very much as brambles now are in the Old World. The Southern species of *Cratægus* are numbered by the hundreds in a recent book, and the work has perhaps only just begun. It is likely that other polymorphic genera will now have to take their turn at disintegration; if so, it is to be hoped that the *disjecta membra* can secure as their pictorial recorder as accurate an artist as Mr. Faxon.

Mr. A. W. Verity has just added 'Hamlet' to his well-known editions of Shakspere's plays (The Macmillan Company). The scholarly character of these editions has been generally recognized, and the present volume is worthy of its predecessors. Indeed, the very full and careful Notes seem to us superior to those of any of the editions for college use now on the market. It is rather surprising to an American, however, to note, in a book that is evidently intended for advanced students, practically no references to recent German works relating to Shakspere. For example, we observe no citation of what is now undoubtedly the standard authority on Shaksperean grammar—namely, Franz's 'Shakespeare-Grammatik': and Abbott still seems to be the editor's guide in such matters. Similarly, König's treatise on Shakspere's versification—a work which was executed under the supervision of the late Professor Ten Brink—surely deserves a mention by the side of Abbott's less exhaustive treatment of the same subject. The same criticism might be extended to Mr. Verity's discussion of Hamlet's character, in which Dr. Loening's interpretation, that has made such a noise in the world, was worthy of a passing reference at least, if not of more. Finally, when the editor decided to devote four or five pages of an appendix to the famous Elizabethan stage-quarrel, with citations of the literature of the subject, he should certainly not have omitted to mention the most acute and learned book dealing with that controversy, namely, 'The Stage-Quarrel between Ben Jonson and the So-called Poetasters' (Breslau, 1899), by our countryman, the late Dr. R. A. Small.

Whoever likes to have some tolerable conception of the practical problems connected with things that he daily deals with, will be interested in a fairly readable little book entitled 'Electric Traction' (Whitaker & Co.), by John Hall Ryder, the chief electrical engineer of the London tramways. It discusses such details as controllers, conduit systems, accumulators, etc., from the point of view of a man in a high responsible position. The work is, to be sure, calculated for the meridian of Greenwich; but that only adds to its interest, especially as the author never loses sight of American practice, which indeed would be quite impossible in the field of electrical engineering. In special parts of that field Germany and France are in advance of us, although it is admitted that we lead on the whole. How backward England is in some respects is shown by Mr. Ryder's considering only direct-current dynamos, though the alternating system is used on the Manhattan Elevated, and though the majority of recent advances have been in that direction. On the other hand, he seems to have the best of the argument in condemning our conduits midway between the rails.

The new edition of Hawkins and Wallis's 'The Dynamo' (Macmillan) is, on its practical side, a new work. The first edition, which preceded this by just ten years, and which was in its day an admirable compendium, is now as much out of date as Johnson's Dictionary. The new edition, though double the size of the first, is relatively hardly as full, in view of the art's advance. It is easily the best book on the subject, but does not enter into the minutest details.

Prof. William Henry Boynton's 'Applications of the Kinetic Theory' (Macmillan) is a work comparable with the main text of Oscar Emil Meyer's celebrated treatise, from which it differs by its superior brevity, but chiefly by the study it gives to liquids. It is as lucid as possible. The author disclaims all originality, but he has performed his task with very marked ability. Yet we must protest against his narrow point of view. The theorem of the virial, which ought to be the very root of the whole tree, is barely mentioned, and is called an "abstraction." We cannot see the justice of this. Are students of physics supposed to be babies? Certainly, it is desirable to present the subject free from all the intricacies that Boltzmann and Burbury have introduced into it. But the theorem of the virial, instead of raising the difficulties and doubts that a too minute examination will bring out, enables the student to dispense with several arbitrary and almost absurd hypotheses. Prof. Boynton ought to reconsider that matter for another edition.

The volume which M. P. Alphandéry entitles 'Les Idées Morales des Hétérodoxes Latins au début du XIIIe' Siècle' (Paris: Leroux), is a creditable résumé of recent research on the heresies which preceded the rise of the great Mendicant Orders, although it presents little if anything that is strictly new. The title is somewhat too restricted, for the moral conceptions of the heretics form but a small part of the subjects discussed, and it seems to have been adopted in conformity with the thesis that the heresies originated in a general popular desire for moral elevation which the Church, absorbed in consolidating its temporal power, neglected to furnish. It appears somewhat odd to find (p. xxv.) Innocent III. characterized as the first jurist to mount the papal throne, when Alexander III., the author of the 'Summa Rolandi' and of the 'Post Concilium Lateranense,' has already injected so much of the imperial jurisprudence into the canon law.

Gaston Paris died over a year ago, but obituary notices and appreciations of his work continue to be published in great number. Two of these are of especial interest—one by his successor at the Collège de France, Joseph Bédier, 'Hommage à Gaston Paris' (Paris: Champion), and a second by the most distinguished of Italian scholars, Pio Rajna, 'Gaston Paris: Discorso letto alla R. Accademia della Crusca' (Florence: Tip. Galileiana). The latter is especially concerned with Paris's relations to Italy and to Italian literature, and is enriched by numerous citations from letters to Amédée Durande and to Rajna himself. The former is the set *leçon d'ouverture* delivered on assuming the vacant chair in the Collège de France, and insists especially on the work of Paris in diffusing the scientific study of the French language and literature, and on his great influence in this direction, both in France and elsewhere.

Precision of philological method M. Paris could communicate to his disciples, but few of them have as yet given evidence of the keen literary taste or the broad historical perspective that characterized their master.

The thirty-three years' work of the Bureau of Fisheries, described by Dr. B. W. Evermann in the *National Geographic Magazine* for May, shows remarkable scientific and economical results. It began when Prof. Spencer F. Baird, the first commissioner, established his headquarters at Woods Hole to investigate the causes of the decrease of food-fishes, and served without a salary till his death in 1887. The *Albatross*, "the first vessel ever built expressly for scientific work along biologic lines on the high seas," and still the best equipped, was launched in 1882, and her five years' work on the Atlantic Coast and sixteen in the Pacific, especially that directed by Professor Agassiz, has commanded the attention of the scientific world. On its collections alone have been based "about 100 new genera and more than 2,500 new species." One of the economic results of the Bureau's work is that the annual value of the fisheries through artificial propagation is three million dollars. The conclusion reached is that "cultivation of the coastal and interior waters is as possible and imperative as is cultivation of the land, and promises quite as rich returns. An acre of water can be made even more productive than an acre of land." In the same line is the successful method of inoculating sterile ground with nitrogen pursued by the Department of Agriculture. A small package of germs, like a yeast cake and costing about two cents, will suffice to endow the seeds of leguminous plants for one to four acres with marvellous power. The process of manufacture has been patented by its discoverer, Dr. George T. Moore, and by him "generously deeded to the American people." These articles are well illustrated, and that on the geography of Alaska is accompanied by the new Government map of that territory on the scale of forty miles to the inch, with 1,000-foot contours.

The history of poultry-raising and egg production in Denmark, as told in the Consular Reports for May, is full of suggestion for our small farmers. Up to within a few years the keeping of hens was regarded by Danish farmers as a necessary evil, and the few they kept received little or no attention. By means largely of co-operative societies for instruction in breeding and packing, and providing a market, the export of eggs, which began in 1867 with a few score thousands, was in 1902 thirty-six million dozens, worth $6,451,000. The Coöperative Egg Export Association has a membership of 33,500 farmers, divided into 500 local societies, the member's admission fee being thirteen and one-half cents. A noteworthy feature of this number is the references to great public works proposed in various countries. A plan for a "Longitudinal Railway," 1,200 miles long, running parallel with the coast, with sixteen branches and other railways and hydraulic works, at a total estimated cost of $93,440,000, has been submitted to the Chilean Congress. A recent convention of grain-growers has recommended the construction of a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay in order to open up a vast tract of undeveloped grazing and wheat-growing land. An abstract is given of a report of a Russian engineer on the proposed Riga-Chersonese Canal uniting the Baltic and Black Seas, and bringing Odessa within twelve days' sail of St. Petersburg instead of forty-two as now.

A curious specimen of ancient superstition appears in a divination discovered by Professor Vitelli of Florence in an Egyptian papyrus of the Imperial period, and published by him in the *Atene e Roma*. In this writing we are concisely informed, in simple Greek, what pulsations felt in various parts of the human body signify. For example: "If the pulsation is felt in the right knee, this, as a general thing, indicates misfortune; in the case of slaves, it signifies something good; in the case of a young maiden, that she is being slandered; in the case of a soldier, some profit; in the case of a widow, joy. Pray to Chronos. If the pulsation is felt in the left knee, this, as a rule, indicates dissatisfaction; in the case of a slave, freedom; in the case of a maiden, marriage; in the case of a widow, a feast; in the case of a soldier, advancement. Pray to Demeter." The new find is the first specimen of this kind of literature that has ever been discovered. The names it assigns to the different parts of the body have an interest for the philologian and the student of medicine.

Hundreds of applications for a Chinese translation of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' have been received by the representative of the Christian Literature Society for China at Shanghai. This striking indication of intellectual progress is doubtless due largely to the fact that, at the examinations for degrees, such questions as these are common: "Explain free trade and protection." "Wherein lies the naval supremacy of Great Britain?" "How do foreigners regulate the press, post-office, commerce, railways, banks, banknotes, taxation; and how do they get faithful men?" The publications issued by the above Society last year amounted to 36,000,000 pages; while pirated editions of many of the Society's books were published in several parts of the empire.

Egypt's industrial growth is indicated by the fact that the water gained by the building of the Assuan dam is insufficient to supply the demand. The Government is reluctantly compelled to refuse further applications for water. To meet this want, Sir William Willcocks, the great irrigation engineer, advocates the creation of a modern Lake Moeris in the depression to the south of the ancient lake which for more than 2,000 years served to control the floods of the Nile.

Mr. William Beer, librarian of the Howard Memorial Library, New Orleans, informs us: "The subject of the native French literature of Louisiana has received comparatively little study up to the present, from want of any adequate catalogues. Permit me to point out that the Exposition Française de la Louisiane, which represented the survival of the French spirit in that State, placed before the world an almost complete collection of the native literature. The catalogue of that exhibit included a list of French newspaper literature which had never previously been collected."

—'Writings on American History, 1902,' by Ernest C. Richardson and Anson E. Morse, is the first issue of what it is hoped may be a series of annual volumes devoted to the current bibliography of American history. "American" is interpreted to include the Americas; the present work attempting to cover the literature "exhaustively as regards the United States, rather fully for British America, and less fully for Latin America." Such a list is so welcome an addition to the historian's tools that one may well be glad to have it in any form, but the form and method are, unfortunately, subject in this case to serious exceptions. The editors have chosen the alphabetical subject form for the entries, dispensing altogether with the alphabetical author entries save under the several topics. For general use—and the editors seem to have had college undergraduates and the uncritical public especially in mind—this method has obvious advantages, provided one knows the subject under which the writings he desires have been listed; otherwise he may have to hunt for it. The topical subdivision here is minute, and a classified index, not alphabetical, may aid consultation; but the analysis is not complete, and there is a dearth of cross-references. Thus, information about the much discussed interoceanic canal will not be found under either "canal," "Panama," or "Nicaragua," but under "Isthmian Canal," while the seeker for the literature of "Expansion" will find it under "Imperialism." In the absence of an alphabetical author list, it is of course impossible to follow the works of any one author through the index. The decision of the editors to attach to each topic a brief description or explanation, whether necessary or not, is amazing. Who that will ever use the book needs to have agriculture, banks, almanacs, or undertakers defined for him, or be told that Massachusetts is "an original N. E. State of the United States," and New York the "metropolis and chief port of America, on New York Bay"? The critical estimates accompanying the principal entries are generally well chosen, but of course highly condensed in presentation. No attempt seems to have been made to list important United States documents as a whole, and State publications seem also to have been as a rule excluded. There is a list of important "periodicals and transactions" (pp. 165-168), with in each case the number of the published volume for the year, but there is no index of contents save as the contents are distributed through the subject classification. We have not searched the book for errors or omissions, but we note that Miss Kimball's 'Correspondence of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island' is twice entered, pp. 184 and 185, with different descriptive data in each case, and that the Christian name of Nathanael Greene is misspelled (p. 85). On the whole, we must repeat that we are glad to have the book, and that it will unquestionably prove of great usefulness, but we wish its scope had been more comprehensive and its execution more scholarly.

—Senate Document 74, Fifty-seventh Congress, second session, consisted of two volumes, which together comprise by far the best and most complete bibliography of the Philippine Islands in existence. The standard works hitherto, in fact the only works worthy the name of Philippine bibliogra-

phy, have been the rather scattered lists which W. E. Retana has issued in the form of a catalogue of his own library of Philippina, and in connection with his republication of old Philippine sources, and the somewhat more systematic bibliography of J. T. Medina, a Chilean, printed in 1897. Both these compilers worked in Spanish. Besides the incompleteness of Retana's work, everything he did is tinged with a bitter anti-Filipino and pro-friar bias; Medina is more scholarly and on the whole more reliable, but his work, begun in connection with Mexican bibliography, is incomplete, comprising 667 numbers. The first part of the Senate document mentioned above, which is composed of a list of books and maps on the Philippine Islands, to be found in the Library of Congress, approximates 1,500 titles up to 1898, aside from the books, Congressional and other public documents, and articles in periodicals issued since then. The second part of the work, which has also just been issued separately by the Library of Congress, consists of a Philippine bibliography by Dr. T. H. Pardo de Tavera of Manila, who is now one of the Filipino members of the Philippine Commission. His father was one of the deportees in connection with the revolt of 1872, and the son lived with his mother for some years in Paris, studying there and elsewhere on the Continent, not only in his profession of medicine, but also in Oriental and especially Malay languages, and in everything pertaining to the Philippines. He is a member of various learned societies of France and Spain, and, the past having been forgotten, was recognized with certain royal orders by the court of Spain, and, being of nearly pure Spanish blood, was quite generally identified as a Spaniard before the insurrection of 1898. He preferred, however, after the fall of Spanish sovereignty, to identify himself with the Filipinos, and has been almost from the first one of the most consistent and prominent of the "Americanistas" in the archipelago. He will visit this country shortly, along with the Filipino commissioners to the St. Louis Exposition. He possesses in Manila what is undoubtedly the largest private library of Philippina in existence, with the exception of that of Señor Retana, which numbers, or once numbered, 2,697 titles, including manuscripts.

—In preparing this bibliography, which is entitled 'Biblioteca Filipina,' and is printed in the Spanish just as the manuscript was sent by Dr. Tavera and placed at the disposal of the Librarian of Congress in 1901, he has used as a basis his own library, supplementing it with the works of Medina and Retana, and with notes taken from the old works in his possession, or made in the libraries and archives of London, Paris, Madrid, Seville, and Manila (he having had some access to the friar archives in the latter city until he became identified with the United States). His work comprises 2,850 titles, though, under the system adopted, there is some duplication. The system adopted is, as a matter of fact, hardly a system at all, being merely alphabetical, with some cross-references, and with practically nothing like the subject-classification which the modern bibliographer considers essential. In this respect the Library of Congress bibliography prepared by Mr. Griffin, the able bibliographer of that institution, will serve as a valuable check upon the work of Tavera. Perhaps the chief value of the latter work consists in the comments made by the compiler upon all works of importance, or works which incurred his disapprobation or sarcasm. It is here that his semi-Spanish education asserts itself, in spite of the fact that he rejects his Spanish connections; and the inexpert reader needs to be warned that the studious doctor's comments are not always unprejudiced. They are, however, always spicy, and will not detract from the interest of the work nor from its value for consultation, even if some of the remarks would be placed under the ban in any German, English, or American work of the sort. His biographical notices are also of value, though one detects errors, and occasionally the bibliographer of the Library of Congress has inserted possible corrections in brackets. Doubtless there was some difficulty in working with the Spanish manuscript of Dr. Tavera, but the many and repeated errors in spelling, accentuation, and of a more serious sort are not creditable to the Government Printing-Office. Surely, any sort of proofreading should have prevented the exchange of entire words for others which mean something else or nothing at all in Spanish.

—The 'Clarence King Memoirs,' published for the Century Association of this city by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is a less satisfying monument than would be the work of a single hand. Consisting of the contributions of many friends, written only in part expressly for the present occasion, it necessarily offers some repetitions along with much diversity of style and power of appreciation. It is, however, altogether readable, with at least a borrowed lightness; and while all the main biographical facts are recorded, there is an illuminating display of the facets of a many-sided and brilliant character. The man is rather more in evidence than the geologist, but Mr. King's rank in this capacity is weighed by his associate, Mr. S. F. Emmons. Another, Mr. J. D. Hague, contributes a long gloss on King's tale, "The Helmet of Mambrino," with which the volume opens, exhibiting the whimsical personality of the "Don Horacio" of that humor. Mr. Hague also concludes with some choice Memorabilia. Other contributors are Messrs. John Hay, W. D. Howells, Henry Adams, John La Farge, Edmund C. Stedman, W. C. Brownell, Edward Cary, D. C. Gilman, and Rossiter W. Raymond—a notable company. There are several portraits of King, whose charm was, after all, incommunicable. One of his artistic jests was in reply to Ruskin's offering him his choice of Turner's two greatest water-colors—"One good Turner deserves another"—and he got both. With a like generosity he gave a Fortuny to Mr. Howells. Among his adventures in the field was one with a grizzly in his cave in the manner of General Putnam with his wolf. Another was his receiving from a mother unable to board the train in crossing the Isthmus of Panama, a baby, which he had to farm out to a colored woman between trains. The sequel is a ghost story, and the restoration to this nurse of her runaway son, who had drifted into Mr. King's employ.

—Adam & Charles Black, London (New York: Macmillan), publish 'The Life of Jesus,' by Dr. Oscar Holtzmann, in a translation made by J. T. Bealby, B. A., and Maurice A. Canney, M. A. That the translation is approved by Dr. Holtzmann is not, perhaps, its best possible recommendation, but the book reads quite as if it had been written in English in an agreeable style. It is a big octavo of 542 pages, but compactly written as compared with Keim's elaboration of the subject in six volumes. The author must be distinguished from his relative, H. J. Holtzmann, a scholar of much greater reputation. His book was published in Germany in 1901, and was received with a degree of favor that makes its translation into English a natural event. Its place is very distinctly with the more liberal biographies of Jesus, and, as distinctly, not with the most radical. Its dealing with the sources of our knowledge of Jesus is far less discouraging than the criticism of Professor Schmiedel of Zurich, who is much in favor with the editors of the 'Encyclopædia Biblica.' A striking feature is the liberal use made of the Gospel of the Hebrews, which is put on a level with the Synoptics and much higher than the Fourth Gospel, which is severely depreciated both as to the discourses attributed to Jesus and the order of events, though some genuine elements of tradition are conceded to it. There is much chronological particularity in Dr. Holtzmann's presentation, which is the more convincing because he finds it easy to accept uncertainty where that seems inevitable. Thus, for the birth of Jesus he attempts no greater exactness than this: "His birth took place (let us say) some time in the last decade (14-4 B. C.) of the reign of Herod I." The birth-stories of Matthew and Luke are utterly discredited. "Jesus was born at Nazareth in Galilee, being the eldest of a family of five brothers and several sisters, and there he grew up." In general the miracles of Jesus are treated in a highly naturalistic manner; their credibility in some cases being based on modern psychical phenomena of doubtful character. The resurrection of Jesus is minimized as a subjective experience in the minds of excited men and women. The tendency of recent criticism is certainly to the denial of any "Messianic consciousness" in Jesus. At this point Dr. Holtzmann is reactionary, dating such consciousness from the baptism of Jesus and a visionary experience.

PAUL'S MODERN ENGLAND.

A History of Modern England. By Herbert Paul. In five volumes. Vols. I. and II. (1845 to 1865). The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The writer of contemporary history, or of history so recent as to be virtually contemporary, is exposed to three difficulties. The materials at his disposal are and must be insufficient to explain many of the events he has to describe, because some of the most important—those which reveal the secret motives of the men whose action determined the course of events—have not yet been given to the world. Any one who watches with intelligence what passes under his own eyes, knows that the record in the newspapers of the doings and words of men is very far from explaining the real significance of those doings and words. Whoever has a personal familiarity with the individuals that figure in political life, knows that the popular impression of their character is frequently quite erroneous, and

many years may elapse before the data necessary for judging them correctly are disclosed. A second and not less obvious difficulty is the political or personal bias which affects a writer when he discusses events still within the sphere of party controversy. Even the annals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are viewed with different eyes by a Roman Catholic and by a Protestant historian in Europe. Even the events of the days of Andrew Jackson are seen with different eyes by a citizen of Massachusetts and a citizen of South Carolina. Much more, then, must an Englishman be exposed to the influences of party feeling when he describes the strife of Whig and Tory in the days of Mr. Disraeli and Lord John Russell. The third difficulty is still graver. Events take a long time to fall into their true historical perspective. Some which, not only at the time when they happen, but for a good while afterwards, appear to be of the first importance, are subsequently reduced to much smaller proportions. Others, little noticed at the moment, are afterwards perceived to have been of great significance. An act of policy which at the moment seemed wise, or at any rate necessary, may be condemned by results which are not fully revealed for many a long year. Another act, generally censured at the time, may be justified by its ultimate fruits. To take two obvious instances: the hour has not yet arrived at which a final judgment can be passed upon the grant of suffrage to the colored people of the South in 1870, or upon Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill of 1886. There is no event recorded in these volumes about which people are now more generally agreed than that the Crimean war of 1853-55 was a blunder, but it was not till thirty years later that this was recognized.

Nevertheless, patent as these difficulties are, recent history has got to be written; and some of the greatest books of history the world possesses have been written by men practically contemporary with the events they described. They are, indeed, the most interesting books, because they convey the very life and color of the time. Thucydides, Tacitus (in his 'Histories'), Procopius, Matthew Paris, Philip of Commines, Clarendon, Burnet, are familiar instances, Mr. Paul, who is well known in England as a practised and brilliant writer, and who was for some time a member of the British House of Commons, knows the difficulties. Let us see how he grapples with them.

As respects the use of unpublished materials, it is not easy to form an opinion, for he seldom quotes his authorities, and he may have made a greater use of oral tradition or of letters and diaries still in manuscript than the reader is told. The scale of his book, which covers twenty years in less than 800 pages, does not permit the minute discussion of the underlying motives of the chief actors. This much may be said, that in reading it we have not found any statement which a fuller knowledge of unpublished sources seems likely to refute or materially to modify. More data will, of course, be available to later writers, but Mr. Paul seems to have used well the data already possessed. Nor as respects personal bias is any serious complaint to be made. It is indeed easy to discover Mr. Paul's own views. He is in politics a decided Liberal, and in ecclesiastical matters what is called in England a pronounced Broad Churchman. A man of more conservative views, whether in State or in Church questions, would no doubt write differently. But he is not unfair; that is to say, he desires to do justice to those with whom he differs, and is willing, on proper occasions, to blame the conduct of Liberal statesmen. Perhaps, however, it would have been well if he had from time to time paused to set forth rather more fully the views and what may be called the general mental and moral attitude of the Conservative or Tory party. Indeed, there is not in these volumes quite enough of an analysis or picture of the phases of English opinion. Attention is concentrated on the men; but the environment of doctrine and sentiment which influenced them and which has varied a good deal from time to time, even within the boundaries of the two great historical parties, ought to be brought home to the reader—and this especially for the sake of the reader who lives outside England. Such a criticism, however, touches the author's method, and not his fairness. He is not a partisan, though the vigor and decision with which he expresses his own judgments would hardly be within the reach of a writer whose adhesion to one party and one set of views was less definite and less unhesitating.

When we come to that greatest difficulty which is due to the fact that the events narrated are still too near to us to have fallen into their due perspective, we must admit it to be a difficulty which no skill or knowledge can overcome. It is less serious in these two volumes, treating of matters now forty years behind, than it will become when Mr. Paul brings his story down to the eighties or the nineties. Fond as he evidently is of Parliamentary struggles, he judiciously relegates questions of mere party tactics to a second place, and describes only those few debates which, by the gravity of their results or some dramatic incident, deserve to be remembered. Nothing is drearier than the wrangling or manœuvring that goes on in a legislature when one examines it after the lapse of a few years. We do not always agree with Mr. Paul's estimate of the relative importance of men or of occurrences; but only posterity can decide whether he is right or whether we are. He understands English politics as only one who has himself mixed in the life of the House of Commons can understand them, and he understands England as only an Englishman, or an American who has lived in England, can understand that singular country. It may be doubted if any Frenchman, however acute, any German, however learned and painstaking, has really grasped the spirit of English public life. Mr. Paul is thoroughly at home in it; and nothing contributes more to the force and freshness with which he writes than his own evident enjoyment of the subject. With foreign affairs, such as those of Hungary in 1849, and of Italy in 1859, he is less familiar, but these were not of prime importance to the England of those days.

In one respect historical perspective does suffer in this book. Mr. Paul, in his laudable desire to make his narrative clear and easy to follow, sticks almost too close to a chronological order. He tells occurrences as they happened, even when a grouping according to subjects would make the causal relations plainer. Ecclesiastical matters, for instance, might well be treated in one or two, or perhaps three, separate chapters, instead of being interposed among political matters with which they have seldom much direct connection. The same remark applies to the notices, always bright and pointed, of the appearance in the field of literature of striking books or notable men. Sometimes, too, a subject is introduced with an insufficient preliminary explanation. The reader is launched into the Crimean war by an admirable account of the steps by which the British ministry blundered, and were helped by the nation to blunder, into that conflict; but there is not a word to indicate the previous relations of England to the Turkish Empire—a matter which largely determined the English attitude. So it would help most Englishmen and nearly all American readers if some slight sketch of the origin and earlier phases of the so-called "Tractarian" or "Oxford" movement were prefixed to the account of the ecclesiastical controversies described in these volumes.

Accuracy is the foundation, though only the foundation, of all excellence in a history, and in this respect no serious complaint is to be made against Mr. Paul. Such errors of fact as we have noted are too few and too trivial to be worth mentioning here, with one exception. At the end of a chapter on 1847 (i., p. 156), he intimates that other anæsthetics had no employment beyond dentistry till Simpson proposed chloroform. Capital operations of the utmost delicacy were performed in America under ether, if not in Europe too, months before Simpson proposed a different vapor. But Mr. Paul is apt to be rather bold and sweeping in his statements and his judgments. For instance, to say that "Carlyle did not think" (i., p. 221), that English law in 1854 was "a barbarous system," that "the immense majority of the clergy of the Church of England were with Dr. Pusey before he died" in 1882 (ii., p. 38), that "Russia in Herat meant Russia in India" (ii., p. 65), that Cavour was "the founder of the Liberal party on the Continent" (ii., p. 193)—is to say what would be quite true and worth saying in a qualified and guarded form, but is by no means true to the extent of our author's words. Sir George Grey (Governor of the Cape and of New Zealand) was an able man, but to call him "the prince of colonial Governors" is to go far beyond what the record of his life justifies. There may be those who will think that the same tendency to overstatement appears in the literary and political judgments which Mr. Paul passes. These, however, are matters of individual taste, and are understood so to be. He is free to value Matthew Arnold's poems and Herbert Spencer's philosophy more highly than some critics do, and to think Louis Napoleon more of a mere rascal than some historians take him to have been. We are disposed to agree with these critics and historians rather than with Mr. Paul. But in these and other such cases it is well to have an author's judgment frankly and broadly stated; and there can be no doubt that the book is all the more readable because it sometimes startles, and sometimes excites dissent, even in matters where no question of political attitude arises.

Readable it unquestionably is. It is full of force and swing from the first page to the last, never flagging in the movement of the

tale. It is also perfectly clear, save that here and there we find allusions which not all British and perhaps few non-British readers will follow. Nobody but a lawyer knows the name of Meeson and Welsby's Reports; many Americans will fail to catch the point of the expression "within two hours of Folkestone" (ii., p. 288). The narrative is singularly concise, telling what has to be told in the fewest possible words. This power of compression, and the judgment with which the more important events are selected for notice out of the vast multitude of details that might have been given, constitute one of the highest merits of the book, yet a merit which might escape the hasty reader who does not know that, in the profusion of materials available to the historian of our time, lies one of his greatest perplexities. Such a power goes happily with the remarkable gift for epigram which Mr. Paul possesses, and which he abuses as little as can be expected from any one who has the good fortune to be so endowed. The narrative of the Crimean war and that of the Indian Mutiny are good instances of Mr. Paul's power of telling a story clearly and effectively. Both narratives are brief, considering the length of time they cover and the magnitude of the events. But they have none of the dryness which brevity involves in unskilful hands. The description of the battle of Balaklava is particularly well done.

These volumes cover the period during which the War of Secession raged in America, and contain a good many references to that long struggle. Though it did not directly affect the course of events in England, it excited more interest there, and gave rise to more heated discussions at every dinner-table, than did any question of contemporary English politics. Mr. Paul hardly brings out with sufficient fulness and clearness the curious phases through which English opinion passed, and which even at this distance of time Englishmen ought to understand that they may learn to estimate their own wisdom more modestly, and Americans ought to understand that they may judge the English charitably. It may be added, in passing, that Mr. Paul does not quite appreciate the technical side of the case for the Secessionists. Sympathy with those who were fighting in the interests of freedom and humanity, and also (as every one now admits) in the interests of the American Republic, need not exclude a recognition of the legal grounds on which honest and patriotic men in the South based, however unhappily for themselves, their action in trying to break up the Union.

The period we have referred to was a critical and determinative period for the United States, ushering in a new development, in which new issues and problems came to the front. For Great Britain, however, it was a time of internal tranquillity and of a movement slow and gentle compared with that which had gone on between 1829 and 1846, or that which was to go on between 1868 and 1887. The questions debated in Parliament were seldom fundamental questions. No considerable change was made in the Constitution of Britain, and only one important change in her relation to her dependencies—the bringing of India under the direct rule of the Crown. Even that was a change rather in form than in substance, less important than the granting of self-governing institutions to the British colonies in Australasia and South Africa, which proceeded quietly and unobtrusively from 1855 onwards. Whoever will compare the political arrangements of Britain now with those which prevailed in 1865, and, still more, whoever will compare British opinion as it is now with the opinion and the ideas which prevailed in the State and in the Church in that year, will be astonished at the changes which forty years have brought about. There was practically no Socialism in England in 1865. The so-called upper class, still largely the landed class, conducted the Government of the country, and were alone (with few exceptions) to be found in Parliament, while legislation was framed to suit partly their interests, partly those of the middle classes. Birth was still valued; peace and administrative economy stood highest among the national ideals. There was so little desire to extend the dominions of Britain that three relinquishments of territory—those of the Ionian Islands, of the Transvaal territory, and of the Orange River territory—passed unopposed and almost unnoticed. The progress of change began to be swift after Lord Palmerston's death in 1865 and Mr. Gladstone's subsequent succession to him in leadership, and Mr. Paul has an interesting task before him in tracing that progress down to the end of the nineteenth century.

Edward Bowen: A Memoir. By the Rev. the Hon. W. E. Bowen. Longmans, Green, & Co.

The English Public Schools are without a parallel in any other country. Their number, their wealth, the richness of their traditions, the long lists of cultivated men among their teachers, the hold which they have upon the aristocracy and upper middle class from which their pupils come, are all noteworthy. At the present time, the number of new boarding schools which have been founded in our country in open imitation of English models, and the influence and success which some of these schools have attained, render both interesting and practical the study of English Public School life. And here we have before us the memoir of a very brilliant man who with entire devotion identified himself for forty-two years with Harrow. His period of service was from 1859 to 1901. The most famous head-masters with whom he served were C. J. Vaughn and H. M. Butler. Vaughn was virtually a new creator of Harrow, which grew in his administration from 69 to 469 pupils. This fact shows us to what fluctuations of prosperity the Public Schools are exposed. Bowen came to Harrow after a brilliant career at King's College, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He had gained distinction as classical scholar, as English essayist, debater, athlete, and poet. He had been at Harrow only fifteen months when Vaughn resigned the headmastership to accept the post of Master of the Temple. In H. M. Butler, Harrow secured, as Vaughn's successor, a man of hardly inferior abilities. Butler had been Bowen's teacher at Trinity, and had learned, even then, to expect much of him. It is an interesting indication of the estimation in which Bowen was held, before he had long been at Harrow, that when, in 1863, B. F. Westcott resigned his assistant mastership, to Bowen was assigned the care of his house.

Bowen sympathized strongly with the demand for a modern, or English, side at Harrow, and to him was intrusted the organization and general direction of such a modern side. He held this responsibility from 1869 to 1893, and much of his writing on educational subjects was occasioned by the position which he filled. The experiment was undertaken under favorable conditions; and the determination was resolute, from the outset, that the standards of work on the English, or modern, side should be in no respect inferior to those on the classical side.

One rarely meets with stronger expressions of love and admiration than abound in this biography. Not only is the biographer, who is Mr. Bowen's nephew, an enthusiastic admirer of his uncle, but many others testify, in no qualified terms, to the personal charm, we may almost say to the spell, which he exerted upon the members of his house. Bowen was a man of genius, and what wonder that boys admired one who was at once athlete, poet, historian, man of affairs (for he once stood for Parliament in a stubborn contest against A. J. Balfour, the present head of the English Government)! That contact with him was inspiring, we cannot doubt. But he was essentially a radical, and he had marked singularities. The reader may well doubt whether he was a natural organizer, and whether he displayed that constructive talent in which great headmasters like Arnold and Vaughn have been eminent. English schools have taken so prominent a place and have gained so great an influence because they have succeeded in attracting to their service and direction men of real statesmanlike ability. Bowen was perhaps critical rather than constructive, and it is difficult to decide how important was his contribution in adapting education to the needs of modern life. Perhaps the breadth of his interests made it hard for him to devote himself with success to school organization.

Among the interesting essays which are collected at the close of the memoir, is one contributed by him in 1867 to F. W. Farrar's 'Essays on Liberal Education,' and entitled "Teaching by Means of Grammar." It is a brilliant attack on the misuse of grammar. The writer sets up as the common pleas for the prominence of the study of grammar in English schools the following considerations: (1) that grammar is useful as a means of teaching language; (2) that the study of grammar is a valuable moral discipline; (3) that the study of grammar is valuable for its own sake. He finds it easy to overthrow the positions, as he himself states them, of the advocates of grammar. The essay is of importance, not only because of its brilliancy, but also as showing how the point of view from which grammar is regarded has changed since 1867. The inference, however, that formal grammar has hardly any place in the secondary school is too sweeping. To require English schoolboys to learn their grammar in Latin, and to describe the little known by what was still more unknown, was indeed a folly which deserves any amount of ridicule. But it is not fair to deny the value of a moderate number of clear and concise statements of the facts of language, both as to syntax and as to form; or to

censure those who insist that the pupil shall both understand and remember these statements.

A splendid service which Bowen rendered Harrow remains in the long list of songs which he wrote for the school. Mr. John Farmer, the gifted school organist of that day, set most of these songs to music, sometimes within a few hours from the time when they were written. The singing of them in the Common Room of the school was a great feature of Harrow life. A vivid picture in the memoir depicts Gladstone, already in his eighties, on a visit to the ancient school, with the greatest delight joining with masters and boys in singing Bowen's songs. A friend of the writer in this country, who knows intimately the English schools, corroborates the immense value to Harrow of these songs.

Another important service was Bowen's occasional talks or lectures to the school. He lectured on astronomy; and he had a series of talks on modern battlefields of Europe, which are described as most interesting. He had personally explored these fields, and his talks were illustrated by maps of his own preparation.

Bowen shared the English gentleman's passion for athletics. Among his feats was that of walking from Cambridge to Oxford in twenty-six consecutive hours. He refused to recognize the limitations of age, but played football with nearly the same spirit and force at sixty as at thirty. The end of his life came from heart failure, while on a bicycle tour in France during the Easter holidays of 1901. He was with his intimate friends, Mr. James Bryce and Mrs. Bryce. They had just walked up a rather long hill, and he was putting his foot on the bicycle step to continue the journey when, like a flash, the end came.

Our American schools organized on English models have failed to parallel one important feature of their prototypes, viz., to secure a considerable number of cultivated and able men who cooperate with the head master in giving character to the school and in guiding the development of the boys. With us, there is a tendency to think of the school as depending mainly upon the personality of the head master. No doubt, a certain autocratic character is essential in administration, here as there. But it is very desirable that eminent gifts of scholarship and character should abound in assistant masters. Only then can the intellectual activity of the school, which is always in danger of stagnation, be sustained. Then only can the life of the school possess the breadth and variety which are essential in a place where boys are expected to spend from six to nine years. Then only can the permanent existence of the school be assured. In England, the sub-master derives from the fees which come from the boys of his house a comparatively liberal income. This income tempts and induces many men of first-rate ability to accept these places as their life-calling. Our schools which most nearly reproduce English public schools have not, as a rule, thought it best to reproduce the numerous houses, each presided over by an assistant master with considerable independent responsibility and corresponding pecuniary gain. How, then, shall the men of high gifts be secured? Salaries must apparently be raised, and every possible means must be employed to render these places attractive. Upon securing and retaining, in each large boarding school, a considerable number of men distinguished for character, scholarship, and personal attractiveness, the future of our schools depends.

The Neighbor: The Natural History of Human Contacts. By N. S. Shaler. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

There is a fascination in these observations concerning matters and things in general which Professor Shaler is now publishing; a fascination not easy to explain. Many of his sayings suggest Holmes's lines on the Katydid. Propositions that are axiomatic with schoolboys are advanced in as solemn a way as if they were important discoveries, and not a ray of humor enlivens the all-pervading seriousness. On the other hand, propositions explosive as bombshells are tossed out with no intimation that any one has ever controverted them, or that it would make any difference if any one ever had. Most of his conclusions, Professor Shaler informs us, are derived from his personal observations, and he takes it for granted that no further proof is necessary. When he has not been able to observe, he has asked his friends to favor him with their impressions, and their testimony is accepted as decisive. From some points of view results so obtained are satisfactory; yet the process savors a little too much of infallibility. Authority is a convenient refuge, but science is not content with it.

Take, for instance, the assertion that it is at present better for the American negro not to acquire the ownership of land, but to hold it as a tenant under a white landlord. Many books have been written concerning the diverse forms of land tenure, and the advantages and disadvantages of peasant proprietorship have been the subject of much controversy. Professor Shaler settles the matter in five lines. Comparing the métayer system of northern Italy with the system of proprietorship generally prevailing in France, he remarks: "From personal observation of these tenant farmers in Tuscany, I am satisfied that the method is on the whole better for them and for the land than the French system, where the laborer owns the ground he tills." On so intricate a subject as this, with numberless causes at work for ages, the personal observation of even a very intelligent man cannot be accepted as conclusive.

Why do we continue to read an author whose statements frequently amaze and exasperate us? Partly because of the reasoned benevolence which pervades all his opinions and recommendations. His desire to promote kindly relations between all men, of whatever race or color, is constantly manifest, and it is impossible not to be moved by it. There is withal a certain pleasure in having pointed out to us the traits which we derive from our simian ancestors, and the similarity between our instincts and those of animals in general. Do we start at the sudden sight of some uncouth fellow-creature? So does a horse start at an automobile. Everything to which we are unused is at first alarming; this is the law throughout the animal world. During his prolonged continuance in the tribal state, man learned to dread and to hate whatever was outside of his little circle. Every stranger was an enemy, and even the most civilized men feel at first sight an instinctive aversion to a foreigner. At best we are on our guard; we are suspicious of this outlandish man, who may, for all we know, mean to do us harm. To have these mysterious impulses traced to their remote sources, to learn how our emotions have been developed out of those which we observe in the lower animals, and to be taught how pestilent the emotion of hatred has become in the modern world—all this is grateful to the ordinary reader. He feels that he is a part of "one stupendous whole," that, as a man, nothing human is alien to him.

The particular task undertaken in this book is to explain the antipathy of people of Aryan stock to Jews and negroes. As to the Jews, Professor Shaler finds that they are clearly the ablest folk the world has ever known. They are "of abiding moral quality"; they are very humane. "When we meet our neighbor in a Jew, the chance is that he is an able, trustworthy man." There is nothing in the physical aspect of Jews to account for our instinctive dislike; their countenances are more prevailingly intellectual, and kindlier, than our own, The only discoverable ground for our antipathy, apart from the survival of tribe hatred, is the existence of too much responsiveness to our advances, and a disposition to seek immediate profit on unsuitable occasions. This does not appear to be a very satisfactory explanation of the phenomena, but perhaps it is the best now attainable.

The study of our relations with the negroes is much more thorough. Here the physical differences are enough to bring out racial antipathy; but "the instinctive dislike to the negro disappears much more quickly than the prejudice against other races less remote in quality of body from ourselves." The author declares that he has never known an instance in which it persisted, provided the contacts were intimate. The negroes are affectionate and faithful; they have a disposition which is perhaps more cheerful, more kindly, than that of any other race. They were uplifted from their benighted state in Africa by slavery; their enslavement here christianized them; "they were cared for by their masters, especially by the women, with an admirable devotion for their moral welfare." So far as morals in general are concerned, Professor Shaler holds the negroes to be equal to whites of like station.

The explanation of our hatred of the negro appears to be found in his political incapacity. Professor Shaler is satisfied that he is by nature incapable, as a species, of creating or maintaining societies of an order above barbarism; and this incapacity is irremediable. It existed in Africa, it has been displayed in Hayti, and it appeared in the days when the carpet-baggers ruled the South. Nevertheless, Professor Shaler thinks a considerable part of the black people will be found very well fitted for the more serious duties of citizenship. Not more than 5 per cent are hopelessly savage.

There is a good deal of the old "cursed be Canaan" twang to this, and we do not need to say that Professor Shaler's assertions will be disputed. Be this as it may, we must commend the manner in which he calls knowledge to the aid of righteous-

ness, and shows how reason may triumph over the "primal impulses." Even if we study our fellow-creatures from scientific curiosity, we find our sympathies aroused, and learn to admire what at first repelled us. The science of mankind thus attains a wider meaning. "Whoever would act rationally in his dealings with his fellows, whoever would bring into those relations the best help that knowledge can give, must first of all take with him love. If he does that he is in the way of light; if he fails so to do, he is in the way of darkness."

Problems and Persons. By Wilfrid Philip Ward, author of 'William George Ward and the Oxford Movement,' etc., etc. Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

Mr. Ward has brought together in this volume eleven articles, three of which have not until now been published under his own name; one other is entirely new, namely, the "The Life-Work of Cardinal Wiseman." It is the least important of the series for those who have read Mr. Ward's 'Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman,' being a presentation in brief of the main contentions of that book, so favorable to Cardinal Wiseman's relations to the modern spirit and English secularity in comparison with Cardinal Manning's. But Mr. Ward's judgments of Cardinal Manning are without severity. Indeed, one of these articles, the fifth, "Candor in Biography," is an appeal from the harshness of the Purcell biography of Manning, not so much impugning its accuracy in particulars, as questioning the proportions of its praise and blame. The article is well worth considering, especially as showing the almost inevitable tendency of the reviewer of such a book as Purcell's to overemphasize the adverse particulars, and so create in the community a worse impression than that made by the book. But the demurrer which this article puts in, leaves Mr. Ward strongly in favor of the Newman, as against the Manning, tradition of English Catholicism; the entire structure of his opinion as to the present and future standing of Roman Catholicism being founded on the ideas of Newman presented in his 'Development of Christian Doctrine,' the book which he wrote as an Anglican and published as a Roman Catholic—the bridge by which he made his intellectual passage from the one church to the other.

The articles included in this volume have at least three degrees of popular interest, if we should not say one degree of popular interest and two removed from this. The general reader will be most drawn to the articles on Tennyson and Huxley; next to the other personal articles on Mrs. Augustus Craven, Cardinal Wiseman, and Newman and Renan, who are bracketed in the ninth article. The remaining articles appeal to a much narrower circle of readers, yet, coming to their own, they will appear, and justly, to be of much more importance than the rest, and will have a corresponding fascination. The value of the article on Tennyson resides mainly in its character as a record of first-hand impressions made upon a mind exceptionally impressional and intelligent. We have had reminiscences of Tennyson before now remarkable for their triviality—those of Mr. G. W. Smalley, for example, far less significant of Tennyson than of the interloping interviewer. Doubtless there was food for laughter in some of the situations created by obsequious admiration; Sir Leslie Stephen confessed as much in one of his later articles. But in Mr. Ward's "Tennyson" we have an approach at once reverent and critical, with some valuable corrections of things generally misconceived. The emphasis is on the laureate's "intense candor and truthfulness." He had to a preëminent degree that humility and sensitiveness which Bacon described as indispensable to the student of nature. Equally to the poet, Tennyson would have said. A certain literal truthfulness and scrupulosity was an amusing trait. He would spoil a good story by repeated interruptions reminding the speaker of the exact particulars of what he conceived to be its proper form. Having written "two-and-thirty years ago" in a poem, and afterward discovered that only thirty-one years had elapsed, he could hardly be persuaded to refrain from changing the line. The extent of his knowledge will be a surprise to many readers. Macaulay's ability to name the Lord Chancellors in their order of succession pales in the light of Tennyson's acquaintance with the Buddhist sects and the dates and circumstances of their origin. Could he also venture on the list of Popes without fear of being slaughtered by the Leos or among the Innocents? His knowledge of stellar and planetary distances and movements was extremely accurate. His "Vastness" reported his habitual sense of the world's awful magnitudes. There were ideal anticipations of evolutionary principles in "In Memoriam" that made Darwin's doctrine of the descent of man attractive to him as explaining man's dual nature.

Even more interesting than the article on Tennyson is that on Huxley. Many sturdy Protestants would hardly conceive it possible that a Roman Catholic could write of such a heretic as Huxley with so much sympathy and admiration. This article certainly is less Roman than catholic. its main direction being towards the opinion that Huxley was fundamentally serious and reverent in his attitude towards religious questions, and more religious than unbelieving in his inmost mind. Particularly noticeable is his just indignation excited by Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief.' "Balfour," he said, "has gone to war without ordnance maps, like the French in 1870. He does not know the position of his enemy, and attacks me for what I don't hold. No one holds what Balfour describes as 'Naturalism.'" An ecclesiastical friend met him in York minster: "You did not expect to see me here?" said Huxley. "Yes," said his friend, "but on the pinnacle." He enjoyed the joke, as he did always a retort of this kind and any perfectly frank opposition; as when Mr. Ward's father told him at the Metaphysical Society that his degree of error was unpardonable from the Roman Catholic point of view. "My dear Dr. Ward," said Huxley, "if you don't mind, I don't." Huxley's liking for Dean Stanley was immense, but he thought him a victim of "the topographical fallacy." To see a place was for him to believe what was told as happening there. He had been in Palestine, and hence believed the patriarchal legends to be true; but he did not accept the cosmology of Genesis, because he was not present at the creation of the world. The article on Newman and Renan calls attention to the almost exact coincidence of Newman's becoming a Roman priest and Renan's ceasing to be one for ever. The two events were only two days apart—Newman's submission, October 8, 1845; Renan's rejection October 6. Mr. Ward's treatment of Renan is characterized by a remarkable geniality, but he comes round to the conclusion that Renan found Roman Catholicism impossible because he was not a Christian.

This article, with four others, "The Time Spirit of the Nineteenth Century," "The Rigidity of Rome," "Unchanging Dogma and Changeful Man," and Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," are so many phases of a line of argument which is Mr. Ward's personal contribution to the problem of the position of Roman Catholicism in the modern world. The old idea of fixity is parted with, while the claim is made that "there are central religious ideas reappearing in a more and more purified form under the influence of exacter knowledge and of the criticisms of the intellect and moral sense." Here is a method which in course of time might make the theology of Rome that of Phillips Brooks or Dr. Channing or more radical thinkers. Mr. Ward's first and longest article takes a wide sweep and abounds in brilliant generalizations. He accepts the idea of evolution as "the new framework" of thought, and expects from it something of that composure and dignity which formerly proceeded from the unity of Christendom as embodied in the Roman Church. The results of modern Biblical criticism are accepted quite as cordially as the principle of evolution. There is room for doubt whether William George Ward, "Ideal Ward," the present writer's father, who egged Newman on to the dangerous positions of "Tract 90," would be quite happy if he should revisit the scene of his intellectual vicissitudes and find his son writing in this manner.

Greek Votive Offerings. By William Henry Denham Rouse, A.M. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan.

This is a work—almost a pioneer in its branch—of great research and erudition, presenting an enormous mass of facts, with all the completeness attainable considering that the facts are constantly accumulating. The arrangement of such a mass of material presents, naturally, great difficulty, especially since it is not easy to discover any stable principles of classification, and since the theories which have been hitherto assumed have vanished as the author tried to collect evidence for them. If his research leads to any general conclusion, it is to a "conviction of the sincerity and simplicity of Greek religion in the great age, and the elements of corruption which finally brought it to naught." By the last statement he means that about the fourth century B. C. the votive offering begins to lose its sincerity, and is given as a "means of self-glorification," as a memorial of the donor's virtues or exploits. A fixed date in such matters must, obviously, be taken with many allowances. The motive of many a donor in earlier times may have been mixed and selfish, and in later times may have continued pure. In the case of votive offerings for re-

covery from sickness or escape from peril and accident the author recognizes this fact; and the chapter which he devotes to this subject is a most striking illustration of the absolute permanence of motive and custom in this superstition, and of the identity of its manifestation in ancient and modern times. Not merely do the official miracles of the temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus resemble those of Our Lady of Lourdes, but the small local chapels in Greece which continue to work marvels of healing and saving in the present day are in some instances the direct heirs of local shrines which have persisted on the same spot since the classic period. They contain the very same heterogeneous collection of boats, cradles, legs, arms, hearts, and eyes which are reported in the inventories of ancient shrines. The chattering pair of women whom Herodas describes as surveying the curiosities of the temple of Æsculapius at Cos would be very much at home in the sanctuary of the Virgin at Tenos, or at Ayassos in Lesbos, though they would doubtless be puzzled by the model of a paddle-steamer or of a manufactory with a smoking chimney.

When Mr. Rouse fixes the beginning of memorial dedication in the ninth or tenth century, this again is a date which must not be pressed. He bases his inference on the evidence of Homer and Hesiod. In Homer the practice seems to be beginning, and the technical term for a votive offering not to be quite fixed; in Hesiod the formula is fully recognized. Homer is a slippery witness, for he holds his tongue, for reasons of his own, about a good many things which he knew perfectly well. Statues, for instance, as M. Bréal reminds us, he does not expressly mention, yet the Argive Heræum was full of idols going back to the Mycenæan period and centuries earlier. This only illustrates the difficulty of attaining any precision in summarizing Mr. Rouse's subject. The Greeks had priests, but no dogma, practically, and no official theology. In the matter of votive offerings, "any one might offer anything under the sun," and to any deity; the golden tithe of Crœsus, the peasant's handful of corn, the fisherman's net, the schoolmaster's taws, and, we regret to say, the mirror of Lais, were equally acceptable. The taws may be an inventive fancy of the witty epigrammatist: the mirror was doubtless an offence in the eyes of many respectable Greeks, as it is in ours; with us, too, ill-gotten gains creep into the service of the sanctuary. But an examination of the immense range of heterogeneous offerings, with their inscriptions and dedications, will reveal in the earlier period genuine piety and thankfulness, a sweet and charming naïveté, not unmingled with a canny spirit which expects a good bargain and a fair exchange from the deity addressed. That, indeed, shows itself unreservedly in the prayers of the Homeric heroes.

An ugly side of the votive offering was the practice of cursing or anathematizing one's enemy in formulas as "detailed and elaborate as that of the jackdaw of Rheims." and that, too, in cold blood, without the excuse of passion, or enmity, or revenge. The boxer prays that his rival may lose his strength; the litigant, that his adversary's tongue may be as cold as the lead he writes on. These are generally engraved on leaden sheets and buried in the earth, and are sometimes combined with a relief. The practice and the formulæ persisted in the island of Calymnus in 1798, and has probably not disappeared in the present day. "Binding Spells" are still the terror of the Greek bridegroom. A much pleasanter application of the same logic was the custom of manumitting a slave by the fiction of dedicating him to a divinity. A large number of inscriptions recording this act were disinterred in the recent excavations at Delphi.

It is easy to judge how valuable for the purpose of the specialist and of the student of life and manners is the body of Mr. Rouse's collections. To this rich storehouse, with its labyrinthine windings, it can hardly be said that the author has provided the key and the clue. But the final chapter which summarizes his research is highly interesting, and presents some useful conclusions. Symbolism in dedication he denies almost *in toto*. The owl of Athens had much the same significance as the Russian bear in a cartoon of *Punch*. The tripod, the lyre, the thyrsus, the trident, the cuckoo, the snake, the dove, were never worshipped as standing for Apollo, Dionysus, Poseidon, and the rest. Fetishism, of course, he admits; but the objects and animals just mentioned, he maintains, are associated with particular deities as "part of their character costume." As *offerings*, on the other hand, they are not confined to special deities; they are given on their merits for the same reasons as offerings in general. A lyre is found dedicated to Athene, but none to Apollo. An inspection of the exhaustive lists of articles dedicated to the various divinities will show that they are all equally miscellaneous and equally destitute of special significance. Mr. Rouse does not concede the symbolic, or hieratic, meaning which Mr. Evans assumes for the double-axe found in such hosts in the Cretan excavations. There is nothing holy about this kind of axe (or about the tripod). If Zeus of Labranda carries one, it is a weapon, and in his capacity of protector of the city. Axes, tripods, bars of iron, shields, and other objects had anciently a fixed value, and passed current like coins; they were used as prizes in the Iliad and Odyssey. The vast number of miniature axes found in the Dictæan Cave he regards either as coins, meant to be strung like Chinese *cash*, or as tokens, halfway between the implement and the coin; the same explanation would apply to the minute kettles and tripods of Olympia, and to multitudes of miniature rings, lances, shields, and chariot-wheels discovered in the most diverse shrines. They were tokens used in exchange, and paralleled by the ancient coinage of China.

This work is provided with elaborate indexes, and with lists of a dozen temple treasures derived from the inscriptions. If the reader misses anything, it is, as we have said, some illuminating principles and generalizations. But Mr. Rouse has cleared the way, he has amassed the facts with praiseworthy industry, and has provided for others the means to classify and theorize and introduce luminous order, if possible, into a labyrinthine subject. Mr. Rouse spells his preterites *markt, lookt, worshipt*, etc. But this whimsy will do no harm, for few are likely to imitate him, and a hard-worked scholar has the right to cut a few capers by way of diversion.

Rossetti. By Arthur C. Benson. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 1904.

This is by far the most intelligible biography of that interesting personality we have yet had. In compiling it Mr. Benson had quite an extraordinary amount of documents to deal with, what with the industrious zeal of W. M. Rossetti in publishing family letters and diaries, as well as his Life of his brother in two volumes, which left the reader with a very disagreeable impression of D. G. Rossetti's personality; the innumerable magazine articles written by various people who had known the artist and some by those who had not, and the frequent mention of him in memoirs and autobiographies of his contemporaries. From all these various sources, both friendly and inimical, Mr. Benson has put together all that is characteristic; and although the narrative of that singularly tragic career is contained in seventy pages, it gives all that is of any importance, and describes the poet-painter as he seemed to those who knew him well. Mr. Benson had the advantage also of the help and criticism of Rossetti's friends, Fairfax Murray, Watts-Dunton, Hall Caine, and others, as well as of Mr. W. M. Rossetti; to these he acknowledges his indebtedness in the preface. It is evident that no pains were spared to arrive at a just and truthful estimate of Rossetti's character and life, his aims in painting and poetry, his views on literature, and his general attitude of mind—no easy task with so much conflicting evidence; but our author has succeeded in producing a very vivid image, which makes the influence of this great artist over his contemporaries better understood than is possible from other books about him. Innumerable fantastic legends have been circulated about Rossetti which had their origin in the peculiar circumstances of his life and his aversion to publicity, in refusing either to exhibit his pictures or to admit outsiders to see them. The greater number of those who were so privileged fell under the spell of the artist himself and of his work, and their report excited public curiosity to a very high pitch and gave rise to exaggerated stories, which continued to increase as years went on and the seclusion of Rossetti's declining years became more complete, while he fell a prey to insomnia and its consequences.

Rossetti's extraordinary influence over all who approached him was of an almost unparalleled order. His natural imperiousness was that of one used to command, and few felt inclined to dispute his authority. When one considers the men over whom he exercised for a time this personal magnetism—men of such marked individuality as Madox Brown, William Morris, Ruskin, Burne-Jones, Swinburne, George Meredith—the point is still more striking. His connection with Holman Hunt and Millais in forming the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was of short duration, and his relations with them were not of such reciprocal friendliness as with his later friends. The trait in his character which must have appealed to all artists was his extreme appreciation of the work of others when it had any of the qualities he prized in art, his readiness to give counsel and direction, and his generous manner of according encouragement

and advice when it was sought for. Up to the very last he had enthusiastic devotees, who considered it a privilege to share his solitude and minister to his wants. It seems all the more tragic that a man so nobly gifted with so much power in expressing his individuality, in the arts both of painting and of poetry, should, through want of self-restraint, have been unable to face the exigencies of life more successfully.

Mr. Benson's appreciation of Rossetti is chiefly as a poet; throughout the volume he treats at length of the verse, although he tells also of the pictures and their subjects, in due order. He asserts that Rossetti had no affinity for either of the two strains which have chiefly predominated in England in the nineteenth century, "the impulse to annex philosophical speculation to poetry to find a poetical solution for the problem lying behind nature and life, or to turn to account emotions of a philosophic kind. The other notable element has been the poetry of passion, of human relations and affections in their most direct forms." While Rossetti belonged to the mediæval school of Italian poetry, and cared as little for national problems as for abstract thought, to quote our author—

"To him the emotions and the experience of life lay entirely in the intricate and complex development of human passion, the mysterious relations of human spirits; but even here he did not approach the thought from the abstract side. For him human passion was inextricably connected with its outward manifestations, in the emotions stirred by the apprehension of beauty alike definite and indefinite, the gracious mysteries of which human form and features, gesture, movement, and glance, seem a sacramental expression. This was not in Rossetti's case a purely material sentiment; all these lovelinesses seemed to him to hide a secret, to be the very voice of some remote spirit speaking instantly to the soul."

He had set before himself as the task of his life, *the embodiment of mystical passion.* It was in this limitation and his sense of the dramatic moment that his especial power consisted, and, according to our author, Rossetti's position with regard to the literature of the century is lonely and esoteric, his influence in poetry extending only to poets of a secondary order who care for form rather than matter. Benson, however, attributes to D. G. Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, and Swinburne a reformation in the language in the use of simple and direct words. Tennyson had, in the "Idylls of the King" and later work, fallen from the freshness and charm of the language of his earlier work into conventional expression, and to Rossetti is due the new impulse towards simplicity of expression in English poetry. Mr. Benson considers that to Rossetti's Italian temperament is traceable the want of observance of accepted conventionalities in treating of love in his "House of Life." It is rather surprising that at this moment any critic having any pretensions to width of outlook should find any fault as to want of reticence in these sonnets, since the most popular novels of the day contain passages on sexual relations, crudely expressed, which do not in any way deter "the young person" from reading them. The world has made some progress in disregarding many old established prejudices, and the artistic temperament is not the sealed book it used to be.

Notwithstanding occasional lapses into fine writing and a superfluity of analysis, those who wish to know more about Rossetti, his life and ways, will do well to read this volume.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashmore, Otis. A Manual of Pronunciation. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Barnes, James. The Son of Light Horse Harry. (Fiction.) Harper & Brothers. $1.25.
Cleaves, Charles Poole. A Case of Sardines. (Fiction.) Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.25.
Davitt, Michael. The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland. Harper & Brothers. $2.50 net.
Elizabethan Critical Essays. Edited by G. Gregory Smith. 2 vols. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 12s. net.
F., G. J. "Even Thine Altars"; or, Prayer and Bible Prayers. Philadelphia and London: Nunc Licet Press.
Gaze, Harry. How to Live Forever. Chicago: Stockham Pub. Co.
Hewlett, Maurice. The Queen's Quair. The Macmillan Co.
Hornaday, William T. The American Natural History. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Ingall, Godefrol D., and Withers, George. The Stock Exchange. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60 net; postage, 10 cents.
Japan, as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Le Forestier, François. Autobiography and Voyages. Edited by Hasket Derby. The Boston Athenæum. $1.25.
Mallock, William Hurrell. The Veil of the Temple. (Fiction.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 net.
Mighels, Philip Verrill. Bruvver Jim's Baby. (Fiction.) Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Pauli, Gustav. Venice. Translated by P. G. Konody. (Famous Art Cities; No. 11.) Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.
Rabagliati, A. Air, Food and Exercises. Third edition, enlarged and rewritten. William Wood & Co.
Sage, M. Mrs. Piper and the Society for Psychical Research. Translated from the French and slightly abridged by Noralie Robertson, with preface by Sir Oliver Lodge. Scott-Thaw Co. $1 net.
Sanborn, Frank B. New Hampshire. (American Commonwealths.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Stephens, W. P. American Yachting. (The American Sportsman's Library.) The Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Stubbs, William. Lectures on European History. Edited by Arthur Hassall. Longmans, Green & Co. $4 net; postage. 22 cents.
The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. XIII., 1604-1605. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.
The Squyr of Lowe Degre. Edited by William Edward Mead. (The Albion Series of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English Poetry.) Ginn & Co. $1.25; postage 10 cents.
Von Schierbrand, Wolf. Russia: Her Strength and her Weakness. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.60 net.
Waddington, Richard. La Guerre de Sept Ans. Vols II. et III. Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie.
Washington, Booker T. Working with the Hands. Doubleday, Page & Co.

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says of
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1904.

The Week.

There is certainly a comic element in the latest descent of Republican Senators upon the White House. They have gone, unless their own discreet leakings bewray them, to remonstrate with the President for taking everything into his own hands. Aldrich and Kean and Fairbanks and the others are pained to find the campaign cut and dried—not by their own hands. Here is Mr. Cortelyou announced as National Chairman, though the Convention is still three weeks away and the National Committee has not even met, to say nothing of organizing. Platform and the nominating speeches have received the White House *visé*. It is more than hinted, besides, that the President is going into the paddock to pick out his own running mate. All this, protest the grieved Senators, tends to degrade the National Convention very much to the condition of the sturdy beggar who told the magistrate that he "did some work fifteen years ago." Yet why should the Senators be filled with dismay at seeing the President display the qualities for which they have praised him? Have they not written countless platforms and made endless speeches in laudation of his fearless energy, his powerful grasp of public affairs, his bold initiative, his inflexible resolution in getting the thing done? Really, the one who is entitled to be surprised is, not they, but Mr. Roosevelt himself. He might reasonably say that he was but acting in the very way that they liked and applauded. His ready audacity, his habit of going straight to his goal, his contempt for precedents and appearances—why should they shout themselves hoarse over his masterful fashion of doing the work next at hand if they really objected to it?

The complex politics of this country never produced a stranger set of contradictions than are presented by the Wisconsin fight. Senator Spooner, who has identified himself so prominently with the expounding of Administration policies that it is hard to see how any gathering of Republicans can get along without him, will go to the National Convention at the head of a bolting delegation, while the regular credentials are held by the followers of a man as far removed in his political ideals from the school of Aldrich, Allison, Payne, or Dalzell, as is John Sharp Williams. Considerations of mere consistency strongly favor keeping out of this year's convention the Republican apostle of "running amuck." The irregulars in State politics are strictly orthodox on national issues. The report that if the "Stalwart" delegates are seated at Chicago, the La Follette men will "take it out" on the national ticket, has thus a strong basis of probability. Publication of extracts from the minutes of the State Central Committee appear to show beyond dispute that even if the Stalwarts' position as to the rights of delegates had been sustained, La Follette would still have controlled the convention. The committee voted unanimously, on motion of one of the six "Stalwart" members, to seat two of his county delegations, which, together with the votes already conceded, made a clear majority. On the question of party loyalty there appears to be little choice between a faction which would elect a Democratic governor rather than give in, and one which is ready to give the State's electoral vote to the Democrats if it fails to gain its point.

A verdict acquitting Barrett and Tyner, accused of procuring and extending official favor to get-rich-quick swindles, surprises nobody who has watched the course of the trial. There has evidently been much sympathy for Tyner, an old man, broken in mind and body; and, more than that, the evidence has admitted the doubt whether he may not have been "worked" by his nephew, Barrett, in whom he may have confided. In short, the jury, even if "morally certain" of Tyner's and Barrett's guilt, may yet have felt that absolute legal proof was lacking. But were Tyner absolutely innocent, he nevertheless richly deserved dismissal from the Postal Department; on the most favorable construction of his acts, he was grossly incompetent. True, the President, in dealing with Cornelius Van Cott of New York, proceeds on the theory that a postmaster, however incapable or corrupt, may serve out his term so long as he is not unmistakably a criminal. But the Van Cott case was an exception to the rule which the President has laid down for other men; for Van Cott has the backing of powerful politicians, for whose favor just now the President seems ready to sacrifice his principles.

If the campaign against quack doctors, fought with the fraud order as a weapon, is to begin directly, one safe prediction is that next year's deficiency bill will carry a substantial item for additional assistants in the offices of the chief postal inspector and the assistant attorney-general for the Post-Office Department. The cause is good, but the result of a systematic overhauling of the worthless patent medicines and the advertising charlatans will be like stirring up a nest of wasps. Even when the Government has a clear case, the men who are hit will not succumb without a legal fight, while in the majority of cases, where there will doubtless be something plausible to say on the other side, the undertaking will be still more difficult. A great army of rural weeklies will protest that they could not live without the questionable advertising which they get on long-time contracts with sure pay. It is a reproach to a section of the religious press that it, too, has been willing to open its columns to the offensive announcements. These will denounce as harsh and tyrannical the action which excludes them from the mails. It remains to be seen, in any event, how far the house-to-house circular or the card handed out on the elevated stairway can take the place of newspaper exploitation of "osmotic treatments."

It looks as if the Merchant Marine Commission might prove a kicking gun for the Republicans. It was one thing for such men as James J. Hill and Lewis Nixon to cast contempt on ship subsidies, but it is quite another for Edwin S. Cramp to say that he has thrown that policy overboard. In his remarks before the Commission at Philadelphia on Friday, he said a number of things which should not be told in Gath. There was a time, he declared, when materials entering into ships were lower in this country than in Europe, and that time was only six or seven years ago. The fact that we can produce materials as cheaply as our competitors, whenever we see fit, is not a very good argument for bounty-fed ships. Mr. Cramp sees that the game is up, so far as subsidies are concerned. As he cannot get what he would like, he will take what he can get. At least, he cries, give us larger postal grants and discriminating duties. Do the shipping mendicants know what they are doing in asking for discriminating duties? Are they prepared to throw over all our treaties with foreign Powers and provoke retaliatory measures? Such a policy as Mr. Cramp suggests is explicitly forbidden. Our treaty with Great Britain, for instance, provides that British goods shall be subjected to no higher duties than are levied on similar goods "on the importation of the same in American vessels."

Wool statistics, as given in the annual report of the New York Chamber of Commerce, should draw forth a word of explanation from Secretary Wilson. The Department of Agriculture states that the number of sheep in the country increased from 41,883,065 in 1899 to 63,964,876 in 1903. But the Chamber of Com-

merce reports only 39,284,000 sheep last year. The trustworthiness of the Government's statistics can hardly be admitted, even assuming that lambs were omitted in 1899 and included in 1903. The Chamber of Commerce's enumeration, which conforms closely to that of other experts, fails to show that the Dingley tariff has stimulated the sheep industry to any remarkable extent. In fact, there are not nearly so many sheep in the country to-day as at some previous periods. In 1893 we produced 303,153,000 pounds of wool, but in 1903 the clip amounted to only 287,450,000 pounds. All this may seem strange, in view of the apparent high prices the growers have been getting for their wool for the last few years. As for the wool manufacturers, their profits are coming hard this year. By a striking coincidence, just as the Chamber of Commerce announces that the duty on carpet wool "discourages our manufacturers," word comes that the Bigelow mills at Lowell will shut down for over a month, throwing 3,500 operatives out of work.

Ex-President Cleveland goes too far in saying that the gold reserve in the Treasury still lacks such safeguards as would have prevented its depletion in 1894. There is a measure of truth in this, but the conditions of 1894 are not likely to recur. The chief trouble ten years ago was that the Government was spending more than it collected. Then it became necessary to issue bonds. If Uncle Sam had said squarely to the world, "For every dollar of money you lend me, I promise to return a dollar of gold of standard weight and fineness," he would have had no such trouble as he then experienced. The Treasury may have to borrow again, some day, but when this occurs Wall and Lombard Streets will not have an ague fit, as they did a decade ago. The financial world will say that Uncle Sam is hard up, and that it will be no sin to stick him for the highest rate he can be made to stand; but it will not say that the purchasing price of the dollar is likely to be cut in half. Thus the gold-standard law of 1900 makes 1904 a very different time from 1894.

That even the pro-American Federalist party in the Philippines is interested in the subject of independence may be learned from its organ, *La Democracia*, Manila. In the issue of March 30 that journal sums up recent American discussion of insular problems, attaching peculiar importance to Secretary Root's speech before the Union League Club. "Of more importance than the foregoing report [Gov. Taft's] is, in our modest opinion, the address given recently by ex-Secretary Root, . . . an address received with unconcealed apprehension and disfavor by an American journal of this capital, which calls the ex-Secretary a 'twaddler.'" The expression which especially aroused the admiration of the *Democracia* is this: "I hope that the day will come in which the Philippines will have towards us substantially the relations of Cuba." "From this speech," says the Manila editor, "is clearly to be inferred that the future policy for the Philippines—a matter by no means forgotten by the Federal party—is shortly to be an issue in the United States." What this friendly editor would have felt if he had realized that Secretary Taft does not so much as wish to discuss independence for a hundred years or so, may be imagined by the sympathetic.

The point is, of course, that here you have the official organ of the pro-American party not only discussing independence, but welcoming it. Note, too, that these Federalists are not misled by the vaporings of Boston Anti-Imperialists, nor by the kind of agitation which Secretary Taft has told us befogs the Filipino mind. On the contrary, the *Democracia* is commenting on Administration bills in Congress, on reports of Mr. Taft, and on a speech of Mr. Root. That is, if all the pesky Anti-Imperialists were sunk in Massachusetts Bay, these volatile Filipinos would apparently find food for their love of liberty in the official utterances of those who think independence is a very dangerous word to use. There could be no more beautiful proof of the fallacy into which Mr. Taft fell when he imagined that the question of independence could be put in cold-storage for a century. The platform of the Maryland Democrats last week, shows that if the Republicans think to burke this issue, the other party will take it up eagerly.

Not a few excellent results are likely to flow from the action of the Presbyterian General Assembly last week in modifying its attitude towards the question of marriage and divorce. An effort has been made to bring about a "church comity" in the matter of marriages of divorced persons. It was urged that the divorce problem would in considerable measure be solved if the clergy of one church would agree not to perform the marriage ceremony for persons of other churches who were under the ban. It was contended among Presbyterians, however, that, as they had their own rules, and as, under these, persons debarred by other marriage services could in some cases properly be united, there was no call for action on the part of the General Assembly. Yet the latter adopted a resolution in favor of refusing to perform service for any person whose marriage was prohibited by his own church, unless such action should work injustice to an innocent party in a divorce for Scriptural reasons. This action is a discouragement to divorce. It is also a step towards creating a stronger "courtesy of the profession" than has hitherto existed among the clergy of the various churches. And by keeping the different communions busy fighting a common evil, it will possibly make them forget that they are not really brothers.

The engravers of music have brought us to a pretty pass. They are comparatively few in number, are well paid, yet have always refused to join the lithographers' union. But now the latter has received the aid of the Musical Protective Association, which has just decreed that hereafter its members shall play no music that does not have the union label on it. This measure is to be carried through in no half-way manner. Care will be taken to see not only that the sheets are engraved by union labor, but that everything else from start to finish represents organized labor. The proper way would be, of course, to put a label on the white sheets, another across the ink, with a guarantee of the pure motives of the engravers, etc. But the Musical Protective Association proposes to do even better than this. Hereafter composers themselves must belong to the Association. In short, "the musical entertainment shall be union from the brain of the genius who composes to the execution of the artist who plays." This is a good idea; it will tend to eliminate that erratic character of genius which the moralists of all ages have deplored. Unfortunately, however, this new ruling will at the start apply only to band and orchestral compositions, whereas the greater portion of the music put upon the market is for piano and voices, and goes into the homes. There is no escape from it; the home must be unionized. They err who think this would be a difficult task. A proper amount of picketing and boycotting would do the work. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—all unionized—would have to put on the screws for but a short time.

Liberal opposition to the Grand Trunk Pacific project broke down badly at Ottawa when it came to a vote. It made no difference that the scheme had been riddled in debate, that the Government was shown to be assuming dangerously large and indefinite liabilities, that there was no guarantee, except the success of the road itself, that the Eastern branch would compete disastrously with the Intercolonial (the Government) Railway—all these valid objections yielded to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's vague promises of great prosperity to come. Defenders of the scheme point to the fact that the Dominion, though guaranteeing three-quarters of the cost of construction, makes much better terms than formerly with

the Canadian Pacific; against which view it may be urged that the new transcontinental line is far less necessary. The Western Division from Winnipeg to Port Simpson, just south of the Alaska line, runs through a country rich in grain, timber, and minerals; the eastern division from Winnipeg through northern Ontario to Moncton, N. B., in its middle section, at least, lies through a region of very doubtful promise. For many years it will probably supply little but a too costly freight service for lumber, and open up a sporting region now comparatively inaccessible. It may be asked why Sir Wilfrid Laurier has staked his political fortunes on so doubtful a scheme. Partly because he is caught by the mere glitter of it, partly because he honestly wishes to rectify certain geographical anomalies under which the Dominion is suffering. The isolation of the populous provinces from each other tends undoubtedly to disunion, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in accepting what looks like a hard bargain with the Grand Trunk, may be guided not only by his immediate political star, but by a forward-looking patriotism. In fact, it is rather difficult to see anything improper in his attitude except perhaps an undue impatience to get a new transcontinental road—a sentiment akin to President Roosevelt's about the Panama ditch.

Though the French Ambassador read the riot act rather peremptorily to the Papal Secretary, there was apparently nothing in the now famous protest of the Pope which could have been explained better in two hours than in an instant. In general, the note as published in *L'Humanité* contained a reaffirmation of the Pope's Temporal Power; a protest against the continued usurpation of the House of Savoy; and in especial a complaint that President Loubet was to visit the usurper "at the very seat of the Pontifical See, and in the very Apostolic Palace" (*i. e.*, the Quirinal). In the version sent to the Catholic Powers was contained the phrase, "And if, in spite of this, the Papal Nuncio remained in Paris, this was due solely to grave motives of an especial order." This clause, it appears, was omitted from the copy of the circular note sent to the French Foreign Office. In other words, the Vatican apologized to the Catholic Powers for not breaking off diplomatic relations with France, asserting that step to be justifiable, but for the moment inexpedient. Of course, the Papal Secretary will plead, and rightly, the secrecy of diplomatic correspondence, but that will not excuse him for issuing a threat superfluous at best and offensive if known. To withdraw the Nuncio would at least have been consistent; merely to say that he ought to be withdrawn was unworthy of a trained diplomat. Perhaps the most important inference to be drawn from the affair is that there is no hope for the reconciliation of the Papacy and the Kingdom of Italy during the life of the present Pope.

Premier Combes used very moderately his Parliamentary victory on Friday. The overwhelming majority which sustained his partial breach of diplomatic relations with the Vatican is a pretty clear indication that he might, if he wished, effect the denunciation of the Concordat. He realizes, however, the practical difficulties that surround such a course, and he seems to have a shrewd sense that the postponement of the rupture will keep the Church in a very salutary state of suspense. Personally, he stands uncommitted to any definite revision of the treaty with the Holy See. Instead, he asks for time, and gives assurances, which were hardly needed, that the Ministry favors the separation of Church and State. The debate brought out clearly the fact that the diplomatic breach is incomplete unless the Vatican chooses to make it definitive; an under-secretary still represents France at the Papal Court. Pius X. will hardly add that folly to a blunder already sufficiently regrettable.

In the tiff between President Loubet and the Pope, the King of Italy, who was formally dubbed a lawless usurper, was really the aggrieved person, so it is no wonder that certain zealous members of the Italian Parliament have demanded some sort of formal rebuke of the Pope. Premier Giolitti neatly evaded the embarrassment of moving a Parliamentary censure upon an infallible Pontiff by recalling that the hostility of Pius X. had happily elicited the most gratifying expressions of friendship from France. So far from being a matter of regret, the Papal protest had really cemented the Franco-Italian *entente* and strengthened the House of Savoy. A certain conventional, not to say farcical, element in the fiction of Temporal Power is clearly shown in the permission granted to Cardinal Svampa to meet the King at Bologna, shortly after the publication of the now famous circular note. Svampa is an ecclesiastic of the most liberal type, but he was permitted to accept an audience with the King at Bologna, once a part of the Papal States. That suggests that the Papal claims have much abated, and that the quarrel with the House of Savoy, though bitter in theory, is largely tactical. Giolitti's easygoing comment on the Pope's recent indiscretion is in striking contrast to the celestial ire manifested in the French Chamber of Deputies.

The legislative programme recently unfolded by Mr. Watson, the new Premier of Australia, contains no startling features. Indeed, it raises the hope that the Labor party may use its control of the Government with moderation. Mr. Watson displays a capacity to look at the situation broadly, and except in one or two particulars his policy cannot be viewed as extreme by the Australians. He has accepted the Conciliation and Arbitration bill of his predecessor, modifying it merely to the extent of including railway and other State employees. It was this last provision that wrecked the Deakin Ministry. An attempt will be made to introduce federal old-age pensions, and state control of the tobacco trade is advocated; but the various nations of the earth have become hardened to such contingencies. Premier Watson also hopes to pass a banking bill with conservative provisions regarding cash reserves. His new programme is along the line of more completely solidifying the Commonwealth. A capital-site bill will be pressed, and also one appointing a high commissioner in London, who shall supersede the representatives of the various States. In short, the Labor party has shown no desire as yet to administer the Government in its shirt-sleeves.

The latest news of the battle of Kinchow at once emphasizes the disaster of the defeat and the frightful costliness of the victory. There can be no doubt that Gen. Stoessel hoped to hold Nan-shan Heights indefinitely. Otherwise he would never have mounted upwards of seventy guns at that point, including heavy pieces from the dismantled ships. By the loss of this artillery the armament of Port Arthur is appreciably weakened. Indeed, it is hard to see how the storming of the fortress itself can offer much greater difficulties than the taking of Nan-shan Hill. It appears to have been the remarkable artillery service of the Japanese that made the victory of last week possible after the reckless daring of the charging infantry had been spent in vain. We read, though the report is not specific, of entire charging columns annihilated, as certain Union regiments were before Petersburg. That Port Arthur can long hold out against the tactics that won at Kinchow is very doubtful. The landward defences are still far from strong, and the sea batteries are dangerously exposed to fire from behind. Stoessel's billeting of so many guns on Nan-shan Heights implies that he regarded the neck of Kinchow as his real defence in the rear. We may expect, then, a direct attack upon the Port Arthur forts as soon as the Japanese artillery can be brought up. Gen. Oku is fortunate in having troops who have put away the fear of death, for the storming of Port Arthur will probably mean not one but many an engagement as bloody as that of Wednesday week.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONCENTRATION

Republican dreams about a hopelessly divided and incurably foolish Democracy are in the way of being rudely dispelled. Every successive convention brings nearer Democratic sanity and Democratic harmony. In Ohio last week the repudiation of Bryan, Hearst, and all their works was emphatic. The conservatives of the party were in full control. Scarcely less gratifying is the fact that State after State in the South is fighting shy of the old monetary delusions. This makes it certain that there is no more likelihood of the Kansas City platform being "reaffirmed" at St. Louis than there is that the Ptolemaic system will be dragged from its tomb. Say not the struggles of 1896 and 1900 naught availed. They settled for this country the question of the standard of value, and it will not be reopened. The Democratic party will not again tie the millstone of free silver about its neck.

To cut away a dead issue is, of course, not sufficient. That simply puts a party in condition to make a campaign; but the campaign itself has to get impetus from ideas that are alive. Here, too, there are signs of an increasing harmony of Democratic sentiment. The party, like any Opposition, must seize the openings offered by the Administration. How it proposes to do so, we may fairly infer from the various State platforms already adopted. Republican extravagance is to be attacked. It is as gross as a mountain. It is confessed and deplored by Republicans. We are headed straight for a Treasury deficit, and swollen appropriations are the main cause. Furthermore, the country will be asked to pronounce against a rampant, costly, and dangerous spirit of militarism in the Government; against lawless usurpations by the Executive; against corruption in the public service and particularly against a partisan refusal to have it thoroughly investigated. Finally, the abuses of a monopoly-fostering tariff will be assailed. In spite of the complacent belief of the *Tribune* that no one will dare lisp a word against protection in the coming campaign, we shall hear the inequalities, the injustices, the outrages of our existing tariff denounced by a thousand orators. Good rallying cries the Democrats have in abundance; and there is more and more agreement about the ones to be made prominent.

Concentration upon issues has proceeded more rapidly than upon candidates. Judge Parker is adding every week to the number of his delegates. Alabama and Tennessee have declared for him, and he will undoubtedly have a long lead on the first ballot at St. Louis. Yet the convention will contain a large number of uninstructed and, it appears at present, undecided members —enough, undoubtedly, to defeat Parker if they could be got unanimously and enthusiastically to go for some other man. But can they? Where is the dark horse darker than Judge Parker himself? It is not necessary to say anything of the rumored plan to "stampede" the convention. We have just seen in Illinois how little likely an advertised stampede is to come off.

Those who predict Parker's defeat at St. Louis fall back upon general reasoning about conventions. Combinations to kill off the leading candidate are common; therefore, the others will unite after the first ballot upon some other man. But this is to forget that the leading candidate thus combined against has usually made himself offensive to the followers of others. He has remorselessly fought his way to the front over their bodies, and has left rancors and bitterness along his track. This, however, is not true of Judge Parker. Even those who oppose him have no personal grievance to allege, or unfair tactics on his part to parade. If he has awakened no great enthusiasm, he has at least provoked no animosities. Consequently, the ordinary motives to get up a union of votes against *this* leading candidate are wanting. Besides, where is the man upon whom it will be easier to unite than upon Judge Parker? The widely known Democrats are impossible. Gorman, Hill, Pattison, Tom Johnson, Bryan, Mayor Harrison—it would excite ridicule to propose to combine upon either of them. But if it must, then, be a case of taking up an unknown, who can pose as more available than Parker? This is the question which those who prophesy Parker's failure to get the nomination do not answer. "Oh," they say glibly, "any man can do it." But the reply is, like Lincoln's to Senator Wade, "Yes, but it takes *some* man to do it, and who is the man?"

Is he Mayor McClellan? His name is oftenest used in this connection. But what would it mean to the Democracy at large? The name, to be sure, of a gentleman, and of an official who has won praise from his opponents—more, really, than from his supporters; but it would be the name, primarily, of a Tammany nominee; more narrowly, of a Murphy protégé. How Judge Parker could be passed over for him, we confess that we are unable to see. If Hill is offensive, Murphy is more so. If factional differences in New York are dreaded, Tammany domination of the party would be hated. As for Murphy, he has thrown off his mask. His pretence of being for Cleveland is now seen to be hollow. He meant McClellan all along. To make Tammany—alias Murphy—supreme in State and nation as well as in New York, was his real ambition. But his leadership already stands for failure. Arrogantly setting up to be a State boss, he was beaten in a square fight. Even in his own city his position is insecure, being undermined every day. Thus a movement to nominate Mayor McClellan at St. Louis would be practically a movement to restore the waning prestige of a Tammany boss. We do not say that it will not be attempted, or that it will surely fail; but we refuse to believe it until we see it.

QUAY.

The national shame of a public career like the late Matthew S. Quay's could be made more blistering in only one way—by glozing over in his death the frightful evil of his life. We are glad to see that there is some plain speaking. A few Republican newspapers that have not the courage to tell the truth about Quay, at least are significantly silent. But there is an appalling amount of crouching over his grave "with craven soul and fettered lip." Lamentably, the attempt to make out this gigantic political corruptionist other than he was, begins with that white-souled champion of reform, that flaming hater of all that Quay stood for, Theodore Roosevelt. His shocked friends could have read only with a groan that telegram of condolence in which the President, taking pains to say that his message was not a cold official utterance, but a personal one, spoke of Quay as "my stanch and loyal friend."

Was he, however, a friend of decency in politics? Was he a friend of honesty in public life? Was he not, rather, the friend of jobbers and bribers, an adept in political methods the most abhorrent and demoralizing known to his generation, the chief agent in making Pennsylvania politics besotted, Philadelphia politics sodden, and, so far as he was able, the policy and personnel of his party an offence to the nostrils? No one knows better than Mr. Roosevelt. No one has written bitterer words than he about the men of Quay's class—"those sinister beings who batten on the evil of our political system." It was precisely Quay and his kind that Theodore Roosevelt had in mind when he said that "the real and dangerous foe is the corrupt politician." And it was a condemnation of his own present attitude which he penned when he wrote that "it is a dreadful thing" to "condone misconduct in a public man," and affirmed that the "shame" of politics is to "deify mere success without regard to the moral qualities lying behind it."

Senator Quay's political example has been consistently vicious. It was bad all through. He had no concealments. "If I had lived in New York," he once said, "I should have been a Tammany man." That is, he would have gone in for plunder. But in Pennsylvania and Philadelphia the loot had a Republican label on it; consequently, he was a Republican. Absolutely cynical, he never

pretended to look upon politics except as an exciting game in which glittering stakes were to be won by the cool-headed and the unscrupulous. Just as he gambled in the stock market, so he made huge wagers in politics, and out of both got satisfaction for his gamester's passion with large pecuniary returns. Beginning his political course by using the office of State Treasurer in a way to bring him within the shadow of prison walls, he steadily played the game thereafter, with parties as but so many horses on which to lay odds, and elections nothing but a grand sweepstakes. He won; but what of that, so long as he was compelled to stand up before the eyes of his countrymen bearing "the shameful brand of public fraud"?

Mr. Quay did not create the conditions upon which he rose to his bad eminence; he simply used them with singular skill and without one scruple. His lot it was to live in a State which, from the earliest days of our existence as a nation, has been foremost in asserting it to be the duty of the Government to make the individual rich. Joined to the idols of protection, Pennsylvania has best illustrated its inherent tendency to political corruption. Tariff favors are worth paying for. Once obtained, they come to be regarded as a sort of property right, and a man will pay out half his property in order to avoid losing the rest. Quay was able to put that two and two together. Put money in thy purse, was his one political motto. He got funds from the protected manufacturers and from their federated beneficiaries in sums without previous parallel. Just to make himself State chairman—merely to win a fight within the party—he spent $200,000. Yet the Lincoln campaign of 1860 cost in Pennsylvania only $12,000! Quay hit up the pace fearfully. He bought the organization, bribed or intimidated the press, got his grip on the public service, including even the courts; imposed his will on Congress and Cabinets, and upon at least three Presidents—making the latter provide for the offal of his machine, which even Pennsylvania could no longer stomach—and all without identifying his name with a single measure of public good, without making a speech or uttering a party watchword, without even pretending to be honest, but solely because, like Judas, he carried the bag and could buy whom he would.

To hold up such a man as a "friend" is to make the devil chuckle. President Roosevelt has been pretty complacent on more than one occasion over the skilful way in which he had "used" Quay. "You say I have no diplomacy; but see how often Quay has cracked the whip over the Pennsylvania delegation and made it vote to support me." But the art of touching pitch without being defiled has not yet been discovered. No President could "use" a corruptionist such as Quay without being, in the act, used by him. In every bargain of that kind, it is the President who gets cheated. He wins votes, it may be, but he loses his good name and throws away his influence. No; we may have to put up with men of the Quay type for a time yet—we cannot eliminate them from our politics; but there is only one thing for honest men to do—to fight them while they live, and to speak the truth about them after they are dead. Endangered States may be compelled to "stoop their proud necks" to many disagreeable necessities; but it can never be necessary to call evil good. To compromise with a living public corrupter is recreancy; to praise a dead one is treason.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

Mergers are in the air, in the ecclesiastic as well as the financial world; and the action of the General Assembly at Buffalo looking to union with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and even, ultimately, to reunion with the Presbyterians of the South, is but part of one of the large movements of the day. Still, the decisive vote to take in the Cumberland Presbyterians has a significance wider than a mere readjustment of church organization. Its doctrinal implications are almost startling, for the Cumberland church rejects at least three of the "five points" of Calvinism, and is more than suspected of Arminianism. The overlooking of this is a noteworthy sign of the times.

Ex-President Patton of Princeton fought, as usual, a magnificent rear-guard action. His guns point backward more consistently than those of any theologian of his day. From the time that he prosecuted Professor Swing in Chicago down to his solemn protests last week, he has stood valiantly for the faith once delivered to John Calvin. Time and again the tide of battle has rolled over him; but at the next engagement his flag of the five bars has flown as defiantly as ever, and Athanasius again has defied the world, the *Zeit-Geist* and all his works. He opposed revision of the creed tooth and nail, asserting that an emasculated Calvinism was next door to the synagogue of Satan; and, now that revision has been accomplished, he stoutly denies that it meant anything in particular. Others may change; Dr. Patton is immovable.

That this attitude is in many respects admirable, we should be among the first to admit. It is something, in an age of flux and flabbiness, to find a man who has a sinewy mind and believes absolutely in the validity of its logical processes—ready to affirm that all men are wrong rather than admit a flaw in his own reasoning. For it is, apparently, the intellectual symmetry of Calvinism which commends the system to Professor Patton. As upon so many other mighty thinkers, its logic has laid a spell upon him. Considered merely as a means of condemning the uncounted millions of the human race to hell without a single lapse in arguing from the premises, the Calvinistic theology may claim undisputed eminence. Granting its assumptions, it is objection-proof—like other forms of fatalism. Into this we have no thought of going; but what leaves us wondering is Dr. Patton's air of defending, not a theological system, but a precious belief of actual flesh-and-blood Presbyterians of to-day. Now, as a matter of fact, we venture to say, not one Presbyterian in ten could even state the doctrines of Calvinism correctly, and not one in a hundred would accept them in their stark original form. They are not preached from the pulpit; the pews are more and more ignorant of them. Jonathan Edwards could no more preach to-day his sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" than he could enforce the rules of the Presbyterian or Methodist Church against "worldly amusements."

For saying this, we may again be charged with presuming to know more about the churches than do the clergy themselves. But nothing is more useful to ministers than frequent reminders how hard it is for them to find out what their parishioners really think. A clergyman is like a President, or a boss; no one tells him the exact truth. He is surrounded by people who are in an unconscious conspiracy to deceive him. Only a very alert or sagacious minister can penetrate through the pious platitudes and acquiescences of his hearers, and arrive at their real views of religion, not to speak of the infinitely harder task of discovering their actual notions of theology. The sort of mental click, shutting off frankness, which Emerson heard in the Anglican Bishop, must be a familiar sound to a sharp-eared clergyman. And just in proportion to his success in detecting the thought of church-people to-day will be his conviction that theological doctrine, as such, has but the slightest meaning to them and the frailest hold upon them. That formal dress of religion has, in the minds of the great majority of the Christian commonalty, waxed old as doth a garment, and as a vesture it is changed.

In such a time of theological break-up, the patient searcher after truth has a hard time of it, as Principal Tulloch explained. On the one hand he has to encounter "the bigotries of an omniscient science," and on the other the "jealousies of an omniscient theology." To give all truth its due and to recognize and explore facts of whatever kind, refusing to affirm where the grounds of affirmation are wanting—only in that way can progress be made. And there is a law of progress even in theology. Dorner wrote of it, and his incidental comment reads almost like a melancholy reference

to what President Patton was engaged in last week:

"Whosoever, at crises when the Church is called upon to quit an old path and to enter upon a new sphere, both of thought and speech, persists in keeping to the old, will be left behind; and not the firmest confidence in the justice of his own position, nor the greatest authorities of former ages, can save an orthodoxy so obsolete."

AN IMPASSIVE STATESMAN.

In moving the erection of a Parliamentary memorial to the late Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour had a delicate duty, of which he acquitted himself most gracefully. He recalled that in the case of Disraeli and Gladstone this pious office fell to a political opponent unembarrassed by personal ties, while the expansive nature of Salisbury's two great predecessors gave every opportunity to the official eulogist. Mr. Balfour, on the contrary, was bound by the closest personal obligations to his uncle and former chief. Without Lord Salisbury's advice and encouragement he would hardly have undertaken a Parliamentary career. Furthermore, the well-known reticence of Lord Salisbury, his mistrust of sentiment, his detachment from his associates, his disregard of popular applause, made anything like a fervent appreciation a posthumous affront. Such considerations held Mr. Balfour to reticence and brevity.

Indeed, he devoted most of his speech to the elucidation of this stoical attitude of a great statesman. "I have never known him to speak of himself," he said of Lord Salisbury. He seldom, even in practical life, gave a reason for or against any course of action which went beyond the actual needs of the moment.

"It would be most unfair, I think, to say of Lord Beaconsfield that he was theatrical; but it would not be unfair to say that he had no objection to a picturesque or dramatic situation in which he was an important figure. It would be most unfair to say of Mr. Gladstone that he was greedy of popular applause; yet, rightly, I think, he I am sure was moved by the fervor of popular admiration which his genius was so eminently fitted to elicit. Lord Salisbury was, I believe, absolutely without any feelings of that kind at all. For good or for evil—and I do not say that it was wholly for good—he was completely indifferent to popular applause, or to applause of any kind, popular or otherwise; and that is so far apart from the ordinary feelings, or it may sometimes be the weakness, of humanity, that it makes his portraiture very difficult to draw."

Yet the figure of an impassive statesman emerged impressively in such a fact as that, for the thirty-six years after Lord Salisbury ceased to be a member of the Commons, he never came back to hear a debate. No wonder, then, that he rarely knew his younger Cabinet associates by sight, and is said never so much as to have set eyes on his formidable antagonist Parnell.

Such an obliviousness to considerations of personal association and popular applause should not be mistaken for arrogance. One cannot conceive Lord Salisbury so far forgetting himself as to say, "The public be damned." His inflexibility was based on the assurance of his personal rectitude and of his prerogative as an aristocrat. Indeed, it may be seriously questioned if this unemotional view of politics is tolerable except under feudal conditions. It is instructive, for example, that a close parallel to Lord Salisbury's method was Richard Croker's rule over his machine. Let the parallel appall no one. Salisbury himself could not have swayed large issues more dispassionately or with a more complete disregard of personalities, and we have the very curious spectacle of plebeian Machiavellianism and aristocratic absolutism carrying an identical front towards the world. Why an impassivity which is admired in a British Premier and an American boss would be fatal in an American statesman, it may be worth while to inquire; for the discrepancy certainly implies that the party machine is the least democratic, the least American institution we have developed. Certainly our Congressional life, widely tolerant as it is, would not put up with any such assumption of superiority as was habitual with Lord Salisbury. Our Presidents, too, have not generally erred on the side of reticence. Even Mr. Cleveland, who honestly hated mere palaver, used sometimes to come out with frank denunciation or orotund personal statement.

If Lord Salisbury's impassivity was excessive, it still marked a superiority in the man and in the system that accepted him at his impersonal political value. For it is not to be supposed that the title of Marquis would have carried Salisbury through had he not possessed the abilities that he refused to exercise for his own credit. The man who partitioned Africa peacefully, needed to make no explanation that he was a born diplomat. Yet Lord Salisbury's position as an aristocrat did get him his chance originally. To a man of his temperament, a republic would hardly have yielded it, and that is one reason why the more uncompromising sort of ability is practically never found in our politics. For let us make no mistake. We need not condemn Cavour and Sumner because they were not self-contained men of Lord Salisbury's type, but we cannot fail to note the real distinction that was Salisbury's in a period of political garrulity. It is simply impossible that a statesman should gabble to all comers, exude vague comment upon every occasion, frequently take the temperature of his popularity, consider the strategic effect of his next public appearance, and still give his best powers to the work of administration. So the really significant feature of Lord Salisbury's isolation is not the personal superiority it lent him, but the leisure it procured him for great achievement. He had serious business to do, and could not be diverted by his own feelings or those of others. A chief problem of republics will be so far to reduce the price of popularity that dispassionate ability like Lord Salisbury's may be had at need. Personally, there can be no doubt that his austere memory makes most of the leaders in England and elsewhere seem cheap.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

After four months of preliminary manœuvring, the situation on land has declared itself. Gen Oku is in contact with the garrison of Port Arthur, which he outnumbers more than two to one. He has carried the first line of defence at Kinchow with a skill and intrepidity worthy of all praise. Kuropatkin has elected to make his stand along the line of the railroad from Hai-Cheng to Mukden, a line one hundred miles long, with perhaps 100,000 men. Kuroki, with a somewhat superior force, is ready to strike at the Russian right, while a simultaneous movement towards Liaoyang threatens the communications to the north. Rumors of a reconnoissance north of Mukden seem of little significance, and, as a matter of fact, Rennenkampf, with his superb brigade of Cossacks, is in a way to make trouble all along the Japanese right. Cavalry engagements in eastern Korea and along the Seul-Wiju road seem to be raids of no consequence.

So far the advantage is clearly with the Japanese. Kuropatkin has been forced to a defensive attitude, and is apparently hopelessly tied to the railroad. Gen. Zassalitch's fruitless defence of the Yalu has cost him dear. The Japanese have made good progress through very difficult country almost without loss, and are in a position to hurl superior numbers against almost any part of the long Russian line. Meanwhile, the complete blockade of Port Arthur will probably hasten the landing of a third Japanese army near Niu-Chwang, from which they will threaten Kuropatkin's right and rear. Yet he cannot well resist this attack without dangerously exposing his communications. Accordingly, it is very likely that he will choose a less dangerous defensive base than Hai-Cheng—probably at Liaoyang, or even Mukden. His natural policy would be to avoid a general engagement and wait for reinforcements and the rainy season. The Japanese, on the contrary, must press their initial advantage or largely sacrifice the strategic gain they have made.

What forced Kuropatkin to this rather humiliating policy of merely holding the railway seems to have been not the numerical inferiority, but the low morale of his army. On this matter the military critics of *Figaro* and the London *Times* are agreed. The latter shows instructively that the 223,000 troops, of which only about 140,000 are available for the field, are composed almost en-

tirely of raw regiments of the reservist type. The old organizations have been stretched to the breaking-point. Thus, six brigades which last autumn consisted of forty-eight undermanned battalions, now consist of 108, "officers and men equally ignorant of each other and of the country." From the two Siberian reserve brigades, again, consisting of eight battalions, forty-eight have been evolved. It is little wonder that Gen. Zarubaieff's Fourth Army Corps, thus constituted, has not yet been reported east of Lake Baikal. Summing up the situation, the *Times* critic estimates Kuropatkin's maximum force south of Mukden at 100,000, and characterizes it as "a shabby improvisation, possessing none of the qualities that make an army formidable save good arms, gallantry, and fine physique." In the transport and artillery service the condition is presumably worse, and it may be suspected that the army is dangerously immobile and unable to cope quickly with Kuroki's skilfully masked operations. So much may safely be inferred from the fact that Kuropatkin neither struck at Kuroki shortly after the battle of the Yalu, nor even harassed seriously the advance to the Mantchurian watershed. Indeed, in view of the wholly defensive policy of Kuropatkin, the costly resistance at the Yalu and the retention of Port Arthur equally seem blunders.

Of the awkwardness of a situation in which the penetrating of his line at any point means the cutting of his communications, Kuropatkin must make the best. It is merely another instance of the extension of Russian sway being also its weakness. For the general military unpreparedness, for the policy of manning the Far Eastern divisions with inferior troops, the ex-Minister of War must, with the entire Russian bureaucracy, assume a large responsibility. How far the Japanese may be able to profit by the demoralization of their foes it would be unsafe to predict. The censorship prevents accurate news of their mobilization from reaching the Western world, and scanty advices from the front evidently have had all unfavorablbe comment officially eliminated. It is known, however, that for the present they are in considerable numerical superiority; that they are more mobile; that their supply service is excellent and especially well adapted to the mountainous country in which they are operating. Their chief present embarrassment is the difficulty of a descent upon Niu-Chwang. Until Kuroki is actually in contact with the Russians at Hai-Cheng —a move for which he is yet unready— a landing party would be in danger of being caught promptly between the Russians and the sea.

For the moment, then, Port Arthur is the critical point. Its fall would release Kuroki's army from their mountain fastnesses, supplying also reinforcements for an enveloping movement which would force the Russians well back toward Mukden. But time is the all-important matter. The July rains will almost force an armistice. The remarkable strategy of the Japanese must be put to the stretch to compass the storming of Port Arthur and a general advance upon Kuropatkin within the next few weeks. The gallantry with which the neck of Kinchow and the heights of Nanshan were forced on Wednesday week shows that the valor of the Japanese infantry is equal to the tactics of their generals.

AN UNNOTED POLITICAL FACT.

LONDON, May 19, 1904.

The one feature in English public life which, unnoted though it be, deserves attention, is the increasing power of the Labor party. Trade-unionists may, in the next Parliament, be masters of the situation.

The accidents of the moment tell strongly in favor of the Labor party. Members of the Opposition and Ministerialists, Free Traders and Protectionists, are equally prepared to do homage to trade-unionism. Liberals cannot praise too highly artisans who, though caring nothing for individual liberty, are prepared to stand up for free trade, and, at any rate, to oppose a tax upon corn. Protectionists, on the other hand, perceive truly enough that the men who deprecate free trade in labor are not likely long to support absolute free trade in goods. Protectionists pardon the accidental opponents of to-day because in trade-unionists they see the firm allies of to-morrow. Even as things now stand, workingmen are well pleased to be protected against the competition of aliens. Protection is, after all, first cousin if not twin-brother to Socialism.

The increasing authority, again, of Socialism—or, as it may more fairly be termed, Collectivism—is no transitory phenomenon, and, as it grows, gives additional power to trade-unionism. Any observer who calmly looks back over the English legislation of the last thirty years, will be amazed at the prodigious ascendency gradually obtained by ideas which, between 1848 and 1860, were denounced, or derided, as Socialism. The violence and failures of revolutionists had at that time made any attempt to realize social utopias an object not so much of hatred as of ridicule. Yet, even in 1848, the humanitarianism of the day had laid the foundations of that vast and expansive labor code which in England is a monument of the successful effort to place the control of labor in the hands of the State. The real character of a social revolution carried through under the guidance of Tories, such as Lord Shaftesbury, who themselves were as little inclined to become Socialists as to turn democrats, was utterly concealed from the philanthropists to whose energy is due the earliest practical triumphs of unrecognized and unsystematic collectivism. The factory movement fostered ideas unknown to most of its leaders. By, if not before, 1880, socialistic ideals had begun to affect English legislation. The wide extension of the Factory acts; the laws which from 1870 onwards, and especially in 1881, have made the tenure of land in Ireland a matter rather of status than of contract; the Combination act of 1875, the Workmen's Compensation acts, and a score more of Parliamentary enactments have all tended in the direction of Socialism, and have all impressed upon the workingmen of England the lesson which always finds a large body of apt scholars, that the poor can obtain material comfort far more easily by the aid of the State (that is, by drawing money from the pockets of their neighbors) than by reliance on self-help. Hence, the legislation of the last thirty years has created a moral atmosphere favorable to the growth of trade-unionism, and deadly to the old Benthamite Liberalism which governed English legislation between 1830 and 1870.

Whoever doubts the strength of this new Socialism should cast his eye over the bills introduced into Parliament during the present session, and should also carefully note the fortunes of one or two of them. The private members who bring in bills to meet the supposed wishes of the working classes, offer large and attractive promises. Local bodies are to acquire the power to raise an unlimited amount of rates for the purpose of public libraries; cottage homes are to be provided for the aged poor; loans at low interest are to be made to local authorities for the building of houses for the working classes; a wages board is to be appointed which is to fix a minimum rate of wages; above all, old-age pensions are to be provided for all the deserving poor at the age of sixty-five, and the feelings, no less than the pockets, of the poor are carefully protected. Great care is to be taken that money received from the public, which heartless economists might term out-door relief, shall inflict on deserving poverty neither the disabilities nor the discredit which have hitherto accompanied pauperism. But all this is not enough. Many an energetic workingman who, greatly to his credit, does not wish to receive relief of any kind, is yet earnestly bent on enforcing upon a dissentient minority, by so-called moral pressure, obedience to the laws of his trade-union.

In 1875, trade-unions were placed in a situation of privilege. Combinations for "the furtherance of a trade dispute," to use the queer expression of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, were then declared by law not to be criminal conspiracies, though similar combinations for other objects—*e. g.*, for inducing landlords to lower the rents of tenants—may well be criminal conspiracies, and severely punishable. But trade-unionists are still unsatisfied; they have found to their surprise that the judges, at any rate, understand the duty of protecting individual freedom. The courts, they find, give decisions which render effective picketing a crime, and which make trade-unions, like every other person or body throughout the country, liable to pay damages for torts done by their agents in the course of their employment. To carry on a strike with vigor has, we are told, become an impossibility. The modest claim is now made—and many members of Parliament are ready enough to concede its justice—that men engaged in a trade dispute should in effect be entirely exempted from the operation of the law of conspiracy; that what is humorously called "peaceful picketing" should be completely

legalized; and, lastly, that "an action shall not be brought against a trade-union . . . for the recovery of damage sustained by any person or persons by reason of the action of a member, or members, of such trade-union." This last piece of proposed legislation would in effect make it possible for a trade-union to encourage, to instigate or order an assault upon any man who violated the rules of the union, and to be exempt as a union from any liability to pay damages for the assault. The clause copied from a bill which has been laid before Parliament is probably ill-drawn and goes further than its proposers intend; but it expresses clearly enough the idea which underlies the policy and the ethics of trade-unionism—namely, that a union has a moral and ought to have a legal right to bring the very utmost pressure, short of physical violence or threats of physical violence, to bear upon men who were mean or wicked enough to use their legal rights in ways condemned by the moral code of trade-unionism.

That few of the bills to which I have referred will immediately pass into law, is probable enough. The proposals, however, laid before Parliament prove how earnest is even now the desire of politicians to meet the views of trade-unionists, and their abject dread of opposing the real or supposed wishes of wage-earners. Two examples will show my meaning. Both theory and (since 1834) experience have proved that the curtailment of outdoor relief is the only way under the English Poor Law of maintaining the independence, and in the long run promoting the prosperity, of the working classes; yet within the last few weeks a bill has been favorably received in Parliament, which in effect compels boards of guardians to grant outdoor relief to any person otherwise requiring it without taking into account any sum, up to five shillings, which he may at the same time receive from a friendly society as sick pay. This bill, which will soon pass, if it has not already passed, into law, strikes at the very root of the principles embodied in the so-called New Poor Law of 1834—an act which, unpopular as it was, saved English laborers from destruction. Little more than a fortnight has passed since a bill came before the House of Commons which aimed at providing forthwith old-age pensions for poor and deserving persons of sixty-five. The scheme was absolutely unworkable. If carried out, it would have imposed a huge additional burden upon our already overtaxed nation. Almost every member who took part in the debate exposed, though often in guarded language, the defects of the measure. It was, you will assume, summarily thrown out. No such thing. No man pressed for a division; the bill has passed its second reading unopposed. That it will not become an act of Parliament may, one trusts, be taken for granted; but members of Parliament have gained their object. None of them will be taunted at the next general election with the refusal to give pensions to the aged and the poor.

The temporary gain to members of Parliament is obvious. Did any one of the men who was present, or studiously careful not to be present, at the debate, ask himself how much of self-respect, or of respect from his constituents, he could retain when he had made it manifest to every elector throughout the land that he dared not warn workingmen that their wishes were foolish or wrong? J. S. Mill, when canvassing for a seat in Parliament, was asked at a large meeting of artisans whether he had not said or written that English workingmen were given to lying. He answered (I speak only from memory) "Yes, I did," and the room rung with applause. Is the spirit of the men who applauded Mill dead and gone? Have the workingmen of England forgotten the respect due to honesty? I doubt it; but sycophants, whether they flatter kings or crowds, whether they are courtiers or members of Parliament, soon create tyrants.

From the present state of things, when the number of labor members is small and this small group lacks the guidance of a clever Parliamentary tactician, it is easy to judge how great will be the power of labor members when their number has increased and some adventurer, endowed with the gift (which is not a very rare one) of parliamentary management, has placed himself at their head. At the next general election, confused issues will perplex even honest electors. This confusion will increase the number and the power of men pledged to promote the exclusive interest of a particular class. We are probably approaching a serious political crisis. An outsider cannot but wonder at the calmness with which respectable politicians look on the present condition of affairs. To one fact they must surely have directed their attention. There are countries, such as Belgium, where the rise of Socialism has deprived Liberals, more or less of the old English type, not only of office but of all authority. This matter, which should be looked at together with the lessons to be derived from the recent developments of Australian democracy, deserves consideration. It suggests reflections which are anything but bright on the future of English public life.

AN OBSERVER.

LUIGI CHIALA.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 23, 1904.

Senator Luigi Chiala died in Rome on April 27, a little more than seventy years old. He occupied a unique place among Italian historical writers; indeed, no other country in this generation has produced his counterpart. He wrote no formal history, but he edited the letters of the chief makers of modern Italian history in such wise that his works are indispensable, an integral part of the great chronicle of the Risorgimento. As long as the story of Italian independence is remembered, Chiala's commentaries on Cavour and La Marmora and their contemporaries are certain to be read. He was born at Ivrea in the Val d'Aosta on January 29, 1834; studied at the University of Turin; volunteered in the disastrous campaign of 1849; and then devoted himself to journalism. His ability soon attracted the notice of Cavour, and among his earliest works was 'Une Page d'Histoire du Gouvernement Représentatif en Piémont,' a revelation of the steps which led up to the famous coalition of Cavour and Rattazzi in 1852. This tract was so evidently written by some one on the inside that many readers persisted in attributing it to Cavour. The coalition, or "connubio," between the rival leaders had been brought about by their common friend, Michelangelo Castelli, one of those most efficient men who hold a relatively inconspicuous place in the public eye, but are the intimates to whom rulers and ministers turn for frank counsel. With him Chiala early formed a friendship which lasted till Castelli's death in 1875. During the fifties, Chiala edited the *Rivista Contemporanea*, a monthly magazine published at Turin, which served as the mouthpiece for the men of progress and patriotism who were transforming little Piedmont into a modern, liberal, and strong state. When Cavour wished to prepare public opinion for the death-grapple with Austria, he suggested to Chiala the main points of another tract, 'La Maison de Savoie et la Maison d'Autriche.'

The facile publicist volunteered for the war of 1859, serving in the Fourth Regiment of Grenadiers; saw the brief campaign of 1860, and remained in the army. In 1862 he founded *Italia Militare*, the principal military journal of Italy, which he conducted for four years. During the war of 1866 he was attached to the General Staff, and subsequently he was secretary of its chief, Gen. Govone. The alliance with Prussia, entered into doubtingly by General La Marmora, the then prime minister, and the defeat at Custozza, drew down on La Marmora an avalanche of hostile criticism. The young staff officer could not endure to see the general, whose confidence he had so long enjoyed, calumniated, and, having requested to be placed on the reserve list, so as to free his pen, he wrote in quick succession 'Le Général La Marmora et l'Alliance Prussienne' and 'La Politica Italiana e l'Amministrazione della Guerra dal 1861 al 1866.' In the former he justified the premier's acceptance of Bismarck's overtures; in the latter he set forth the policy which Italy had pursued after Cavour's death, and defended the War Office against the charge of incompetency and neglect.

In 1870 he resumed active service on the General Staff, with the rank of captain, and was appointed editor of the *Rivista Militare*, an army monthly, which he made flourish. In addition to his editorial work, he produced an elaborate monograph on the events of 1866, and after La Marmora's death (in January, 1878) he wrote a memorial which had a wide circulation and added 12,000 lire to the fund for the General's monument. But the chivalrous Capt. Chiala had already fallen into official disgrace by printing, in a commemoration of Victor Emanuel II., one of the King's letters to Baron Ricasoli—an act which Chiala's superiors in the War Department construed as insubordination. He was arrested and imprisoned at Civitavecchia; but fortunately he had spent only fifty days in that cheerless fortress when the administration changed hands, and Cairoli, the new prime minister, at once ordered his release. Chiala lost no time in resigning from the army for good.

To this episode we probably owe his monumental work, the six volumes of Cavour's Letters, the first volume of which, appearing in 1882, introduced Capt. Chiala's name to students of modern European history in all parts of the world. He found in Sig. Luigi Roux of Turin an energetic publisher, who made a specialty of bringing out important works on the Risorgimento. Elected from Turin to the Chamber of Dep-

uties in 1882, Capt. Chiala sat among the members of the historic Right until 1892, when he was created a Senator by King Humbert.

His edition of Cavour consumed nearly ten years. It was followed by Castelli's Letters and Memoirs; by three volumes of selections, with elucidation, from the editorial leaders of Giacomo Dina, a journalist, who, for thirty years, stood at the head of the Italian Liberal press; by a volume on the 'First Expedition to Massaua'; by three volumes of 'Pages of Contemporary History'; and by 'A Little More Light' on the events of 1866, the last work being issued a year ago. Besides these many books, there are others which deserve mention: 'Confidenze Politiche di due Uomini dabbene' (that is, Massimo D'Azeglio and Giacinto Collegno); 'L'Alleanza di Crimea'; and 'La Politica Segreta di Napoleone III. e di Cavour in Italia ed in Ungheria.' He had still another work in preparation at the time of his death.

This list of dates and titles testifies to Senator Chiala's astonishing industry; but mere industry is common, and many a writer who has filled a shelf with twenty-five volumes has been quickly, and deservedly, forgotten. It is Senator Chiala's distinction to have worked in a subject which, for Italians at least, can never lose interest, and to have contributed from his own talents a very unusual fair-mindedness and an almost unrivalled skill in tracing intricate political transactions, or in piecing together, from imperfect clues, a diplomatic negotiation. His knowledge of the traditions and practices of European cabinets since 1840 was simply unlimited. He knew the opinions of the public men of Italy, France, England, Germany, and Austria for fifty years; he had their memoirs and published correspondence by heart; and, so far as concerned Piedmont and Italy, he knew the secret springs of action behind legislation and behind diplomatic intrigues. He was as familiar with the gossip as with the archives. Taken into confidence by the statesmen of two generations, he never betrayed their secrets nor committed an indiscretion. He could be the friend of two rivals without slighting either. This trustiness explains why he became so general a confidant.

It was most fortunate that so much of the material of the history of the Risorgimento came to such a man for editing. The unification of Italy was not achieved without arousing violent partisan animosities. There were Mazzinians, who hated the Cavourians almost more bitterly than the Austrians; there were intransigent Democrats, irreconcilable Clericals. Senator Chiala treated them all fairly, taking pains to give to each his due as a helper towards national regeneration. Instead of partisan narrowness and sectarian exclusiveness, he kept in view the ideals which embraced all parties. He accomplished this not by an easy indifferentism, nor by a sacrifice of his own opinions, which were clear and firm, but by a genuine passion for fairness. And as no other Italian of his generation has done more to promote goodwill among his countrymen, so no other has surpassed him in effectively defending the policy of Italy against foreign accusers. His exposition of the affairs of 1866, for instance, may well be final.

He was a commentator rather than a biographer or historian. Give him a collection of letters or a batch of political articles, and he would set them in proper order, explain the connection of one with another, clear up every allusion, cite, if need be, a dozen passages mutually remote to complete the understanding of a line, and so put the reader in possession of all the data needed for forming an opinion. Thanks to this method, he imbedded in his books much fugitive material that might otherwise have been lost; but this method, which serves so admirably his purpose, is of course too diffuse, too discursive, for formal history. Nearly ten years ago I urged him to recast his introductions to the six volumes of Cavour's Letters in the form of an independent biography. They make more than 2,000 pages, which, by condensation such as would suit a biography, might be reduced one-half. But he said to me that it was too late: he had neither time nor means to undertake such a work, although if he had realized at the outset how voluminous a commentary the letters would require, he should have adopted a different plan.

To those who knew him, the personality of Senator Chiala was most sympathetic. He was tall, above six feet in height; and in the later years, when my relations with him began, his hair, moustache, and imperial were white. He had a soldier's rather than a scholar's bearing; but in manner he was very gentle, a model of urbanity. You never came to the end of his information in his chosen field or of his liberality in imparting it, and a talk with him was worth much reading as a proof of the innate genius of the Italians for diplomacy. He was most generous in praising what he deemed excellent, and his praise carried great weight. I well recall the satisfaction which the last important survivor of the Mazzinian inner circle expressed when I told her that Chiala had recommended to me in high terms her 'Life of Bertani.' Though he and she were leagues apart in politics, yet she knew that he was just. He lived frugally, like so many of the intellectual élite in Italy, drawing a small stipend, I believe, as a secretary of the Senate, but chiefly dependent on his writings for his support. He worked conscientiously without scanting, and without rest. In his books as in his life, he personified the *galantuomo*—the chivalrous, honest, fair-minded gentleman; the type to which the modern Italians look up as their ideal.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1904.

The miracle has not happened. A new generation of young geniuses has not sprung up since last summer. The tradition of dull efficiency is still maintained at the Old Salon; at the New Salon, technical sensationalism, technical eccentricity, has become little better than the merest convention. Indeed, this, I think, is felt in the exhibition of the younger society more and more as the years go on. The methods and problems that seemed such daring experiments a few years ago, that seemed to foreshadow such a brilliant future, have degenerated into formulas as binding as those that rule the older society. And by constant repetition of the same themes and the same treatment, the painters who were thought so original are fast losing whatever quality of freshness, whatever genuine research, they once brought to their work. Their sense of proportion seems to be deserting them, beginning with their President, M. Carolus-Duran, who, however, by his fidelity to academical standards belongs by rights to the other Salon. In his case it is the preoccupation with the meretricious splendor his sitters evidently delight in that has grown upon him until now little else remains in his portraits, and his two this year are as barren of all artistic interest as the showy stage trappings of a popular theatre. M. Boldini, whose realism has sometimes come very near betraying him into caricature, now tumbles into the trap headlong; and his two portraits of women, one arrayed in the height of the present fashion and the other in a sham classic costume, are frankly caricatures, which might be amusing in their grotesque exaggeration were it not for the tragedy of seeing a painter of M. Boldini's ability recklessly squandering his talents. M. Gandara, one feels, is so taken up with the symbols of social correctness that he threatens to go the same way—he has, among other things, a portrait of a man that is almost offensive in its smug "smartness." Of M. Besnard's portraits, I say nothing. They are unworthy of him, and not even the personality of the late Princesse Mathilde can suffice to give interest to the most important of the three. M. Aman-Jean, it is true, endeavors, but without success, to escape the vagueness into which his portraits lately have been fading. Then there is M. Dagnan-Bouveret, fairly embarked on the melodrama of paint, appealing to a sentimental public with a sort of "handkerchief box" travesty of the Mona Lisa, as some one has suggested, in a picture he calls "Sur les Cimes." And there is M. Roll, whose endless excursions into the open air have blinded him, even indoors, to all but the crudest, most violent effects, when violence touches close upon vulgarity. And there is M. Picard, who has repeated his trick of illumination, which at one time was not without charm, until evidently he can no longer see either light or color.

So I might go on through the list—even M. Gaston La Touche becoming a slave to his own mannerisms; even M. Simon all too soon condescending to the mere reporting of facts which might comfortably be left to the photographer; while M. Cottet, as if eager to be spared the common fate, as if afraid that he in his turn would be held fast in the toils of the sad, gray Brittany and the tragic peasants he loves, has rushed to the other extreme of brilliancy. There is no mourning, no tragedy, in his large picture of this year. His peasants now feast in an orgy of color, and the group of women who sit eating their dinner on the grass immediately in the foreground of a wide landscape, wear costumes of such vivid hues and have jumped so entirely out of the atmosphere enveloping the rest of the picture, that they fairly hurt your eyes. It is a pleasure to look, instead, whatever M. Cottet may be risking by the repetition, at the smaller, more sombre landscapes that surround the big canvas. How much more beauty there is in the little sweep of barren moorland, with the stretch of sad, gray sea beyond under a low canopy

of thunder cloud! And how wonderfully M. Cottet has rendered the strange leaden grayness that heralds the storm! I know of no one else who has got the same effect so well except Diaz, studying it in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Two or three black, huddled figures scurry across the desolate land in the distance, but how much more truly they belong to the picture than that group of peasants in all their carefully observed and elaborated finery!

Here you have, undoubtedly, some of the most distinguished men just now at work in France—painters for whose pictures you are always sure to look first when you go to their annual exhibition. What it is, then, with the rank and file may easily be imagined. And I think the gradual inertia that has been coming over exhibitors in the New Salon—the inertia which, unwilling as one has hitherto been to admit it, this year reaches a stage beyond denial—is important to note, for it may serve as a clue to the present stagnation in modern art: the stagnation as bewildering to the critics as to the artists themselves. But the artist who bases his work on a formula—whether an academical, or sensational, or eccentric, or decorative, or prismatic, or any other sort of formula—and forgets that beauty is his chief concern, is bound sooner or later, and usually sooner, to come to the end of his resources. It is inevitable.

In the midst of all the glare and glitter of paint, of the sensationalism and eccentricity run to seed, it is curious to come upon a portrait by Whistler, a large full-length, quiet and restrained in treatment, low in tone, and to find how, unfinished though it be, in its repose and dignity it makes a deeper impression than any other picture in the Salon. It might be objected that Whistler, too, had his formula—that to him, as he was quick to say, painting was a science, and could be reduced to a set of propositions for the guidance of his students; that perhaps few painters accepted so deliberately the restrictions of their palette. True; but Whistler's formula—if, for the sake of argument, it is agreed that it can be called a formula—was one to help him in his search for beauty, one to help him to see; it was no mere recipe for turning out pictures after an accepted pattern, or for strengthening him in any pose or affectation or trick. While M. Boldini, whose two portraits by some cruel chance hang on a neighboring wall, was engrossed in his own cleverness; while M. Emil Claus, whose big "M. Camille Lemonnier," by an equally cruel chance, hangs almost opposite, was too busy with his recipe for rendering sunlight to consider its disastrous effect upon his sitter—Whistler had no other thought or object or desire but to find the right expression for the beauty (or the poetry, as he called it) that he knew is the painter's problem. The tall, graceful woman in the rose-violet draperies that give the harmony its name, seems just to have stepped from out the shadowy purple depths beyond as she stands there in her beauty, her right hand extended holding an iris, her little head so well poised above the lovely neck. The picture, as I have said, is unfinished. The neck has been scraped until the canvas shows harsh and black through the warm golden tones of the flesh; the left arm and hand fall, vague and shadowy, among the draperies, and in these draperies here and there are indefinite passages. Those who saw the picture in an earlier stage, when still in his studio, may probably feel something like regret that Whistler did not leave it as it then was. But he, who was never satisfied with anything less than the perfect expression of the perfect beauty haunting him, knew better than any one else what he wanted, what he was seeking; and the real regret is that he did not live to carry the work to the completeness, the perfection, of the "Mother," the "Carlyle," the "White Girl," the "Sarasate." But even so, this is the picture to which one returns again and again with the pleasure all great art should and must inspire. There is also a smaller portrait by Whistler, a study of the nude, and one of his beautiful little notes of color in Dieppe; so that he is well represented, if on a lesser scale than in Boston or Edinburgh, or in fewer of his characteristic phases even than at the last International in London.

One thing that has struck me this year in Paris, and that seems to me a good sign, is the growing influence of Whistler. I do not mean so much that with him you can point to a following of slavish imitators as in the case of Carrière and Monet; or, in the Old Salon, of Bail and any other painter who happens to have made a popular success. But I think that, thanks to him, some of the more promising of the younger generation have been reminded that their business is to see and express beauty, and not to astonish the public by fireworks in paint, or to secure immediate purchasers by excursions into sentiment or the day's fashions. I feel this especially in the work of men like Morrice, Frieseke, Maurer—one a Canadian, the other two American—to whom I remember calling attention last year. Mr. Morrice, whether he is looking down on the Quai des Grands-Augustins in the evening, with the lights shining softly along the river banks and in every window, or over the sea in full daylight, or at the Montmartre fête, when its illuminated booths glow brilliantly through the dark night, always sees the picture before him as a harmonious whole, in which the details of houses and lights, sky and water, are important only for the part they play in the harmony. I am not comparing Mr. Morrice to Mr. Whistler—that would be absurd; it is far too soon in his career even to suggest such a comparison. I only want to point out that it is beauty of color and tone and form that interests him, and that it is Whistler who is gradually forcing the younger men to understand that this beauty alone counts—that fireworks and fashions are as fast-fleeting in art as in actual life.

Mr. Frieseke evidently accepts the same standards, though his subjects are very different, and though his means are slightly too obvious. For instance, probably the best thing he has this year is the smalier of his two nudes: the study of a woman standing before a mirror, with all the accessories arranged in a color scheme that might be charming if, somehow, the effort to produce it were not so obtrusive in the rose of the draperies and the touches of red in the necklace and the half-open fan on the floor—he lets you see too much of the machinery or the method. He has not yet the skill or the subtlety to conceal all traces of the labor by which his end is achieved. Mr. Maurer is more vigorous, and I think more original, and this year he makes a distinct advance. Besides a large full-length figure of a man, recalling the ballet dancer of last summer, he has three or four interiors that are beautiful in their rendering of tone, in their envelope of atmosphere. His "Barber's Shop" ("Chez le Coiffeur") seems to me to explain the new tendency which I find in the younger school. That the average English painter would discover in such a subject nothing but a futile little anecdote, everybody knows. To a French painter like M. Béraud, immensely able in his own way, it might have suggested chiefly the chance to show his amazing mastery of the most minute and unexpected detail. To another, more in sympathy with Monet, it would have been the opportunity for an exercise in blue shadows and dots of pure color. But Mr. Maurer has cared to paint a barber at work simply because, where he stands at the far end of his shop, he draws the eye serenely into the cool, gray interior, his form and action just giving the right value, the right solidity and color, to the space where the effect should be concentrated. For to the artist who can see and feel color and light and atmosphere, a barber's shop may be as splendid as a palace.

I mention these three men, though there are others whose work reveals the same influence, because they are the most notable of the group. But, for that matter, in the Old Salon, too, there are traces of this influence. Now and then a quiet portrait, low in tone, dignified in treatment, caught my eye from out the tawdry, gaudy medley: imitation here more unmistakable than in the work at the New Salon, to which I have referred. But to imitate the right models is to learn much in the process. I thought it promising that these portraits should be mostly by Americans, men like Mr. Gaensslen and Mr. Lee Greene Richards, whose names, I must confess, are new to me.

Of course, I do not pretend that all interest in the two Salons begins and ends with Whistler and his influence, though to say so would not be very far from the truth. But in both there are still a few of the older men who have been able to resist the vulgarizing forces of the moment. The landscapes of M. Pointelin and M. Harpignies in the Old Salon retain their distinction, despite the fact that neither of these artists of late years has varied the matter or manner of his composition—it is not only landscape, but actually the identical landscape, each seems to keep on painting. And so M. Carrière, in the New Salon, loses himself and his subjects—portraits, this year—in the mists through which he now sees everything, though there is no mistaking that he does so in all sincerity, not for the sake of notoriety. M. Lhermitte, too, is rather apt, year after year, to wander in the same fields and by the same river banks, but his landscapes are so sound and straightforward and workmanlike that they always hold their own in any assemblage of self-conscious, contorted out-of-doorisms. Again, in both Salons there are Spaniards among the younger men who send work with something like individuality. In the Old Salon it is Sorolla y Bastida, who looks at things, if not with much refinement, at least with freshness and ro-

bustness, and whose children in full sunlight playing by the sea, and a fisherman's family in their poor hut of a home, are painted with a knowledge and a vigor that prove he really saw them for himself. In the New Salon it is Garrido, who, I am glad to say, is as good as he was disappointing last year, his old-masterly study of two children being full of life and character. And it is also Anglada, who, surely, with the emotional sense of color that is strong in him, must in the end attain to the beauty he now gropes after in his gardens and cafés at night, where the lights flame and flare and flicker with tormented violence from out the shadows, and strange, fantastic, twisted figures pose and pass in garments of burning or smouldering color. Distorted as his vision seems to be, his work has in it a quality that makes one look forward anxiously to his eventual development. Zuloaga, however, sends nothing, probably reserving himself for his special show at Düsseldorf.

There is a big ceiling by M. Anquetin, the story of Rinaldo and Armida its motive, which here seems so forced and flamboyant in its Rubensesque color and design that I should like to see it in its proper place before deciding upon its merits. There are some good portraits by M. Blanche, notably one of M. Maurice Barrès. And there is Mr. Sargent's "Lord Ribblesdale," which I described when it was first shown at the Academy. It is one of his most successful portraits, and loses nothing in dignity and sobriety by being seen in the present salon. But where is Mr. Alexander? Where are Mr. Melchers, Mr. Dannat, Mr. Humphreys-Johnston? Mr. Gay is here with several of his carefully observed little interiors, while Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. MacEwen continue faithful to the Old Salon, where Mr. MacMonnies's big portrait of a priest in sacred vestments is far from reconciling me to his prolonged absence from the Sculpture Court. For the rest, it is enough to say that in the New Salon painters like Le Sidaner, Lepère, Thaulow, Baertson, Conder, Ménard, continue to send pictures of charm or character; that Louis Legrand's intense cleverness in his studies of ballet girls and women of a doubtful class does not always steer him safely away from the pitfall of vulgarity; and that the first appearance of Besnard's son, Robert Besnard, with a large, ambitious picture of a supper party—a problem of light—may be, at all events, worth recording.

In the Sculpture Court M. Rodin's "Penseur" towers, as it did at the International last winter in London, the only difference being that now it is seen in bronze. I need not repeat what I have written about it so lately. It is one of M. Rodin's great creations, and it towers so effectually that I really saw little else except M. Meunier's big miner in bronze, while I could only regret the absence of M. Bartholomé and Mr. Saint-Gaudens. The drawings and prints are not as remarkable as they have often been of recent years. The work of M. Milcendeau, M. Luigini, and M. Legrand still is the exception in the heterogeneous pastels and water-colors of the New Salon; M. Renouard has an exhibition to himself; and there is hardly anything of particular interest among the lithographs and etchings—even Louis Legrand showing nothing to compare with those beautiful plates of last year. In the Old Salon there are etchings of London by Mr. Pennell, wood engravings by Mr. Wolf, notably one after Whistler, lithographs by M. Dillon, and walls covered with reproductive prints and commonplace. The New Salon is devoting an ever-increasing space to the decorative arts. It is impossible for me to speak of the innumerable examples in detail; of the collection as a whole, I can only say that, to my sorrow, I found through it all the trail of "L'Art Nouveau." N. N.

Correspondence.

JŪ-JUTSU.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for February 18 your reviewer of H. Irving Hancock's 'Japanese Physical Training' would seem to do a great injustice to Lafcadio Hearn. Mr. Hearn, it is true, has little to say of the jū-jutsu of the schools, but still, after his chapter on the subject in 'Out of the East,' which appeared in 1896, it seems hardly fair to say: "The very existence of this system of physical culture [jū-jutsu] . . . has until recently been unnoticed—indeed, hardly suspected—even by foreigners long resident in the country."

Professor Chamberlain, too, might find something to complain of in the review in question. To quote again: "Jū-jutsu is not even referred to in Chamberlain's 'Things Japanese.'" Notwithstanding, I find, on referring to my copy of 'Things Japanese' (third edition, London, 1898), that "jū-jutsu" occurs in its proper place in the index, and is described on page 439, under the head of "wrestling." It is difficult to see how the reviewer could have missed the article.

But the unfortunate fact about your review is, after all, that it leaves one still uniformed as to what jū-jutsu really is; and this is most regrettable in view of the significance of the art as an index to Oriental character and policy. This significance has been by no one better understood, I think, than by Mr. Hearn. In the chapter on "Jū-jutsu" in 'Out of the East' he says: "The master of ju-jutsu never relies upon his own strength. . . . The force of the enemy is the only means by which that enemy is overcome. . . . The very name 'jū-jutsu' means *to conquer by yielding*." And then again:

"In jū-jutsu there is a sort of counter for every twist, wrench, pull, push, or bend: only, the jū-jutsu expert does not oppose such movements. No: he yields to them. But he does much more than yield to them. He aids them with a wicked sleight that causes the assailant to put out his own shoulder, to fracture his own arm, or, in a desperate case, even to break his own neck or back."

Mr. Hearn professes to know nothing of the technicalities of the art. It is the greater jū-jutsu with which he is chiefly concerned:

"The real wonder of jū-jutsu is not in the highest possible skill of its best professor, but in the uniquely Oriental idea which the whole art expresses. What Western brain could have elaborated this strange teaching—never to oppose force to force, but only to direct and utilize the power of attack; to overthrow the enemy solely by his own strength; to vanquish him solely by his own effort? Surely none! . . . Yet how fine a symbolism of Intelligence as a means to foil brute force! Much more than a science is this jū-jutsu: it is a philosophical system; it is an economical system; it is an ethical system; . . . and it is, above all, the expression of a racial genius as yet but faintly perceived by those Powers who dream of further aggrandizement in the East."

The author then proceeds to develop his thesis, finding in the principles underlying jū-jutsu the secret of the power of the Orient—of China as well as of Japan, for the art of jū-jutsu, he reminds us, came from China to Japan. The whole chapter is most illuminating. It should be translated into Russian. "The very name 'jū-jutsu' means *to conquer by yielding*."

Before concluding, may one return for a moment to the reviewer? "Jū-jutsu," he says, "which is a Sinico-Japanese term, means literally muscle-science." Now the Chinese ideograph for "jutsu" may indeed be rendered "art," or "science"; but, according to Giles, "jū" (in Chinese, as usually transliterated, jou2) means "soft," "pliant," "yielding." This would seem to suggest a translation of the term which would be fully in accord with the description of the art given by Mr. Hearn.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Very truly yours,

David Lattimore.

Nauyang College, Shanghai, April 22, 1904.

[The first and second editions of Chamberlain's 'Things Japanese,' used by the reviewer, contain no reference to jū-jutsu. It was not within the scope of a review of Mr. Hancock's practical work to inform all who were eager to know "what jū-jutsu really is," certainly not in the highly philosophical subjective and impressionistic style of Mr. Hearn. Mr. Hancock's excellent manuals deal with fact and method, not with philosophy. To get the meaning "conquer by yielding" out of the literal term, is scholasticism, not true translation. Jutsu is a common term in Japanese for a science, and jū for muscle. The Japanese synonym for jū (*yawara*), as well as the Chinese ideograph, means "gentle," "mild," and jū-jutsu is the gentle science (or art) as being weaponless, and opposed to the rough exercises, such as fencing, horsemanship, etc. In common parlance—coming down from pre-scientific days—the term *jūtsu* means craft, sleight, trickery. The reviewer gave the literal meaning, not its metaphysical refinement. Without venturing into the domain of psychology or international diplomacy, or attempting to guess "the secret of the power of the Orient—of China as well as of Japan," perhaps the remarks of Dr. Inazo Nitobe, in 'Bushido, the Soul of Japan,' may be worth transcribing:

"Jiujutsu may be briefly described as an application of anatomical knowledge to the purpose of offence or defence. It differs from wrestling in that it does not depend upon muscular strength. It differs from other forms of attack in that it uses no weapon. Its feat consists in clutching or striking such part of an enemy's body as will make him numb and incapable of resistance. Its object is not to kill, but to incapacitate one for action for the time being."—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that Walt Whitman's Life in their American Men of Letters series will be written by Bliss Perry, Dr. Holmes's by Samuel M. Crowell, and Lowell's by Ferris Greenslet; as, in their American Commonwealths series, Massachusetts will fall to Prof. Edward Channing, and Rhode Island to Irving B. Richman.

The Macmillan Co. have just ready the fifth volume of Brandes's "Main Currents in 19th Century Literature," 'The Romantic School in France.'

'Favorite Greek Myths' has been prepared for children by Lilian Stoughton Hyde, and will be published, with illustrations from masterpieces of sculpture and painting, by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Western school-children of the fourth and fifth grades were in 1891 provided by Dr. Charles A. McMurray with two volumes of "Pioneer History Volumes," relating to their particular section, viz., 'Pioneers of the Rocky Mountains and the West' (beginning with Lewis and Clark) and 'Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley.' These reading-books have now been taken over by Macmillan Co., and accompanied by a third, chronologically antecedent volume, 'Pioneers on Land and Sea,' in which, as in No. 2, the arrangement does not follow the time sequence, because, as the author says, it is "of little consequence to the children." But this is more than doubtful. He advises setting up "the home State as a starting point," and then moving eastward from this centre. There are maps, portraits, and other cuts of good quality.

The prettily illustrated little collection of nine 'Folk-Tales from the Russian,' retold by Verra Klamatiano de Blumenthal (Rand, McNally & Co.), is well fitted to serve as an introduction to a new realm of fairy tales for the little people who still enjoy such things. Older students of national lore will prefer to consult the same stories as found in three extremely fine and more raciiy characteristic collections, namely, 'Russian Fairy Tales,' from the Skazki of Polevoi, translated by R. Nisbet Bain; 'Russian Folk Tales,' by W. R. S. Ralston; and 'Myths and Folk Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars,' by Jeremiah Curtin.

'Stories from Irish History,' told for children by Mrs. Stephen Gwynn (Dublin: Browne & Nolan), is the best book of the kind that has yet appeared, neither fiercely anti-English nor sectionally religious. The illustrations are strikingly effective—the first, St. Patrick, in by no means ecclesiastical habiliments, preaching; the last, a view of the insurgent camp on Vinegar Hill. It concludes with a paragraph on O'Connell's death and the Famine. "This is more than fifty years ago, and the story of what has happened since would be rather difficult for you yet. It is all concerned with Parliament and with laws. It will interest you some day, and then you will hear of Parnell and the Home Rule Bill, and about the work of the Gaelic League."

Two additional volumes of the reprint of Arber's "English Garner" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) have reached us, containing the "Elizabethan Poems." These are something more than mere reprints, as a considerable quantity of new material has been added by the editor, Mr. T. Seccombe, as well as excellent introductions by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

The war in the East could hardly fail to prompt a reissue of the translation of Alfred Rambaud's comprehensive and enlightening sketch of 'The Expansion of Russia' (New York: Scott-Thaw). His theme is the Slav's unceasing effort to reach the open sea; and, coming down to 1895, he points the parallel between the European Concert that cost Japan "the most precious fruits of her success against the Chinese, just as the Russian conquerors of the Ottomans [in 1878] had lost theirs." The latter half of this little volume is occupied by a psychological study of the Russian people, by J. Novikoff of Odessa. This writer wrote at a time when Russia appeared to be "without aspiration, and with no ideal of any kind." The circular of August 24, 1898, which led to The Hague Conference, seemed a ray of light; but "Russia has also experienced a recrudescence in naval affairs, a more foolish madness even than militarism."

Seasonable in quite another way is the popular edition of the late Celia Thaxter's 'An Island Garden,' first put forth by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. ten years ago. The author's portrait is retained, but the expensive colored lithographic illustrations have been omitted, and both the form and typography have been modified in favor of the buyer's pocket.

Miss Gertrude Jekyll's books on gardening, derived from her experiences in a beautiful garden in the southwest corner of Surrey, are well known to the amateur gardener. By making a plot of her native land a place of beauty, Miss Jekyll deserved well of her county. In her 'Old West Surrey' (Longmans) she does it further service. Surrey is one of the prettiest counties in England, but it lies at the very door of London, and becomes every year more suburban. Its customs change. The farms exist to supply villas, or are converted into country retreats for Londoners. The cottages are ransacked by dealers in antiquities, and the solid old oak furniture is rapidly giving place to cheap deal. The china that had served generations is placed in drawing-room cabinets, and inferior shapes and designs make their way into the cottages. With these depressing facts in mind, Miss Jekyll has done for the west of Surrey what should be done for every English county. She has collected in this book a great number of photographs of the old furniture, the ornaments, the crockery, and tools—in fact, all the minor appointments of cottage life that threaten to become minor antiquities. From rushlights to oak presses, nothing has escaped her camera. The result is really an illustrated catalogue, with a running commentary, the sort of work that will, a century or so hence, save such a writer as Mrs. Morse Earle a great deal of trouble when she adds the history and the anecdotes that make a readable whole. Meanwhile, many of the articles photographed by Miss Jekyll are still in very general use in the country districts of England, though they may not be produced nowadays as they were fifty years ago. Many could be duplicated in American households that have colonial antecedents. Miss Jekyll evidently fears that, along with the picturesque cottages and furniture of good design, the inhabitants will degenerate. She includes, therefore, several charming types of Surrey cottagers, of a pattern that will hardly be repeated. These were perforce chosen from among the very old, the younger generation being, no doubt, vulgarized by the progress of civilization out of any pretence to the picturesque. The relation of the text to the illustrations may be estimated from the fact that the latter amount to 330 in the 315 pages of the volume.

Mr. Gordon Home's 'Yorkshire' (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan) is hardly a guide-book so much as a record in color of the author's wanderings in the northeast parts of that shire. The text, though interesting, is unimportant, serving merely as a frame for the thirty-two full-page sketches, which are beautiful in coloring, and, like all in this luxurious series, admirably reproduced. For the antiquarian Yorkshire offers but scanty attractions; it has singularly few churches that repay attention, and its architecture falls far behind that of most other counties. But it is rich in the irresistible combination of heather-covered moorland and sea; its cottages are red-roofed (an important point in the gray English landscape); and, bleak as it is by reputation, it has some beautiful woods and gorges. Mr. Home's pictures are in some cases so intense in color as to suggest the coast of the Mediterranean rather than the northeast of England.

Macmillan Co. issue George W. Beldam's 'Great Golfers,' illustrated by 268 action-photographs, and containing contributions by Taylor, Vardon, and other golfers. One would have thought that the last word had been written that could be of assistance to the young golfer, but the present volume contains two novelties which seem to be both interesting and useful. In the first place, the players whose strokes are reproduced were not taken *en pose*, but in the act of making actual strokes; and, with a view to absolute accuracy in the matter of the stance, they stood on a marked square of four feet subdivided into smaller squares of six inches. By this means the beginner gets an excellent idea of the importance of the stance, and of the slight differences between players caused by different length of limb, etc. Moreover, Mr. Beldam's photographs were taken in the 1-1000th part of a second, and therefore present a more accurate picture of the different parts of the stroke than has ever been obtained before; and the interesting fact revealed by this more rapid process is that, in spite of some individual peculiarities, the strokes of the best players are practically identical. It is fair to assume that this similarity is due to more or less conscious imitation; and, if so, Mr. Beldam's book needs no further justification.

If so many books on the famine in India had not already been published, J. E. Scott's 'In Famine Land' (Harper & Bros.) would deserve a more extended notice. It is a succession of horrible and pathetic scenes in word and photograph. The author is, or was, chairman of the M. E. Relief Committee in Rajputana, and the special value of his personal narrative lies in its being an account of the distress and horrors found not under British but under native rule. The little book is to be praised

for its grasp of the situation. In the author's words, "Divine Providence" and not the British *raj* is responsible for the lack of rain which has caused periodic famines in India since the earliest times. But man must adjust himself to circumstances. If God sends a drought eight times a century, man must save up his grain to meet it and prevent it as far as possible by more irrigation and better means of transport. Meantime, since prevention in the present case is impossible, the only cure remaining is to support the "ten thousand famine-stricken, mostly children and widows." Ten thousand is a phrase; sixty millions of people were affected by the famine, and five millions are to-day in need of the food of life. What would otherwise have gone to their relief from England was spent in defeating the Boers in Africa.

The blank book 'My Commencement' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) has been devised as a sort of autograph and photograph album and scrapbook, having special reference to the teachers, classmates, and closing exercises, with statistical items and with pages for reunions. The size of the volume is duodecimo, and the general appearance is neat. Some guards should have been bound in to allow for the expansion of clippings and other pasted matter.

We can but infrequently make mention even of the most meritorious sale catalogues, which often constitute real bibliographical thesauri. Such are Jacques Rosenthal's 'Bibliotheca Magica et Pneumatica' (Munich, 10 Karl-Strasse), of which the index alone, in triple columns of fine type, requires nearly fifty octavo pages. The catalogue is classified, and the running titles and table of contents are in French, German, and English. The scope of this collection of 8,875 pieces far exceeds the implication of the title or sub-title ("Occult Sciences: Folk-lore"). From the same antiquarian firm we have a noteworthy catalogue of 'Incunabula Typographica,' with marks, colophons, and plates in facsimile, and tables according to places of imprint and name of publisher, as well as in comparison with Hain. A third catalogue is of 'Book Illustration in the Middle Ages,' likewise curiously exemplified.

The modest birthplace of the late Maria Mitchell, Nantucket's astronomer, was purchased year before last by the Maria Mitchell Association of that island, and opened last July to the public as a museum, with a small admission fee. Besides a room devoted to personal mementoes, there is another arranged as a reading-room and library for scientific books, and hung with portraits of men of science; a third will contain a collection of objects of natural history. Donations will be gladly accepted, and membership in the association is open to every one friendly to the enterprise, the fee being one dollar annually or five dollars for life.

As Rousseau's double centenary draws nigh, attention is freshly drawn to him by the effort which the municipality of Chambéry is making to purchase "Les Charmettes" for a Rousseau museum, which will be the other pole of that just established at Geneva. The charming and forever memorable estate, which has been maintained essentially intact by the successors of Mme. de Warens, as if a public trust, can be had for $10,000, of which the town can provide $4,000, and hardly more. It therefore intends to ask a subvention from the State, in order that the place may be classed and cared for among France's "historic monuments"; and indeed few are objects of a more ceaseless pilgrimage. M. Henri Bordeaux, writing in a late number of *Figaro*, enumerates among recent visitors whose names appear upon the register of Les Charmettes Maurice Barrès, Édouard Rod, and André Hallays, who (he apprehends) cannot help liking and detesting Rousseau at the same time.

—The Wisconsin State Historical Society has just taken the first step in a new departure which may be unique and is certainly a rarity. It has reprinted the first volume of its Historical Collections, and will add to it the next nine volumes of the first series. This republication results from the recognized value of these collections to all writers on the history of the Middle Northwest, and the consequent demand for them, which had long ago made these books scarce. The first of the decade was published in 1855, the last in 1888. The pages in one were 164 to 558 in the other. Francis Parkman showed his regard for the infant society by contributing to the first volume a transcript of the earliest original manuscript respecting Wisconsin under English rule, of which he was the fortunate owner. These renewed volumes cover thirty years and more, during which the institution grew from nothing to preëminence above all Western associations of its class, thanks mainly to the labors and inspiration of the late Lyman C. Draper, whose biography is fitly prefixed to the first volume of the reprint. The fifty volumes which Draper found in a glass-doored cupboard of three shelves, as the total gathered in five years of previous growth, he increased by a thousand within the first year of his service, which was without hope (or wish, either) of receiving himself any fraction of the $500 which was given by the State. When resigning his secretaryship in 1888, he reported "118,000 books, newspaper-files, and pamphlets—a collection unequalled west of the Alleghenies."

—The reprint, which will be of two thousand copies, is a page-for-page facsimile of the original imprints, so far as types allow, in pagination and other features, with no corrections save such as a good proof-reader would have made from the first. This plan was adopted partly that references which have already been made to the series by hundreds of writers may be traceable, and the general index to the whole may do its perfect work; but chiefly because recasting the old matter would impair the fitting historic impressions which ought to be made permanent. The more the faults of the documents are left on their own heads, the more we can read between the lines and see how—and how much—research has since added to early knowledge. The Society has an annual appropriation from the State of $20,000, and obtains something from membership fees. It has also several funds of which only the interest is available, and not all of that for a time. The binding fund amounts to $27,802, the antiquarian fund to $5,574, the Draper fund (his all) to $8,525, and the Mary M. Adams art fund to $4,297. The present strength of the library is estimated to be: books, 126,567; pamphlets, 121,473. It needs shelf-room for expansion more than the United States has ever needed territory.

—It is more usual to abridge a long historical work than to publish one whole section of it as a separate volume, unaltered save by being wrested from its context. In a good many cases, however, this form of popularization might be resorted to with advantage. The fiftieth and fifty-first chapters of Gibbon, or the third chapter of Macaulay, would suffer little by separation from their setting, and so it is with the three chapters which Lecky devoted to the French Revolution in his 'History of England during the Eighteenth Century.' This portion of Lecky's *opus* has recently been edited by Prof. H. E. Bourne (Appletons), with such notes as bring to the reader's attention the researches of Sorel, Aulard, and Gomel. A book of nearly 600 pages is made up in this way, and it is one which bears with equal directness upon the French Revolution and English politics. To Lecky, as an historian of England, the Revolution was a force which broke in upon the old rivalry of Whig and Tory, and, politically speaking, brought the eighteenth century to an end. Hence, though a movement of foreign origin, it lay athwart his path, and had to be disposed of. His own philosophical cast of mind led him to welcome the opportunity of discussing such a subject. Few themes among all those which he dealt with in the long course of his writings can have interested him more than the character and effect of Burke's 'Reflections.' Nor did he slight the diplomatic questions which became so increasingly important during the days of the Constituent Assembly. As Professor Bourne points out in his Introduction: "Lecky interprets the early and most significant period of the Revolution." His aim is interpretation rather than research or purely literary effect. Altogether, his comments upon the revolutionary movement in itself and in its relation to England are quite valuable enough to justify the publication of these chapters in separate form.

—Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's 'How to Get the Best Out of Books' (The Baker & Taylor Co.) is addressed to "the natural man," defined more closely as "the business man." If we may judge from the price of this slim volume, which is high, and the fact that it takes for granted the desire to found a library, if not to read the books in it, it is the unread millionaire who is to be lured into the society of the standard authors by "these simple pages." To convince such a one that "literature is a living thing, and that the relation of books to life is close and vital," is perhaps not so simple as Mr. Le Gallienne seems to think. With a light heart he proposes that his "natural man" shall read himself to sleep, shall get up early to read, shall fix his mind on a book as he travels down town in the Elevated, acquiring culture as Horace's Lucilius wrote poetry, *stans pede in uno*. He begins with a utilitarian argument to the American Dives, pointing out "how much modern Imperialism owes to Mr. Kipling, and that the most successful advertisements have been in verse." What a nemesis on the frivolity of Byron that the illiterate rich

should be persuaded to read 'Don Juan' on the ground that the couplet,

> "In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her
> Save thine incomparable oil, Macassar!"

has sold countless bottles of Rowland's Macassar oil! Mr. Le Gallienne assures the builders of the Flatiron that they are the music-makers of their century, and really ought to read the poets since they involuntarily serve poetry—how, he does not explain. A more practical appeal to the frugal millionaire is the reminder that the poets can usually be obtained in one volume; and where it is a matter of several volumes, you can now furnish your library like your drawing-room on the installment (*sic*) plan. The unpractised rich are advised to begin with the novel; when merely romantic, it may lead them to poetry; the philosophical novel inspires one with a desire to read Spinoza "in an easily accessible handbook," while the historical novel will engender a taste for Froude, whom Mr. Le Gallienne does not apparently class among the writers of fiction. Incidentally he diverges into literary criticism, speaks of the "rainbow volubility of Coleridge," calls Mrs. Atherton a philosopher and a poet, and prophesies that Mr. Howells, on the strength of style, will outlast Mr. Henry James, whom he seems to regard as a sort of Aristotle among modern novelists.

—Messrs. Luzac & Co. have made a happy beginning to their "Oriental Religious Series" with a translation of De Boer's 'Geschichte der Philosophie im Islam.' The original appeared in 1901, and could claim very fairly to be the first attempt at an outline of the whole history of philosophy in Islam since the admirable 'Mélanges' of Munk in 1859. Since then there have been two or three other books on the same subject, and the promise is of still more. It is evident that Arabic studies are passing at last the grammar and lexicon stage, and that the civilization of Islam in all its width is to be considered. Such books, then, as De Boer's—simple, straightforward sketches, intelligible to any student of the subject, Arabist or not—are of the first value. For what is needed now is not so much further work by Arabists in the narrow sense, but an awakening by students of philosophy, theology, human life, and thought generally to the fact that there is a great section of history, hitherto neglected, but absolutely necessary to the understanding of the development of the human race. The time is rapidly coming when the student of mediæval Europe will find it necessary to be in contact with the mediæval Muslim East, either by collaboration with an Arabist or by learning Arabic himself. After a long eclipse behind the grotesqueries of Indian so-called philosophy and religion, Dr. Johnson's large dictum is coming to its own again, and the world of Islam is recognized as a legitimate object for an intelligent curiosity. The time for criticism of De Boer's little book has almost gone by. It has taken its place as an indispensable introduction, recognizing rather too little, perhaps, the unity of all thought, philosophical and theological, and the essentially mystical bias of all Muslim thought, but wholly admirable in its clarity and grasp. The present translation, by Mr. E. R. Jones ('History of Philosophy in Islam'), is a fair rendering, showing more knowledge of philosophy than of Arabic or German. *Darstellung* is an unchancy word, but by no possibility could "der Darstellung wegen" mean "conforming to the conditions which I had to meet"; "soll" and "sollte," also, these stumbling-blocks to the book-taught Germaner, which are so simple to a speaker of the language, have thrown Mr. Jones more than once; "school" is hardly "Bildungskreise," nor has "ging man bei Christen in die Schule" necessarily to do with "school-instruction"; "circumstance" is not "Ereigniss," nor is "able" a fair rendering of "klug"; "Güter" are not "benefits"; "Wortkunstelei" is not "sophistry," and "Im Osten" is certainly not "on the East." These, and more, are to be found in the first five or six pages, and so much space is given to them here as a running protest against such slackness.

—Another sign of how the ends of the world are coming together is furnished by an introduction writen by Professor Goldziher of Budapest for the edition of the works of the Muwahhid Mahdi, Ibn Tumart, just published at Algiers ('Mohammed Ibn Toumert et la théologie de l'Islam dans le Nord de l'Afrique au xie siècle'). From this it seems a far cry to our philosophic conflicts, but the comment may be ventured that in this brochure the first step is taken to an historical appreciation of Averroes and the possibilities of the times which produced him. We could already, it is true, trace in De Boer his philosophical descent, but his environment was shadowy and uncertain. Especially was it hard to see how he could have lived and spoken as he did. Now that is clearing up, and the possibilities of life under the successors of Ibn Tumart were evidently large—larger than Siger of Brabant found Christian possibilities to be.

MISS HARRISON'S CORNER OF GREEK RELIGION.

Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion. By Jane Ellen Harrison, Hon. D.Litt. (Durham); Hon. LL.D. (Aberdeen); Fellow and Lecturer of Newnham College. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1903.

Miss Harrison's really remarkable book on Greek religion does not professedly take up more than certain of its neglected aspects—those, evidently, which lead on to the four closing chapters (IX.-XII.) upon Orphism and Orpheus. This dim and subterranean phase of Greek and Greco-Roman religion occupies one-third of her 670-odd pages. The first eight chapters give a restatement of many things—notably of what concerns the lower stratum of primitive religion and ritual, unrecorded in Homer, but much dwelt on by Rohde in his 'Psyche.' Miss Harrison never loses sight of her problem, stated as follows (p. 455): "Mythology has left us no tangle more intricate and assuredly no problem half so interesting as the relation between the ritual and mythology of Orpheus and Dionysos." Immediately before, she summarizes and foreshadows her solution in eloquent words, the drift of which may be thus baldly stated: Some temperaments cannot take bread and wine seriously, or feel "the sacramental mystery of life and nutrition." These have little power of understanding "the constant shift from physical to spiritual" that is of the essence of the religion of Dionysos. Others, "saintly souls," know the "exhilaration of wine," and what it is "to be drunken with the physical beauty of a flower," with the "sensuous imagery of words," with the "strong wine of a new idea," yet, having known, turn away, "disallowing the madness, not only of Bromios, but of the Muses and Aphrodite." Such have their inward ecstasy of the ascetic, but they revel with another Lord, and he is Orpheus (pp. 453 f.).

Orphism, briefly treated in his recent History of Greece by Professor Bury as a spiritual peril against which Ionic philosophy was a providential prophylactic, has not been deemed worthy by Rohde of a very minute or sustained investigation, while Gruppe's very complete sketch of it in Roscher's Lexicon, though admirable and painstaking, is written as it were in shorthand, and could never appeal to a wide circle of readers. Hence Miss Harrison's chapters on the subject are most opportune, although few will quite agree with her that Orphism is the last and noblest word of Greek religion. It may, indeed, safely be predicted that these four chapters will be valued rather for their enthusiasm and readableness than for the solidity of all their conclusions. To begin with her treatment of the early fathers of the Christian Church, our authoress trusts them too much and too little. She is often too ready to accept this and that detail upon the strength of their testimony, and yet she is always ready to castigate their "libellous" attitude. It would have been a better way if, remembering the fierce struggle against all manner of pagan rituals which engaged their energies, our authoress had refused to trust them at all as to details when their authority lacked other corroboration. As it is, she accepts too readily many of their facts, while she almost invariably refuses to accept their interpretation of facts. When St. Jerome complains of traditional practices unsanctioned by Holy Writ, he is twitted with his protestantism, and has to hear that these practices were "wisely and beautifully followed" and "can only have come from pagan sources" (p. 597). Little satisfaction is thus vouchsafed him, nor is a more generous allowance made for the historical position of Clement of Alexandria. When he scorns the ritual eating of raw flesh and the myth of Bacchus's dismemberment by Titans, he is convicted of "unholy joy" at the very moment when he "compels our reluctant sympathy" (p. 484). Miss Harrison is rather prone to forget that her own satisfaction in the survival of primitive savage rites could not have been shared by Jerome and Clement, even if their function in life had not been to strike out against Orphism.

How much she believes the Christian Church, in spite of the "unclean interpretations" of Clement and others, took over from Orphic ritual, may be noted in many scattered passages, bearing out her *obiter dictum* (p. 505) that the "early Christians derived from Orphism some of their noblest instincts." Cases in point are (1) the "beautiful ceremonial of the Roman Church" known as taking the veil (p. 523), and (2) the Orphic practice of assuming at final initiation a new name, commended (p. 594) as "a beautiful custom still preserved in the Roman Church" (3) the connection pointed out (pp. 533 and 621) between Orphic ritual and the fact that to the Roman

Church "marriage is a sacrament, to the Anglican" still "an excellent mystery." How far these interesting parallels can stand the scrutiny of liturgical experts may not here be discussed; in Miss Harrison's argument, they at least serve the useful purpose of constantly recalling to the reader's mind that the topic in hand is really and truly religion. Parallels from still living religion, though apt, unless managed with extreme tact, to give pain to the religious, and sure to provoke the ire of the austerely scientific reader, are nevertheless indispensable in every account of an extinct religion intended for a wide circle of readers. For this reason our author is well inspired in saying, apropos of Demeter, that "the Romish Church, with her wider humanity, includes indeed the figure of the Mother who is both Mother and Maid, but she is still in some sense subordinate to the Father and the Son" (p. 261). Even the most evangelically minded may well be glad of this passage as a flashlight flung from living religion upon the elusive records of a worship that has died. A similar illuminating effect is again produced where we read: "It is only the *truth* and the true gods that lived. The Panaghia has taken to herself all that was real in ancient faith, in her are still incarnate the Mother and the Maid, and Asklepios the Saviour" (p. 344).

So far everything is admirable, though there be something of overstatement in favor of the Panaghia; but the reader may be forgiven who should wonder if Miss Harrison has not herself in certain passages fallen a victim to her own excellent devices for vivifying a difficult theme. She notes, for instance, when ingeniously representing the problematical ὅσιοι as priests of the immigrant cult of Dionysus, a connection between the still customary grace at meat, "Sanctify these creatures to thy use, and us to thy service"; and ancient curse-formularies, where "the cursing worshipper prays that the things tabued to his enemy may be to him ὅσια καὶ ἐλευθερα" (p. 504). She then discerns in this primitive tabu, as "mysticized" (apparently) and "spiritualized" by Orphism, "the ritual forecast of a higher guerdon": "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Nothing but darkness visible results from thus projecting the mysticism of Johannine Christianity into the backward and abysm of savage tabu, or from the juxtaposition of a simple-hearted domestic custom and form of words—presumably of quite recent origin—and the imprecations extorted by fear and wrath from worshippers of nether-world divinities. But no doubt we are not intended to take all this too solemnly. Miss Harrison herself has, in fact, genially supplied the needed corrective in her airy remarks upon the Athenian Thesmophoria. It is "pleasant" to remember, she astutely observes (p. 145), "amid the decay of so much that is primitive and robust," that in the Commination service of "our own Anglican Church, with its string of holy curses annually recited, 'They keep the Thesmophoria as they always used to do.'" Again, our author, who cannot be ignorant of existing difficulties centring around the question of uniformity in ritual, ironically contrasts modern dogmatic theologians with the Greeks, who "in their greater wisdom" saw that "uniformity in ritual was desirable and possible," while they left a man "practically free" in the only sphere in which freedom "is of real importance, *i. e.*, in the matter of thought," Miss Harrison then proceeds to express a far more qualified admiration for those clauses in "our own creed" which are governed by the dogmatic *Credo* than for the solitary clause concerning baptism and the remission of sins, which is under the regimen of *Confiteor*. This clause has, she thinks, "traces of the more ancient conception of the avowal of ritual acts performed" (p. 156). Similar to this acknowledgment of one baptism are, to the thinking of our authoress, those Orphic confessions of ritual acts performed that have been deciphered on the two gold tablets of Compagno. Their complete text, she tells us, is "the expression of a faith so high that it may be questioned whether any faith ancient or modern has ever overpassed it" (p. 587).

In the above pronouncement Miss Harrison exhibits the courage of convictions rather more extreme than those expressed in the fifth sentence of her Introduction, which declares that "what a people *does*" in relation to its gods is "one clue, perhaps the safest, to what it *thinks*." Indeed, her tendency to look upon ritual as an almost infallible guide is illustrated by many passages, notably where she dwells upon that Bacchic madness which is based, not only upon a "definite" faith, but upon a faith which is "the utterance of a definite ritual" (p. 434). "Utterance," here metaphorically used, probably conveys the meaning attached to it elsewhere in a remarkable phrase descriptive of Athena—"the proud rationalism of Athens, uttering itself in a goddess who embodied Reason" (p. 649). If it were not for her insistence upon the adjective *definite* in connection with Bacchic madness, the most general statement of Miss Harrison's ground for choosing to emphasize ritual might be found where we read; "Until the coming of art and literature, and to some extent after, the formulary of theology, is, 'All things are in flux (πάντα ῥεῖ)'"; (p. 604). At all events, Miss Harrison puts her repeated criticisms of the Olympians upon this broad ground; for, immediately after the above characterization of theology, she answers, with an admiring affirmative, Maeterlinck's "décadent" challenge: "La clarté parfaite n'est-elle pas d'ordinaire le signe de la lassitude des idées?" This same view must also account for her objection to the "insistent Greek habit of impersonation" (p. 215), and for her rejection of anthropomorphism as "a clear religious gain." She rather deplores in it "the loss of the element of formless, monstrous mystery." Homer's Olympians are accordingly dismissed from her field of study, now because "they are law-abiding gods, rational, human," instead of being, what Miss Harrison requires, "vague, irrational, mainly malevolent δαίμονες" (p. 7); now because of the "vividness and the clear-cut outlines" of their personalities (p. 164); again, because they are "the splendid phantoms of an imagined Olympic pageant," instead of being, like Persephone and her daughter, "real, earth-born, flesh-and-blood creatures" (p. 566) and finally we hear that Homer, who lends his Olympians such clear, human outlines, treats the Erinnyes with "epic vagueness" (p. 223).

It is difficult, indeed, without more assistance than Miss Harrison offers in these pages, to seize upon or draw clearly any precise line of separation between her Olympians and the nether-world potencies who enjoy her fastidious approbation. Nor is the cleavage between Olympus and the nether-world, as present to our author's mind, more clearly brought into general view by her first chapter, in which Olympic is distinguished from Chthonic ritual, on the strength of a definition of holiness reluctantly assented to by Euthyphro in Plato's Dialogue of that name. If this account of holiness is to pass current as manifestly characterizing Olympian observance to the exclusion of all Chthonic ritual and worship, the reason must be that Euthyphro, who is forced to assent, does so as a representative of exclusively Olympian worship. But how, we must ask, can he possibly be so regarded? The most casual reading of the Dialogue in question reveals that, through the whole of it, Euthyphro's dominant impulse, present throughout his stiff encounter with Socrates, is to clear himself from the pollution of blood (μίασμα) by which, through his father's callousness, he has become tainted. He is in a state of superstitious terror, and even uses the very verb (ἀφοσιῶ) which, according to Miss Harrison, "lay at the root of the Orphic and Christian notion of spiritual freedom," and contains the primitive notion of "release from tabu," so that it "may be rendered as 'to purify by means of an expiatory offering'" (p. 504). Euthyphro's acceptance of "an act in which gods and men do business with each other" as a definition of holiness cannot, therefore, attach itself to one species of Greek religious observance more appropriately than to every other, nor was it at all meant by Plato to bear the enormous burden laid by our author upon it. Indeed, Euthyphro's case is one aptly illustrating "the strenuous effort after purity of life" so impressively mentioned in the closing sentence of this book, as one of the two redeeming and illuminating impulses present alike in the highest and the lowest forms of Orphism.

But, after all, Miss Harrison's topic is not the Olympians, and she must be permitted not to give a connected account of them, since she unmistakably announces beforehand that they are no concern of hers. The same is true of each one of the individual Olympians. Zeus enters on the scene chiefly as invading the rites of a snake-god, or again as an interloper in the cave of Chiron, and he is cavalierly dspatched as the "archipatriarchal *bourgeois*" (p. 285). Apollo is, in one place, polished off as a "parvenu"; among the Olympians, women-goddesses, elsewhere above suspicion's breath, "became abject and amorous" (p. 273)—all excepting Athena, who becomes "unreal, theatrical" (p. 304), and Artemis, who "lies properly outside our province" (p. 301). So do all the Olympians. Miss Harrison takes them to be latecomers in Greece, brought in from the North by Professor Ridgway's Hiberno-Achæans, and detains them only long enough to bid them stand and deliver those numerous ritual observances upon which her learning and ingenuity, in league with Dr. Verrall, Professor Ridgway and others, contrive to lay an embargo in the name of Chthonic ritual.

However ardently we may desiderate for the future some connected account of the

Olympians to smoothe over the rough places at which, lacking her further aid, the reader of her *obiter dicta* so constantly stumbles, it was no doubt necessary to get these Olympians somehow out of the way before we could enjoy a fair glimpse at the lower stratum of our author's predilection. Yet she can never have done with the Olympians, and is always busying herself in describing her own nether-world favorites in terms of the Olympians, and never quite identifies one of them until she has found him lacking in the Olympian quality. "Not content with relieving us of all our valuables," our Olympian might say, "the lady keeps us prisoners after our ransom has been paid, and untiringly heaps insult upon injury."

SIX MUSICAL BIOGRAPHIES.

Beethoven. By J. S. Shedlock.—*Mozart.* By Ebenezer Prout.—*Mendelssohn.* By Vernon Blackburn.—*Sullivan.* By H. Saxe Wyndham.—*Gounod.* By Henry Tolhurst. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan.

Chopin. By J. C. Hadden. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The publishers of "Bell's Miniature Series of Musicians" were well advised in choosing as editor C. C. Williamson, who has proved his fitness for the trust reposed in him at the outset by his judicious choice, in most cases, of the writers to whom he assigned the different composers. This is true particularly in the case of the 'Beethoven,' the 'Mendelssohn,' and the 'Mozart,' written, respectively, by J. S. Shedlock, Vernon Blackburn, and Ebenezer Prout. The 'Wagner' and 'Haydn' by John F. Runciman, also, will, it is safe to predict, prove worthy of high praise as well as novel in treatment. In these books an attempt is made to give in from fifty to eighty pages a bird's-eye view of the principal facts regarding the lives of composers and their works. Mr. Shedlock's 'Beethoven' may be taken as a good example. Twenty pages are devoted to a biographic sketch, and this is followed by sections on the symphonies, sonatas, quartets, "Fidelio," masses and oratorio, characteristics, sketch-books, a list of principal compositions, and a bibliography. One does not, of course, expect any new facts or points of view regarding Beethoven in such a brief sketch; but Mr. Shedlock cites (p. 32) an interesting account of the first performance of "Fidelio" by Dr. Henry Reeve, which biographers have heretofore overlooked. Oddly enough, Dr. Reeve found the story "a miserable mixture of low manners and romantic situations," and the overtures "too artificially composed to be generally pleasing." One may forgive Mr. Shedlock the pleasing delusion that Beethoven provided a "special unity" for the different movements of his sonatas, making them, as it were, different acts of a drama. In the list of principal works, he includes of the symphonies only the third, fifth, seventh, and ninth. Why not the "Pastoral"? And in the list of chamber music why was the A major sonata for piano and violoncello omitted? It is certainly one of Beethoven's most inspired works. The author's modesty should not have led him to omit mention (in a footnote or in the bibliography) of the chapter on Beethoven in his own 'History of the Pianoforte Sonata,' where these sonatas are treated with an insight and a critical candor unique in the literature of the subject.

Mozart's life, despite its shortness, was marked by more incidents of interest than Beethoven's, and Mr. Prout accordingly bestows on it fifty-two of his sixty-four pages. In declaring that Mozart's pianoforte works do not rank among his greatest achievements, the writer shows a discernment which we miss in his prediction that Mozart's symphonies will outlive those of Tchaikovsky. It may be that Mozart was, as Mr. Prout claims, the most wonderful "all-round" musician that the world has ever seen; yet he is never at the head, having been surpassed in every branch by other masters.

That Mr. Vernon Blackburn's 'Mendelssohn' would be unconventional, judicious, and a good piece of literature, was a forgone conclusion. It takes courage even now to say to an English audience, with reference to the resurrection of Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion" by the subject of this monograph: "I sometimes think, even confronting so beautiful a score as the overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' that this was Mendelssohn's greatest gift to our time." Mr. Blackburn dwells considerably on that trait in Mendelssohn's character which made him declare that to play the pianoforte before Queen Victoria was the greatest joy of his life. He also comments on the lack of the heroic element and virile resistance in Mendelssohn. Lucky and successful, as a rule, beyond all other musicians, the slightest rebuff embittered him; had he been "compelled to endure the whips and scorns of time which fell to the lot of Wagner, it is likely that we should have had little enough work from his pen." "The strangest part about his end was probably the extreme depression of the brain: he could not remember his triumphs; he could only remember his failures." But we must resist the temptation to quote more from Mr. Blackburn's fascinating little volume.

The treatment of Sullivan and Gounod is less authoritative and commendable than that of the foregoing booklets, but these volumes, too, will serve their purpose fairly well. Mr. Tolhurst, of course, has a good deal to say about "Faust," and he devotes a chapter to "The Redemption." But why is no mention made in the bibliographic section of the admirable pages on Gounod—the best ever written—in Saint-Saëns's 'Portraits et Souvenirs'?

Mr. Hadden's 'Chopin' does not belong in the same group as the foregoing; it is one of the series of "The Master Musicians" issued under the editorship of Frederick J. Crowest, whose qualifications for such a post were discussed in the *Nation* of August 12, 1902. Mr. Hadden, as a rule, follows good models—Huneker, Niecks, and Hadow; but in his opinions he frequently out-Crowests his editor. To take a few samples: On page 3 we are informed that Chopin might have been actually "great" if he had only lived longer. "But these are vain speculations"! On p. 201 we read that Chopin was "the Shelley and Keats of music"; and, a few pages further on, that he was "no mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies," and that Liszt "lacked the technical training necessary to develop in a natural way." Can it be that Mr. Hadden wrote these chapters originally for serial publication in *Punch*? Except from the comic point of view, there is no real justification for the existence of this book. Everything that can be taken seriously in it has been much better said elsewhere; but the chapters on George Sand and Chopin's love affairs may divert the casual reader. The reference to the fact that in Chopin's day such singers as Malibran-Garcia, Pasta, Rubini, Lablache, and Schroeder-Devrient were to be heard in Paris, calls attention to the fact that there were star casts before the days of Maurice Grau and Augustus Harris.

L'Art dans l'Italie Méridionale. Tome Premier: de la Fin de l'Empire Romain à la Conquête de Charles d'Anjou. Par Émile Bertaux. 404 Figures dans le texte, 38 planches hors texte en phototypie, et deux tableaux synoptiques; dessins et photographies de l'auteur. Paris: Albert Fontemoing. 1904.

This book avowedly proceeds from the French School at Rome, and is published under the patronage of the French Ministry of Public Instruction. The author is lecturer on the history of modern art at the University of Lyons, and has been a member of the School at Rome. The French historical movement, so strongly marked since the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and showing itself in a multiplicity of works devoted to special races, special lands, brief epochs of time—monographs as they might be called—is also seen in the production of such books as this. It need hardly be urged that it is in this fashion that history is now in the way of being rewritten. For good or for evil, we take each man's study of the period, the land, the political movement, which he has made his specialty, and affix to that other studies made by other scholars. In like manner this history of the art of Southern Italy is not to be begun upon by any reader with the idea that he will find in it a large consideration of the relation of South Italian art to the rest of the arts of the Middle Ages. Instead of that, he will find the closest possible study of documents, the most severe and minute examination of each of those documents, and a reproduction of all such material as is reproducible by photography. To this are to be added drawings made by the author, which, though not charming in themselves, are evidently what he needed for his purpose. They are not to be associated in the mind with those trivial drawings of Romanesque buildings with which the historian Freeman was perfectly well satisfied, as it seemed, but which could not but shock a reader interested in the aspects of things. Mr. Bertaux's drawings are light and slight, but they have significance; and it is gratifying to feel the confidence that one does feel in the plans of churches and the like which he has furnished.

The book begins with a long preface which in itself is a treatise on the art of collecting and comparing information under difficult conditions. It includes a most curious analytic account of what the author's predecessors and contemporaries have done in the study of the mediæval art of Southern Italy. There is, as of necessity, a rather too kindly account of some of those predecessors, so few, so feeble for the most part; for, as the author says, there has been no Vasari for the South, no original work to verify. This is a fault for which

every reader knows how to make allowance.

On the other hand, what is said of the shortcomings of Salazaro's folios, and of the ill-luck which attended the great work, intended to be "final," of Schulz and Quast, is perfectly well said, just and discriminating. The fourteen pages of preface once overpast, there follows the introduction, which is a sketch of the historical topography of South Italy; or, rather, as we cannot use the English word topography in just that sense, a sketch of *la Topographie Historique*. This way of beginning the study reminds one of the great history of France now in course of preparation by M. Lavisse, for in that the whole first volume is devoted to the topography of France. The way in which such an essay on "topography" is made "historical" is by insisting on the Roman roads as being in themselves of such a nature as to change the face of the country—as being important in the same sense that a watercourse is important or a path through a rugged chain of mountains. This view is enforced by a map of South Italy taken from the heart of Umbria to the point of Calabria, in which the primary and secondary roads are laid down.

The First Book, then, treats of the history of art from the end of the Roman Empire to the Saracenic invasion. The author has not been tempted to go as far back into classical art as another might have done. The temptation must be almost irresistible to show the close connection between the fading Imperial art and the feeble beginnings of the mediæval spirit in Christian basilicas. Allusions to this there are in the text before us, but the story begins almost at once with the earliest churches and their decoration, and with Chapter II. we are in full course of investigation with the Campanian Mosaics before the time of Justinian. Here the illustrations begin in regular series—with the fifth-century mosaic in a Naples baptistery so little known that the guide-books barely mention its existence, and what is left of the Chapel of Santa Matrona at San Prisco near Capua, which the guide-books do not name at all and which Venturi, writing more briefly, omits, though Salazaro gives a colored plate to one of its mosaic-covered vaults. With Chapter III. the ancient Duchy of Naples and the Byzantine cities of Southern Italy are considered, down to the tenth century. The extraordinary crypt of the Cathedral of Otranto on the Adriatic coast is the subject of the first large photograph which the book offers us, and the second is an extraordinary sculpture from the Naples church, while a great number of the author's drawings of capitals and bas-reliefs are distributed through the text.

In this way the First Book occupies 110 pages. The Second Book deals with monastic art under the monks of St. Basil and the monks of St. Benedict. The Third Book speaks of the art in country and in town—in the great centres and away from them—during Norman domination in the South; and Book Four deals with the art of the mountain regions, the Basilicata and the Abruzzi, from the eleventh to the thirteenth century; while finally the Fifth Book deals with art under the Emperor Frederick II., a culminating period at which one might well close the first part of an elaborate record. This latest division of the work is mainly devoted to the Gothic architecture and sculpture of the far South, a subject little studied. The pages are crowded with illustrations. One purpose of the array of documents and their exposition is the bringing well to the front of a new name in the list of creative artists, "Magister Nicholas Pietri de Apulia," concerning whom and his separate individuality a vigorous controversy is raging.

The usual array of carefully made indices close the volume, and leave the reader in his frequently recurring state of irritation that it has not been thought practicable to unite these different alphabets into one. Geographical table, names of artists, subjects and personages treated—all might be worked into the same alphabet and the reader's patience greatly relieved thereby. On the other hand, it is a rarely given assistance that the index in every case includes the illustrations as well as the text, with a separate and easily distinguished bold-faced Arabic number to distinguish them.

The Pipe Roll of the Bishopric of Winchester for the Fourth Year of the Pontificate of Peter des Roches, 1208-1209. Transcribed from the original roll among the records of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, extended and edited, with an introduction, index, and glossary, by the Class in Palæography of the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) under the supervision of the Lecturer, Hubert Hall, F.S.A. London: P. S. King & Son. 1903.

This attractive quarto is of interest for two reasons: it evidences the character of the study of economic history in England to-day, and it contributes certain definite additions to our knowledge of the industrial life of the early thirteenth century. Ten years ago the prosecution of inquiry into the early economic history of England was being carried on by a few able investigators, each working in practical isolation along his own lines. The volume under review, however, shows that the competent and ambitious English-speaking student bent on research work in industrial history need no longer resort to the Continent or sit at the feet of a Schmoller. Both efficient leadership and able coöperation on the part of a mature lot of students went to the making of this study.

The Seminar Class in Palæography in the London School of Economics under the direction of the Lecturer, Mr. Hubert Hall of the Public Record Office, overhauled this venerable record of manorial economy; transcribed, extended, and annotated the text, and prepared the introduction, the appendixes, and the glossary. The roll itself contains the financial accounts of thirty-seven manors whose revenues were paid to the see of Winchester. The accounts of each manor are separable into what would be termed to-day an income account and a capital account. In the income account the gross and net receipts of each manor, computed in money terms, are first stated. Then follow the money payments made by the Bishop's local representative into the episcopal treasury, after deductions are allowed for the upkeep of farm utensils, farm labor, and the maintenance of the bishop's household or retinue. The capital account, unlike the income account, is computed not in terms of money, but in units of quantity or number. Thus, the livestock on hand at the beginning of the year is given by number. Their natural increase, the deductions due to murrain or to sales, or to transfers to another manor, or to other causes, are enumerated, as well as the stock remaining on hand at the end of the financial year. Similarly with the stock of provisions of grain of various sorts. In short, a very good cross-section of industrial history, as exemplified in the manorial economy on church estates just before Magna Carta, is afforded by this document.

Besides the curious sidelights which it casts upon various phases of industry, such as the incredibly small yield per acre—about 4.3 bushels of wheat, for example—this series of inventories may well compel a careful revision of some doctrines which have gained general acceptance. Ashley, in his 'Economic History' (I., 43), says that the "substitution of money payments for labor dues . . . marked the beginning of a change of supreme importance." By this change he refers to the supersession of the *Naturalwirtschaft*, or barter-economy, by the *Geldwirtschaft*, or use of money as an exchange standard and medium. But from the analysis of this document it would appear that instead of the commutation of personal service for money payments marking the beginning of the aforesaid transition, there is comparatively slight mention of the payment of money in lieu of service, even at a time when money payments made by tenants to their lord were very considerable in number and amount, and when money bargains between the inhabitants of each manor were frequent. If economic historians have not overemphasized the early régime of barter, it seems pretty certain that they have generally been inclined to postdate it. The system of money reckoning would seem to have been more prevalent in early England than has hitherto been supposed.

Educational Psychology. By Edward L. Thorndike. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1903.

The layman's dislike of "Child Study" is no doubt a prejudice due to some vague impression that it is not the best thing possible for the child, the actual "mediocre nine-year-old child" under experiment, whose reactions are being measured, whose motor control is an object of the nicest calculations, whose temperature is taken "before and after simple tests of mental abilities," who is, in short, the *corpus vile*, the laboratory frog, of the new science. But his distrust of pedagogical psychology, his skepticism as to the practical application by the teacher of the laws that are to be deduced from all these experiments and observations, has at least so much professional support that the psychologists themselves disagree on that vital question: Can you improve the quality of your teaching by a scientific knowledge of the mind of the child? But the layman need not stop there. Let him push the question further and inquire whether you can, in any case, measure a mental fact as you measure a physical fact, whether you can talk of its weight, its duration, its volume, as though you were dealing with quantities. Kant, he may remember, thought not; and though, among professed psychologists, the

Kantian view does not prevail, the distinguished director of the Harvard psychological laboratory assures us that what the psychologist measures with his kymograph and sphygmograph and ergograph is "not the time of the primary mental experience, but the time of physical processes into which we project our mental states."

In the present volume, Mr. Thorndike, as his title would lead one to expect, takes for granted much that Professor Münsterberg questions or denies. In his preface he states that his aim is "to apply to a number of educational problems the methods of exact science." His first chapter, on the "Measurement of Mental Traits," asserts that "we can measure the ability to add or to spell or to translate Latin . . . as accurately, though not by any means as easily, as we can height or weight" (p. 4). Certainly Plato, who, as a philosopher, was a very suitable person to decide how far one science may express itself in the terms of another, expressed in an arithmetical formula his belief that the cubic content of the ideal king's pleasure is 729 times greater than the cubic content of the pleasure of the tyrant. But that was one of Plato's mathematical jokes; mathematical psychology must not claim a writer who continually dragged in mathematical analogies partly because of his æsthetic pleasure in geometrical forms, partly because ethical speculation has always found comfort in the terminology and imagery of mathematics. Mr. Thorndike's "practical certainty that the average ability of twelve-year-old boys is between 13.355 and 14.765" depended on a single test made once, viz., the marking of certain letters in a page of Spanish; he would be the last to deny that a second test would probably give quite different results. His diagram, with its "surface [why not curve?] of frequency," has no objective value whatever. Group measurements by teachers usually labor under two defects: the teacher is seldom a trained psychologist, so that his results cannot be regarded as a scientific contribution, while in what Mr. Thorndike calls "The Broader Studies of Human Nature" (Chap. XIV.) what is collected is not objective facts about the pupil questioned, but the teacher's subjective impression. Mr. Thorndike has, of course, no illusions as to the value of a collection of answers to such a question as that set in a certain normal school: "Have liberalizing theological opinions made you better or worse, and how?" (p. 157), but he believes that "affection for dolls can be studied as scientifically as reaction-time or rate of movement." There we do not follow him; affection for dolls never can be estimated quantitatively, as he asserts; it can only be described and analyzed qualitatively.

The subjectivity of the compiler, the ignoring of the selective agency, the impossibility of ensuring the good faith of the questioned, to say nothing of their ability for self-examination—all these lions in the path of educational psychology Mr. Thorndike recognizes and faces with admirable faith and courage. He is concerned with the ways and means of education, and he believes that some day there will emerge generalizations of practical value for the teacher from a perfected science of mental measurement. When that time comes, the child's intellect will be measured for its education with as much accuracy as its body is measured for a new suit. He sees of course that there can be no quantitative calculation without some unit of mental measurement; he therefore invites the coöperation of trained students to discover for educational science "lists of words in spelling, of examples in arithmetic, algebra and geometry, of questions in geography, history and grammar, exercises in Latin, French and German, etc., so chosen that any one will be of approximately the same difficulty as any other, or at least so that a given group of two or three or four will be of equal difficulty with other given groups" (p. 169). This is an attitude that should conciliate Professor Münsterberg and his school, who will lose half their grievance against a pedagogical psychology that measures the mind not in terms of physical science, but of questions in history. Unfortunately the personal equation enters in once more: you could not maintain absolute secrecy as to the precise units of mental measurement that are to be to educational science what the inch, the ounce, and the ohm are to physics; so you could never be sure that the decided superiority of any members of your group meant more than a superior ability to cram.

In his chapter on "The Relationships between Mental Traits," Mr. Thorndike forsakes his usual caution in handling statistics. His thesis is that relationships between mental abilities are far less close than educational literature would have us believe (p. 27). "In fact, the relationships are most noticeable by their absence or slight degree." His tables of coefficients of correlation are based on the marks of teachers and regents, and are derived from a few groups of school children only. We cannot see anything in them that would lead us to condemn as unscientific the present prevailing tradition of allied subjects, which is, after all, based on the same sort of judgments, namely, the experience of the teacher, but slowly gathered through generations, and not, like these tables, depending on evidence from a very limited field. We do not follow our leader when he asserts that such figures "clearly" illustrate his point, or that "the facts given in this chapter . . . should prove that the mind is a host of highly particularized and independent abilities" (p. 39). We decline to conclude from the table on page 37 that girls in the last four years of their grammar-school course will more profitably than boys combine English and mathematics, while boys rather than girls should elect English with geography. The table on page 39 adds a new terror to the teaching of arithmetic, if the diverse capacities required by a single school subject are to be taken at Mr. Thorndike's estimate by every conscientious teacher. "Wise teachers," he says, "will bear in mind that they are teaching not arithmetic to good and bad arithmeticians, but addition, subtraction, multiplication, fractions, etc. . . . to children whose capacities for these several lines of work are in each case a separate problem." At first sight such a refinement of individualism would seem to make class teaching impossible. But, after all, your educational psychologist who has to teach a class of fifty children arithmetic, confronts precisely the same problem as his old-fashioned colleague who, as time goes on, observes that Tommy Jones can do fractions and Fanny Smith cannot, though at problems she can beat Tommy. The tact and intelligence of the teacher do the rest, and we have to be convinced that a knowledge of the precise coefficient of correlation of fractions and problems will bring him in closer touch with Fanny and Tommy.

The Views about Hamlet, and Other Essays. By Albert H. Tolman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

It seems rather a hazardous venture to combine within the limits of the same volume such disparate material as the fragment (in somewhat modified form) of a dissertation on "The Taming of the Shrew," presented many years ago for the doctor's degree at a German university, a note on the inaccuracy of the measurements in Poe's 'Gold Bug,' a criticism of the author's comment in 'Vanity Fair,' and so on, especially as this collection of miscellaneous pieces (all of which had appeared in scattered publications before) does not come to us with the authority of a name connected with other work of a more sustained value. And, indeed, one cannot say that there is anything very original in any of the various articles which make up this volume, either in the way of new interpretation or the discovery of new facts relating to problems of literary history. Nevertheless, there is a neatness and accuracy of workmanship distinguishing the volume, combined with a freshness and vivacity of style, which we believe will render it, on the whole, agreeable reading to professional students of English. Some of the articles, although hardly embodying anything original, have a practical value, and may be recommended to teachers for use with English classes. Such, for instance, is the article on Anglo-Saxon poetry; also, the article which treats of the stage of Shakspere's day—a subject which is just now for the first time receiving due attention. Of a less popular character, as accords with their origin, are the papers on "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Love's Labor's Won" (cited in Meres's contemporary list of Shakspere's plays). As regards the latter play, the identification with "The Taming of the Shrew," which Professor Tolman appears inclined to advocate, is not likely to supersede the current identification with "All's Well that Ends Well"; and, indeed, a Philistine might well question anyway whether it was worth while devoting more than one-sixth of the entire volume to the discussion of a problem, the evidence in regard to which may be fairly described as all but non-existent. The eclectic discussion of Hamlet-interpretations which is given the most prominent place in the miscellany, is very sound and judicious, and on the whole this article and that on "The Symbolic Value of Sounds" seem to us to show the author's critical powers at their best. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand why Professor Tolman should have reprinted, in a volume which must find its readers primarily among professional scholars, such an obvious compilation from generally accessible sources as the paper on "English Surnames."

In conclusion, we call attention to the article on the famous Shaksperean crux, or

at least what was once regarded as such, "Woo't drink up eisel?" The fact that the phrase "eisel and gall" was often used, in early English writings, of the nauseous draught presented to Christ on the cross, has been pointed out more than once, but we believe that Professor Tolman is the first to make the very plausible suggestion as to the part which the mystery plays concerning the crucifixion may have played in giving the word "eisel" its proverbial significance.

The Life of Frederic William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., etc., sometime Dean of Canterbury. By his son, Reginald Farrar. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1904. Pp. xxii., 361.

Mr. Reginald Farrar has wisely aimed at comparative brevity rather than at "a complete and exhaustive biography." The latter can hardly be needed. "Parish life is a prosaic subject to the public." The outlines of Dr. Farrar's career are familiar. Assistant Master at Harrow in 1854, headmaster of Marlborough College in 1871, rector of St. Margaret's and canon of Westminister in 1876, archdeacon in 1883, dean of Canterbury in 1895—beyond this list and that of his numerous publications there is not much of more than domestic interest. The disparaging adjective "popular" always clung close about him, and the critical grudgingly allowed him the praise of a rhetorician, plus immense industry and the virtues of his order. But this is not all the story. In his way he was what Heine half-jestingly claimed to be, "an anointed true knight of the Holy Ghost," *i. e.*, a champion of free opinion and free speech. Whatever his position as thinker and scholar, he was at least a cultivated man whose convictions were not merely traditional, and who proclaimed them with fearlessness and force. If it was not in him to revise all the doctrines like F. W. Robertson, or, like Maurice, to lay a philosophic basis for a semi-rational conception of the Church and her beliefs, his mind fastened on one tenet of the ancient orthodoxy, and attacked it with a noble and efficient zeal. To the emancipated it might seem that words were wasted upon so obsolete a topic as the lake of fire; but Matthew Arnold did not think so. Writing to America in 1878, when there was great excitement over the volume 'Eternal Hope,' and premising that Farrar was not his favorite prophet, he said that the canon had actually opened the heads of many worthy people in the great English middle class to the notion that there might be some doubt about the everlastingness of physical hell torments, and that this was a great gain.

The public gain was won by some loss, or at least annoyance, to the reforming preacher. Letters warned him that the pit of flame still yawned for him if he repented not, and a counter publication bore the alarming title, 'What Is the Eternal Hope of Canon Farrar?' But this small book, perhaps the most memorable of his works, was a departure from his usual eirenic course. In general, he was of what Miss Cobbe called the "First Broad Church," and of its mildest section. Most of his writings met the case of devout people who were willing to be gently enlightened; they were moderate, conciliatory, and edifying in a more rational way than most of their predecessors. Written not for scholars but for the masses, they doubtless helped towards the kingdom that "cometh not with observation," in the movement of religious thought towards a higher plane and a purer air.

Farrar's career offered no material for such a work as the famous lives of Dr. Arnold by Stanley and of Robertson by Stopford Brooke; nor could any sketch of him create a belated reputation, as did General Maurice's Life of his father. The present modest volume may be welcomed as the memorial of one who wrote much to the satisfaction of a multitude of quiet readers, and delivered one stroke that resounded through the English-speaking world.

Ruskin Relics. By W. G. Collingwood. With 50 illustrations by John Ruskin and others. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1904.

This book is composed of a very readable collection of articles in personal recollection of John Ruskin from the pen of his disciple, friend, and official biographer, W. G. Collingwood. Most of these articles have already seen the light in *Good Words*, but the first chapter, on "Ruskin's Chair," was written especially for the present volume. It was suggested by the remark of a visitor to the Coniston Ruskin museum, who, after he had seen everything, was heard to say: "This is all very well, but what the public would prefer is to see the chair he sat in." Mr. Collingwood feels this desire for something tangible quite natural and justifiable, although great men would rather be judged by their work alone, without offering the privacy of their lives to public view. He says:

"Relics of heroes even the ancient Romans treasured. Relics of saints our forefathers would fight for and die for. Relics of those who in modern times have made our lives better and brighter we need not be ashamed of preserving. And among relics I count all the little incidents, the by-play of life, the anecdotes which betray character so long as they are truly and lovingly told."

Mr. Collingwood proceeds to tell us, after a brief description of the actual chair in Ruskin's study, of that metaphorical chair of "Professor of the Fine Arts at Oxford" to which he was elected and which he held to such good purpose, although so little either to the satisfaction of the dons or of the townspeople whose sons fell under the master's influence. One can easily imagine that, to the purely practical mind, a drawing-school, provided at Ruskin's great personal cost as to time and money, of which the aim was, not to paint salable pictures, but to inculcate, by a course of severe training, proper appreciation of Fine Art, so that its attainment should not be considered within the grasp of every one, must have had no *raison d'être*. In the second year there were but three pupils, and it was then that Collingwood joined it and worked diligently under Ruskin's directions. He tells us how he was later promoted to translating Xenophon's 'Oeconomicus' for Ruskin's "Bibliotheca Pastorum," and how exacting in preserving the Greek flavor in the translation the master was. Besides art and literature, the followers had to learn the dignity of labor practically demonstrated at the Hinksey diggings; and nature study also was one of the branches, in various forms, but always with great insistence on accuracy and fulness of observation. Ruskin's teaching consisted not only in making you see what he saw himself, but in helping you to look for yourself.

The following chapters are about Ruskin's boat and its construction; his garden, and theories of what a garden should be like; a journey abroad in 1882, in which the reader will note the leisurely method of travelling in years gone by, and its advantages over our present system of hurrying on. One of the most interesting essays is on Ruskin's drawings, under what influences he first practised the art, and the ultimate result of his lifework in that direction. Then follow rather discursive articles on Ruskin's Bibles and jewels and friendships, in which much is told of his ways and habits. The book reads like a supplement to Collingwood's Life of Ruskin, in which he had not space to tell all he wished to say. There are also several very trivial attempts at musical composition by the master.

The typography is in excellent style, and the volume is full of illustrations of varying degrees of interest.

The Journey of Coronado, 1540-1542, from the City of Mexico to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and the Buffalo Plains of Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska, as Told by Himself and his Followers. Translated and edited, with an Introduction, by George Parker Winship. With map. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1904.

Any one familiar with Mr. Winship's inestimable publication of the original documents on Coronado, and with his translation of them, through the medium of the Bureau of Ethnology, will recognize the contents of this handsome and very convenient 12mo reissue—which might, in fact, be termed a pocket edition—of the large quarto mentioned. The exceptions are the Spanish text and some notes that could well be spared the general reader, however valuable they are to a student. This is, in every respect, a timely and most practical work. While the specialist of course fully appreciates the changes wrought, in the last twenty-five years, in our appreciations of Spanish colonial history of the Southwest, the general public (represented largely by the "intelligent" tourist to New Mexico and Arizona) does not care for salutary innovations. Like most of the inhabitants of those parts of the United States, he clings to the fleshpots of Egypt in the form of dim fancies and vague interpretations, supposed to be more romantic than the plain truth. He does not know better and does not want to learn. It suffices him to be told that Santa Fé is the oldest town in the United States, it is "so romantic" to revel in the sight of the old "palace of the Montezumas," and to glory in the belief that the church of San Miguel is as old as the hills, and older if possible.

Mr. Winship has now taken away from these complacent souls the excuse that it is too difficult to get at the original sources, that the Spaniards were "such great liars," and the like palliatives for ignorance and conceit. He has also driven the Southwesterners who fed the public and them-

selves on credulity, from the field for ever. By this handsome little volume, which any one can carry along as easily as a Baedeker, he has placed within reach of any one the material furnished by the original discoverers of the Southwest, with such additional information as enables the reader to judge advisedly of the evidence. With this guide in hand, the tourist can go about from site to site and enjoy the romance of the past, if he is so inclined, virtually in company with the actors of the drama, reading their own words on the spot to which they refer, and in the best rendering possible. We heartily congratulate Mr. Winship on this eminently practical little volume. Its typographical execution is in full harmony with the excellence of its contents.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, condensed by Hector MacPherson. (Library of Economics and Politics.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 net; postage, 10 cents.

Allbutt, T. Clifford. Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers. The Macmillan Co. 3s. net.

Beldam, George W. Great Golfers. With contributions by Harold H. Hilton, J. H. Taylor, James Braid, Alex. Herd, and Harry Vardon. The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

Benson, Arthur Christopher. Alfred Tennyson. (Little Biographies.) E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Berdoe, Edward. A Primer of Browning. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents net.

Bottone, S. R. Radium, and All About It. London: Whittaker & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1s. net.

Brandes, George. Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. Vol. V.—The Romantic School in France. The Macmillan Co.

Busch, Wilhelm. Zu Guter Letzt. (Verse.) Munich: Fr. Basserman.

Campbell's Poems. Selected and arranged by Lewis Campbell. (Golden Treasury Series.) The Macmillan Company. $1.

Clark, Galen. Indians of the Yosemite Valley. Published by the author at Yosemite Valley, Cal. Cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents.

Eclectic School Readings. Smiles's Self-Help, edited by Ralph Lytton Bower; Stories from Life, by Orison Sweet Marden; Lives and Stories Worth Remembering, by Grace H. Kupfer; and Dickens's Christmas Stories, edited by Jane Gordon. 4 books. American Book Co.

Chamberlin, Georgia Louise. An Introduction to the Bible for Teachers of Children. (Constructive Bible Studies.) Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.

Churchill, Winston. The Crossing. The Macmillan Co.

Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Vol. I. Madison, Wis.: Republished by the Society.

Cornelii Taciti Annalium Libri VIII.-XVI. Introduction and notes abridged from larger work of Henry Furneaux by H. Pitman. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.

Cornish, Charles J. Sir William Henry Flower, K.C.B.—A Personal Memoir. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d. net.

Crawford, Francis Marion. The Heart of Rome. The Macmillan Co. Popular edition. 25 cents.

Davidson, A. M. Campbell. Present-Day Japan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.50 net.

Eastburn Narrative. Reprinted from original edition of 1758 with introduction by John R. Sears. (Narratives of Captivities.) Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Bros. Co. $2.

Eckstrom, Fannie Hardy. The Penobscot Man. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Ely, Richard T., and Wicker, George Ray. Elementary Principles of Economics. The Macmillan Co. $1.

English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited from the collection of Francis James Child by Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge. (The Cambridge Edition of the Poets.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1904.

The Week.

The breaking of the long deadlock in Illinois came about in the way best for the State, and for the Republican party therein, although the smashing of two machines was involved. Gov. Yates had an organization outside of Cook County, on a basis so low and mercenary that probably nothing but the Lorimer machine in Chicago could be more contemptible. Over both of them Mr. Deneen has won his way to the nomination for Governor. He is well spoken of by the best men in Chicago, having been an able and fearless prosecuting attorney. That, of course, was enough to secure him the hatred of the Republican machine in that city; and it was very likely because he was so offensive, being honest, to Boss Lorimer that Gov. Yates, having found that he could not possibly succeed himself, threw his strength to Deneen so as to humiliate as deeply as might be the Chicago machine. It was to that abhorrent organization that President Roosevelt surrendered in appointing the notorious "Doc" Jameson naval officer. The act seriously impaired his popularity in Illinois. But the nomination of Mr. Deneen probably makes the State Republican. To meet it, the Democrats will have to drop all their Hearst nonsense, and put forward a man for whom respectable citizens can vote.

Georgia Democrats have put an end to the talk that the Parker boom is sagging in the South. If there were any slack in the boom—to mix the metaphor—it was taken up with a jerk by the resolutions of the convention on June first. The proceedings are but further evidence that Judge Parker is the choice of the majority of sane Democrats in the whole country; and although the heart of Nebraska seems true to Bryan, nevertheless the Hearst and Bryan combination, with the whole following from the cave of Adullam, will be in a hopeless minority. Under these circumstances the position of Tammany under Charles F. Murphy is more difficult and dangerous than before. The Democrats of New York city who are not under Murphy's thumb are more serious than ever in pressing the question, "What does he want?" He is beaten in the State at large, and is crowded out of Brooklyn. What interest of the party is he trying to serve? Is he fighting for anything except the maintenance of his personal leadership of a faction in Manhattan?

"Mr. Hearst *now* feels that the delegates from Missouri should be *permitted* to vote for the man whom they regard as the best candidate." This is the authoritative announcement that the bad joke of the Hearst boom is at an end. It means that no more money is to be forthcoming, and with Hearst it has always been a case of no money, no delegates. An English newspaper states his campaign expenses to date at $1,500,000. The money might as well have been thrown into a sewer—in fact, most of it was. But note the unconscious self-betrayal of the statement that Missouri is abandoned. Hearst had planned to buy that State, but now concludes to allow unpurchased delegates to be chosen. The implication is clear that no one could be expected to vote for him without getting thirty pieces of silver. That, however, is all in the past. Those bygones the country will drop in a great sense of relief at Hearst's taking himself out of the field. He never was cut out for politics. His true mission was always the exploitation of crime; and the zest with which his newspapers are now returning to that congenial task shows that they consider his political dream to be over. A dream to him, to decent Democrats a nightmare.

Commissioner McFarland was almost ludicrous, at the Lake Mohonk Arbitration Conference on Thursday, in urging the election of President Roosevelt as the best way to expedite arbitration treaties. What we really want to know is, not whether Mr. Roosevelt believes in arbitration, but whether he believes in peace. Mr. Smalley, who does his best to be the President's apologist, cables to the London *Times*, apropos of the Cuban letter: "It explains why so many Republicans are alarmed when they ask themselves what Mr. Roosevelt may do if he is elected for four years." Mr. John Sharp Williams, writing to the *World*, is willing to admit that the President may have meant nothing by the blustering verbiage of this warning to the Spanish-American republics. But that is only another way of saying that, temperamentally, Mr. Roosevelt cannot repress the 'Ercles vein, and is the enemy of the world's peace perhaps without intending to be. Possibly he did not mean that the United States would feel justified in intervening because of the insolvency or weakness of a nation, but his letter to ex-Secretary Root, of which we reprint a portion since its terms have been questioned, means that, or means nothing:

> "Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendliness. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States. Brutal wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may finally require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the United States cannot ignore this duty."

Only a grateful officeholder could seriously advocate the election of the man who uttered these words of mingled platitude and menace on the ground that it would hasten the day when methods of violent intervention shall give way to universal arbitration.

Ante-mortem declarations have peculiar force in law, and should have in politics. Hence the dying message of Senator Quay, that "stanch and loyal friend" of the President's, ought to have great weight with Mr. Roosevelt. The expiring statesman warned him against making Cortelyou National Chairman. It was going to be a difficult campaign. Conditions were adverse, and might become more so before the election. Secretary Cortelyou was not the man for the job. A great deal of money would have to be corruptly raised and spent in the ways so effective in Quay's hands in 1888, and a more callous Chairman than Cortelyou was imperatively needed. This deathbed advice of an expert can scarcely go unheeded. Of course, the President has announced his choice of Mr. Cortelyou, and has "put his foot down" to the protesting Senators. But a foot put down can be lifted again. Already there are signs that the President is not going to be too obstinate in this matter. It is intimated that Cortelyou may be dropped for H. S. New of Indiana. Some might think the omen one to be averted. Mr. New's father was Harrison's right-hand man in 1892. In that year a Republican President failed of reëlection. But the main thing is, to give effect to the last political will and testament of the Pennsylvania sage and saint.

It is not often that the friends of protection have an opportunity like the present to show the stuff they are made of. The Panama Canal Commission is anxious to construct the waterway as cheaply as possible, and is clamoring for free import into the canal zone of the materials which it needs. Admiral Walker and his colleagues are excellent men and are to be commended for their intentions, but they fail to see that there are other points of view than that of mere economy. Of course, every one would like to have the canal constructed, other things being equal, in a thrifty manner. But, after all, what is economy among friends of protection?

Do not let us pursue a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy. The cheapest thing is often costliest in the end. Secretary Shaw has the right of the matter. He at least sees what a horrid mistake it would be to let foreign manufacturers provide the canal materials "at prices with which Americans could not hope to compete." He believes that the protective idea ramifies through every department of our national activities, and that all interests should stand or fall together. Besides, can Uncle Sam suppose it would be decent for him to fare better than his own children, whom he has given over to the friends of protection? A canal built under any such policy would, we are sure, bring disaster to every American ship that used it.

In sending a United States Assistant Attorney-General to Alaska to look into the conduct of Government officers, including the Federal judges, the Administration has taken another investigation on its hands. It is encouraging to learn that it will be prosecuted "just as promptly and impartially as were the examples in the Post-Office Department." The country is still waiting for the results of that fearless and complete overhauling of the Post-Office which Senator Lodge promised should be made "at our own time and in our own way." As for Alaska, the stories which visitors bring back regarding the conduct of officials there have long been disquieting, and should be looked into, even though no actual criminality may be disclosed. They bring out, at least, the inevitable difficulties of securing a fair and satisfactory administration of justice in a remote territory with a large element of adventurers in its population, and a general ambition to make fortunes out of the country, with small regard to the means employed. Alaska has fared badly enough at the hands of our Government, being denied even a delegate at Washington. It is doubly important that the officials in the territory should be of high character.

Barbarous by preconception, civilized by census returns, seems to be the fact as to the Filipinos. Gen. Sanger's census, at any rate, reckons only 647,740 of the 7,635,426 inhabitants (less than 10 per cent.) as "wild and uncivilized." Now it will be recalled that we assumed the charge of these people because they were supposed to be utterly incapable of managing their own affairs, and in particular liable to homicidal mania. They were social delinquents whom we must care for as a matter of painful charity. They could not be left to their own devices without disturbing the peace of the world. That was the horrid aspect of the Filipino when it was suggested to let him go his own way. Since he belongs to us, how different the case, how benign his air! Even the 9 per cent. of him that must be classed as barbarous is "not without some knowledge of the domestic arts." Furthermore, the barbarous tribes are largely settled on the three islands of Mindanao, Jolo, and Cotabato, natural reservations in which they need not have given more difficulty to a central government than our reservation Indians did in the West. But we call attention to the facts of the census in contrast with the hearsay of the annexationists not to brand again the old blunders and hypocrisies, but rather to emphasize the hope that lies ahead for us and for the islands. Unless civilized is used in some Pickwickian sense by Gen. Sanger's census enumerators, it will be impossible to hold this people long in tutelage. The time must come when we shall act not on the hysteria of a commercialized imperialism, but soberly on the facts, with justice and respect for our own institutions before our eyes.

The June estimates of the new cotton crop point to an improved situation. The high prices obtained by the planters have had the inevitable result—the acreage has been increased. The experts differ as to the amount of the gain, the *Financial Chronicle* estimating it at 3,368,000 acres, and the Agricultural Department at 2,823,000 acres. Even the lower figure is enough to signify a striking change in the outlook, especially when the improved condition of the crop is taken into account. On June 1, 1903, the Department estimated this at 74.1, but this year the figure is 83. If weather conditions are right and the boll weevil is kept under control, the yield this year will easily exceed that of any previous season. And even if the condition should decline to last year's ratio, the present acreage would mean a crop of a good deal more than 11,000,000 bales, against about 10,250,000 bales in 1903. This would indicate a surplus of about a quarter of a million bales above the highest annual consumption of American cotton in the past. Thus it is easy to see why, with spot cotton at 11.75 cents on Saturday, as against 17.45 in February, the contracts for the last quarter of the year, on the new crop, should be quoted at considerably under 10 cents.

The speculators are the only ones to be hurt. Even the growers will be better off. A repetition of 1903 would make them poorer instead of richer. The South has been boasting of its great access of prosperity from high-priced cotton, without taking into account its losses in other ways. Many cotton mills have had to suspend operations or run on reduced time. A number of dividend-paying companies have gone into receivers' hands, and one of the biggest mills in South Carolina had to issue bonds to keep itself out of the courts. Last year the growers succeeded in making the speculators and middlemen carry the cotton which the mills could not afford to buy; continued high prices next fall would undoubtedly reverse this and leave them "cotton poor." How much the country as a whole has to gain from a large crop this year is indicated by the wage reductions and the shutdowns in Fall River and other manufacturing centres, the dulness in the dry goods trade at home, and the curtailment in our cotton goods exports since last July of over 50 per cent. For over a year and a half cotton prices have been boomed, but the people who wear the goods have refused to buy. A short crop at high prices has not brought prosperity, but now that a large crop at low prices begins to loom up, the industries of the country may take heart.

What the labor problem means to the South can be seen from a report just published by the Department of Commerce and Labor, containing the census figures on the cotton ginned in the United States. The value of the 1903 crop is estimated at $660,549,230. With a proper supply of labor the yield could be enormously increased. Cotton is still picked by hand, just as it was in India a thousand years ago. During the harvesting months, an average day's work for a picker is about 100 pounds. At this rate it would require 1,088,000 hands, working 130 days, to harvest a crop as large as that of 1903. This would mean a labor cost of $70,750,000, or 10.7 per cent. of the value of the crop, for the harvesting alone. The growing scarcity of colored hands has raised the question of Italian labor. But the Italians rapidly acquire the American idea of wages. In many places in the North they have fixed their minimum rate at $1.50 a day. This is in excess of the price of colored labor. It is clear that the low cost of growing and picking cotton has had a great deal to do with increasing the yield in the last century.

Amid all the talk of the abnormal criminality of negroes as such, an item from the April Juvenile Court Record has a certain significance. Reviewing the first year's work of the New York Children's Court, it points out that, of the 7,000 children arraigned, "there were only thirteen children with negro blood in their veins." Of course, no accurate deduction could be made from this fact without going into the question of relative population, and so on; but we may be sure that if the negro proportion had been unduly high, the thing would have been ventilated. One consideration has, in fact, to be borne constantly in mind: every case of unnatural crime

or brutality by negroes is at once sent echoing through the press. Yet the same newspapers will condense and minimize accounts of the deeds of white degenerates, and let them drop from notice as soon as possible. Thus exaggerated emphasis often gives a wrong impression, which a careful sifting of the actual facts would dissipate.

The slaughter of twelve men by dynamite at Independence, Col., is one of the most dastardly acts in the black history of labor-union outrages. The Colorado miners are simply following to its logical conclusion the principle of the closed shop, the principle that no man has a right to work unless he will curtail his hours, restrict his output, and tie himself hand and foot by the arbitrary rules of a union. A few labor leaders have sincerely exerted their influence against violence; others have publicly denounced it while secretly encouraging it; but the Colorado miners—like the Coeur d'Alène miners of a few years ago—have the courage of their criminal desires. They will kill any man who opposes them, and they do not stick at the most cruel and cowardly means. The spirit which they show is exactly that which dominated the Pennsylvania anthracite regions during the long strike of 1902. However loud the professions of John Mitchell, the ugly fact remains that the assaults, the house burnings, and the killings were intended to intimidate non-unionists, and accomplished this purpose. Even the president of the peaceful garment workers declared on Monday in Boston that rather than accept the open shop he would tie up the trade all over the country. He did not advocate murder and arson; but his theory, and that of all who fight the open shop, is at bottom the same as that of the franker and more brutal miners.

Postmaster-General Payne hastens to explain that his department never intended a general crusade against worthless patent medicines, but merely issued fraud orders against the makers of half a dozen nostrums of a particularly objectionable class. It appears that action on these cases was precipitated by a large number of complaints from citizens against the offensive advertising. What he would do in case similar complaints were made against the popular remedies which are sold for something which they palpably are not, he would probably not care to answer beforehand. Would the Attorney-General, for instance, recommend a fraud order against a preparation advertised as "simply liquid oxygen" which the Massachusetts Board of Health found to consist of 1.35 per cent. sulphurous and 1.08 per cent. sulphuric acid, with the rest water? At all events, by declining to undertake on his own initiative a general censorship of drug-store shelves and newspaper advertisements, the Postmaster-General has saved himself from a task compared to which the restriction of second-class privileges is simplicity itself.

The centenary of Richard Cobden's birth was marked on Friday by many commemorative addresses in this country as well as in England. His work for the repeal of the corn laws, for the commercial treaty with France, for international peace, and for disarmament, were recalled and lauded as was meet. Cobden was a mighty and triumphant reformer. The material he dealt with he had absolutely at command; and Tory antagonists who thought to put him down in the Commons, found to their dismay how formidable was his armament of exact knowledge. Cobden was also, in Bagehot's happy phrase, a "sensitive agitator." Londoners who first heard him were amazed. They looked for a burly demagogue—the man who had been rousing the North of England—and they found a slight and modest gentleman, scrupulously, almost painfully, fair in argument, who would not willingly misrepresent a single fact or vilify one of his opponents. His appeal was ever to reason and to the humane instincts. Coming to the point swiftly and sticking to it with astonishing tenacity, he was the great persuader of his generation. Showing himself impregnable in his facts, he came to be regarded as a man whose opinions were as little to be challenged. It was, therefore, only a deserved tribute to his mastery of detail and his invincible logic in driving home the truth, which Sir Robert Peel paid when he said at the passage of the corn-law repeal, "The name which ought to be and will be associated with the success of these measures is the name of Richard Cobden."

Controversy follows Mr. Whistler even after his death; the failure of the administrators of the Chantrey Fund to buy one of his works has worn out the patience of the critics of the Royal Academy, and that venerable institution will soon be the subject of a Parliamentary discussion. The sculptor Chantrey, it will be recalled, left a handsome bequest to be spent by the Academy in the purchase of fine works of art. Practically, the trustees of the Academy have limited their choice to the works of academicians and associates. Generally, a distinct preference for the mediocre has been shown. Worst of all, very ordinary paintings have been bought from this fund at many times their market price. In short, the fund has been perverted from its evident intention to a mere prize for exhibitors at Burlington House, or a sheer charity for unappreciated academicians. Public opinion has no effect upon the placid committee, which falls back upon the loose nature of its trust; and, indeed, there seems to be no direct way of improving the taste of the average British academician, nor yet of convincing him of his own deficiencies. But Parliament has a right to challenge the poor pictures that drift into the national collections by way of the Chantrey Fund.

Blazing indiscretions have usually been associated with Lord Salisbury's habit of terribly plain speaking. His mantle has fallen on Pius X., if we may trust the *Siècle's* informant, to whom the Pope explained the apparent discrepancy between protesting against President Loubet's visit to Rome while permitting Cardinal Svampa at Bologna to attend a royal fête. In a word, Pius X. declared that the protest was directed against France, and France alone. As for Italy elsewhere than in the Papal city, friendliness between Church and State is wholly compatible with the dignity of the Holy See. Such would be a fair inference from the interview. Too clearly this explanation rather aggravated the original offence; but when the Pope went on to praise "that great and noble nation, Germany," for demonstrating that a good understanding between Church and State is possible, when he characterized the French "as an obstinate people, who weary us with questions, and who obey only when the instructions of the Holy See are in accord with their own petty interests," he made the worst of Lord Salisbury's mordant epigrams seem inoffensive. Except for the just repute of the *Siècle*, one would suspect misquotation. But, after all, this interview is so exactly in the temper of the recent protest that the Papal Secretary appears in the whole matter to have been less a counsellor than a mere amanuensis.

It would be the height of absurdity to land an expedition to hunt up Mr. Perdicaris, and the seizure of a custom house to pay his ransom would be only nearer opéra bouffe because less perilous. It should not be forgotten that we are demanding of Morocco guarantees that we could not give to the Sultan himself if he were travelling in the United States. If he had the bad luck to be lynched, we should only disclaim responsibility for the act of a sovereign State, and pay an indemnity as a matter of comity. These are motives not for discrediting any reasonable measures to secure the release of the unfortunate Mr. Perdicaris, but for deterring the Administration from going too far in imitating Lord Palmerston's famous "Pacifico" blockade of the Piræus. The excuse for the presence of our squadron at Tangier is the anarchy that impends in Morocco. It greatly behooves us not to apply the match to the powder barrel.

TREASURY DEFICITS AND PROTECTIVE TARIFFS.

The Government's full figures for last month's revenue and expenditure show a deficit of $54,500,000. Since the extraordinary payments during May to the Panama Canal shareholders, to the Panama Republic, and to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition footed up $54,600,000, it follows that the public revenue and the ordinary public expenditure in the month almost exactly balance. This result will hardly bring about, for the fiscal year which ends June 30, the Treasury's predicted $14,000,000 surplus, and it leaves results for the coming fiscal year in great uncertainty. The probability is that we shall have to face a deficit—how large, depends mainly on the volume of import trade in the next twelve months. The difficulty now upon the Treasury is, in fact, the same that has confronted it on numerous past occasions—namely, our Government's reliance, for its principal source of income, upon protective tariff duties, whose yield is always subject to collapse in the shifting vicissitudes of trade.

This phase of the matter deserves attention. A nearly equal revenue and expenditure for the year would usually be accepted as a gratifying evidence of normal Government finance. Unfortunately, it has almost invariably signified in our own country the simple passing of the line in a movement from swollen yearly surpluses to a yearly deficit, or vice versa. If a trade "boom" is in progress, if our home producers cannot keep pace with the abnormal home demand, and if, accordingly, as in the fiscal years from 1899 to 1903 inclusive, importation of highly dutiable merchandise increases with great rapidity—then the Government's receipts expand so suddenly that the Treasury's daily problem is how to prevent such a drain of actual circulating money from the markets as will force excessive rates for loans and cripple industry.

But let the trade situation change—as it did change, with great suddenness, last summer—and the public revenue falls off alarmingly. Nor is the mere fact of declining income the most awkward part of the situation then presented. Such unexpected rise in the public receipts as occurs in a period of "boom" puts the largest possible premium on legislative extravagance. Congressmen with hobbies involving heavy drafts on the public purse, lobbyists with an eye to the fortunes of their associates or employers, swarm to Washington, and fortify their appeals by arguing that the money collected by the Treasury must be "put back in circulation" if distress in the markets is to be avoided. Appropriation bills expand by scores of millions; a new scale of public expenditure is established. But when the revenue declines, in response to a waning import trade, expenditure does not come down along with it. The result is perfectly familiar in a dozen past occasions. To what extent such a shortage will occur in the next few years the shrewdest financier would hesitate to predict. It may be slight; it may be very formidable; nobody can say, unless he can also say what the course of trade, of industry, and so of merchandise importations will be during the period.

Who is to blame for the present situation? Ten years ago conditions were somewhat similar, but at that time the Democrats were in control, and it was the easiest thing in the world to take a backward view and say that their advent to power was the cause of the mischief. That is not going to be an easy game to play twice in a decade. There has been no change in government, and, before one can occur, Mr. John Sharp Williams and his friends will be sure to exclaim, "Tell us this time in advance who is to blame for the situation!" Is it due to free trade? Is it a sign that Roosevelt is going to be defeated? If not, to what shall we trace it? Has it resulted from causes over which the Republican Administration has had no control? Has there been a great mistake in estimating the revenue? Apparently not. Eliminating the postal receipts, Secretary Shaw estimated the revenue for 1904 at $530,000,000. Up to May 30 the Treasury took in $493,300,000. If the June income equals that for May, the showing at the end of the twelve months will be $534,000,000. The trouble, then, must lie with the expenditures. Deducting the postal outgo, Secretary Shaw's estimate of expenses for the current year amounted to $516,000,000. For eleven months, however, the actual outgo has been $545,565,599. But the $50,000,000 of Panama Canal payment is included here. Leaving this out, the expenditures may be stated at $495,500,000. June is a light month for Treasury payments, but if we figure them this year at only $34,500,000 (the same as in 1903), the total ordinary expense account of the Government on June 30, 1904, will be $529,000,000, or about $13,000,000 in excess of Secretary Shaw's estimate last December.

If 1904 is going to look bad on the stump this year, what sort of an impression is 1905 likely to make? When Congress met last December, Secretary Shaw told it that he expected to take in $704,472,060 in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1905. Eliminating the postal revenue estimate, his figures would be $545,000,000, or $15,000,000 in excess of his estimate for 1904. Certainly, present conditions do not guarantee that result. On the other hand, expenditures for next year are going to be extraordinarily heavy. The appropriations of the last session of Congress were $28,000,000 larger than those for the previous session. The total appropriations were $781,000,000, and other obligations had been incurred which made $800,000,000 of expenditures necessary. All this carries the mind back to the early nineties. Under Republican rule the revenue was decreased from $403,080,983 in 1890 to $354,937,784 in 1892, while the expenses rose from $261,637,203 to $321,645,214. The people registered their protest in 1892. What they will do this year, we do not know; but the situation of the Treasury certainly calls for a Republican explanation. Let us have it at once, and let it be one which will hold good after the election, no matter how it goes.

GIVEN PLATFORMS, FIND THE PARTY.

The tradition of disorganized and leaderless Democracy is dear to the Republican heart. Only by an adamantine resolution can the Republican orator restrain himself from using in every speech the simile of the ship without a rudder, or the wild horses pulling six different ways. Look on this picture, and then on that of the Grand Old Party, an army where no man breaks from the line, not because there is any coercion, but because these seven millions of sturdy and independent Americans have, after painstaking study and investigation, arrived at precisely the same conclusions upon all matters of national polity. Thus we have on one side all unity and a platform that will make itself; on the other, anarchy and a platform in which the very nails will try to pull themselves out of the planking. If history be merely a fable agreed upon, this passes very well within Republican councils and makes an unconscious impression outside.

Suppose, however, that some observer who had never heard of these things—Mr. Howells's Traveller from Altruria, one of H. G. Wells's Martians, or Macaulay's New Zealander—came into possession of a file of this year's newspapers and tried from them to form a just estimate of the two great parties. Would he confirm the Republican view? Would the political palæontologist, with the dry bones of this year's State platforms to guide him, reconstruct the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey in quite the fashion of Grosvenor and Dalzell? Let him begin with the tariff. He will discover that some fourteen of the Republican State conventions have adopted platforms which do not mention that great fountain of prosperity at all, either directly or by inference. Missouri, which devotes a plank even to the McKinley button-hole carnation, says nothing about the tariff. In California, Kansas, New Hampshire, and Ohio the tariff is praised, as it were, anonymously, the word not occurring in the platform, though there are some kind phrases for "pro-

tection to American labor." As for specific suggestions regarding tariff schedules, there are but two. The Washington Republicans "oppose any application of that principle [reciprocity] which contemplates the removal of the existing duty on coal and lumber." Should our traveller have in his hand a copy of President Roosevelt's first message, he would be perplexed to find that the coal schedules were the only ones in which any change was there recommended. Michigan had the frankness to ask for higher duties on sugar. Minnesota demands "enlarged markets for the products of our farms and factories," though giving a pious shudder at the thought of allowing the Democrats to help. La Follette's convention in Wisconsin had no such scruples, and declared, "We believe in a readjustment of tariff schedules in all cases where protection is employed for the benefit of capital and only to the injury of the consumer and the workingman." Eight conventions suggest revision of the tariff by its friends, while seven speak up more or less faintly for reciprocity in strictly non-competitive products. The others put such ideas beyond the pale.

Our Martian friend, before reaching this point in his investigations, must certainly have come across something about the President's career as a foe of Trusts. "He it was," say the representatives of his party in Kentucky, "who, when patriots dreaded the encroachments of the Trusts, grappled with their most powerful representatives and pushed the fight until the Supreme Court had placed them absolutely at the mercy of the law as enacted by the representatives of the people." Here is surely an achievement to be celebrated by every convention of the patriots whom Mr. Roosevelt had relieved from their dread. Yet out of the first thirty-five Republican platforms to come to hand, only ten so much as contain the word "Trust." Six others, to be sure, speak euphemistically of "dangerous aggregations of capital," of "unlawful combinations." The others are absolutely silent. The Ohio platform, which contrasts Democracy with Republicanism as "a divided party of obstruction and negation" against "definite principles culminating in beneficent legislation," contains neither the word tariff nor the word Trust.

"But," say the Republicans, "the tariff and the Trusts are settled issues. There is no more reason for reaffirming our faith in the Dingley and the Sherman laws than for saying that we believe in the Copernican system or the statutes against burglary. The presumption is that the Democrats disagree." So our Martian turns to the pile of Democratic platforms. He finds, up to date, five which frankly agree to accept whatever statement of issues the National Convention formulates. The platforms of Connecticut, Indiana, Montana, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Rhode Island discuss neither Trusts nor tariffs. North Dakota has a tariff but no Trust plank, and Kansas just the reverse. On the other hand California, New Hampshire, New York, Oregon, South Carolina, Nebraska, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Michigan, and Georgia declare themselves decidedly, both on the Trusts and on the tariff.

There was much said by Republicans in the closing days of Congress regarding the differences of opinion revealed by the tariff speeches of Bourke Cockran, Champ Clark, and John Sharp Williams. Yet in the platforms since adopted there is no evidence of division on this issue. "Careful and fair tariff revision," demands California. Pennsylvania wants "immediate but careful and prudent reduction of the tariff." New York declares likewise for reasonable reduction, while the Oregon Democrats suggest that the tariff should be modified to benefit the people, and not the Trusts. Passing to the States controlled by the radical element, the Nebraska Democrats under Mr. Bryan's thumb "would restore the tariff to a revenue basis and administer it for revenue only." "Protection for protection's sake" they consider "an ingenious device for the exploitation of the masses by the privileged classes." Iowa, captured by Hearst, denounces "the vicious tariff system under which Trusts have been born, bred, fattened, and the species multiplied." A number of specific remedies are offered. Wisconsin Democrats would remove the tariff from Trust-made articles, while those of California and South Carolina would reduce the tariff whenever it permits manufacturers to sell cheaper abroad than at home.

Thus the fact is that, making due allowance for the inevitable differences of opinion among men engaged in the same cause, and accepting at their face the formal declarations of party organizations, the reader is in no doubt whatever as to Democratic purposes regarding the tariff issue, while left in perplexity as to what the Republicans propose to do about it if again entrusted with power.

THE WAR AND THE KEY-THEORY.

When the Russians in 1897 wrested Port Arthur from the Chinese, everybody spoke as if the command of the Yellow Sea had been formally transferred to the Czar. And, indeed, the tip of the Liao-tung peninsula fulfilled every requirement of a "key," and was not inaptly called a Gibraltar. It commanded everything in sight—Tien-tsin, the harbor of North China; Niu-Chwang, the port of the fertile Mantchurian plain; it dominated Western Korea, threatened the whole of Shantung. One would have thought that the mere possession of this mountainous peninsula made Russia impregnable in the Far East. A sober critic like Alfred Rambaud said that in the China Sea "the position of Russia is far the strongest"; by it she "commanded" Peking and "penetrated" China. More imaginative commentators saw in the Liao-tung peninsula a sword aimed at the heart of China. All agreed that the seizure of this point of land vastly increased the strength of Russia, and rendered her practically impregnable in the Yellow Sea.

Yet not quite all. Lord Salisbury said flatly, speaking at the Albert Hall on May 4, 1898, "I think Russia has made a great mistake in taking Port Arthur. I do not think it is any use to her whatever." These words, which at the time passed merely as a cynical apology for Lord Salisbury's own failure to thwart the Russian advance—as an aggravated instance of diplomatic sour grapes—read very like prophecy now, when the dispatches are full of the apprehension felt in St. Petersburg concerning Port Arthur. Skilled strategists advised its evacuation early in the war, and its defence is admittedly a cruel hindrance to Kuropatkin's programme in the north. From the night that Togo's torpedo fleet sailed in, it has not commanded or dominated or even frowned upon anything. It has, on the contrary, been constantly buffeted and a prey to fears. Far from being a "sword" or even a "key," it has been a kind of sixth toe of the Empire—a superfluity at best, and most liable to be trodden on. On this matter there should be no illusion. Kuropatkin could not and cannot go to the relief of Port Arthur without taking the risk of being cut off from behind, and if the Japanese have delayed their descent upon Niu-Chwang, it is less because Port Arthur theoretically blocked the way than because Kuropatkin's main force at Hai-Cheng was only a few miles away from the landing-place.

This state of things is commended to amateur strategists who urge the random annexation of keys, "stepping-stones," or coaling stations. Only seven years ago Port Arthur was generally conceived of as something that of itself might repel all trespassers in the Russian sphere of influence; to-day Port Arthur appears chiefly as a point that may be attacked and defended with considerable difficulty. This startling reversal of rôles suggests that keys are really worth nothing in themselves unless you can afford to keep them, and that their keep is very expensive. Port Arthur has been and is worse than worthless to the Russians; it would indeed be only a source of weakness to any Power which did not control the China seas. Keys, then, are valuable only if they can be used to open something. The mere possession of a collection of them exposed to the cupidity of the first muscular passer-by may minister to chauvin-

istic vanity, may win an election or two, but certainly weakens a nation.

At Washington that is coming to be realized. It is no longer customary to speak of the Philippines as the "stepping-stone to the East." Quite the contrary, there has been a marked tendency to groan under the bills for fortifying Manila and increasing the navy. In well-informed circles it is thoroughly understood that the possession of these islands makes us not stronger in the Pacific, but more vulnerable all around; that the notion that the annexation meant an increase in naval or military strength was the wildest of delusions. In this whole matter one should not fail to note a kind of mathematical fallacy that infects amateur tacticians. They fail to perceive so elementary a principle as that "stepping-stones" may be used in either direction, while strategic keys are invariably reversible. The key that seems to fit only your rival's portal fits also your own, and any stronger hand may turn your own key against you.

Dalny is to-day a convenient naval base for the Japanese, as Port Arthur may soon be. This goes to show that dispersed keys are a fleeting possession. A man may be so rich in them that he owns one or more in every neighbor's yard; but the man who has one or two on a chain in his pocket is the true claviger after all. All this speculation over maps is nought. Strategic positions are vain things for safety unless they are accessible to supplies and reinforcements. The mere fact that Gibraltars frown shows that they are frowned on; that they "command," that they are commanded. In short, the whole doctrine of the abstract desirability of keys rests upon a false analogy between international policy and burglary. It is assumed that here and there skeleton keys may be seized and surreptitiously employed to open commercial and military doors. But a very little observation would show that international politics has not yet sunk to burglary, the most boasted and popular kind being still on the nobler basis of frank robbery. In a world where doors are generally battered down, keys are relatively of decorative value. That, in spite of arbitration treaties, is the condition of the world to-day.

"EUGENICS."

We do not imagine that Francis Galton has read President Roosevelt's letter on "race suicide," but a recent address of his before the Sociological Society is a good corrective of it, and of the whole order of ill-considered ideas lying behind it. That a nation or a stock should simply multiply is by no means the highest good—is not necessarily a good at all. It is a military conception, to be sure, that there should always be plenty of "food for powder." Napoleon, who asked what were the lives of a million soldiers to a man like him, was anxious that French mothers should make good his ravages. Such barbarous notions still persist. But Mr. Galton brushes them all aside with the statement that the real problem of civilization is how to improve the race, not merely to give it a cheap numerosity.

"Eugenics" is the name which he invents for the science dealing with the influences that better the inborn qualities of a given race, and develop them to the utmost advantage. Its principles are not mysterious. First, there must be agreement upon the type which it is desirable to produce. Then will follow the question of the best means of perpetuating it. All but the whimsical are of one mind in designating health, energy, mental capacity, manliness, inbred courtesy and honor as qualities most conducive to the good of society. How are they to be increasingly secured in civilized countries? How can the class embodying them be made typical and dominant? Evidently, not by turning society into a rabbit-warren. Unsuitable marriages, recklessly fertile, Mr. Galton would put under the severest of social bans. Under modern conditions, he would consider a family "large" that contained as many as three adult children. That would best fit in with the definition of a thriving family as one in which the children had gained a superior position.

This thought of levelling up runs through all that Mr. Galton has to say about race improvement. He is not for monotony of type. Varieties of character and of ideals are to be cultivated and cherished. "Society would be very dull if every man resembled the highly estimable Marcus Aurelius or Adam Bede." What eugenics aims at is to put every class at its finest; to make each sort more and more conform to its best specimens. Only so can the general tone be made better. And social salvation lies in improving the average quality. As Mr. Galton says, if public leaders will insist upon "playing to the gallery," we must give them a better gallery to play to—one that will hiss vulgarities and savagery off the stage, instead of frantically applauding them. In this view the social philosopher is at one with the poet, whose prayer was

> "O God, make no more giants;
> Elevate the race."

The subject is one of tremendous importance, and the first thing is to get people to believe it so. Mr. Galton is under no illusions. He is well aware of the common ideas and practices related to what John Fiske termed "that stupendous process of breeding which we call civilization." Better conceptions must begin with the educated and the serious. Eugenics must be an academic question before it can come to be a matter of intense and general practical interest, or be finally, as Mr. Galton hopes it will, "introduced into the national conscience like a new religion." If it is a noble thing to produce a race in which sound physiques, strong minds, and good morals are in widest commonalty spread, to debase the stock is surely a national disgrace. There is, however, no surer way to debase it than to follow rash counsels looking to number rather than quality.

The aim throughout is to give richness to life. And here those who hold to the rabbit theory of national well-being have to face the fact that it is precisely the most intelligent and conscientious parents of our time who think so much of the happiness of the coming generation that they will not improvidently bring children into the world. They would hotly resent Mr. Roosevelt's implication that unwillingness to have large families is a kind of race treason. The real traitors to race are those who would degrade and weaken it by so diminishing the opportunities of a swarming population that discontent and a fiercer struggle for existence will bring the bestial qualities uppermost. What has been called the "apologetic attitude" of the modern father in presence of his child goes well with the more serious weighing of the responsibilities of parenthood. It is really a wholesome, not an alarming thing if people are thinking with deeper intentness about the desirable restrictions on marriage and about the laws of health and happiness as related to the bearing and rearing of children. To give one well-born and correctly brought-up son to the commonwealth is to serve it better than by burdening it with a half-dozen ill-conditioned boys. What the ultimate destiny of the human race may be we do not know; but the duty which lies next at hand for this generation is to study and disseminate the laws of heredity, and to so act upon the knowledge of them, with a due regard to the environment in which children are to be placed, that the level of health, intelligence, and morality shall be at least a little raised.

THE EDUCATION OF CRŒSUS.

In the baccalaureate sermons of Sunday our college graduates and undergraduates, together with their "subsidiary parents," received a large quantity of exceedingly sound advice. There is no vice which they were not warned to shun, or virtue which they were not urged to cultivate. We cannot but wish, however, that more of the preachers had turned aside from the routine exhortations of the season to discuss a pretty serious question which is treated in a recent issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*—the difficulty of dealing with our rich youth in school and college.

At the dinner of the New York alumni last winter Professor Lowell complained of the danger from too much luxury showered upon undeserving sons by thoughtless fathers. Professor Baker has taken up the theme at length, and described conditions which exist, not merely at Harvard, but in some other Eastern colleges as well. The complaint lies against "a number of attractive, pleasant lads," who "show a remarkable and genial imperviousness to lasting impressions which do not connect themselves with athletics or possibly society." Their talk, "except on athletics," is "self-centred and meagre. These men do not necessarily take so-called soft courses, but they develop a surprising capacity for drifting courteously through any course with the minimum of labor and permanent result." Professor Baker also remarks that as a matter of fact the concentration of the attention of these men has brought small results in general athletics to-day, as compared, say, with ten years ago. In short, they are wealthy and agreeable loafers, interested in nothing but athletics, and good for nothing, even at that. The natural taste and incapacity of this group is emphasized by their gregarious habits. They herd together in palatial private dormitories. "The scale of expenditure is set by the very wealthy," and there is accordingly a strengthening tendency toward "segregation on a money basis."

For these evils various remedies have been proposed. Professor Lowell would have new dormitories so equipped as to strike a mean between the bareness of the old and the luxury of the new. The "stiffening" of courses might also help; but then the rich boy could hire a tutor, for his notion is that study is a curse, to be borne "manfully, with such mitigations and solace in the way of tutoring as one's purse will permit." In suggesting still another remedy, Professor Baker lays his finger on a very sore spot, the attention of college faculties to the higher degrees rather than to the knotty problems of instruction offered by large freshman and sophomore classes, the development of the specialist and the investigator rather than the highly skilled teacher, the man who might seize and inspire some of these indifferent lads with genuine enthusiasm for study.

Most thoughtful persons, however, will agree with Professor Baker that the cause of the trouble lies far too deep to be reached by any of the specifics yet proposed. Dormitories, discipline, and didactics are all well enough in their way; but they hardly touch the underlying conditions—the attitude of the boy's own family. For in extravagance, in lack of taste, in total apathy as regards the mind and soul, the college student is simply the product of the atmosphere in which he has been reared. It is not to be expected that young Mr. Pork Packer or Copper King will in a few months forget his home training, if that fine phrase may be applied to the precious lessons in manners and morals learned from ignorant servants and subservient masters. He will carry with him to New Haven and Cambridge his mother's desperate desire to break into society at any cost, his father's contempt for mere bookmen. The young hopeful knows that the easiest and shortest road to social standing lies through a "swell" fitting school and college. There, if his conduct be not too outrageous, he will form the acquaintance of the sons and daughters of people who would never dream of associating with his impossible parents. With a practically unlimited letter of credit from "the old man," with his clothes, his horses, his automobiles, and his yachts, with his lavish support of the athletic teams, he and a company of his kind may, without falling into the grosser vices, dazzle and demoralize half a college class.

To combat a general movement is a difficult and disheartening undertaking; but this is exactly the task that lies before those college graduates and undergraduates who do not wish to see our strongholds of learning taken by the Philistines. There has never been a time when sober fathers and mothers, when the sane and saving remnant among their children, were under such heavy obligations to maintain their ideals of restraint in expenditure and simplicity in living; to stand as a bulwark against a new irruption of barbarians; to spread the wholesome doctrine that college is the most unfitting place in the world for indulgence in the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.

THE CRUCIAL TEST OF A PLAY.

Mr. W. J. Courthope, the cultured historian of letters, and Mr. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London *Times*, have been running a bloody tilt to decide a question old and still forever new. Said Mr. Courthope incautiously in his 'History of English Poetry': "The crucial test of a play's quality is only applied when it is read." Whereto the watch-dog of the *Times* replies that "such a canon is absurd on the face of it," and that "actual stage-performance is the only true and proper test of a play's quality." Mr. Courthope retorts that the writer for the *Times* has fallen into the base blunder of ignoring the point at issue, which point he reiterates. As an illustration of his thesis, he asserts that in their own age Fletcher was a more popular dramatist than Shakspere, whereas to-day the latter still holds the stage, while Fletcher's plays cannot be revived. "Obviously," he says, "the theatrical spectators of his time did not apply the crucial test which settles the standing of Fletcher in the dramatic literature of our country. Not less obviously, I should have thought, the reasons for the difference in quality between Shakspere's plays and Fletcher's must be judged by the literary critic in the reading."

That is as pretty a quarrel as one could wish in these piping times of peace. It reminds us of that battle of the two knights which used to be related in our school-readers, when all good things were in those books. "The shield is of gold," says the one. "Silver," cries the other, and straightway they fall to blows, not having perceived that a shield has two faces. It would seem to a looker-on that both Mr. Courthope and Mr. Walkley are right, and, contrariwise, both wrong. Certainly, the test of a play, in so far as it is designed for the stage, must be whether it will act and how it will act. And the reason why Shakspere holds the stage better than Fletcher is, we opine, the very simple reason that he acts better. On the other hand, considered as literature, that play is certainly best that best endures the test of reading.

What Mr. Courthope seems really to have in mind is a somewhat different question: his words would imply that a play considered as a piece of literature is something higher and capable of giving higher pleasure than a performance on the stage, and here he has with him the taste of the finer critics. What we see acted before our eyes is more realistic and stirs the passions more profoundly to terror and pity; but those rarer delights of reflection that lead the mind from a word or a phrase to roam over wide fields of fancy—all these are lost by the hurry of the scene and the limitations of the actor. A strong imagination may perhaps escape the tyranny of the senses and leave a man to dream his own dream, while the vision of

> "Thebes' and Pelops' line
> And the tale of Troy divine"

is passing unobserved before him. Emerson, we know, went once to see the Hamlet of a famed performer, and all he then heard and all he could remember of the tragedian was simply Hamlet's question to the ghost:

> "What may this mean,
> That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
> Revisit'st thus the glimpses o' the moon?"

With those magic words his imagination was carried out of the theatre and beyond the reach of the actor's voice. Hamlet was literature to him, and the performance nought.

Dryden, too, little given to dreaming as he was, seems to have found a finer pleasure in the reflective pleasures of the closet than in the coarser and more emotional appeals of the stage. But the classical example of this form of taste is Lamb, to whom, curiously enough, neither Mr. Courthope nor Mr. Walkley has

alluded. "It may seem a paradox," writes Elia in that great essay, "but I cannot help being of the opinion that the plays of Shakspere are less calculated for performance than those of almost any other dramatist whatever. Their distinguishing excellence is a reason that they should be so." Lamb does not mean quite what his words assert. He was fully aware of the acting excellence of Shakspere's dramas and of the hold they might exercise over the unvisionary crowd, but he was also aware of hidden depths of meaning and aerial fancies that no actor could reproduce and no common audience could appreciate. He knew that, beside the drama of action which could be presented on the stage, there ran, as Maeterlinck has so subtly observed, a parallel drama not meant for the eye or the ear, but for the heart of the few who had experience of the inner life. And he thought these silent exultations of the reader nobler than those more obvious joys of the listener:

"The state of sublime emotion into which we are elevated by those images of night and horror which Macbeth is made to utter, that solemn prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan—when we no longer read it in a book, when we have given up that vantage-ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, and come to see a man in his bodily shape before our eyes actually preparing to commit a murder, . . . the painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it while it yet seems unperpetrated, the too close pressing semblance of reality, give a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the book convey, where the deed doing never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence; it rather seems to belong to history—to something past and inevitable, if it has anything to do with time at all. The sublime images, the poetry alone is that which is present to our minds in the reading."

This is something different from the bald statement of Mr. Courthope that the crucial test of a play is in the reading. It leaves room for the common-sense view of Mr. Walkley that the proof of a drama, as drama, is in the acting; and it permits us to hold, further, that the drama written deliberately for the reader alone is likely to be a failure even in the closet, because it bids the reader visualize in fancy what cannot take form. The crucial test of a play as literature is, after all, simply this: that it must be at once powerful on the stage and fascinating in the closet.

THE SHADOW OF STEVENSON.

Robert Louis Stevenson died between eight and nine years ago, and yet his shadow still lies heavy upon the pages of our amateurs in literature. In admiration of Stevenson as story-teller, letter-writer, and essayist, we yield to none. We even include in our list of delectable reading a considerable part of his verse, especially that in the 'Child's Garden.' But a fondness for Stevenson, which the severely critical might regard as inordinate, cannot persuade us that his worst writing is better than any one else's best; that every word from his pen is more precious than rubies, and that the sure road to success is imitation of his mannerisms.

Shakspere and Milton stand on an eminence that makes the least scrap of their work interesting and significant. Of Burke it has been said, with a show of truth, that the only fair sample of his style is everything that he wrote. A lost magazine article by Shelley—"beautiful, ineffectual angel" though he be—would be worth rescuing from oblivion. But those who toil on the lower levels cannot, either by the attraction of their personality or the intrinsic merit of their utterances, compel any such recognition. Thackeray is a greater than Stevenson, and yet the publication of volume after volume of his waifs and strays, hasty and fugitive compositions which he was glad to forget, has added neither to his reputation nor to the edification or amusement of the public. There are plenty of men alive to-day whose pot-boilers are quite as trivial and inconsequent as Thackeray's. Why disinter buried rubbish for the benefit of an age that has surpassed all others in the production of this undesirable commodity?

On this score Stevenson himself entertained no illusions. When he was collecting the material for the Edinburgh Edition he frankly told his friends that he would leave out some of his more immature work; he would not, he declared, fill the barrow with green apples. The soundness of his judgment has been abundantly proved by his superserviceable disciples, who have reprinted essays and sketches which he and the rest of the world would willingly have let die. No rival of William Morris can start a private press without publishing, as evidence of his zeal and taste, some paper by Stevenson that should have remained in decent obscurity. The ardent collector of Stevensoniana may buy this stuff; but even he must acknowledge that all the glory of hand-made paper, deckle edges, wide margins, and the other stigmata for which a bibliomaniac hunts, cannot make the booklet worth shelf-room.

These reprints are a bore, but yet more tiresome are most of the books, essays, and poems about Stevenson. The time for lyrical laments has probably passed. Soon after the death of Stevenson, Richard Le Gallienne seized the psychological moment—whatever that may be—and with the help of a threnody lifted himself into the public gaze; but a wise fear of being classed with Le Gallienne has doubtless stopped the mouths of other aspiring poetasters. Friends who can boast of more fervor than discretion, however, have laid bare the life of Stevenson from the cradle to the grave. If any one has further details about Stevenson in Scotland, Stevenson at college, Stevenson in London, Stevenson in Belgium, Stevenson in France, Stevenson in New York, Stevenson in the Adirondacks, Stevenson in California, Stevenson in Hawaii, Stevenson in Australia, and Stevenson in Samoa, we beg him to withhold his hand and graciously to spare us.

Our most terrible pest at present is the young littérateurs who are forming themselves upon Stevenson, and are consequently writing in a style that would have driven him either to suicide or justifiable homicide. These hopeful youths have made a profound study of Stevenson—often in college—and they know the precise proportion of nouns, verbs, adjectives, color-words, and figurative turns to put into their mixture. Aware that the charm of Stevenson's essays lies in his personality, they are giving us large doses of their own personality. They, too, have a "cheerful philosophy of life" which they take as seriously as if they were the author of the Twenty-third Psalm. They labor under the delusion that it is something of a feat to write with what they call "individuality." They seem to forget that anybody with a strong right arm and no dread of ridicule can turn out at the rate of a column an hour such platitudes as these:

"In this crowded world, where every man touches the elbows of his fellows a thousand times a day, each soul dwells incommunicably alone.

"Though friendship be the treasure of time, love is the treasure of eternity.

"Let us rid ourselves of conventions and speak eye to eye and heart to heart, deep answering unto deep.

"There are three things no power on earth can shake; the mountain on its granite base, the glittering pinnacle of heaven, and the faith of a woman in the man she loves."

But it is a pity to spoil even wood-pulp paper with such inanity. A personality is always charming when it is charming; but nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand it is deadly commonplace. In most cases, then, the field for the display of it is either manual labor or those humbler forms of composition, such as editorial writing, that demand nothing more than energy and good intentions.

A VICE-PRESIDENT FOR MEXICO.

MEXICO CITY, May, 1904.

What is described by Mexican editorial pens as an "imposing manifestation of the sovereignty of the people" and something to "make the heart swell with patriotism," has just taken place in all the capitals of the States and the Federal District of Mexico, in connection with the proclamation by *bando* of some new amendments to the Constitution of this so-called Federal Republic. To one who comes from a republic where, when the Constitution is changed at all, it is usually done by the slow movement of the course of events in the minds of the people, or else by some undemonstrative but epoch-making decision of the

supreme judicial body, it is interesting to note how more frequent changes are brought about in a republic where even the mere formal ratification of amendments by the legislative power is made secondary to the display with which the Executive puts in force governmental changes which it has itself in fact originated.

First, the Federal Congress having ratified the Constitutional amendments which were formulated by the Federal Executive, they are submitted to the Legislatures of all the States. Their ratification in these bodies, which are under control of the central authority at Mexico City, just as the entire Governments of the States are so controlled, is a mere matter of course, quite as was their ratification by the Federal Congress, which is under the eye of the Executive at the capital. In this case the ratification was unanimous. The Secretary of the Interior in the Federal Government thereupon communicates the amendments to the Government of each State, in the form of a proclamation beginning: "Porfirio Diaz, Constitutional President of the United States of Mexico, to the inhabitants thereof, Know ye: That the Federal Congress has been pleased to issue the following decree," etc., and ending with the usual flourish: "Liberty and Constitution." The official gazette of each State thereupon bulletins the document, which might be considered sufficient to make it law. But the Executive in Mexico has invented a little extra - constitutional process which is designed to make the process of changing the Constitution rather more impressive.

In each State capital the detachment of Federal troops and all the constabulary force (Diaz's prized *rurales*) which can be mustered, are brought forth in the demonstration with which the Constitutional amendments are proclaimed. They set out at early-breakfast hour on Sunday morning, their triumphal passage through the streets having been announced by a half-hour's strenuous battering of all the bells of all the numerous churches (there still survives enough of the feeling against the old clerical party in the hearts of the Governmental liberals and their successors to make them delight in forcing this recognition of authority out of the churches on all purely national holidays). A body of buglers on horseback precedes, and there follow the troops a few carriages with the civil officers of the local Government. Wherever the buglers and the column halts, the new amendments are proclaimed to the assembled peons on the street-corners, who have not the least idea as a rule what the *bando* is all about, much less what the Constitution itself is; and, if possible, the proclamation is pasted up in a conspicuous place. The proclamation is done by the civil authorities, but the important side of the procession is the soldiers and the *rurales;* the masses may not know what the Constitution is, nor care, but they know what the troops are, and whom they represent.

The same ceremony was gone through in Mexico City, only in more splendid style, as a whole brigade of troops was there turned out. The show of the Executive was therefore even more imposing in it all, One was reminded of what occurred at the recent execution of a soldier in one of the prison-barracks of the capital. Few spectators were admitted, and, some cry of pity or murmured comment having arisen when the man declared his innocence, a sergeant of the army stepped forth and proclaimed: "In the name of the Republic, listen: Who raises his voice shall suffer five years of imprisonment." A new way of imposing punishments by proclamation.

The new amendments to the Constitution, which has now become all patched over with amendments, mostly relating to details, since its first promulgation in 1857, are designed to accomplish two things, viz.: to provide for the election of a Vice-President and his succession to the President, and to extend the Presidential term from four to six years. When Diaz is re-elected this year, therefore, it will be to serve until December of 1910. It would appear that the question of a successor to him was far enough in the future to make discussion over it rather academic. Still, he is a man now past seventy, and it is well understood that the provision of this year for a Vice-President is designed to open the way for some one to step quietly and naturally into his place in case he should die, or should make the proposed vacation-trip to Europe, or should fill out his full term and then retire, as is expected. The logical nominee for the Vice-Presidency, under this view of the case, is generally felt to be the able minister of finance, José Limantour. The latter, however, seems to have somewhat of the objection that is felt at times in the United States to becoming a Vice-Presidential nonentity, especially as he is very much interested in the work he has in hand of reorganizing the country's monetary system and of reorganizing also its railways under governmental control. Then, too, the older men among Diaz's adherents, who do not stand quite with the younger "progressives" in all their measures, have their candidates for the place.

The readiness to create again the post of Vice-President, after it has lain in "innocuous desuetude" for over thirty years, is significant of the feeling that there is no longer any danger in constituting an official successor to the President. In the early days of the republic, almost every Vice-President promptly began to conspire against the President, raised an army in his particular stronghold of the country, and marched to the overthrow of the administration in which he was nominally second member. Hence the revision of the Constitution to do away with the office which is now restored. It is felt that the day of such conspiracies and rebellions is past; if not wholly obviated by the change in sentiment of the people, at any rate the railroads and the telegraph lines of to-day make it impossible to raise mutinies as they once were raised.

It was not generally known in the United States that Diaz had any opponents at all for the Presidency in the election of 1900, and it was supposed that the show of opposition to him succumbed in 1896. In putting himself forward for the Presidency this year, however, Señor Nicolas Zúñiga y Miranda says that he was an opponent of Diaz for the office both in 1896 and in 1900; it does not appear, however, that he figured in the final returns with any votes. According to his autobiography, he ran for the Presidency in 1896, when he was not yet of the legal age, thirty years. It appears from the same document that he is the typical sort of agitator whom Spanish-American countries further south know so well. When fifteen years of age, he claims, he initiated the popular "strike" against the use of the new nickel coins then introduced, which "strike" began at Zacatecas, his home, and which did lead to the withdrawal of the new coins; his claim as to the origin of the affair, however, hardly agrees with the records of it. At the age of sixteen, it appears from his statements, he "made various studies and published some in astronomy, meteorology, natural sciences, hygiene, chemistry, philosophy, etc. This made him more popular, not only in this country, but also abroad, where many of his studies were reproduced." We are informed also that he has made a most profound "study" (in written form) of all the constitutions of the whole world, beginning with the Romans, but this unfortunately has not yet been given forth to the waiting public. At the age of seventeen, while studying law, he represents himself to have been the chief opponent of the recognition of the English debt. He appears to have been very much of the "opposition" always, and to have suffered imprisonment several times upon the charge of sedition. It is hardly necessary to say that his candidacy will not figure much in the ordinary newspapers of the country; he is issuing a little folio of his own in which it is presented, with the signatures of the alleged "notables" who endorse him.

Such is "popular government" where the "people" does not know that it rules, though designated in the liberal press always as "the sovereign," or else with a capital P.

CYRENE.

ROME, May 10, 1904.

So much of what is known and thought about Cyrene is dependent on explorations carried out many years ago, that an account of the present conditions of the city may be of interest. Roughly speaking, the northern coast of Africa was in ancient times divided into three parts—Egypt, the Cyrenaica, and the country under the control of Carthage. Of these regions the Cyrenaica is still but little known even to travellers and archæologists. Until recently the difficulties consequent on the nature of the country and the character of the Arabs have hindered the progress of study. The last person to visit the site was, I believe, Mr. Weld Blundell, an Englishman. This was some eight years ago, and he, I have been told, met with such trouble at the hands of the Arabs that he was forced to hurry his departure. At present the conditions are favorable to the scholar. The city is unquestionably difficult of access, for the ancient port, Apollonia, the present Marsa Suza, is not called at by the steamers that ply along the coast; its handful of population depending on overland connection with Bengasi, five days to the west, or Derna, two and a half days to the east. At neither of these places is there a proper harbor; so, not infrequently, passengers to these ports are carried past their destination, owing to the north or east winds preventing a landing. I was fortunate in not having to take this chance, being on board Mr. Allison Armour's yacht *Utowana*, a boat well known to many

students for the scientific trips her owner-captain has organized.

Our party consisted of Mr. Armour, Mr. D. G. Hogarth (one-time director of the British School at Athens), Messrs. Van Buren, Curtis, and Cross of the American School in Rome, and myself. Our minister in Constantinople, Mr. Leischman, had obtained for me, among other letters, one to the governor of Bengasi from the minister of foreign affairs in Constantinople. The weather and other reasons made it, however, necessary for us to go first to Derna, where, on explaining our purposes and showing various official letters, the Vali gave us a letter to the Captain at Marsa Suza. We did not wait long at Derna, but went at once to our destination, where we found desolate surroundings, but a most hospitable welcome. Landing early in the morning, we accomplished the inevitable coffees and compliments as quickly as courtesy would allow, and then set to work to find animals to carry us and our pack over the twelve hilly miles that separated us from Ain Shehat or Cyrene. Two horses, a donkey, and a camel were all that could be collected; and, mounted on these, with an escort of seven soldiers, we started.

Marsa Suza itself is full of interest to the archæologist, there being many tombs, a theatre, temples, and churches, all offering a rich field to the excavator. The present town consists of some forty families of Cretan refugees, and about thirty-five soldiers. It has a good water supply, brought by open aqueduct and ditch from a fine spring which breaks from the rock about two miles away, and the soil seems pretty good. The road to Cyrene leads southwest across the plain that stretches from the sea to the first terrace of the hills, which are reached in about half an hour. It climbs this terrace by a steep zigzag, which follows the line of the ancient road, the "paved" road that Battus built, the rock-cut bed of which is plainly visible a large part of the way to Cyrene. From the top of the terrace, about 1,000 feet up, one looks back at the sea with its harborless coast for the last time till Cyrene is reached. From this point the trail continues over a rocky plateau, through woods of rather low and heavy growth, for some seven or eight miles to the foot of a second terrace, on the heights of which are the ruins. But, though wooded, the verdure did not seem to me in any way worthy of the praise bestowed on it by most writers. Doubtless, conditions were very different anciently, but it is not surprising, considering the lay of the land, that the early settlers discovered the rich uplands of Cyrene only when led thither by natives; nor is it to be wondered at that, after the desert regions surrounding Cyrene, travellers, both ancient and modern, have been strongly impressed with the pleasant woods and fields of the city itself.

It is evident that the road in old times was passable for wheeled traffic, and Smith and Porcher, to whose excavations in the middle of the nineteenth centry we owe a great part of our knowledge of the city, found it possible to carry the spoil they collected down it to the sea. At several points along its course are remains of Hellenistic or Roman post and guard houses; and, what with its steep grades and the impassable ravines on either side of much of its length, it must have been easy to defend. After following it perhaps three miles, and while one is some four miles from the city, the country changes into rolling, fertile upland, in the main covered with woods, but with, considering the region and the people, a surprising amount of grain, which increases steadily as one approaches the city.

The first sign that the city is nearby are scattered sarcophagi by the roadside; then, a little further on, appear rock-cut tombs and buildings of all sorts; but it is not till at the foot of the last ascent up the second terrace on which stands the city, and about four hundred feet below the ancient acropolis, that one perceives one is approaching a very remarkable site. It is only then can be seen how the two hills on which the city was built have been carved into scores of terraces, each of which is crowded to its utmost capacity with tombs. Tombs of all sizes, tombs of all ages, tombs of every kind, carved into the back of each terrace, having Doric and Ionic façades; single and multiple tombs, some with inscriptions, some without them; and then sarcophagi cut in the solid rock and not carved separately but made by the rod, merely sawn apart at the ends and left connected at the bottom. It is the most impressive view of a necropolis I have ever seen. Those at Makri, or Myra, or Xanthus in Asia Minor are nothing to it.

Zigzagging up through these fields of the dead, the old road takes its way till it reaches the modern settlement, which is to the north of the Fountain of Apollo and on the eastern of the two hills. Here we found another very friendly young Turkish official, who, with four or five soldiers, is occupied collecting taxes. His house is built on and in one of the tombs, and this is the general custom; there are scarcely any houses, but every one lives in a tomb. Probably this has been the custom for hundreds of years, and accounts for the scantiness of the traces of the old world that the tombs offer. However, in one which was being cleared for habitation while we were there, some Roman vases were turned up, and it is scarcely to be doubted that careful search would disclose many unopened graves, especially of early date, for the Greeks of the time when the city was founded did not delight so much as their descendants in having their tombs visible. Just where to search for the earliest necropolis is not easy to say. Of the three main groups, the two already mentioned and another in a valley to the west of the acropolis, it is the latter that presents the oldest architectural forms, but the long life of the city has brought about a puzzling juxtaposition of early and late types.

The best guide to the ruins is still Smith and Porcher's map, though the cultivation of the ground since their day has caused some disappearance of buildings visible to them. The Stadium, for instance, and the temples to the north and west of it, and the reservoirs to the south, are as clear as can be, but the two smaller of the theatres are not so evident. Smith and Porcher were, however, digging rather for the sake of loot than with any scientific object, so that the ground as a whole still maintains the secret of the use and purpose of many of the shattered mounds of ruins that one sees, and the relation to the city of the streets, the direction of which can still be traced. Where was the palace? where the agora with the tombs of Battus and the early kings?

I have already referred to the two hills on which the city was built—Pindar's "white breasts of swelling earth." They are spurs of a high plateau facing north. At their foot stretch rich fields, splendid ground for the horse-breeding and agriculture that brought the city wealth. Behind them to the south reaches back indefinitely and solitary the Dark Continent, and it is as one's eye roams over this view from the top of the western of the two hills (which, notwithstanding Studnicska's arguments, no one who has been there can doubt was the acropolis) that one gets the most impressive suggestion of the ancient life. Far away east, south, west, over the dry plain, speckled here and there with herds of goats, reaching out to the palpitating horizon, are ruins: tombs above ground, others built round courtyards beneath the surface, reservoirs, forts, temples, churches, the broken records of a very great city. They extend for miles over the plain, and silently make clear that in her day "the divine city of golden-throned Cyrene" was a mighty centre of wealth and civilization. On the acropolis itself, called Grennah by the Arabs (in which form the name Cyrene still lives), there is little. On its northern slope is the fountain whose constant waters give life to the gardens just below around the *tekke* of the Senussi Arabs, and these small patches of cultivation are all that is left of the "pleasant gardens of Aphrodite." It would take some weeks to explore the region thoroughly, but a short visit suffices to make clear the richness of the site for excavation. Our country takes, comparatively speaking, so very little interest in such work that it can hardly be hoped American scholars will have the chance of emulating the work already done by English and Italians; but success, to whomever falls the undertaking, will largely depend on being tactful with the natives.

RICHARD NORTON.

BARON HUEBNER'S DIARY.—I.

PARIS, May 19, 1904.

The diary kept for nine years, from 1851 to 1859, by Count von Hübner, Austrian ambassador in Paris, may be in many respects considered an historical document. It is equally a social document, as it introduces the reader to the highest society of Paris at the time, as well as to the official world, which was in those years entirely apart from the aristocratic world. The diary, just published under the title of 'Neuf Ans: Souvenirs d'un Ambassadeur d'Autriche à Paris sous le Second Empire,' has a portrait of Count von Hübner, in his ambassador's costume. The likeness is perfect, and shows well the man as I have seen him, with his inquisitive eyes, his dry face, his thin and compressed mouth with its defiant and ironical expression. The diary is published by the son of Baron Hübner, twelve years after the latter's death, according to a wish expressed by the defunct. "These souvenirs," says the editor, "are not memoirs in the proper sense of the word, but a mere journal, to which are consigned the events and the diplomatic transactions in which my father took such a great part in his quality of

Austrian ambassador in Paris under Napoleon III."

The epoch over which the published diary extends was fertile in events, and we will name first the end of the Second Republic in France, the *Coup d'État* of the Second of December, the proclamation of the Second Empire which followed it, the recognition of this empire by the great European Powers, the marriage of Napoleon III. with Eugenia de Montijo, the complications of the Eastern Question which ended in the Crimean war, the first movements of the revolutionary party in Italy, the attempt of Orsini upon the life of Napoleon, and the impending war of France and Austria in Italy, which put an end to the mission of Baron Hübner. All these events belong to history; but what the reader will look for in the diary are the writer's judgments upon persons, his psychological study of the actors on the stage of history. The diarist is interesting also in himself. A representative of the old Roman Empire, which was then still in existence, of the most conservative power in Europe, he found himself cast in a country still convulsed by all the passions which found full play after the Revolution of 1848.

The diary begins on January 4, 1851. The year was filled with the development of the antagonism between the National Assembly and Louis Napoleon, who was the President elected by the direct suffrage of the people. The President took the command of the army of Paris out of the hands of Gen. Changarnier, who was the favorite of the Assembly and of its leaders, Molé, Dupin, Thiers, the Duke de Broglie, Berryer, Montalembert, and Odilon-Barrot. Thiers was the real chief of the parliamentary coalition. Hübner, as an Austrian, was very hostile to parliamentary government. Speaking of Thiers, he says: "He has rarely spoken with more talent and cleverness. If you wish to see to what a degree parliamentarism decomposes society and degrades men and things, read, study, meditate his speech." At that time Thiers was "high Tory," and Hübner exclaims: "Quel caméléon!" On the 2d of December he writes:

"At eight o'clock in the morning my valet enters my room; the streets, he says, are full of troops; the National Assembly is militarily occupied. A bad headache does not hinder me from traversing Paris and from sending to Prince Schwartzenberg two telegraphic dispatches and a long report. Princess Lieven, though still in bed, receives me to exchange her news with mine. Later in the day her salons resemble headquarters. The information sent by the parliamentarians crosses that sent by her friends of the Élysée. Going home in a mild rain, I find the Louis XV. bridge barred, and am obliged to make a détour. Buol, who was waiting for me at the Embassy, begs me to go to the diplomatic dinner, set for to-night, which has not been countermanded notwithstanding the events of the day. The town has the peculiar aspect of a military revolt. It reminded me of Lisbon on a pronunciamento day. . . . The President went along the boulevards on horseback. There was no demonstration either for or against him."

Hübner relates with great exactitude all that fell under his eye on the days which followed the 2d of December. On the 4th the position seemed critical; the arrest of so many Deputies, some of them very popular, displeased the *bourgeoisie*.

"The Government, having no enemy before it, is very much embarrassed. If the situation of yesterday and the day before continues, its position will be untenable. . . . The faubourgs seemed little disposed to offer or to accept battle. They prefer to fatigue the soldiers and to indispose them towards the enterprise by marches and countermarches which lead to nothing. One begins to doubt the success of the *Coup d'Etat;* at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs they don't conceal this from us."

The situation changed all at once in the afternoon of the 4th: "Suddenly, without any apparent reason, the soldiers at several points fired upon the passers-by on the boulevards, on the balconies and the windows." In a note Hübner says: "Who gave the order for the troops to fire on quiet people? It has never been learned. It is one of the most sinister traits of the conspiracy which placed Louis Bonaparte on the throne of France."

On leaving the salon of Princess Lieven, on that eventful day, Hübner went from the Rue St. Florentin to the Boulevard, which he followed as far as the Rue de Grammont with Count Buol. There they were separated by the crowd, "and I could see," he says, "a platoon firing almost *à bout portant* on the group in which Buol was. Fortunately, he was not hit." At the Union Club, where Hübner took refuge, the windows were broken by firearms. Princess Lieven metamorphosed herself rapidly into a friend of the Élysée, though her parliamentary friends had been for the greater part arrested. Guizot remained in a corner, alone and deserted. "What amuses me is the candor with which the Princess confesses her versatility and the *sans-gêne* with which she shows it."

Hübner was not long in judging the situation. On the 8th of January, 1852, he writes:

"The country is thirsting for authority; it drains with delight the cup offered it by the Government of the sword. It consoles itself, if it needs consolation, by saying to itself that the nation made its own choice of master. The parliamentarians do not try or are unable to conceal their consternation; yesterday they were sovereigns, to-day they sink into nothingness. . . . The President is master of the country. So far, his star has served him well. His power is founded on the army. 'With the army, through it, for it,' must become his device. He is master of France by right of conquest; or, rather, France has fallen into the trap laid by him and his accomplices. . . . 'Vox populi, vox Dei' is the sum of his political creed. I like to see in him thus the instrument chosen by Providence to strike on our Continent the mortal blow to parliamentarism."

Hübner shows here his absolutist bias. He was a partisan of authority; but it did not suit his ideas to see authority at the mercy of a popular vote. He was quick to discern the real affinities of Louis Napoleon. After the plébiscite which gave eight millions of votes for the restoration of the Empire, he goes to a ball at Saint-Cloud. He finds the company rather mixed. "Democratic forms and ways are not, however, to the taste of Louis Napoleon. But, a product of universal suffrage, he cannot deny his origin, and he must even brandish it. But this costs him little. . . ." They talked on the recognition of the Empire by the courts:

"Napoleon spoke with great frankness, and listened to me with marked attention. Only it is always the same thing. He speaks well, and sometimes with a true or simulated abandon, but he never takes up the arguments presented to him. He does not know how to discuss. His cold gaze, which at times is lighted by a flash, his motionless features, form an impenetrable mask; one always leaves him with the impression of not having been understood by this apparently obtuse mind, in reality perspicacious, which does not understand because it does not wish to understand, or because it will not have you perceive that he has understood you."

Elsewhere he writes:

"All eyes are fixed on the elect of the people. One scrutinizes his features, which say nothing; his eyes, which are sleepy and no more eloquent than his lips. If he opens those lips, it is to utter banalities. During his presidency, before the *Coup d'Etat*, the parliamentary leaders taxed him with stupidity and ignorance. When he spoke, or rather stammered, for the first time, Montalembert exclaimed: 'Why, this is the speech of a Swiss!' He has risen in rank: they don't call him a fool; they call him a sphinx."

Hübner saw very early through the sphinx; he felt that the Emperor meditated great changes in Europe, and he constantly warned his Government. Buol wrote to him to try to hinder Napoleon from calling himself Napoleon III.; he would not hear of the 15th of August being a national festival, as in the time of Napoleon I. "The 15th of August is not the feast-day of Louis Napoleon, nor of his uncle; it is the anniversary of the birth of the man who was the torment of Europe, and whom she placed at the bar of nations." Hübner answers: "I understand and share the legitimate indignation which the sovereigns feel at what is going on here; but I feel the duty of reporting the situation as it exists." He represented the danger of a war with France. He knew that England would give in; one after the other, the sovereigns of England, of Prussia, gave to Napoleon the title which he claimed. The marriage of the new French Emperor with Doña Eugenia de Montijo was the occasion of many interesting comments. Hübner met her for the first time at the house of Gudin the painter:

"Doña Eugenia, though pale and fatigued, was in high beauty, but overexcited to a degree which struck everybody. Two days ago the Emperor asked for her hand, but only to-night does the secret begin to transpire. After dinner, I had a long talk with the future Empress; she is very seductive."

Correspondence.

OUR NAVAL WAR CODE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of May 26, p. 403, apropos of recent incidents of the war in the Far East, you comment upon the employment of floating mines from the point of view of international law, and cite "our own Naval War Code recently issued." Allow me to call your attention to the fact that the Naval War Code, which was published with the approval of the President "for the use of the Navy and for the information of all concerned," on June 27, 1900, was revoked by the same authority on February 4, 1904—on the eve of the outbreak of war between Japan and Russia. I enclose a copy of the Navy Department's general order of that date.

Very respectfully, Frank Marble,
Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

Navy Department, Washington, May 30, 1904.

Notes.

By a slip of the pen last week we disguised the name of the Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, who is to prepare the biography of Dr. Holmes for Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s American Men of Letters series.

The Golden Treasury series of Macmillan Co. has just been enriched by a volume of 'Poems by Thomas Campbell,' selected by Lewis Campbell, who supplies a discriminating introduction, notes, and index of first lines, and an early portrait. Campbell's verse in small part has never ceased echoing. Mr. John Bartlett, in the last edition of his 'Familiar Quotations,' allowed him 42 items, filling four pages; two-thirds of these are little likely to recur nowadays in literary usage, but the other third may well be familiar a century hence.

Ginn & Co. add to their Standard English Classics the 'Essays of Charles Lamb,' competently selected and edited for schools by Professor Wauchope of South Carolina College. He has wisely done more than reproduce the "Essays of Elia," and the general reader will be glad to have, besides, the essays on Hogarth, Shakspere, and the Elizabethan Dramatists.

We have received from J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, the first 'Social Directory of Greater Pittsburgh,' compiled by Margaret A. Winans, and very liberally and handsomely printed.

Almost anything might be gathered under the title of 'A Dictionary of Names, Nicknames, and Surnames, of Persons, Places, and Things,' such as has been compiled by Edward Latham (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is, in fact, one more "reader's handbook," of 334 pages in double columns, with no great sense of proportion in the several entries. Some lines of selection can be made out, *e. g.*, the names of the several religious denominations. Though of English provenance, the work does not neglect the United States, and perhaps we can give no better idea of its scope than by enumerating a few rubrics: *America* (the yacht), *Monitor* (the ironclad), *Hassler* expedition, *Liberator* (the newspaper), Liberty Enlightening the World (the statue), Hub of the Universe, Queen City, Tammany Hall, Molly Maguires, Fugitive Slave Law, McKinley Act, Sherman Bill, Edmunds Bill (anti-polygamy), Omnibus Bill (Clay's), Old Hickory, Old Zach, Rail-splitter, Great American Traveller, Hartford Convention, Sheridan's Ride, etc. So far as we have observed, the definitions are accurate.

Under the somewhat unpromising title, 'The Dread Inferno,' Longmans, Green & Co. have published a little volume, by M. Alice Wyld, which merits hearty commendation. Its modest sub-heading, "Notes for Beginners in the Study of Dante," gives no adequate idea of its scope: it is in reality an admirable preface to the whole 'Commedia,' although it deals nominally only with the first part. After a brief but thoughtful Introduction, it tells the story of the "Inferno," explaining fully and clearly its allegorical significance and its relation to the later *cantiche*. While the author is evidently an accomplished scholar, she makes no display of barren pedantry, but dwells constantly upon the universality of Dante's message and the directness of his appeal to a modern reader.

Mr. Arthur Henry, whose experience in 'An Island Cabin' aroused some interest, now transports us to the Catskills, and relates the construction there of 'The House in the Woods' (A. S. Barnes & Co.). While it is exasperating to read of any one's making such stupid blunders as are here narrated, a pleasant impression is produced by the account of the virtues of Mr. Henry's neighbors. A great part of the book consists of conversations in the vernacular, and the style seldom rises above the commonplace. The interest of the story lies chiefly in the description of the manner in which practical difficulties in building were surmounted.

It might seem that the public was sufficiently informed concerning industrial combinations, but Mr. H. C. Richie has been moved to add to the list of books on the subject one entitled 'Trusts and the Public Welfare' (New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.). Mr. Richie presents no new facts, furnishes little verification for his figures, and, as he appears to be a protectionist, is naturally unable to suggest any novel remedies for the evils that he deplores, unless we regard seriously the proposition that only corporations of small capital shall be allowed.

What may be called the political socialism of the present day is the subject of a work by R. C. K. Ensor, entitled 'Modern Socialism' (Charles Scribner's Sons). Very little space is given to the theories of the earlier Socialists and the systems of doctrine which they developed. Instead of these rather dreary and obsolete discussions, Mr. Ensor gives us selections from the writings of men actively engaged in carrying out socialistic principles in government. The extent to which socialism is applied in practice is now very great in England — the country where the Socialists as a party figure least. In the English colonies the experiment has been tried in its extreme form; but in some of the European countries municipal socialism has made much progress. These selections are very impressive in their showing of the extent and force of the tendency to increase the functions of government. They throw little light on the effect on the quality of government of its enlarged responsibilities.

Volumes X. and XI. of Miss Hapgood's translation of Turgeneff (Scribners) contain the short stories printed in Vol. V. of the Russian edition. Among them are "The Inn" and "The Two Friends," which, as a correspondent pointed out in the *Nation* for April 21, do not appear in Mrs. Garnett's version.

Parts 24 and 25 of the 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana 1847-1899' (Milan: Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) still do not exhaust the prolific letter P. *Progetto* and *Programma* are among the longer rubrics. Silvio Pellico is a very lively classic, and fills one and a quarter pages to Petrarch's one and a half. A character comedy, published in Milan in 1871 and in Florence two years later, is entitled "Le Prigioni di Boston," and might be worth examination by the curious. The foreign contingent in these two fascicles is noticeably small. Quite the biggest gun is Ponson du Terrail, who appears to have struck the Italian chord very true. Translations of his works fill a page, and have been going on from 1858 to 1898. For a like period, 1857-1894, this may be said of Prévost's 'Manon Lescaut.' Poe's Tales took hold of the Italian fancy in 1869, and show four issues in the double decade following; his "Raven" and poems generally were adopted in 1890-92. All Prescott's historical works have been translated, 'Ferdinand and Isabella' in 1847-8, 'Philip II.' as late as 1866; but, naturally, once for all in each case.

Volume VI. of the new output of 'Meyers Grosses Conversations-Lexikon' (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) finishes the letter E and nearly exhausts F (Erdeessen—Franzén). Geography, Europe, France, the telephone, fortifications and their reduction, fire service and insurance, fish-hatcheries and fixed stars, are some of the more important articles. There is a useful alphabetical table of inventions in which America figures well in the front on the practical side, with Fulton's Hudson River steamboat, Edison's incandescent lamp, Bell's telephone, Morse's telegraph, and the Atlantic Cable (credited to Cyrus Field in the biographical sketch of him in this volume), Goodyear's vulcanization of rubber, Howe's sewing-machine, the Remington typewriter—enormous gifts to the world. Here we observe the panorama credited to Du Crest, and its improvement to Breysig in 1792. Dr. Murray, in the latest instalment of the Oxford Dictionary, assigns it to Robert Barker, who took out his patent in 1787, but with a French designation—"la nature à coup d'œil." Some two years later he hit upon the name panorama. Barker's biographer in the Dictionary of National Biography notices the disputed origin of the idea. As the universal language Esperanto appears to be taking some hold in French scientific publications, we call attention to the account of it here. There are numerous maps of Europe in many aspects, four of France, two of Frankfort and its environs, and one of Florence, to mention a part. Add the customary cuts and full-page illustrations in black-and-white and in colors.

The garden of South America, according to Col. G. E. Church in the *Geographical Journal* for May, is the extensive region where Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru meet. Unequalled in fertility and natural resources, its trade is still carried on every year with "greater loss of health, life, and material than an active military campaign, and the human suffering is appalling." After describing the three main routes by which the rubber, its principal product, is taken to the ocean, he briefly sketches the boundary disputes which have prevented the construction of roads and railways. These, however, are apparently terminated by the treaty signed last November, which "goes far towards making the grand inland reservoir of the Amazon an international sea, to be used in common by all the republics which have rivers flowing into it." A railway is immediately to be built by Brazil with a branch into Bolivia, and both countries are to make use of it with the same privileges and tariffs. Any disagreement as to the demarcation of the new boundary lines which the two governments cannot adjust, is to be submitted to the Royal Geographical Society for arbitration. Mr. C. Russell gives an interesting account of a journey in eastern Mongolia, in which he says that the most striking peculiarity of the people "is their

indifference to money, for which they seem literally to have no use. They place all they have at the disposal of the stranger, but no payment is expected." Peculiar also were the natives of whom Capt. Maud tells in his description of his journey to explore the East African and Abyssinian frontier territory. One tribe not only is without clothing, but builds no huts of any sort. "Rain causes them no more inconvenience than it does an antelope."

The *Annales de Géographie* for May opens with a discussion of the province of medical geography to-day. With the discovery of the causes of contagious diseases the special interest in their geographical location ceases. Instead, therefore, of volumes containing these geographical facts, such as have been recently published, a series of maps is all that is necessary. Commercial geography is represented by a suggestive study of the four great Atlantic ports of France, this first part being devoted to Nantes and Saint-Nazaire. The aim of the writer is to show the causes of the failure of these ports to secure a larger ocean traffic—their total annual tonnage being less than that of Marseilles and far inferior to that of Antwerp and Hamburg. The main cause is apparently the lack of the industrial development of the towns themselves and the adjacent country. This creates a situation best described by a French shipowner: "Too many mouths, no stomach." Marseilles, for instance, has become a manufacturing city, while Bordeaux is content to remain simply a seaport. Other articles are one upon some place names in the valleys of the Moselle and the Meuse, and an historical sketch of the iron industry in the department of the Haute-Marne—an industry which, fifty years ago, held the first rank in France, but has now almost ceased to exist.

"Raubwirtschaft," or the taking from nature without making a return, is the subject of an informing article by Dr. E. Friedrich in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, No. 3. This robbery of nature, he remarks at the outset, is a characteristic, not of savages, but of the peoples most advanced in civilization. Several illustrations are given of the care shown by ignorant natives in preserving their food supplies. The cutting down of a cola-tree is forbidden by the chief of the Gold Coast negroes; the Australian savage may not kill birds or destroy nests. Then follows an account of the manner and extent to which civilized peoples exhaust their natural resources, mineral, agricultural, and animal. A geologic sketch of Kamchatka, by Prof. K. Bogdanovitch, is more than a mere summary of the scientific results of his year's exploration. Much information is given in regard to the country and the people, and there is a graphic account of crossing a mountain pass in winter, during which the expedition was buried in the snow for two days. Topographic and geologic charts of unusual excellence accompany the paper.

A lively discussion of the great walls of Babylon is being carried on in the journal of the German Orientgesellschaft between Dr. Koldewey, the leader of the Society's excavating expedition in Babylon, and Dr. Delitzsch, its president. More exactly stated, the point at issue is the course of the two walls, Imgur-Bel and Nimitti-Bel, so frequently mentioned in the inscriptions. Koldewey claims to have found these on the chief hill of the city, the Kasr; the Imgur-Bel being the wall of the so-called South Castle and the Nimitti-Bel that of the North Castle immediately adjoining, which was fortified by Nebuchadnezzar. Delitzsch maintains that Koldewey has made the precincts encircled by these walls entirely too narrow. He also maintains that the Nimitti-Bel is shown by certain inscriptions to have been older than the time of Nebuchadnezzar. He argues largely, too, on philological grounds.

The Société des Antiquaires de France, the oldest and largest archæological society in the country, has just celebrated its first centennial, the meeting being held in the Louvre, with Paul Durrien as president. Among other works in honor of this event is the publication of a magnificent archæological volume entitled 'Livre d'Or.'

In consequence of the destruction of so many valuable manuscripts by the burning of the Library of Turin, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres in Paris at its last meeting decided to have photographic reproductions made of the most important manuscripts under its charge, so that in case of a loss of the originals at least these copies would be preserved. This resolution was taken at the earnest solicitation of men like Salomon Reinach, Paul Meyer, and Dieulafoy. A bill has already been introduced in the Legislature to set aside the sum of one hundred thousand francs for this purpose, to be applied first to the use of the public libraries of France.

For the International Archæological Congress, which has been called to meet in Athens in the Easter season of 1905, arrangements are being made on an extensive scale, and an exceptionally large number of important questions will be brought up for discussion. The arrangement committee expects to secure favorable action on the publication of a bibliographical Annual of Archæology, international in scope. Then an Ephemeris of Greek inscriptions is to be issued, on the model of the publication of the same character dealing with Latin inscriptions, but fuller and to appear more promptly. Especial efforts are to be made to secure the publication of a comprehensive collection of Greek inscriptions in more handy form and cheaper than the great Berlin Corpus. The proposed collection of Christian and Byzantine inscriptions is practically the same as the Corpus Inscriptionum Christianarum planned by a number of French scholars. Another matter suggested by the arrangement committee is the introduction of archæological instruction in the secondary schools.

—With deep regret we announce the death of Dr. Robert Porter Keep at Farmington, Conn., on June 3 of pneumonia. A more genuine scholar or earnest and enlightened educator is seldom to be met with. He had just passed his sixtieth birthday, and was looking forward to a fresh career of usefulness as head of the famous school for girls bequeathed to him by his aunt, the late Miss Sarah Porter. Graduating from Yale in 1865, he was from 1869 to 1871 United States Consul at Peiræus, conformably to his interest in the Greek language and antiquities. From 1876 to 1885, he was teacher of Greek in Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Mass., and from 1885 to 1903 head of the flourishing Free Academy at Norwich, Conn. This position he abandoned in order to return to his birthplace and take charge of the Farmington School. The new responsibility was aggravated by a dissension in the teaching force which led to a serious secession, and to partisan animadversions in the press which belied his simple integrity. For such wrangling he was ill fitted, and he preferred to bear in silence, keeping straight upon his path. His personality was full of gentleness and mellow sweetness, in grain fine above the common, of high tone and aspiration. Soon after he was established at Easthampton he became a contributor to the *Nation*, and such he remained, if intermittently, to the day of his death. The last review from his pen was that of the Life of Edward Bowen in our issue of May 26 (No. 2030). His best-known work is his Homeric Dictionary.

—The leading article in the *Atlantic*, in food for thought as in position, is the paper by John H. Denison on the "Great Delusion of Our Time." The delusion in question is the idea that the scientific progress of the past century has given us the final criteria of truth, putting us in an intellectual position in comparison with which the great intellects of the past are to the thinkers of our day as pygmies to giants. Mr. Denison applies to this conceit the touchstone of our success in dealing with the great social problems of our time, showing that the most advanced thinkers among those who would treat such questions by the methods of physical evolution, have nothing better to offer us than the theory of war to the death for the upper hand—the primitive philosophy of the Troglodyte. The second instalment of Ruskin's correspondence with Professor Norton reveals him for the most part beating his wings ineffectually against the many bars which shut him off from the paths he would have followed. In this period of doubt and depression it is interesting to find repeated tributes to the helpfulness of the writings of Lowell, with which Professor Norton kept him supplied from time to time. "I have written your initials and mine in the two volumes of Lowell (how delightful the new prefaces to the Fable!). He does me more good in my dull fits than anybody, and makes me hopeful again. What a beautiful face he has!" Col. Higginson, for once detaching himself from the great social interests of his life, contributes a readable paper on "Butterflies in Poetry." It must be due merely to a slip of memory that we find no mention of Lowell's "Fountain of Youth," with its yellow butterflies wavering over the goat's-beard and asters,

> "Like souls of dead flowers,
> With aimless emotion
> Still lingering unready
> To leave their old bowers."

—The beginning of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," in the June *Harper's*, gives the editor the text for some interesting paragraphs on Mrs. Ward's place in contemporary fiction. She has shown, he thinks, a distinct and steady progress away from mental specialties toward the catholicity which is now a striking feature of her work. In her fuller development, the instinct for pure art leads her to such self-detachment as will allow life to utter itself after its own patterns, whether native or conventional. Mrs. Ward's choice is to deal with the conventional, showing

her readers human life in its structural harmonies, not searching down nearest the soil for her characters, as George Eliot and Thomas Hardy. Her appeal, then, we are told, is distinctively to the "polite"; and the large audience which she has built up is almost a proof that culture itself has become popular, using the word in its best sense, and not as applied to the "popular" books which make such a display in the marketplace. And yet she gets close to nature in her own way. The deeply passionate heart is there, the elemental note is heard, though modulated by the conventional forms of refined modern society. Professor Lounsbury continues his studies in English usage with a paper on the expressions *had liefer, had rather,* and *had better.* Mr. Swinburne contributes a six-page poem on "The Altar of Righteousness," not very easy June reading for the literary man, but well calculated to draw the fire of the theologian.

—In its table of contents the June *Century* certainly "makes a record" in number of entries, the different items, large and small, aggregating fifty. This is due to the determination of the editor that each State and Territory west of the Alleghanies shall be represented in a distinctively Western issue, a generosity not likely to be appreciated in every instance. Doubtless Utah, for example, would have been better pleased to be passed over in silence, just now, than to find the longest article in the whole number devoted to her "peculiar institution." Mormonism has been so thoroughly ventilated, both in its good points and in its bad, that the writer of this particular paper, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, can hardly be blamed for his failure to bring out anything new. Ohio contributes several plums to the pudding, most noticeable among which is a sonnet by John Hay, "Thanatos Athanatos," set in marginal decorations by R. Weir Crouch, and confronted by a fine reproduction of Sargent's portrait of the author. It may be safely said that the critic does not live who could read these supposed locally representative productions without the names of the authors and assign to one-half of them their correct geographical distribution. The mixing agencies are so great that almost any production in the list before us might readily have been produced by any one of many widely separated localities. Solon H. Borglum is included as "a sculptor of the prairie," but his artistic ambition did not lay hold of him seriously during the years of his prairie life in Nebraska. He was born in Utah, and his serious study of sculpture has been pursued first in California, then in Cincinnati, next in Paris, and still later among the Indians of the Crow Creek Reservation in South Dakota. All in all, the *Century* has demonstrated rather the growing cosmopolitanism of all parts of the country than the local peculiarities of any. Our literary democracy bids fair to be relentlessly true to its theory, and develop its brains equally in all parts of its body.

—The distinctively Western number of the *Century* is strongly supplemented in the other leading June magazines. Reuben Gold Thwaites contributes to *Scribner's* an article of sixteen pages on the recently discovered personal records of Lewis and Clark, with illustrations from the documents themselves, and from family relics, supplied by the present owners, Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhis and Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhis of New York city. The few extracts given from this new material amply justify the assertion of Mr. Thwaites that it is aglow with human interest The find is especially opportune, since it makes it possible to give to the world practically all the original records of the expedition in time for the Lewis and Clark Centennial, to be celebrated in Portland, Oregon, in 1905. Henry Loomis Nelson, in *Harper's,* endeavors to characterize "the Middle West," in distinction from adjoining regions. The democracy of this section, he thinks, is more real and impressive to those who like democracy, and at the same time more oppressive to those who do not. At heart, however, it is essentially sound, and a product of which no one need feel ashamed. It is here, we are told, that one finds the largest aggregate of the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of everyday life. An Ohioan will hardly know what Mr. Nelson means by the statement that the New England town meeting, along with the New England prayer meeting, has moved onward through the Mohawk Valley and settled down in Ohio and the neighboring States. The prayer meeting was effectively transplanted, but the town meeting never got its roots into vital connection with Ohio soil. In the *Atlantic* we get a bit of the West in detail, in Meredith Nicholson's appreciative study of Indianapolis. It is essentially a city of homes and home-loving people, we are told; exceptionally prosperous on the average, but not so dominated by millionaires that the owner of a quarter of a million cannot be called rich. Its people are cultivated, yet simple; able to read their Emerson or Browning in the evening, and yet not too proud to go into the public marketplace next morning and pick out their own yellow-legged chicken for dinner. The city has not aspired to catch the quick pace of Chicago, but finds its kindred spirit rather in Baltimore, Washington, or Hartford. We are somewhat puzzled over the story of an Indianapolis Federal judge, who had the habit of locking the door of his office to the end that some attorney, calling on business, might listen to an Horatian ode. Are we to find the explanation in the fact that an Indianapolis judge loved Horace, or that Indianapolis attorneys would listen to Horace only under lock and key?

—It was a happy thought to notice the centenary of the death of Alexander Hamilton by republishing in handsome form and in a limited edition William Coleman's 'Collection,' first issued in 1804. The Burr-Hamilton duel will always possess a romantic interest from the characters of the men involved, and the tragic ending has blinded us to certain defects in Hamilton's qualities quite as much as it has emphasized the evil side of Burr's reputation. The bitterness of political conflict led the greater man to exert his high abilities in disrupting his party, and thereby hasten its permanent defeat; the bitterness of political disappointment led Burr to seek vengeance against the man who had been so powerful an opponent, and whose very existence meant a closure of all avenues of preferment in State and national administration. The shock given to the community is reflected in this Collection, which was compiled by a friend and warm admirer. "I have lost my best earthly friend, my ablest adviser, and my most generous and disinterested patron," said Coleman, who wished to show his gratitude by defending Hamilton's memory against the attacks of his enemies, and "to silence the voice of calumny forever." The extravagance of panegyric is noticeable throughout, but the sincere grief of a friend excuses much, and the general horror expressed at the needless sacrifice of a brilliant career through a barbarous custom gives the compilation a social value apart from the personal. Bishop Seymour of Illinois is responsible for the reprint, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers. A table of contents and an index should have been inserted.

—While the total attendance at the twenty-two German universities last term was 37,881 regular students, at the fourteen French universities it was 30,405. Of this number Paris alone reports about two-fifths, namely, 12,948. In Germany there is no such preponderance of a single institution. Berlin, indeed, leads with an enrolment of 7,503, but Munich is a good second with 6,609, and Leipzig closely follows with 3,772. These constitute the three great German universities; only one other, Bonn, with 2,294, passing the two thousand mark. After Paris come in order Bordeaux, with 2,320; Toulouse, with 2,191; Montpellier, with 1,707; Nancy, with 1,327; Rennes, with 1,190; Lille, with 1,164; Aix-Marseille, with 1,081; Dijon, with 880; Poitiers, with 863; Caen, with 752; Grenoble, with 705; Besançon, with 333; and Clermont, with 299. According to faculties, the distribution in the French universities is as follows: 10,972 in the law department, 6,686 in the medical, 4,765 in that of natural science, 4,384 in the philosophico-philological, and 3,014 in the pharmaceutical. The total number of foreigners is about two thousand, while Germany, for the same term, reports 3,114, showing that the systematic efforts put forth by the French during recent years to attract foreigners have only partially succeeded. In both countries the Russians head this contingent, being 973 in Germany and 450 in France. Rather singularly, in France the next on the list are the Persians, with some 200, nearly all in the medical faculty. In German universities the Persians are practically not represented at all, the small Asiatic enrolment being chiefly Japanese. The Turks also seem to prefer France to Germany, the numbers being respectively 371 and 113. The opposite is true of the Americans, for Germany claims 321, and France only 57. The enrolment of women is practically the same in the two countries, being 1,129 in France and a few more in Germany. Of the 448 non-French women nearly all are Russian. The newly organized universities in France, which came into existence through the law of 1877, and which have always had up-hill work to hold their own against the educational centralization in Paris, complain that matters have been made worse by the new arrangements according to which the École Normale in Paris, formerly an independent school, has now been made the pedagogical seminary of the Paris University. In the Paris *Siècle,* Professor Clédat of Lyons protests against this innovation, as it takes away from the Faculté des Lettres in the

provinces their best students. He fears that the present educational policy of the Government will, in the course of time, mean the destruction of the provincial universities.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

The Life of Edward FitzGerald. By Thomas Wright. In two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

Nearly a generation has passed since the death of Edward FitzGerald. In the early eighties he was known to a very few discriminating persons as the translator of Omar, and to many more as the intimate friend of more famous men, such as Thackeray and Tennyson, and Spedding, the editor of Bacon. That the reputation of FitzGerald has gradually disengaged itself from the second-hand immortality of affectionate references in the biographies of others, is mainly due to Mr. Aldis Wright, who in 1889 published his 'Letters and Literary Remains,' following them up with further 'Letters,' including those to Fanny Kemble, and 'Miscellanies,' and finally, in 1903, with the *édition de luxe* of FitzGerald's complete 'Works,' which is likely to remain the standard edition. In his preface to the first series of 'Letters' in 1889, Mr. Aldis Wright remarked that they were a sufficient record of a life that was too contemplative to lend itself to a formal biography. But nowadays Fitzgerald is a popular poet. All who read poetry read Omar; and since "the Philosophy of it is one that, Alas! never fades in the World," Omar is a favorite with many who never look between the covers of any other poet of the Victorian era. Last year died E. B. Cowell, professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge, the only begetter of the English Omar, since but for his influence FitzGerald might never have read Persian. He was the last survivor of the half-dozen friends whom FitzGerald loved so sincerely, saw so seldom, took no trouble to see. That is the time to write a man's life—when no feelings can be hurt, while the memory of his actual personality and habits has not had time to fade.

Mr. Thomas Wright proved his sympathy with the life of contemplation by his biography of Cowper. FitzGerald's personality and his poems are nearer and dearer than Cowper's to our generation, and Mr. Wright might have spared us a good deal of the preface, which insists too much on the novelties that he has to offer, and is as undignified as a publisher's advertisement of the latest sensation. To consider first the new material which he tabulates, he has consulted, as of course any biographer would, a great number of unpublished letters. He has discovered that the original of Phidippus in 'Euphranor' was W. Kenworthy Browne—an identification which he regards as one of the "most interesting revelations" of his work. Browne was very dear to FitzGerald, his ideal man, a country squire not unacquainted with letters, who was possibly, though not certainly, as Mr. Wright affirms, the model for Pendennis. A biographer must not, of course, conceal the weaknesses of his subject, as though he were the hero of a novel. But he should refrain from dwelling on his maudlin moods. Considering what he calls his "vegetable blood," "Fitz" was easily carried away by his amiable tendency to idealize his friends. One of these enthusiasms he lavished on Browne. Mr. Wright, however, quotes nothing to prove that for him this amiable country gentleman was at once "Jonathan, Gamaliel, Apollo—the friend, the master, the god; there was scarcely a limit to his devotion and admiration; and literary history offers no parallel to the conjuncture" (p. 158). In 1859, Browne died from a fall from his horse. Five years later FitzGerald formed an intimacy with the sailor Fletcher, whom he nicknamed "Posh." Mr. Wright is so proud of his discoveries of what really filled that uneventful life at Woodbridge that he devotes sixty-two pages to "The Yacht and Posh" and "Chiefly Posh." If Fitz at sixty was an old fool, we must of course face the fact, but why dwell on it?

From the "thirty-two new anecdotes" advertised by his biographer we select the following about "Posh":

"When Posh was at Woodbridge, no food or drink was good enough for him. On one occasion, after an imperial feast, Alfred Smith being present, Posh felt inclined for a rest and laid himself full length on the sofa. 'Poor fellow,' said FitzGerald, in sincere tones, 'look how tired he is.' 'It seems to me,' said Mr. Smith, 'that you have made him half drunk with your old Scotch ale.' . . . He could scarcely bear to have his 'great man' out of sight. In letters he addressed him as 'My old Stull,' 'My dear old Swiper.' . . . One day a gentleman stepped towards Posh and asked some question about the wind and tide. Suddenly FitzGerald made up to them, and, taking Posh by the guernsey, pulled him away, saying to the stranger, 'This is *my* guest.' 'He made me,' commented Posh, 'to look a complete cake.' So unusual, indeed, was FitzGerald's behavior that many Lowestoft people took him for a madman, and Posh for his keeper."

The chapter which has the suggestive title "Chiefly Posh" is, indeed, devoted chiefly to reminiscences of this dubious sort, reported to Mr. Wright by Mr. Alfred Smith and Posh himself. FitzGerald's disillusion came at last. Posh took to drink, and a rather melancholy situation becomes humorous when one observes the translator of Omar, the poet of the tavern, laboring in vain to convert his fallen idol to the pleasures of total abstinence. Yet, as late as 1877, we must needs be assured, in the chapter on Fanny Kemble, that FitzGerald is "still full of his Great Man and his Great Man's lugger, house, dog, cat, bird, brother, father, mother, wife, and baby" (p. 168).

Mr. Wright does not give his authority for the "discovery" that FitzGerald was in love with Caroline Crabbe, the granddaughter of the poet (p. 163). But his statement in another connection (p. 93) that we shall never know what sort of letters he wrote to her, implies that his evidence is not direct. FitzGerald was singularly indifferent to women. Their society amused him on occasion, and he was on friendly terms with several. The charming verses on the death of Anne Allen, published in the 'Miscellanies,' tempt Mr. Wright to suspect on the part of FitzGerald a feeling more intense than friendship. We quote from this short lyric, which should take its place in Victorian anthologies, where FitzGerald figures as the poet of a small though independent field. He had, in fact, a fairly wide range of poetic activity, and though he thought on the publication of 'In Memoriam' that "the world wants other notes than elegiac now," he could, when he pleased, write such elegy as the following:

"The wind blew keenly from the western sea
And drove the dead leaves slanting from the tree—
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
Heaping them up before her father's door,
When I saw her whom I shall see no more—
We cannot bribe thee, Death.

. . . . . .

Idly they gaze upon her empty place,
Her kiss hath faded from her father's face:
She is with thee, O Death."

Only one woman left her mark on the life of FitzGerald, and that was the one who embittered the last twenty-seven years of it—his wife. He was born an old bachelor, and born indolent. At thirty-five he takes the tone of a man of seventy: "A little Bedfordshire—a little Northamptonshire—a little more folding of the hands—the same faces—the same fields—the same thoughts occurring at the same turns of road. My garden is covered with yellow and brown leaves. . . . My parsons come and smoke with me." The wish to exert one's self, "the highest wish a FitzGerald can form," he never formed. At forty he shrank from travelling twenty miles. He could only envy the acquisitive and capacious souls of other men. An early marriage, or another woman, might have electrified him into ambition; but he was forty-seven when, against his better judgment and the warnings of his friends, he married Lucy Barton, a formal, conventional old maid, as unadaptable as himself. He thought her no better than a cannibal because she would not adopt his "Lenten fare"; she disliked his slovenly clothes and unsociable habits. Cheyne Row was a dovecote to the FitzGerald ménage. To the proud and sensitive soul of FitzGerald the vulgar contest of wills, the small tyrannies of a fussy martinet, soon became intolerable. An informal separation ended the six months of married life, and though on her visits to Woodbridge he occasionally encountered his wife, they never again exchanged speech. Once, when he and Posh were walking through Woodbridge, "a lady approached them, taking off her glove. FitzGerald said in an undertone with tremor: 'It's my wife,' and, removing his glove, he advanced to meet her. He put out his hand, and their fingertips had all but touched when he turned round suddenly and, seizing the sailor's guernsey, said, 'Come along, Posh,' and they walked silently away."

Literary criticism is not Mr. Wright's strong point. We could have spared a good many of his pages on Persian, Spanish, and Greek literature; on the other hand, we should have looked for a closer psychological study of FitzGerald himself. It is as though he had not realized the contradictions that make the translator of Omar an enigma. Here was a man born and bred in the heavy air of "Silly Suffolk," the Bœotia of England, content with its rather dull and colorless landscape, content to see Italy through Frederic Tennyson's eyes, and India through Cowell's. At the time when he was revising Omar and translating the "Agamemnon," he was absorbed in a sentimental and foolish attachment to Posh. Yet he could sing without a touch of sentimentality about roses and the moon and nightingales—a real triumph for a British poet. He bought bad pictures and was convinced that they were Titians, but he never made a mistake in the coloring of

his words. His imagination was Hebraic under that British surface. His anemones in spring are "to blow Tyrian dyes"; the cliffs cut sea and sky

"As silver scissors slice a blue brocade."

Finally, from the provincial atmosphere of Woodbridge he sent out a picture of the East, its fatalism, its joy of life, its *carpe diem* philosophy that has forever driven out Tom Moore's Persian artificialities and poured a new spirit into the old mould which was cast by generations of disillusioned poets, from Mimnermus down.

Mr. Wright's industry in collecting facts about the mad FitzGeralds and their friends extends to the illustrations, which are numerous and interesting. He has added no less than sixteen appendices, dealing with pedigrees, parish registers, and bibliographies. At the end he reproduces some pages of a commonplace book containing sketches by FitzGerald. The general getup of the book is very attractive. On page 120 Prof. C. E. Norton is spoken of as "of New York," which was true neither in 1873 nor at any other date.

THE PHŒNICIANS AND THE ODYSSEY.

Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée. Par Victor Bérard. Volume II. Paris: Armand Colin. 1903. Pp. 638.

In this volume Bérard concludes his arguments in favor of the thesis that the Odyssey is a Phœnician *periplus*, or *portulan*, anthropomorphized into a Greek poem. Each of the stories of the poem, according to his view, is simply the development of some phrase found in the original nautical directions for Semitic sailors; and though the poet gave the poem some embellishments, and some literary quality by the choice of words and arrangement of episodes, yet it contains still more exact, scientific, geographical truth. And as the wanderings of Ulysses are based on a Phœnician *portulan*, the story of the wanderings of Menelaus is founded on an Egyptian tale, which reached the Greek poet through the Phœnicians. "The Semite furnished the block of marble; from this the Greek carved the statue." "The poet was a Greek, but Ulysses was a Phœnician." The poet "gave human life and personality to words, things, or beings mentioned in the *periplus*." Thus, the cave of the Cyclops is identified with the "Grotto of Sejanus," the tunnel more than half a mile in length through the rock of Posilipo, of which one sees the mouth on the road from Naples to Pozzuoli. The tunnel was made near the beginning of our era, but our author believes a cavity must have existed previously to suggest the tunnel. The Cyclopes themselves are Oscans, who "may have been cannibals" a thousand years before Christ, and whom strangers naturally would strive to conciliate with gifts of wine, such as Ulysses offered as a libation to Polyphemus. The smoke of the Cyclopes which Ulysses saw from a neighboring island was the fumes from the craters, Solfatara and the rest, which explain also the thick mist about the Achæan ships as they came to land. The little island on which the Greeks landed was Nisida, just off Posilipo, but the story of its being frequented by wild goats was borrowed from Goat Island (*Capri*) across the bay. Polyphemus himself was one of the neighboring volcanoes, each of which, when seen on a relief map, gives the impression of being a round eye. Each crater is independent, like the Cyclopes, and does not disturb its neighbors, but may belch forth disagreeable things and even throw rocks. Thus, one of these volcanoes became a thrower of rocks and a devourer of men, and the poet assigned to it the rude customs of the Oscans. Indeed, it was not wholly anthropomorphized, for the poet says expressly that Polyphemus was "not like to a bread-eating man, but to a woody summit of lofty mountains which appears alone apart from the rest." Our author thinks that a page or two from Achæan pastoral life may have been inserted in this story of the Cyclops and his flocks, but yet perhaps all was taken from the *periplus*.

Similarly, the thunny fishery on the coast of Sardinia is thought to suggest to the poet the massacre of Ulysses' companions by the Læstrygonians, and the chase of sword-fish and sea-dogs on the shores of Sicily was the basis for the horrible deeds of Scylla. In order to leave the grotto of Calypso, Ulysses builds a raft, not a boat, because on the Spanish shores near Gibraltar such barges were used by the natives. The hero is brought twice to the island of Æolus, simply to show first the kindly reception granted when the north wind blows, and second the inhospitable rage of Stromboli with the wind from the south; for Æolus, the master of the winds, is a volcano as well as Polyphemus, and evidence is adduced to prove not only that, in the belief of mariners, Stromboli is a good barometer, but that the activity of the volcano is affected by the direction of the wind.

If the author were an ordinary literary man, and had published his views in a monthly magazine, the reader would doubt either his seriousness or his learning; but his scholarship is beyond question, and the two volumes of more than 1,200 large pages, with more than 240 maps, plans, and other illustrations, leave no doubt that he is in earnest. He is an accomplished scholar, a professed geographer, and an influential writer on political questions. He undertakes to identify every site mentioned in the Odyssey—not merely approximately but exactly, such confidence has he in the poet's strict adherence to the topographical details of his Phœnician authority.

In the first volume of this work, as our readers may remember, he discussed the travels of Telemachus, and endeavored to determine the site of Calypso's island at the foot of Monkey Mountain, just outside of the Straits of Gibraltar, on the African side, and that of the city of the Phæacians, on the west side of the island of Corfu. In this volume, he follows Ulysses on his wanderings, to the land of the Cicones (Marona, opposite Kavala, in Thrace), thence to the land of the Lotus Eaters (Aghir, on the island of Djerba, near the Lesser Syrtis), thence to the island opposite Polyphemus's land (Nisida, near Posilipo), thence to the island of Æolus (Stromboli), and, after a vain attempt to reach Ithaca, to the Læstrygonians (Porto Pozzo, on the north coast of Sardinia), to Circe's palace (Monte Circeo, on the coast between Naples and Rome), then to the house of Hades (on Lake Avernus, near Naples), then, after a brief call at Circe's dwelling, past the rocks of the Sirens (the Galli, just south of Sorrento, in the bay of Paestum), and Scylla (at the Strait of Messina), to the island of the Sun (just north of the harbor of Messina), and to Cape Schiso, just south of Taormina. Thence, of course, to Calypso's island, and finally to Ithaca.

The most obvious criticism on the work before us is that the poem does not afford indications sufficiently distinct to determine the exact geographical position of these sites. Take, for example, the land of the Lotus Eaters. On their way from Troy, as Ulysses and his companions were rounding one of the southern promontories of Peloponnesus, Cape Malea, "the Cape Horn of ancient navigation," the current and the north wind carried them past Cythera, and for nine days they "were borne by destructive winds over the fishy sea," but on the tenth day they came to the land of the Lotus Eaters. Ulysses sent for information three of his companions, who were received hospitably by the Lotus Eaters, and who enjoyed the fruits so heartily that they must be brought back to their ship by force. Sailing thence, they came to the land of the Cyclopes. That the Lotus Eaters dwelt to the south of Greece is clear, for Ulysses was borne by a north wind; but the poet gives no indication either of the direction or of the length of the voyage from their land to that of the Cyclopes. Only a bold scholar would dare to select a particular harbor on the Libyan coast for the home of the Lotus Eaters; the Homeric boat could land on any sandy shore. For the visit of Ulysses to Hades, Bérard follows views which are reported by the geographer Strabo. The house of Hades is taken literally; it is the Grotto of the Sibyl, and the hot spring on the west shore of the Lucrine Lake is Homer's Pyriphlegethon. Ulysses does not enter Hades, but the souls come forth; he sees neither the Asphodel Plain nor the rivers of the lower world. The pit into which he makes sacrifice is outside of Hades. His expedition to Hades has nothing in common with the descents of Orpheus and of Heracles, but is to be compared rather with the evocation of the spirit of Samuel for Saul by the Witch of Endor. The seer Tiresias himself is nearly related to the Semitic Sibyl.

As for Ithaca, our author will none of Dörpfeld's view that the Homeric Ithaca was not the classical Ithaca, but Leucas. A sufficient argument for him is the fact that Leucas is not an island, though it is very much like one, and is represented as such on some maps; but such a scruple does not hinder him from determining a promontory of the mainland of Italy to be Circe's Island, since it looks like an island when viewed from certain points, and the notion of an island may have been transferred to it from some neighboring islands. Similarly, he grants that the rock between Ithaca and Samos cannot have been the Homeric island Asteris "with twin harbors,"—but he finds these harbors on Samos, a mile or two away, and believes the poet misunderstood the condensed statement of the *periplus*. The *periplus* clearly did not state distances, and similarly our author neglects to mark the scale on some of his maps. That, in general, he has respect for tradition, is evident from his accepting Avernus and the promontory of Circe, and the isle of the Sirens, as well as Scylla and Charybdis; but his readiness to depart from tradition is shown by his placing the cave of Polyphe-

mus near Naples, the Island of the Sun on Sicily, and by many other identifications. He enjoys finding fine cattle in the Island of the Sun, goats on Ithaca, and swine near the dwelling of Circe, and Mme. Bérard's photographs present these animals to the reader.

As in the former volume, Bérard makes little use of archæological evidence, possibly because little of this can be offered in support of his thesis. Nor does he make much use of philology in the strict sense of the term. Three times he attempts to amend the text of Homer, but twice violates most openly fixed metrical rules, proposing σύβοτος for βούβοτος (υυυ for -υυ) in Odyssey xiii. 246, and κλειστός for κλυτός (-υ for υυ) in Odyssey xv. 472. He implies (page 608) that the Homeric "language of the gods" may have been Phœnician; clearly ignorant that the words which the poet ascribes to the speech of the gods in general have a perfectly distinct Greek etymology. He gives to the sea god Proteus—whom he thinks to be derived from the Egyptian Prouti, as he thinks Pharos to be connected with Pharaoh—a black wig, which he illustrates from Egyptian customs, but this wig is due to a misinterpretation of Odyssey iv. 402. In general, however, his minor interpretations are exact.

Bérard's interpretation of the story of the Læstrygonians involves more false and forced exegesis than any other part of the work. The Homeric passage offers few difficulties, as it is understood by most scholars. Ulysses on his wanderings comes to this land, where the shepherd, as he drives out his flock, hails his comrade who is driving home his flock—where a "sleepless" man (*i. e.*, one who needs no sleep) could win double wages, one by tending kine and another by pasturing sheep—for near are the ways of night and day. This seems to be based on some one's reminiscences of the short nights of summer in the extreme north, where morning comes almost immediately after nightfall: a man who could work for twenty-four hours in the day naturally would earn double wages. Since Bérard assigns the Læstrygonians to Sardinia, he cannot accept the explanation of short nights and long days. The verse about the ways of night and day is to him only a riddle; the way of night is the road leading to the north, the way of day is the road leading to the south, both of which set out from the same place. The mountaineers of northern Sardinia are tall as giants, and the thunny fishery there, as we have seen, suggests the destruction of the Achæans and their boats in the harbor. That shepherd hails shepherd reminds him of bucolic amœbean verses, and that the Sardinians are noted for their improvisations, and a "sleepless" man is an intelligent, "wide-awake" man, who would gain a double prize in these contests of improvisation which were noted in the *periplus*. The name of the neighboring Corsica is interpreted from the Semitic, as from a root to 'devour' or 'tear.' This suggested to the poet the cannibalism of the king, and also the king's name *Antiphates*, from the figurative meaning, 'tear' or 'contradict.'

Scholars are not likely to accept Bérard's identifications of most of the Ulyssean sites. As for the main thesis of the book, which assumes for the Phœnicians not simply a general thalassocracy, but also a thousand trading posts in the Mediterranean, and a close connection between Phœnicians and Greeks, the evidence gained from the archæological researches of the last thirty years has tended distinctly to limit the sphere of Phœnician influence in Greece. For example, an important work by Maass, published a year ago, seems to show conclusively not only that the Corinthian Melikertes has no connection with the Phœnician Melkarth, which has been universally assumed and acknowledged, but also that no clear traces of the Phœnicians are to be found in Corinthian history; and very recently, in the thorough investigations of Hiller von Gärtringen on the island of Thera, where, according to Herodotus, an early colony of Phœnicians had settled, no Phœnician remains have been found. The problem of the relations between Phœnicia and Greece is one of the most interesting which archæology holds before itself. Dr. Dörpfeld, of the German Institute at Athens, in the hope of contributing to the solution of this problem, has obtained permission to make excavations on the Minoan promontory of Megara, and also in Palestine, but of these excavations no news has come.

The volume before us, like its predecessor, contains a vast amount of detailed information with regard to travel in Greek and Italian waters, with careful study of the winds and routes. For example, of these large pages, 135 are devoted to the kingdom of Ulysses—Ithaca and the neighboring seas and lands—forming a better account in many respects than has been published elsewhere. Many of the 144 illustrations of the volume occupy each an entire page, mostly reproductions of Admiralty charts, and of photographs which are due to Mme. Bérard's skill. The theory is presented in an enticing way. The style is agreeable and the arguments are plausible. The book is provided with an elaborate set of indexes.

Classical philologists in general have reviewed this book rather delicately, manifestly fearing that Bérard's Semitic etymologies might prove to have cogent force sufficient to balance the weakness of his argument when viewed from the Greek side alone, but one of the most competent of Semitic scholars allows the present reviewer to quote the following from a private utterance:

"Bérard's attempts to show the Semitic origin of Homeric names and terms are nearly all worthless. Out of the large number which he gives, there are only two or three (and these long known) which could be called probable; the great majority are flatly impossible. As for his 'doublets,' such as Leucadia=Phæacia, connected with 'the root *bâhăk*' (p. 116), they remind one of the little game in which 'lazy dog' is proved the equivalent of 'autograph letter': a lazy dog is a slow pup, a slope up is an inclined plane, an ink-lined plane is a written page; and so on. This is a method in which there are great possibilities. In the phonetic equations of pages 146 and 380, he has confused two entirely distinct letters of the Semitic alphabet—a blunder fatal to his argument, and one which almost any first-year student would have avoided. On pages 62, 83, 323, 327 he bases his argument on assertions which are absolutely false, and in each case regarding matters about which there is not, nor ever has been, any question at all. On page 76 he says, speaking of the old popular etymologies: 'Les marins de tous les temps ont accepté ces jolis calembours; mais il est impossible de les répéter avec confiance.' This sentence suggests the only possible use to be made of M. Bérard's own etymologies; beyond question, those to whom they should be told are the marines."

Trusts of To-day: Facts relating to their Promotion, Financial Management, and the Attempts at State Control. By Gilbert Holland Montagu. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

As a convenient compendium of facts relating to Trusts—mostly drawn from the Report of the Industrial Commission, made two years ago—Mr. Montagu's book has its value; but as a contribution to the solution of the "Trust problem" it seems to us inconclusive. In his preface he says that the facts "clearly define the Trust problem"; but his definition, as given at page 32, is as elusive as balanced phrases can make it. First he enumerates a class of evils springing from industrial combination, which are said to be "inherent" in every "practical monopoly"—the temptation to *raise* prices, to get discrimination from railroads, to *lower* prices for the purpose of crushing out rivals, to corrupt legislation, and to "depress individual initiative." These evils are declared to be "as alarming as ever," and to them must be added a second class, "likely to be more ruinous than the first." These arise from the "prevalent form and method of organization," and are unscrupulous promotion, over-capitalization, and bad management. From these premises, we reach the "Trust problem," which is stated in the following terms:

"If the Trust deserves to live, the savings of combinations must be found real and legitimate; the first class of evils, flowing from the mere fact of monopoly, *must be proved either self-corrective or able to be corrected by statute*; the second class of evils, resulting from the particular form assumed in the organization of existing combinations, *must be shown to be self-corrective or capable of correction by statute.*"

We have quoted this *in extenso* because it reveals the fact that the Trust problem means so many different things that it is really incapable of exact definition. It is in reality a vague term for a number of evils, real and imaginary, which are supposed to be the growth of combinations of capital, and which present not one, but a variety of practical questions, some of them economic, some of them legal, which can be disposed of by no one answer at all.

Mr. Montagu's book is valuable in throwing light on the subsidiary questions into which the Trust problem resolves itself, and we strongly recommend it for that purpose to our readers. While we by no means agree with him at all points, his treatment of the subject is fair, and, of course, facts are facts. For instance, a great deal has been said as to the tariff being the "Mother of Trusts," because protective duties give the great combinations a monopoly of the home market, while the tariff wall enables them to undersell the foreign manufacturer in his own. The Steel Corporation is thus enabled to sell rails here at $28 per ton, while it is at the same time able to make a profit on sales abroad at $20—the difference, $8 per ton, being tribute levied on American railroads. But it seems that manufacturers independent of the Trust make exactly the same profit. The tribute, says Mr. Montagu, is due only to the tariff, and a combination of companies is no better off in this respect than any one company. Hence, it is not true that the tariff is the *causa causans* of Trusts.

On the subject of "over-capitalization" Mr. Montagu does not appear to us to be

clear. His idea that over-capitalization can be measured by the difference between the par value of a security and the price on the Stock Exchange is open to the serious objection that the latter is always fluctuating, and fluctuates so enormously that the same corporation may by this test be over-capitalized to the extent of hundreds of millions at a given date, and a year or two later the earnings and standing of the concern may be such as to bring the market value to the level of par—or vastly above it. In the latter case the company must be under-capitalized, but we never hear this made a specific ground of public complaint.

There is one great fact underlying the whole Trust problem, to which Mr. Montagu does not to our mind pay sufficient attention. It is that, in spite of nearly fifteen years of legislative attacks, including the passage by Congress of a most stringent criminal statute, under which victories have been obtained in the courts, the process of combination and consolidation goes on practically unchecked, until at the present moment nearly all the great industries of the country are aggregations of smaller industries, as all the railroad systems are aggregations of smaller systems. We may go further than this, and say that much of the restrictive legislation has only hastened the process. It was directly owing to the trans-Missouri decision of the Supreme Court declaring rate contracts between railways illegal, whether reasonable or not, that consolidation was substituted for the previous régime, and the only probable result of the Northern Securities case is that the Northern Pacific Railroad will either remain part of the present system or be diverted to a new alliance.

It cannot be said that Mr. Montagu, or those from whom he derives the information summarized here, has shown any way by which large combinations of capital can be prevented; and indeed, so far from preventing them, a large part of our legislative machinery is steadily at work fostering them. Corporations generally derive their powers from the Legislature of a State, and many States have for years done all they could to induce capital to take out charters of any kind that suited the fancy of the promoters of the enterprise, and this at the very time when other States and the Federal Government were aiming criminal statutes at Trusts. Mr. Montagu points out that the old theory of charter-granting was that the State carefully considered and restricted the powers granted with a view to the public interests; but the modern practice is to pass a general statute enabling any persons to incorporate themselves for any purposes agreed upon—even to the extent of doing all that a natural person could do *ad hoc*. So far as supervision over the scope or utility of the corporation goes, there is little or none. "Over-capitalization," for instance, was one of the things that the State tried to guard against, by compelling the corporation to show money, or money's worth, received for every dollar of its stock. The law has just been repealed, or weakened, in Massachusetts, partly owing to a belief that the State, through the rigidity of its requirement, kept taxable capital out of its borders. The great promoters of Trusts are State Legislatures, and the occasional prosecution of a Trust by the Attorney-General has very little deterrent effect.

Discrimination by railroads and unscrupulous promotion no doubt help on the Trusts, but they should be carefully distinguished from other causes, for no one disputes that they are within the reach of the criminal law. If the authorities had prosecuted some of those concerned in the recent Shipbuilding bubble, there is no saying that some American Whitaker Wright might not now be serving out a sentence at Sing-Sing, with excellent deterrent effect.

The Oil Fields of Russia, and the Russian Petroleum Industry: A Practical Handbook on the Exploration, Exploitation, and Management of Russian Oil Properties, including Notes on the Origin of Petroleum in Russia, a Description of the Theory and Practice of Liquid Fuel, and a Translation of the Rules and Regulations concerning Russian Oil Properties. By A. Beeby Thompson, A.M.I. Mech.E., late Chief Engineer and Manager of the European Petroleum Company's Russian Oil Properties. With numerous illustrations and photographic plates and a map. D. Van Nostrand Co.

Mr. Thompson has been at the pains of preparing a quarto volume of 400 pages, with ninety-three illustrations, many of them photographs, giving all the facts worth knowing concerning the oil fields of Russia. The specially notable fields are all situated upon the Apsheron Peninsula, which juts into the Caspian Sea just east of Baku. Here, for many centuries, a continuous flame of burning gas had been maintained by the Parsees, whither pilgrims have continued to come up to recent years from as far away as India. But the great development of the commercial interests has now rendered the location of the temple undesirable, having transformed the region into one of the busiest centres of activity to be found anywhere in the world.

The concentration of the oil interests in Russia is astonishing. The total area of the oil fields from which most of the oil is obtained is scarcely larger than that of an ordinary township in the United States; and yet for the last ten years this field has produced more oil than the whole United States; and the annual rate of increase in production, until the discoveries in Texas within the last two or three years, has been greater than in the United States. According to the report of 1901, the Russian yield was 85,000,000 barrels, whereas that of the United States was but 69,000,000 barrels. But in Russia the crude oil is much more in use for fuel than in the United States, so that we lead the world in the production of refined oil.

It is somewhat humiliating to our pride to find that in many respects Russia has been a pioneer in devising the most economical methods of production and distribution. She was the first to ship oil in steamers in bulk, by which means it is distributed at least cost throughout the vast areas of Russia which are penetrated by river navigation. At first it would seem that the Russians are behind the times in their method of raising the oil from the wells, since they do this almost wholly by the baling process, instead of by pumps. But, on a study of the situation, it is seen that this process exactly meets the existing conditions. The oil mostly is found in soft sandstone, which readily disintegrates, so that a great quantity of sand comes up with the oil, and would speedily clog any pump that might be used. A considerable portion of the oil, however, is obtained by flowing wells, which are in some cases of enormous extent. A single Baku fountain occasionally yields as much oil as the whole outfit of 25,000 petroleum wells in America. The pressure in the wells may reach as much as 515 pounds to the square inch. In 1901 a fountain well was opened which yielded 4,000,000 gallons a day for a considerable period, and was so uncontrollable that it spread disaster in every direction. The column of oil and sand rose to a height of several hundred feet, throwing the stones and oil in every direction, and causing a total cessation of work over most of the oil field.

"A changeable wind drove the oil alternately to different parts of the field, deluging miles of land, and blackening and damaging every building within its reach. A stiff breeze drove the oil towards Baku, and almost every house in Baieloff, a suburb of Baku, was blackened and soaked with petroleum, including the Russian church, public buildings, and private residences. Oil spray was falling over Baku, three miles away, and sheets of note paper exposed to the air near the railway station at almost five miles distance were spotted with oil particles. The ships in the harbor did not escape, and the gunboats of the Caspian fleet, which are painted white, were blackened and made unrecognizable by the drifting oil spray. Although some 60,000,000 gallons of oil were secured, the high duty payable to the Government, and the enormous demands for compensation from persons who suffered damage—for practically the whole of the village of Baieloff had to be cleaned and the houses repainted—left but little surplus for profit."

Another well in the district flowed incessantly for years, producing in all 240,000,000 gallons of oil. With such a record for this area in the vicinity of Baku, great hopes are entertained of striking other accumulations equally productive over the wide areas of Trans-Caucasia and Turkestan, where indications of oil have been found, but as yet with only trifling results.

William Greenleaf Eliot, Minister, Educator, Philanthropist. By Charlotte C. Eliot. With an introduction by James K. Hosmer, Ph.D., LL.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

So great was Dr. Eliot's local reputation, and so affectionate the reverence with which he was regarded by his family and friends, that it is a strange thing that his biography should not appear till now, seventeen years after his death. Few biographies have been written in the meantime of more deserving men. No attempt is made to connect the book with the St. Louis Exposition, but certainly its appearance at this time, if a mere coincidence, is a very happy one, seeing that Dr. Eliot was identified with the growth and progress of St. Louis to a remarkable degree, and, if not the first citizen of the city, was one whose honorable services few could match. New England born, the traditions of the New England pulpit were in his heart and brain, and his St. Louis ministry was that of an early Puritan minister, writ large, so completely

did he interfuse the life of the community with his public spirit, so plastic were its fortunes and its institutions to his hands.

Born in New Bedford, Mass., in 1811, a younger brother of Thomas D. Eliot, whose Congressional career was highly creditable, his college education was in Washington, where his father was chief examiner in the Postal Department. It was as a clerk in this department that young Eliot got his first inkling of St. Louis, whence the postmaster's returns came wrapped in a doeskin, with a copy of the *Republican* containing the dead-letter list. Reading the paper, the boy resolved that if he ever went West he would settle in St. Louis. This was in 1831, and the next year he entered the Harvard Divinity School, graduating in 1833. Among his schoolmates were James Freeman Clarke, William Henry Channing, Samuel May, and Theodore Parker, and Clarke became his lifelong friend. It was Clarke's missionary work in Louisville, Ky., that set Eliot's face towards St. Louis. He arrived there in 1834, when the town was a scrawny frontier settlement. He remained there until his death; until 1873 the minister of the Unitarian Society, for the remainder of his life the Chancellor of Washington University. As a parish minister he was as faithful and laborious as if he had nothing else to do; as a social and civic reformer he was as active and efficient as if his avocations were his only care. Clearly, however, it was his ministerial vocation that was the foundation of his wider usefulness. In the discharge of that, he grappled to himself the men on whom he could rely in any work of educational or humanitarian reform.

Mrs. Eliot's topical arrangement of her matter, taking us over the same years repeatedly in a succession of chapters, is rather confusing, but is, perhaps, the best arrangement possible. The first of these chapters, following one upon the earlier course of Dr. Eliot's ministry, has for its subject public school education. He did not become a member of the School Board until 1848, but very soon his colleagues "knew the difference." Not even the cholera of 1849 slackened the energy of his successful push for a one-tenth per cent. city tax for public schools. Personal acquaintance with the schools was conceived as a part of his duty which he might not neglect. His character had no sectarian taints. When Roman Catholics complained that a Protestant version of the Bible was used in the schools, he moved and carried a resolution that all versions be excluded.

The year 1849 was a terrible one for St. Louis. It was a year of cholera by which the city was literally decimated, a year of flood and fire. In the thick of the cholera epidemic Dr. Eliot confirmed the judgment of Napoleon, that a man who is superior to fear is superior to the plague; his devotion to the sick, the dying, and the dead was of no different quality from Father Damien's with his leprous islanders.

The crown of Dr. Eliot's educational enterprise was his influential and preëminent part in the foundation and development of Washington University. In its inchoate stage it was called Eliot Seminary, and, but for Dr. Eliot's protest, the developed institution would have borne his name. His money gifts to it of more than $100,000 were the smaller part of his contribution. It would be interesting to know how he acquired the means for such beneficence. It was said of him that, if he had devoted himself to business, he would have owned nearly everything west of the Mississippi. The two chapters assigned to his connection with the University are not a line too much. The big name troubled him at first, but he resolved to make the little school a real university, and lived to "see what he foresaw."

There are four chapters corresponding to Dr. Eliot's engagement with anti-slavery and related problems and affairs. He was not one of those whom Samuel J. May included in his list of Unitarian ministers faithful in the time of trial. But if he was not an abolitionist, he was certainly an anti-slavery minister and citizen. In an Eastern parish he would probably have been as abolitionist as the Mays and Clarke and Theodore Parker. He resented the charge of cowardice, and contended that it cost him more to take his line in St. Louis than it would to be an abolitionist preacher in New England—a doubtful proposition. But hardly can it be doubted that his conscientious conservatism gave him a moral leverage in Missouri which a more uncompromising spirit would have annulled. It was the habit of his ministry to arraign slavery in his pulpit; he was an eager advocate of gradual emancipation; he denounced the Fugitive Slave Bill as a statute that should not be obeyed. If two or three times he was actually a slave-owner, it was only to the end that he might break the bonds he held in his own hands. He wrote the life of Archer Alexander, a slave to whose welfare he devoted himself with impassioned interest. It is important, in view of the criticisms, now more current than ever, on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' that Dr. Eliot declares it contained nothing which he could not parallel in Missouri, where slavery existed in its milder form.

When the war had actually begun, Dr. Eliot's trumpet gave no uncertain sound. A single sermon diminished his congregation by one-fourth, who, going out, did not return. In constant correspondence with the authorities at Washington, his letters bearing upon the condition of Missouri, the military status of the negro, emancipation, the Western Sanitary Commission, were remarkable for their sobriety and weight, and for the influence which they exerted. During the war Dr. Eliot's position was more advanced than that of his Republican friends. For example, he applauded Frémont's famous order, and saw in it "the beginning of the end." Of the Western Sanitary Commission he was the inspiring soul. In reconstruction problems, especially as affecting the negro, his interest was unwearying. Early in Hayes's Administration he went to Louisiana, and wrote to the President of the Republican domination there in terms of elaborate condemnation. But he failed to see that the enfranchisement of the negro was a horn on which the North could not but impale itself, let come of it what might.

A good chapter is devoted to Dr. Eliot's work upon various lines of social reform, and a concluding one to his sermons and other writings. It is surprising, in view of his average temper, to find him advocating woman suffrage, but the ground is characteristic—"not as a privilege or concession of a right, but as a duty to be imposed." In his theology Dr. Eliot was one of the most conservative of Unitarians, and should have the credit, or discredit, which he does not here receive, of being principally efficient in saddling the National Unitarian Conference with a short but worrying creed, under which it chafed for nearly thirty years. It is interesting and pathetic that this fountain of personal energy was subject to depressing physical conditions, that this fiery soul was lodged in a body singularly frail. It is a daughter-in-law who makes the book, and she has made it excellently well, with no excess of praise; for the most part leaving the unvarnished fact to go for just what it is worth.

Geology. Vol. I.: Processes and their Results. By Thomas C. Chamberlin and Rollin D. Salisbury. (American Science Series. Advanced Course.) Henry Holt & Co.

The high standing of the authors, both as investigators and as teachers, gave assurance, when this work was announced some months ago, that it would be not only accurate and modern in its subject-matter, but thoroughly scientific from a pedagogical standpoint. Anticipation has not outrun realization. Volume I., of 654 pages, deals with geologic processes, and includes not only a study of the forces and processes now in operation, with their results, but also a consideration of the principles governing geologic agencies. It will be followed shortly by Volume II., in which the history of past geologic ages will be outlined. Here the chief topics are: the atmosphere as a geologic agent; the work of running water; the work of ground water; the work of snow and ice; the work of the ocean; the origin and descent of rocks; structural geology; the movements and deformations of the earth's body; the extrusive processes, and the geologic functions of life.

A central feature of the treatment is the effort to keep clearly before the mind of the student the difference between statements of fact and established doctrines, on the one hand, and the less well-founded interpretations based on hypotheses, upon the other. This is particularly the case in the discussion of some prevalent theories which in reality depend upon unverified hypotheses, although the unstable character of their foundations is often overlooked by students and investigators alike. Furthermore, alternative or multiple hypotheses are frequently presented, in accordance with the well-known principle that an investigator is bound to frame and consider not one only, but as many hypotheses as will explain the known facts, and to test each of them fairly in the light of further investigation. In no chapter is this phase of the treatment better illustrated than in that on "The Movements and Deformations of the Earth's Body," regarding which all current theories are based largely upon unverified assumptions. This is not saying that these theories are worthless, for, in fact, they are of great value to the student and investigator so long as the limitation of established fact is clearly recognized. When that is overlooked, as is sometimes the case in text-books, the theories become dangerous pitfalls for the unwary student.

It must be admitted that this mode of treatment has its difficulties on the pedagogical side. It is much easier for the student to grasp one hypothesis rather than

many, to accept one doctrine as established rather than several hypotheses as possible; and there is danger lest even the advanced student turn from the subject with a feeling that the indefiniteness regarding these few topics permeates the entire science, and that positive knowledge can never be obtained. On the other hand, it is essential that a student, even in the beginning, should learn to recognize the limitations of a subject, to discriminate between fact and hypothesis, and to cultivate the critical habit of mind which examines and tests in order to prove or disprove. In our opinion, the advantages of this method far outweigh the disadvantages, particularly when, as in this book, there is no lack of clear, unequivocal statements of demonstrated facts; and the authors are to be commended for the painstaking care with which they have carried out their plan.

Not only is the work to some extent new in its method of treatment, but it is fully abreast of the latest research, as is shown particularly by the discussion of the classification of igneous rocks, the genesis of ore deposits, and those phases of the science on the border-land of geology and physico-chemistry in which there has been such marked progress in recent years.

The illustrations are abundant, wisely chosen, and well executed, and are accompanied by brief explanatory titles. For the most part they are clear half-tones. The presence of small topographical maps engraved in colors and chosen to represent typical areas is a unique and valuable feature of the illustrations.

While the work is intended primarily as a text-book for college students, and will probably be used chiefly as such, nevertheless its readable style, the arrangement of themes, the emphasis laid upon the commoner geologic agents whose activities are so widespread, and the elaboration of the opening chapters, cannot fail to commend the book to any who may be interested in reading the story of the earth. Volume I. has met a real need in college text-books, and Volume II. will be eagerly awaited.

Gerald the Welshman. By M. Henry Owen, D.C.L. London: David Nutt.

The subject of this interesting study is, of course, none other than our old friend Giraldus Cambrensis. Few Britons of any age have possessed more strongly marked characteristics than this spirited and witty son of Pembroke. Born to be a partisan, he fought his way through broils, private and public, during the reigns of the first three Plantagenets, and part way into the reign of the fourth. Among his contemporaries, Walter Map and John of Salisbury may have been more learned and more trustworthy, but, throughout the whole Angevin Empire, no subject of Henry II. held stronger views or was more pronounced in the expression of them than Gerald of Wales. Apart from his enmity towards monks and his dislike of papal aggression, his antagonisms were largely personal, but in his fight for the See of St. David's he at least filled a great part in the life of the Principality. "Many and great wars," said the Prince of Powys, "have we Welshmen waged with England, but none so great and fierce as his who fought the king and the archbishop, and withstood the might of the whole clergy and people of England, for the honor of Wales."

Gerald, however, won his European reputation through letters rather than through politics. This essay of Mr. Owen, though partly biographical, is chiefly critical. The author, who is also the historian of Pembrokeshire, has a natural claim upon Gerald by right of eminent domain, but he brings to the 'Gemma Ecclesiastica' and the 'Libellus Invectionum' tastes which are broader than those of the mere antiquary. Here and there a statement is open to objection. For example, it is said of *Laudabiliter*, "The bull of Alexander has been doubted by Dr. Lynch and others, but it is now allowed to be genuine." Such a sentence as this shows that Mr. Owen is not quite abreast of the latest investigation. There are two separate questions—the Pope's grant of Ireland, and the authenticity of the bull. Mr. Owen seems to think that they must stand or fall together, which, as has been pointed out by Mr. Round and Dr. Thatcher, is by no means an inevitable conclusion. But, for the text of Gerald's own writings, Mr. Owen is very satisfactory. Taking up the Archdeacon's chief works one by one, he shows an intimate familiarity with their contents and with the literature which throws most light upon them. The result is to heighten one's admiration for the best that there is in Gerald, and to beget a considerable degree of sympathy for his foibles. Even when we have allowed full weight to his vanity, garrulity, and carelessness, enough virtue remains to justify a favorable judgment:

"In his pure and noble life," says Mr. Owen, "his hatred of tyranny in every form, his love of nature, his wit and humor, his earnest striving after reform, his indefatigable industry, his chivalrous courage, and his wonderful learning, the figure of the great Welsh Archdeacon stands out across seven centuries, towering above his fellows as he did in actual life."

This, perhaps, is going too far. Gerald of Wales was not an Abelard in genius or a St. Bernard in force; but it is something to rank among the remarkable men of a remarkable century.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Boulger, Demetrius C. Belgian Life in Town and Country. (Our European Neighbors.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 net.
Carlyle's Cromwell. Edited by S. C. Lomas. Introduction by C. H. Firth. 3 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.
Chambers, Robert W. In Search of the Unknown. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Ford, Sheridan. The Larger Life. (Verse.) George E. Croscup & Co.
Hall, G. Stanley. Adolescence: Its Psychology. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co. $7.50 net; postage, 42 cents.
Harper, Henry H. Book-Lovers, Bibliomaniacs, and Book Clubs. Published in Boston by the Author. $3.75.
Heath's Modern Language Series. Pole Poppenspäler, by Theodor Storm, with introduction by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt; and Das Gymnasium zu Stolpenburg, by Hans Hoffmann, with introduction by Valentine Buehner. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Hind, C. Lewis. Adventures among Pictures. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Home, Gordon. Yorkshire Coast and Moorland Scenes. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co.
Hunter, A. Mitchell, Daniel and the Age of the Exile. (Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 30 cents.
Jobson, Richard. The Golden Trade. Reprinted from the edition of 1623. Edited by Charles G. Kingsley. (The Mary Kingsley Travel Books.)
Landor, A. H. Savage. The Gems of the East. (The Philippines.) Harper & Brothers. $4 net.
Lévy, Albert. Stirner et Nietzsche. Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Edition. 3 fr.
Luquet, G.-H. Aristote et l'Université de Paris pendant le XIIIe Siècle. (Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes. Sciences Religieuses.) Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Meyer's Grosses Konversations-Lexikon. Vol. VI. Erdeessen bis Franzén. Leipzig and Vienna: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Molinari, G. The Society of To-morrow. Translated from the French by P. H. Lee Warner. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Münsterberg, Hugo. Die Amerikaner. Vol. I.: Das politische und wirtschaftliche Leben. Berlin: Ernst Siegfried Mittler und Sohn; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Nuttall, George H. F. Blood Immunity and Blood Relationship. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co.
O'Farrelly, Agnes. The O'Growney Memorial Volume. London: David Nutt. Paper, 5s.; cloth, 7s. 6d.
Pratt, Edwin A. The Organization of Agriculture. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.
Radford, Maude L. King Arthur and his Knights. (A reading-book.) Rand, McNally & Co.
Reddaway, W. F. Frederick the Great, and the Rise of Prussia. (Heroes of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.
Reich, Emil. Success among Nations. Harper & Brothers. $2 net.
Renouvier, Charles. Les Derniers Entretiens. Recueillis par Louis Prat. Paris: Armand Colin. 2 fr. 50c.
Rice, Cale Young. David: A Tragedy. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Rutherford, E. Radio-Activity. (Cambridge Physical Series.) Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Shakspere's Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, Tempest, Twelfth Night, and Midsummer-Night's Dream. 6 books. Edited by William J. Rolfe. American Book Co.
The Last Days of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, and Other Verses. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 3s. 6d.
Watkins, Oscar D. The Divine Providence. London: Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.
Woodward, William Harrison. Desiderius Erasmus concerning the Aim and Method of Education. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 4s. net.

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The Week.

Attorney-General Knox as Quay's successor in the Senate is an immense step upwards, mentally and morally. Everybody must agree to that. It is so long since Pennsylvania has had anything but voiceless money-bags and inarticulate bosses for Senators that she will, at first, scarcely know what to think of a man who can frame a policy and defend it. Mr. Knox has distinctly impressed the country with his ability, of the non-explosive kind; and his legal reputation has been much heightened by his conduct of the Trust prosecutions. But just here the political aspect of his appointment insinuates itself. Is he, in effect, a sop thrown to Cerberus by the President? Is the Attorney-General to stand as another instance of the rule that the surest road to employment by the Trusts is to attack them efficiently? For there can be no doubt, Pennsylvania politics being the thing we know, that large corporate interests dictated Mr. Knox's appointment. Are they afraid of him in the Cabinet? Would they like to estop a possible action against the coal-carrying railroads, into whose alleged illegal combination the Interstate Commerce Commission is now inquiring? Such queries will arise.

Attorney-General Knox doubtless speaks by the card when he telegraphs to Omaha that he cannot prosecute the indicted "cattle kings" because of lack of available funds. It would be just like the unscrupulous Democrats, however, to see unworthy motives where there is really nothing but the pinch of poverty. No funds? What about the large unexpended balance of the special fund which Congress voted to bring all the Trusts low? There is a certain deadly frankness about the explanation given by "Republican politicians" in Nebraska. They say that if the prosecution had been pressed and the hated "kings" cleared, the party would have lost at least two Congressmen. If, on the other hand, a conviction had been secured, even the irrigation laws would not have prevented the campaign fund from looking parched. Hence the practical wisdom of putting the cases over to the next term of court—otherwise known as the next term of the President. This is certainly not to "run amuck." It is not even, if the facts are as stated, to walk quietly down the street and do one's duty.

Judge George Gray's dignified abstention from the strife of Presidential candidates did not prevent Delaware from instructing for him last week. In spite of his personal request that his name be not brought forward, the convention presented it. He is therefore a Presidential possibility—a remote one, as the case stands, but yet not to be left out of the account. That he would be a fit nominee, nobody questions. In age, attainments, experience, habit of mind, and public service, he is Presidential timber. It is no secret that he would be first choice of many Cleveland men. The ex-President plainly intimated the other day that Gray would be his own preference. We understand that it was largely due to the insistence of friends of Cleveland that the Delaware Convention decided to instruct for Judge Gray. That insures putting him in nomination at St. Louis, and having him in reserve in case of a deadlock. But, of course, all this is highly contingent. Judge Gray is too seasoned in Democratic politics not to know the immense handicap of coming from a small State. He is also, we doubt not, fully aware of the strong drift of the South to Parker, as the candidate of the State with most electoral votes. Unless something now unforeseen occurs to check that, the probability of Judge Gray's figuring seriously in the balloting must be considered very slight.

Committeeman Payne has gone West, declaring that there is no use in trying to patch up Republican differences in Wisconsin. Neither faction has been willing to compromise on a half vote in the National Convention, and they are an incorrigible lot generally. Mr. Payne adds that the National Committee can scarcely be expected to go into the legal questions involved, since the whole matter has already been taken into the courts. Yet this hardly disposes of the difficulty. Somebody from Wisconsin will have to be seated in the National Convention, and the decision of the courts is not likely to be made until months after that convention has adjourned. There may be found a way of evading a square decision, with its unavoidable offence to one side or the other; but the attitude of the Wisconsin Republican press since the split shows how jealously the leaders are likely to resent the least partiality shown to their opponents by the authorities of the national party. It is one of the interesting possibilities of the situation that the convention may decide one way and the courts another. Should this happen, besides increasing the bitterness of factions already prepared for extreme measures, the campaign will reveal the relative influence on the every-day voter of a judicial decision based on strict law and precedent and a pronouncement by the party Supreme Court.

Mr. John A. Kasson has emerged from retirement long enough to express his views on the Iowa platform. He regrets that "meaningless platitudes" have been substituted for the plain talk on the tariff to which the farmers used to be treated. He tells the latter that not one politician in a thousand understands the conditions of our foreign trade. They do not know that if the market for our surplus products—wheat and corn, for instance—were lost to us, the effect on the home industries would be just as bad as if an equal amount of foreign goods were imported. It is a surplus on the home market, no matter what its cause, that makes prices sag. Foreign outlets are needed, but Mr. Kasson sees the absurdity of trying to create them by "reciprocity in non-competitive products only." There is not enough business of that kind in sight "to maintain a store at a Kentucky crossroads village." Plainly, Mr. Kasson is still feeling sore from the treatment he received at the hands of the Senate. Dingley, he says, knew nothing of "non-competitive" reciprocity. He offered the Canadians in the British-American Commission larger or smaller reductions, and in some cases even free trade. And President McKinley construed the reciprocity provision in the Dingley law in the same spirit: he sent Mr. Kasson abroad to negotiate treaties, and never thought of telling him that they must be of the "non-competitive" kind. But the Senate would have none of them. They were ingloriously pigeon-holed, and Mr. Kasson made the discovery that he was about the only person that had taken reciprocity as anything but a joke.

Gov. Yates of Illinois "believes that all those upon the payrolls should be as active in his behalf as were scores of others who had not benefited under the Administration." This is the reason, as stated in Chicago newspapers, for the summary removal of twenty-six State employees by the defeated candidate for renomination. The men removed, fifteen of whom were delegates to the late State Convention, are those who failed to support the final Yates-Deneen combination which gave the nomination for Governor to the young Chicago attorney, and was supposed to mean that Yates would get Senator Cullom's place three years hence. That the Governor has the latter in mind is indicated by the utterance of a Chicago State employee who has fallen under suspicion of disloyalty. "I had my eyes

opened," he said, "and propose to lead a different life. . . . I will show Gov. Yates that I am his friend and can be loyal to him. How? Why, by supporting him for United States Senator to succeed Shelby M. Cullom. Two years hence I shall be a candidate for the Legislature, and, if elected, the Governor will get my vote for Senator." Yates will hold office until the end of the year, and it will be instructive to watch his tinkering of that machine which, while not strong enough to keep him in the Governor's chair, is depended upon to carry him to the Senate.

Last week's *Outlook* printed the appeal which the Philippine Independence Commission addresses to both political parties, urging that a promise of independence be made to the Filipinos by both national conventions. It is a document drawn with moderation yet force, and is signed by weighty names. Its position is sustained, moreover, by hundreds of leaders in the college world, as well as by eminent clergymen, by business men, judges, philanthropists. It is safe to say that a petition so influentially endorsed was never presented to a political party in this country. It is a select body of learning, piety, and sound and patriotic judgment, appealing to political managers. Will the Republicans hear or forbear? The *Outlook* advises them to turn their backs on the intelligence of the nation. Its arguments are that national independence is not necessarily desirable, and that the Filipinos do not really want it, though they say they do. It seems that the misguided creatures have not grasped the great truth that "the will of a community is something more than the individual wills of *all its members*." Hence they failed to perceive that the way to find out what they desire is, not to take a vote, but to ask an editor in New York.

Secretary Taft's remarks to the Philippine commissioners on Friday show just where the President stands as regards Filipino independence. Mr. Roosevelt has for nearly three years been traversing two hemispheres in tight shoes, which, however, he expects to discard after next November. His heart has always been in the right place, and he has only been waiting "to be absolved by the expiration of his present term from the obligations with regard to the policy of the late President, in order to bring about at least the partial independence of the Filipinos." This assertion ought to do away with any suspicion that might otherwise arise regarding the tone now being adopted by the Administration towards our subjects in the Far East. The most cynical cannot say now that its eyes have been opened by the Philippine Independence Committee's petition, with its rapidly increasing signatures. Pressure of no sort was required to make Secretary Taft hint to the Philippine commissioners that if President Roosevelt is elected this fall, the islanders may soon enjoy home rule. In view of this announcement, Secretary Taft will probably no longer regret to have independence openly talked about in the islands.

Roosevelt is not, in the opinion of Mr. James Bryce, the greatest President since Washington. In the telegraphed account of the dinner to Seth Low in London, June 2, Mr. Bryce, who proposed the toast, "The President," was reported as guilty of the extravagant compliment of setting Mr. Roosevelt next to the Father of his Country. But none of the London papers which we have received so report the utterance. There are two printed versions, essentially the same: "One of the most striking personalities who had ever sat in the chair of George Washington," and "one of the most striking and brilliant personages who ever sat in the chair of George Washington." Now, in using the word "striking," Mr. Bryce shows that "discriminating knowledge" for which he is distinguished, since no adjective could more fitly describe Mr. Roosevelt. Striking he is, and always has been. He strikes when the iron is hot; he sometimes strikes before it gets hot; and he keeps on striking after it has grown cold.

"Brutal wrong-doing or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society may finally require intervention"—when President Roosevelt wrote these words some three weeks ago, he had his eye, not on Colorado, but on the countries of Central and South America, over whose manners and morals he has constituted himself censor. Yet when the naughty revolutionists in San Domingo, Panama, Colombia, and Guatemala read the dispatches from the Cripple Creek district, in our own highly civilized and profoundly peaceful America, they will probably sit up and rub their eyes in amazement. "Why," they will ask, "is President Roosevelt so much wrought up over our teapot insurrections? Why will he not allow us to indulge in our national sport? He is not fulminating against the Colorado rebels, not sending Federal troops to quell them." The trouble with these simple-minded Spanish-Americans is that they do not understand the beauties of our Constitution. The President has no right to interfere in the affairs of Colorado unless the Governor appeals to him for aid, or unless the functions of the central Government, such as carrying the mails or enforcing the decrees of the Federal courts, are interrupted. The Governor of Colorado has emphatically declared that he needs no help. For President Roosevelt, then, there is nothing to do but watch the struggle with sympathetic interest. Nor can he reply to the appeal of the Colorado miners, who have vaguely in mind the precedent of the President's intervention in the Pennsylvania coal strike. But, in the first place, that was not strictly a local disorder. It threatened misery to the people of a score of States. Furthermore, the President professed no shadow of legal right to interfere. He merely volunteered his good offices. Nothing in the Colorado situation calls for even so much as that.

Yet "civil war" is the only term that fitly describes the struggle between the striking miners of Colorado and the State troops. The rebels were intrenched on Wednesday week in a cañon, but, after a sharp contest, they were finally dislodged by Gen. Bell's force, which killed one and took fourteen prisoners. The rebels held other intrenched positions on the surrounding hills, from which they continued their attack on the troops. The miners have taken arms against the constituted authorities for the sake of the God-given right to murder anybody who will not join their union and work according to its regulation. They have set the rules of their organizations above State law, above Federal law, above the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. Men are not entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness unless they conform to the hours and wage scale of the union—the basic principle upon which this republic now rests. The Atlantic Coast Seamen's Union is also contending for "recognition"—that is, the exclusive employment of union men. There are, of course, a few old fogies scattered about the country who still cling to the theories of our forefathers, but rifle, rope, and dynamite ought to make short work with them.

The quarrel between the Socialists and trade unionists of the Central Federated Union may be smoothed over, but at least it will have served to point an interesting distinction between these two industrial panaceas. Socialism is a cure-all; its advocates desire the elevation of an entire class, and the benevolent absorption of the bourgeois and the capitalist in an enlightened proletariat. Trade unionism, on the contrary, is limited; it seeks simply the welfare of those who belong to the union. In its spirit and methods it resembles the Trusts. Accordingly, a great gulf is fixed between the two movements. The last thing that unionism would consider is the abolition of such special privilages as Socialism condemns; Socialism, on gaining control of a State, would include in one proscription the labor syndicates and the commercial. No wonder, then, that

the Central Federated Union dislikes to give the Socialists a hearing. It should be noted, however, that this theoretical incompatibility might yield to practical considerations. Whenever Socialists become opportunists, they tend to draw in the labor organizers; in the same way, whenever unions belcome liberal enough to include all the workmen of a trade, they become excellent material for the Socialist propaganda. But this accord, which has been rather successfully reached in Germany, France, and Italy, seems still distant in the United States.

It is to be hoped that the removal of Col. Pratt from the superintendency of the school for Indian youth at Carlisle, Pa., means the establishment of a new order in that institution. What is needed just now, is not merely a change of temperament in the superintendent's office, but a change of sentiment among the pupils. The Indian in his native state is quite enough of an individualist without stimulating this trait in his education. Col. Pratt's theory has always been that it was the first business of each Indian boy to get to the top as soon as he could, and—as the boy almost inevitably interpreted it—by any means he could. Some saner friends of the red man thought that a race hardly emerging from savagery was not ripe for such inspiration. They felt that the first duty of the young Indian to whom a better path in life had been opened, was to try to help his brethren to walk in it with him. The missionary spirit—or "team work," if one wishes a more secular term—seemed to deserve more encouragement than the spirit of selfish enterprise, at the outset of a career in domestication. The Pratt ideal has always been the planting of each Indian by himself in the midst of our Eastern civilization, and the consequent elimination of the race by its absorption into the white social body; and his theory of educating the individual Indian for competition with his better-equipped Caucasian neighbors fitted into this scheme fairly well. But the scheme itself has, in general, proved a grievous disappointment. Only in isolated instances has an Indian found his place and held it in the East. The great mass of his fellows have realized that the crude conditions of a frontier country were better suited to their social needs for the present; and, when they have returned to their old home and their own people, an education which spurs them to compete rather than to help has often stood them in bad stead.

Lord Lansdowne was asked in Parliament on Monday concerning the coastwise regulations of other countries, with particular reference to our Philippine policy. The reply was that the proposed restriction in the latter case seemed inconsistent with the promise of this country at the time the Treaty of Paris was drawn up, and that the matter was now under discussion at Washington. Lord Lansdowne's point has been generally accepted in Europe in the past. The British Board of Trade reports have called attention to the fact that the treaty gave Spanish vessels the same rights in the Philippines as American until 1909, adding that "we have official assurances that British shipping will be treated not less favorably than Spanish." Of course, as Lord Lansdowne remembers, our new law will not take effect until 1906, but that is not the important point. The question is, have we been guilty of a breach of international morality? A full answer to the question asked in Parliament would reveal us in a pitiful light. It would show that of the eight principal countries with colonies, Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Portugal, and practically France throw open the trade between the mother country and its possessions. The United States is less than the least in this particular. It is determined to play the dog in the manger. If it cannot supply its colonies with shipping on fair terms, it is determined that no other Power shall, promise or no promise.

All attempts to hush up the Congo State scandal are thwarted by Earl Percy's vigorous language before Parliament on Thursday. "Insensate inhuman cruelties," he charged, were committed by the Congo officials "in order that they might profit by the collection of rubber." These were serious words to use of a friendly Power, and it is not to be imagined that the Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs was speaking at random. The evidence laid before Parliament was chiefly that of the British consul to the Congo State, Roger Casement. This has been communicated to all the Powers—again a very grave step—and the United States, Italy, and Turkey have agreed to give the matter careful consideration. Eliminating the Turkish adhesion as an execrably bad joke, it seems probable that England may have to take up the affair single-handed. She has a great stake in the matter. Her possessions crowd the Congo State and suffer as it suffers. Furthermore, in case Belgium were ousted as a faithless trustee, England would figure largely among the residuary legatees. Humanity and self-interest, then, combine to urge England to force Belgium to cleanse its rotten administration. And the mass of evidence against the Congo State officials cannot be brushed aside by hinting that Great Britain is preparing to play the land-grabber again. Belgium has fallen almost by chance into a gigantic task for which she was singularly ill-fitted. It appears that, in the name of commerce, she has made a hell on the Congo. For that she is answerable morally to all the civilized Powers; diplomatically, chiefly to her neighbor, Great Britain. We in the United States should with ill grace interpose to save the negroes of the Congo from having their hands cut off, before we have stopped burning our own negroes at the stake.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that about the time the Sultan was hastening to approve an investigation of Belgian atrocities on the Congo, he received a note from the French Foreign Minister demanding that the Armenian massacres should cease. M. Delcassé reported on Thursday to the Chamber of Deputies: "I have informed the Porte that the time for repression is over, and that it must beware what responsibility it incurs. The French Government will not cease to do its whole duty." This protest to the Porte marks a new stage in French diplomacy in the Near East. M. Delcassé had before shown a keen interest in the Macedonian question, and generally persons of influence have felt that France, as the most disinterested party, should take the lead in forcing the Sultan to observe his European covenants. We have long maintained that only France and England are in a position to do this necessary work, and that the Concert of Europe would follow their initiative. On this matter the publicist M. de Pressensé recently wrote in *L'Humanité:* "I firmly believe more than ever that it would be sufficient for all those Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Berlin and who have not sold their consciences for concessions from the Porte, to adopt collective steps in Constantinople with the view of stopping bloodshed."

The Brazilian naval-reorganization measure has a strategic look. If it is not really a gentle hint to the Kaiser and the President that Brazil does not doubt her ability to protect her territory and develop her "civilization" in her own way, she will probably not be sorry to have them think so. Seriously, the bill which has just been brought forward in the national legislature is of a sort to make one question the motives of those behind it. The latest accessible list of the Brazilian navy enumerates seven ships, all but two under 5,000 tons, in addition to twelve torpedo boats of various descriptions. The new measure provides for twenty-eight war vessels. This conception of the needs of the nation is too magnificent to be convincing. Chili and Argentina have been selling their ships, but it is not likely that they will be in the least frightened by this new move on the part of Brazil. We fear that the real significance of the measure is in the statement that "the bill contains an expression of opinion that the vessels should be constructed in British yards."

THE NEW DEMOCRATIC ALIGNMENT.

In all the activity of the Democratic party prior to the St. Louis Convention, we may see something larger and more significant than the struggle over candidates or about the platform. The latter, indeed, is practically determined already—that is, in its strategic plank. Free silver will not have the cerements of the grave stripped off it. That means, at any rate, that the campaign will not be lost before it begins. This is an enormous gain for both party and country, whoever the nominee for the Presidency. And keen as still is the competition on the personal side, the broad movement within the party, rising above the fortunes of any individual candidate, is already clearly defined.

It may best be described, perhaps, in terms of geography. The alliance between the South and the West has been dissolved. Again there has been established the old alignment of the South with the East. This is the large political truth which really comprehends and explains the Parker candidacy. It is plainly no question of personal enthusiasm. Had the lamented Russell lived and the South been to-day rallying to that chivalrous Massachusetts Democrat, it might have been said that it was his gallant bearing and magnetic leadership that were bewitching the hearts of men. Nothing of the kind has been or can be asserted in the case of Judge Parker—he himself would be the first to disallow it. It is the accident of his position as the most available candidate of a great Eastern State which has brought him to the front; and that is only another way of saying that the South has turned from the setting to the rising sun—from a hazardous casting in of its lot with the radicals and the Populists of the West to a sober choice of steadier allies in the East.

It was after the party disasters of 1893 to 1895 that the South broke away from its historic relations with the Eastern Democracy, and struck hands with the aggressive Democrats of the West. There was something to say for that strategy. Populism threatened to overrun the South. Its ravages in Alabama and North Carolina were alarming. If the situation were to be saved at all in 1896, there was a superficial argument for overcoming the Populists by uniting with them and absorbing their doctrines. Such were Bryan's tactics. If the thing could be done in the West, why not try it on in the South and let the East go? Cleveland had carried Western States—Illinois and Wisconsin—in 1892; Bryanism made Colorado sure and Kansas fighting ground, with good hope of all the mining-camp States. It was a gambler's chance, but the South took it.

Of course, everything was lost. As might have been foreseen, the same causes which drove every Eastern State into the Republican party, turned Illinois and Wisconsin against the Democrats by majorities in the hundred thousand. Worse than that, more damaging than the mere loss of one election, the Populist taint remained to curse the party for years; to make its defeat in 1900 more calamitous than in 1896; to empty the Senate of Northern Democrats and to make a Democratic Governor north of Mason and Dixon's line a rarity. With nothing but such huge disaster behind and no hope in the future along the same lines, the Democratic leaders in the South awoke this year to the need of a change of policy. That has already been effected. The South lifted its eyes eastward. Asking nothing for itself, it waited only for an Eastern Democrat to come forward to supplant Bryan and avert Hearst. That is the true explanation of the Parker movement. He but symbolizes the union of the Democracy of the South with that of the East.

It is a situation full of hope for the party. In saying that, we do not mean to predict its immediate success. A candid survey of the field shows how great are the electoral difficulties which the Democrats have to overcome. The new apportionment is against them. Under it, the old combination of the South with New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana is not of itself a winning one. At present the number of electoral votes necessary to an election is 239. The South will have 159. Add in the 39 of New York, New Jersey's 12, the 7 of Connecticut, and the 15 of Indiana, and you are still 7 electoral votes short. Where are they to be picked up? In Colorado? She has but 5, and is apparently preparing to give them to the Republicans. Other possibilities exist, but we will not pursue the matter. It is evident to any fair mind that, lacking a tidal wave, of which there is no present sign, the Democrats have an exceedingly arduous battle before them. To triumph, they will have to hold their lines everywhere intact, while driving back their antagonists in unexpected places. This being the hard fact, it would be foolish to speak of the new Democratic alignment as a presage of victory. But it at least makes a future victory possible, and of a sort which would not spell calamity to the country. It points the way to the formation of an Opposition party which is not disabled from performing its needed function by affrighting people on sight. It foretokens the affirmation of wholesome political truths, and the denunciation of dangerous tendencies in the party in power, in a way which will recall

> "——old forgotten principles,
> And through the nation spread a novel heat
> Of virtuous feeling."

Success thus merited may in the end be attained.

STATE COMMITTEES.

In the political activities of this year a factor of unusual prominence has been the influence of the Central Committees in some of the important States. Here in New York we see the Governor assuming the position of State Chairman, thus uniting in his own person the party functions of working out policies and conducting campaigns. In Indiana, the defeat of the Hearst forces was to be attributed partly to the action of the Committee in excluding delegates from the temporary roll of the convention; while in Wisconsin the right of the Central Committee to go behind the face of credentials in deciding what delegates should be admitted to the convention hall, has been made the basis of an actual revolt. Looking at any one State, the power and importance of the State Committee will be found to have varied greatly in different years; but, taking the country over, there appears to be a tendency toward giving the State Committees larger control, aside from those matters of purely executive character which have always been in their charge.

The State Central Committee was created because it was necessary to have some one to look after the details of campaigning, secure speakers, call meetings, distribute campaign literature, bring out the full vote on election day, and see that the party had its rights at the polls. Platforms and candidates were attended to by the convention. The theory was that these two functions were entirely independent. The convention dealt the cards. The committee's duty was to play the hand, good or bad, with all the sagacity and skill it could summon. It was usually in real sympathy with the party issues, because the leaders responsible for the candidate and the platform would naturally control the committee as well. Otherwise, the bond was much like that between agent and principal, the committee making the best of a situation not of its own making.

For the extension of its power since that time, two things are chiefly responsible: the need for lodging the authority of the party somewhere during the months between conventions, and the adoption of the Australian ballot. The direct primary, should it be generally adopted, will tend in the same direction. In most States the party conventions and committees have already been changed from mere conveniences established by party rule to organic parts of the electoral system, governed no less than the polling booth itself by the State law. In a study of the State Central Committee as it exists to-day, contributed to the current number of the *Political Science Quarterly* by C. E. Merriam, the stages in the legal recognition of the committee are traced. The convention must always, as a matter of course, be made sponsor for the nominations to be placed under the party emblem, but va-

cancies often occur between the adjournment of the convention and election day. The laws of nearly all the States authorize the Central Committee to fill such vacancies, sometimes with the proviso that, if time permits, a special convention shall be called, but in others without that limitation. Hence arise such significant provisions as in Colorado, where the Democratic committee has full power "to consider, pass upon, and determine all controversies concerning the regularity of the organization of the party within and for any Congressional district or county or city in the State of Colorado"; or in Pennsylvania, where the Democratic committee may "direct such changes as may appear necessary" in the rules of local organizations and enforce its demands by refusing representation until they are complied with. In a Missouri case involving such powers the court decided, "It would seem inherently necessary in all party organizations that there should be some governing head, some controlling power, some common arbiter, which, if emergency should arise therefor, can lay its hands on the heads of the warring factions within the party and compel the observance of wholesome regulations, conducive alike to efficient party organization and to good government."

The examples we have had this year do not, to be sure, show the State Committee as a very successful pacificator, but it has gained its end where it has used its full powers. In Wisconsin, for instance, the Committee exercised the right of going behind the prima-facie credentials of delegates in making up the temporary roll of the convention. Whether this would have changed the complexion of the convention, and whether it was contrary to precedent, are disputed points, but such a right becomes momentous whenever the balance of power is held by the delegates whose seats are contested. The alternative in Wisconsin, as in all other States, is to let the county or district chairman's certificate admit to the temporary organization of the convention. Under either practice, the convention can overrule the decision so far as the make-up of the permanent organization is concerned, though it is apt to be too far faction-bound to use its calm judgment.

If power is to be added to that portion of the party organization which never dies, and if it is to become in fact the repository of policies and authority through fifty-one weeks of every year, it should be recognized as such. If its function is to be solely "practical politics," it may be all very well to pick out its members for their shrewdness in pulling wires and rounding up delegates. If, however, it becomes the living, active force within the party, the same high qualifications should be sought in the State Committeemen as in the candidates themselves.

IMMIGRANTS AND STEAMSHIP WARS.

Further cuts in steerage rates went into effect on Monday. Immigrants can now obtain passage from several English and Scottish ports to New York for $10, where formerly they paid $25. This is the latest move in a rate war between rival steamship companies. In consequence, however, much fear is expressed that the result may be to induce a large influx of highly undesirable aliens. The slums of Whitechapel, it is said, are prepared to discharge upon us a loathsome mass of poverty, filth, and disease, which, under the comparatively lax immigration laws of Great Britain, has for years poured in from Russia, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkan States. According to Frank P. Sargent, Commissioner-General of Immigration, this noxious invasion has already begun.

We are inclined to think that the situation, actual and prospective, is greatly exaggerated. The immigration laws provide an adequate protection against the dreaded inundation. Only a year ago these laws were reënacted, added to, and in numerous ways made adaptable to present conditions. Under the new statute, practically all the objectionable aliens said to be tempted by the reduced steerage rates may be excluded, and the responsibilities of the steamship companies increased. It groups objectionable immigrants under three heads—the physically and mentally deficient, the hopelessly poor, and the morally depraved. It thus excludes all idiots, epileptics, and insane persons; all persons who have been insane for five years or who have had two attacks of insanity at any time. It likewise prohibits the landing of all aliens suffering from loathsome or contagious diseases. Under the second head come professional beggars, absolute paupers, and all who are likely to become public charges. Polygamists, anarchists — of philosophical or bomb-throwing variety —prostitutes, procurers, and persons who have been convicted of crimes involving "moral turpitude," are in the third class. In addition, there is the contract laborer, with the much-enduring Chinaman. The law of 1903 also requires increased vigilance by steamship companies. They are forbidden to advertise, except in the most perfunctory way; and are made subject to a fine of $1,000 for every illegal immigrant they attempt to land. They are required to make out complete manifests of all passengers, and answer a multitude of questions concerning their physical, mental, and financial status. They must themselves deport all rejected immigrants, paying the expense of their maintenance while here. And the period during which they may be called upon to return landed immigrants who become paupers is increased from one to two years.

Though the new law has been in force little more than a year, it is said to be working well. In August last the Government sent Mr. Marcus Braun to southeastern Europe to investigate its workings. His official report contains much that is pertinent to the present situation. He found that the steamship companies, especially those engaged in the present rate war, were doing everything in their power to improve the quality of immigrants. They had curbed the enthusiasm of their agents, in some cases refusing commissions to those who improperly solicited business; and had taken every precaution to fortify themselves against diseased passengers. In the main, Mr. Braun commends the English and German steamship lines for their rigid medical inspections. He also reports the coöperation of foreign Governments, especially Austria-Hungary and Italy. The mails are closed to alluring literature describing the American Eldorado. Mr. Braun says that letters of this kind are confiscated by hundreds of thousands, so that the old abuse is practically ended. He found nothing to substantiate the popular notion that the Italian Government encouraged the emigration of undesirable subjects. On the contrary, it does everything to keep this very element away from America. The Government, declares Mr. Braun, is in constant fear that the United States may pass laws against Italian immigration, which would be a serious thing for Italy, as whole towns in the southern part are supported mainly by remittances from America. The Italian authorities, Mr. Braun found, had imprisoned several of the most notorious steamship "runners." All over Europe it is generally understood that it is no easy thing to get into the United States. Thus, thousands of Russian Jews are sent to London, where they spend a probationary period of about six months, in the hope of putting themselves in sufficiently fit physical condition to gain admittance. For the same reason, thousands of the proscribed classes land at Canadian and Mexican ports, with the hope of eventually slipping in over the border—unquestionably a real danger. The only immigration law generally despised and evaded is that against contract labor.

Thus there would seem to be no impending peril from present steamship rivalry. Like all wars, it is expensive. According to general belief, the companies lose money by every immigrant; and it is not likely that they will care to increase the expense by numerous $1,000 fines. If they go to reckless extremes, our remedy is to enforce the laws. Such aspiring citizens as are undesirable we can keep out; such as are desirable we are, of course, only too glad to let in. According to the latest immigration reports, a growing percentage of immigrants is excluded under the act of 1903.

Last year we sent back 8,769 at the steamship companies' expense, against 4,974 in the previous year. The larger number of the diseased were Japanese, who, of course, are not affected by the new steamship rates. Evidently, however, our local officials have learned how to apply the new law; and it is to be presumed they will not hesitate, in the next few weeks, to make such use of it as occasion requires.

REVISING THE CANADIAN TARIFF.

Minister Fielding, in his budget speech, has presented a plan for revising the Canadian tariff, and naturally he has not failed to commend the schedules he arranged six years ago by pointing to the sensational prosperity that Canada has enjoyed ever since. How far Mr. Fielding's tariff created the forests and fisheries of the Dominion, how much it did to make the Northwestern Territory fertile, we may decide later. For the moment it is enough to show that Canada has greatly prospered under schedules so low that, we are assured, their adoption would ruin this far richer country. If industrial development and agricultural returns are possible only under the ægis of a virtually prohibitive tariff, then Canada should long ago have gone to the international poorhouse.

The Fielding tariff of 1898 was a timid protective compromise on the part of a free-trade party. The Liberals found themselves very much in the position of our Democrats in 1892, bound to revise a high tariff, but without the courage to reduce it frankly to a revenue basis. So Mr. Fielding's bill produced schedules which practically have been good revenue-getters, but have remained essentially protective. Under the grudging protection, however, which the industries of Canada thus received, our infant industries would have been stricken with terror of death. Food and animals, for example, enjoy only 26.47 per cent. protection, against our 68.11 per cent.; manufactured articles, 24.24, against 49.11. In general, Canada's tariff wall is about half as high as ours, and yet Mr. Fielding holds that in many places it is higher than need be. Apparently, the infant industries of Canada are far more robust than ours.

As for Mr. Fielding's plan of revision, its most significant feature is the fixing of three schedules—a maximum, a medium for most favored nations, a minimum for the British Empire. This virtually confirms the present practice of the Dominion, under which German goods pay a sur-tax, United States goods the average schedules, British products 33 1-3 per cent. less than the average rates. Any advantage to Great Britain, however, is largely offset by raising from 23 1-3 to 30 per cent. the minimum duty on woollens, of which Canada imports about $11,000,000 annually. Small concessions to Great Britain are reductions in the duties on china and pottery, and on window and plate glass, the latter sweeping. These reductions are quite as likely to favor the United States as England. Molasses from British countries giving a preference will be admitted free. Refined coal oil will pay only 2½ cents a gallon instead of 5; crude oil will be free, but the Canadian refiner will receive a bounty of 1½ cents a gallon on crude oil manufactured in Canada. This is an artificial attempt to bolster up an industry apparently dwindling through natural causes. Much of this bounty may go, in the long run, into the coffers of the Standard Oil Company.

Mr. Fielding's proposal to prevent "dumping" has excited some comment, but his plan comes very near to our own practice of marking up invoices and penalizing undervaluation. Mr. Fielding would simply charge a stiff percentage of the difference between the invoice and the fair market value of the goods at the place of shipment. Evidently that would make it very expensive for any Canadian importer to encourage the foreign "dumper," though in practice it would be rather difficult to apply so drastic a penalty. "Dumped" goods do not bear their horrid character on their face like a mark of Cain, and practically it might be hard to determine just where a reasonable concession from the foreign market price ends and dumping begins.

Far more edifying than these dry details is the spectacle of a growing country calmly discussing schedules which we are told would spell ruin here, and undertaking substantial revision of its tariff downward without the slightest fear of shattering the industrial fabric. Why should that scaling process which is held in fairly superstitious horror at Washington be cheerfully proposed at Ottawa? Why, simply because Canada has never been keyed up to our artificial pitch. Her manufacturers have never grown so fat on treasury favors as to hold the rod over the entire country. The result is that the Dominion has never got into that ridiculous *impasse* in which our ruling party lies paralyzed. Canada has never built up a customs system so sensitive that if touched anywhere it will turn out a veritable infernal machine and blow up the meddler, with all hands. There is still a saving remnant in Canadian politics which sees that the tariff has played a very small part in the growth of the country. The fertile vacant places of Canada have been her wealth; her forests and teeming waters. She thrives precisely as we have done, by hard work applied to the gifts of nature. Yet that wholesome truth is now questioned there. Her manufacturers, like ours, insist that the Government owes them a living, and a good one. Still, she has kept her freedom of action, and Mr. Fielding's proposals, though obviously imperfect, show at least an intention to legislate for the nation, and not for a class.

To us who are told that our prosperity and our very safety lie in letting the Dingley bill alone, Mr. Fielding's act must seem, according to our political affiliations, like that of a hero or a madman. That he seems neither in Canada indicates either that our northern neighbors are running wantonly into self-destruction, or that we are living under the tyranny of a most insubstantial bogey.

SCIENTIFIC AND OTHER DEGREES.

Science reports in full a discussion by the American Society of Naturalists on the subject of academic degrees conferred for scientific work. Should the B.S., M.S., and D.Sc. be retained, or should the bachelor's and master's degree in arts and the doctorate in philosophy crown work in the sciences as well as in the humanities? To-day the former degrees do not stand for attainments distinctly in the sciences. But in consequence of a growing feeling that scientific studies, though not essentially superior, are still as dignified as the classics and immediately more useful, the latter have so largely fallen into abeyance that the degree of bachelor of arts has come to represent all but no classical knowledge at all. The naturalists and several college presidents who participated in the discussion practically agreed that the collegiate B.S. (President Jordan explained, "bachelor of surfaces") is rapidly losing its reason for existing, and that the sooner it is abolished the better. Most of the younger institutions—Johns Hopkins, Leland Stanford, and others—have never adopted it at all, and have never felt the want of it. As for Chicago, which gives baccalaureate degrees in arts, science, and philosophy, and whose students of commerce become bachelors of philosophy, we will hope, with Professor Cattell, "that idealism will be radiated from the packing houses of the city." The suggestion was made that the science degree might be awarded for purely technological work in schools of engineering. But this is another matter.

Incidentally, the naturalists spoke of the honorary degree and of degrees in general. The "Who's LL.D.'s" have of late years multiplied with the rapidity of micro-organisms, and the number at present must be nearly as great as when "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth." Thirty-nine were created at Wisconsin's semi-centennial last week, including Jane Addams of Hull House. The indiscriminate bestowal of the honorary degree upon successful men of commerce and politics is obviously tantamount to the formal endorsement of their civic ethics by the academic staff of the country, and to their being held up for emulation be-

fore graduating classes and the community in general. It thus mischievously adds to the babel-confusion of ideals which alone makes it possible that so much anarchy, so much mendacity, so much folly and selfishness can live and prosper among us. Genuine merit is, and always has been, anxious for sympathy and recognition on the part of the best—often the more so, the truer and greater it is. But to-day it can hardly feel honored by a "vir probissimus" credential from the authorities, and it must surely feel offended at the knowledge that it is sharing the honor with successful *arrivisme*, if not worse. Going much higher in the human scale, and coming to that which is more than merit, honorary college degrees seem actually ridiculous. "Herbert Spencer, LL.D.," would have been a forlorn joke in the Synthetic Philosophy. No wonder that one of the naturalists suggested that eminent investigators refuse the honor altogether.

As to degrees in general, there was a pretty unanimous feeling that they are a necessary evil. That they are universally demanded, every one knows. Long strings of degrees appended to the faculty names in a college catalogue beautify appearances, for anxious parents, much more effectively than would long lists of original contributions to human thought; consequently, no college catalogue can afford to be without them. In Germany a degree is an admission ticket to the table of the well-to-do middle class. In France it is supposed to have a handsome dowry-value. Consequently, the idea of abolishing the conferring of degrees in general should be discarded as sheer madness, destroying, as it surely would, the numerical greatness of our colleges, and entailing material losses upon a certain fraction of the world's intellectual aristocracy.

Nor can we forget the marvellous modern development of the methods by which degrees may be acquired. There was a time when the *doctores rite promoti* were not *promoti* until after many years of residence in universities. We believe some fifteen years, at least, were deemed necessary for the attainment of a certain mental maturity certified to by the degree. But in these days of predigested, brain-creating cereal foods such enormous waste of energy is no longer necessary. All one has to do is to order by mail, from one of our correspondence universities, a lot of typewritten mental discipline; in grateful recognition whereof said university will promptly and cheerfully grant any degree desired—bachelor's, master's, doctor's, according to the quantity purchased—all on beautifully hand-made diplomas of artificial parchment paper. Even in most residence-colleges very little effort (and that largely muscular) is required for taking a degree. And it carries the valuable persuasion, especially to the holder himself, that he is sufficiently "cultured" for the higher activities of life. We confess we do not see the evil of it all. To our mind the modern degree is an ingenious time- and labor-saving device. Far from being ashamed of it, we are proud of it, as we are proud of many other wonderful institutions in our highly developed civilization. Thus we fail to comprehend how President Jordan can say that "academic degrees belong to the babyhood of culture," why President Butler calls them "the tinsel of education," or why Professor Cattell would "like to see academic degrees abolished altogether, or, as a second choice, to see the B.A. degree interpreted as meaning either bachelor of arts or bachelor of athletics, as the case may be, and then conferred on each college student when he attains his twenty-first birthday."

ITALY, FRANCE, AND THE VATICAN.

FLORENCE, May 28, 1904.

The hopes of the ultra-Socialists, Republicans, and Radicals that the Pope's "protest" against the visit of the Republican President Loubet to the King of Italy in the "Apostolic palace of the Quirinal in Rome" would frustrate the efforts of the Italian Government and the Pope to come to some amicable understanding (without, of course, any formal proclamation), are dashed to the ground by the fact that to-morrow the King of Italy visiting Bologna for the Exposition will be welcomed at the town hall by Cardinal Svampa, the Archbishop of Bologna, by the express order of Pio X. Both Victor Emanuel II. and King Humbert visited Bologna, the former when he went in 1860 to meet his new subjects who had thrown off the Papal yoke and proclaimed their unanimous will to form part of the constitutional kingdom of Piedmont. Then, of course, the clergy took no part. King Humbert visited the city three times—the first time just after he had ascended the throne, when Benedetto Cairoli was prime minister with Zanardelli; and on that occasion the Republicans opposed the participation of their party, but Aurelio Saffi and Giosuè Carducci not only participated, but the then democratic poet, who only a month before had refused the decoration of the Order of Savoy, was presented to the sovereigns and wrote his famous ode to Queen Margeret. The clergy was not represented, though the municipality then was composed of Moderates and Clericals. In 1888 Mgr. Battaglini, Archbishop of Bologna, wished to take part in the ceremony, but was forbidden to do so, and was reproved by Leo XIII. for his personal reception of Queen Margeret, when she went to the Church of San Petronio.

Your readers will remember the affront meditated by the Archbishop of Palermo in 1896, when the sovereigns on their visit to the great Exposition were prepared to visit the cathedral, as all sovereigns had done before them—as Garibaldi also did—and were received by the Archbishop. The orders of the intransigent Cardinal Celesia were that they should not be received, and Nicotera, informed of the meditated affront, frustrated it by conducting the sovereigns straight to the royal palace. The Cardinal Archbishop justified his prohibition by "the order of the Pope," who never abated his hostilities to the son of the usurper who affirmed "Rome intangible." His conduct after the murder of King Humbert was unchristian as it was inhuman. All funereal ceremonies were forbidden as far as it lay in his power to prevent them. Even the English Catholics were forbidden to hold or take part in them. The prayer of the widowed Queen was prohibited. When funeral rites were solemnly celebrated at Bologna, the Archbishop Cardinal Svampa was ordered to quit the city, which he, a fierce *intransigente*, did with ostentation. How is it that to-day he is to unite with the civil authorities in welcoming the King to the city which formed part of the temporal territory over which the sovereign pontiffs maintain their right to reign?

Altri tempi, altri costumi. The present Pope, who protects the Rosminians so maltreated and persecuted by Pio Nono and Leo XIII., recommending the study of Rosmini's doctrines to the youth of Italy in a recent brief, though the Rosminians are the only order who hoist the national flag during national festivals, takes every occasion to favor the association of religious authorities with national life. When the King promised, a month since, to visit Bologna, the Archbishop sent to Rome to know how he was to conduct himself on the occasion. The Pope answered by ordering him to take an official part in the reception, stipulating only that he should be the first authority received by the King, the precedence being due to his rank. The intermediary, Avv. Ambrosini, went at once to the Quirinal to inform Count Giannotti, master of ceremonies, of his interview; and that the conditions were accepted is proved by the terms of the prefect's invitation to the Cardinal, who replied on the same day (April 25): "I am much obliged to his Excellency for the happy (*fausta*) information which he has kindly communicated. Next Saturday I shall make it my duty to come to the town hall to offer the homage of my devoted reverence (*l'omaggio del mio devoto ossequio*) to his Majesty, the King." It was hoped by the *intransigenti* of all parties that, after the visit, the "protest" and the consequent agitation, the Cardinal would be advised to take a compulsory leave of absence, owing to a *fausto* illness. But the Pope did not see things in that light, and nothing in the conduct of the Italian Government during the month of May gave him the slightest pretext for altering his instructions.

Previous to the visit of the French President the prime minister, though on excellent terms with the Republicans and "reforming" Socialists, prohibited a Republican demonstration because offensive to the spiritual head of the Catholic Church; affirming that in the welcome given to Loubet on his "return visit" to the King of Italy there was no intention of gratuitously offending the spiritual authority of the Pope. For the same reason the address of the Freemasons was revised. Again, during the discussion of the budget of the Ministry of Justice, Ronchetti, an ultra-Liberal, under-Home Secretary during Zanardelli's ministry, in answer to some violent appeals for the introduction of a radical ecclesiastical policy, warned his "friends" that such a serious question must be made

the subject of a separate and grave discussion; that the special conditions of Italy in her relations to the Vatican were so intricate and serious that, while it was necessary to maintain the rights and dignity of the state (in which duty the Government never had been and never would be found wanting), this did not extend to provocation, to the creation of useless difficulties and vexatious conflicts—adding: "The reordering of ecclesiastical property is a formidable problem barbed with the most serious difficulties, to solve which all efforts have hitherto proved vain. Not less arduous is the reorganization of dioceses and parishes, which, indeed, never can be accomplished without the collaboration of the ecclesiastical authorities."

Anent the influx of the members of the Congregationists expelled from France, the minister stated the facts clearly, though it is well known that he is seriously perturbed by the increasing numbers of "native confraternities" which, by the pious fraud of purchasing lands and edifices in the name of a single person, are gradually reviving the old state of things supposed to have been abolished by the laws following that of 1867. He referred to the declaration of the Minister of the Interior, and explained that the law does not prohibit citizens from associating for religious worship, nor from wearing a special costume; and that the same law applies to foreigners. But it refuses to recognize the juridical personality of these congregations, and can compel them to a strict observance of all the laws of the state. He did not, however, deny the possible necessity of a new law for the hindrance of pious frauds; and, indeed, facts and figures show that, little by little, the religious corporations abolished in Italy are gradually reforming in increasing strength and numbers. Deputy Alessio has proved that the number of persons living in religious communities has increased enormously, that of women doubled. Many of them have returned to their old convents and monasteries under other names, and thence dispense alms and soup as of old. The old hostilities between Dominicans and Franciscans, between Jesuits and Somaschians, have disappeared.

But why on earth, it may be asked, if the intentions of both the Italian Government and the Pope are so amicable, was the "protest" launched when the visit was ended and everybody was rejoicing in the "All's well that ends well?" Because at the Vatican more than elsewhere "there are wheels within wheels;" because no Pope, angel and saint combined in one, can resist the pressure of the combined hostility of intransigent ecclesiastics and of tradition. On the 4th of May a brief note in the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, stated that a protest *had been* issued to the heads of all Catholic Powers; but no importance was attached to the news until, on the 14th, the text of the note, published by Jaurès in his Socialist paper, *L'Humanité*, appeared in the Roman papers with a comment by Jaurès showing that the protests sent to other Catholic Powers and that sent to France differed in an essential point, to wit: in the former the Pope explained "that only serious reasons of order and urgent motives of actuality had prevented the recall of the Papal nuncio from Paris." Compared with the anathemas of the two preceding popes this seems astonishingly mild. France is told that, owing to the singular benevolence of the Supreme Pontiffs for her, and to the signal benefits conferred on her, it behoved France above all other nations to act with the utmost delicacy towards the Holy See, and that the visit paid by the chief of that nation to "Him who, contrary to every right, impedes his civil sovereignty in Rome" (*Colui che, contre tutti i diritti, detiene la sua civile sovranità in Roma*) is a far more heinous offence than it would have been on the part of any other of the Catholic Powers, who have all abstained from so offending, although serious interests on the part of some (Austria), and ties of kindred on the part of others, held out strong inducements to them to visit the kings of Italy in Rome. The *Colui* is the only reference to the King of Italy in the protest; later it is said "that the visit was desired by the Italian Government in order to weaken the recognition of the rights of the Holy See." Giolitti and his colleagues were accused of cowardice, of truckling to the Vatican for not taking action on this. When presently it was known that Nisard, the French ambassador to the Vatican, had been recalled—whether for a temporary holiday or for good, it was not clear—the tempest augmented in violence. "Ministers of monarchy" were bidden to learn from republican France how to uphold the dignity of the nation, the rights of the State; were warned that they would soon be humiliated still further by seeing the papal nuncio packed off from Paris, by the total rupture of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican, the abolition of the Concordat, the total separation of Church and State. Never since the dark days that followed Mentana has a discussion in the French Chambers been awaited as anxiously as that of to-day.

May 29.

The *Giornale d'Italia* has received the entire discussion by telephone. Delcassé's allusions to "the Papacy's absurd pretensions to temporal power," and Combes's decisive declaration that "France accepts no intervention by the Vatican in her foreign policy, that she means to put an end to the vain pretence, void of all value, of the Papacy to the temporal power," have sent through Italy a thrill of joy that for the moment effaces all other feelings. The telegram of the radical congress in Rome to Combes expresses the sentiments of all Italians who love and are proud of the patient fortitude, as well as of the heroic martyrdom, of the makers and keepers of Italy one and independent. J. W. M.

BARON HUEBNER'S DIARY.—II.

PARIS, June 1, 1904.

The Emperor Napoleon III. informed the diplomatic body of his intended marriage with Mlle. de Montijo on the 22d of January, 1853. It was a love match, he said; and was he not himself a *parvenu?* He alluded to the reserved attitude which the great Powers had maintained before recognizing the new French Empire, and to the fact that Austria had asked for the marriage of the Archduchess Marie Louise with Napoleon I. "This," wrote Hübner, "disquiets the public"; and to Minister Buol:

"The Ambassadors are not as alarmed as they were. . . . They feared for a moment that the Emperor would fly off their hands and throw himself into the world of adventure. A man who, at the age of forty-five, himself decides, to satisfy a caprice, to make a love match (especially if that man be an Emperor and change his flame into an Empress) at the risk of forfeiting the opinion of the country and of Europe—such a man, it must be confessed, is made to inspire apprehension."

The civil marriage took place at the Tuileries, and the next day the religious marriage was celebrated in the cathedral of Notre Dame. The public remained very cold; there were no acclamations, the spectators were indifferent and impassive. "You would have thought they were at the play, not understanding it, and thinking that it was not worth while to ask what it meant."

Hübner was not deceived by the apparent coolness of the Emperor when he spoke of foreign affairs:

"I am not reassured," he wrote to Buol, "concerning the Emperor's disposition. . . . Foreign politics will now become the ground on which he will by preference exercise his inclination for conspiracies, and I believe he will create difficulties for us in Italy, by helping secretly in Sardinia and perhaps throughout the Peninsula the demagogic party. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

In another letter he shows well his early comprehension of the Emperor's character:

"His policy at home, as well as abroad, has always been to talk revolution to the revolutionists and authority to the men of order. But there comes a moment when ambiguity of language is no longer sufficient. . . . At present he hesitates. It is for the cabinets to decide if he ought to be accepted. . . . Believe me, he will always be more yielding on great questions than on what, in the manner of Louis Philippe, he calls the humiliations. . . . The refusal of a mere courtesy revolts him. He sends forth fire and flame, and threatens a rupture with the Continent. If we wish to win him over in some measure, let us try to humor this susceptibility as much as our dignity allows. . . . Do not take me for a coward, my dear Count; do not believe, either, that it amuses me to play the courtier in this new court. It is far from amusing. But France is France; if we throw him into a bad way, he will set fire to the four corners of Europe, and we shall have much difficulty in extinguishing it."

Napoleon found the first occasion of playing a part in the affairs of Europe in the difficulties of the Eastern question. The mission of Prince Menshikoff to Constantinople brought matters to a crisis; the French fleet was sent into Grecian waters. The affair of the Holy Land occasioned endless discussions between the great Powers and the Porte. Hübner felt that a conflict in the East would be a terrible affair. There was not much harmony between the great Powers: Lord Palmerston was anxious to go to war against Russia and to draw Louis Napoleon into common action; Austria was wavering, for, though hostile to Russia, she had no desire to act with France. The marriage of the Duke de Brabant to an Austrian archduchess was considered by Napoleon an attack on himself.

"He thinks himself betrayed, threatened, humiliated; he makes on me the effect of a man out of his mind. I do not think that his anger is simulated. We must put ourselves in his place. He owes the throne of France to a *coup de main*, made by a few battalions. He wants to keep it, but sometimes feels it trembling under his feet. Then he becomes alarmed and angry. In those moments I think him capable of anything."

Lord Palmerston was in favor of vigorous action against Russia, but Lord Aberdeen and King Leopold (who was always a prudent adviser of Queen Victoria) wished to avoid war. The marriage of the Belgian royal prince with an Austrian princess made Napoleon furious. While matters were hanging on a thread, Hübner wrote: "I pray God that they at Saint Petersburg be wise. If the Emperor Nicholas makes war on Turkey, France will follow England, and what will England do? The whole question is there; and what would be our situation?" Austria had signed the treaty of 1841 which maintained the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Did Russia's demands threaten this independence? The Sultan said that they did; France and England said the same. Austria and Prussia stood reserved, but Hübner confesses that in Germany public opinion was decidedly hostile to Russia, and the Anglo-French alliance was forming. This alliance was, in Hübner's words, the "danger of the situation."

We must note, here and there, the portraits traced by Hübner. After a visit to the Malmaison, where lived at the time Queen Christina of Spain, he writes:

"The classical features of her head and her face, which would still be handsome if it were not for the sensual lips, would make one forget the exuberance of her Catholic Majesty's figure. Add to this eyes which sometimes shoot fire, sometimes so dreamy as to cover themselves with a transparent veil, and you will understand what the old General Infante, one of her innumerable ministers, once said to me: 'At the Council table, she asks for impossible things. You refuse. She insists. You are still inexorable. Then she breaks your opposition with a look, a single look, and you leave the Council with shame on your face and death in your soul.' It was in this way that she wore out all her ministers and ended by being turned out of the country."

Persigny often had familiar conversation with Hübner. "'The Emperor Napoleon,'" he once said, "'has on his side the people; Austria has the educated classes. Give us the educated classes and we will give you the people.' These words, more paradoxical than witty or true, betray the inner sufferings of the Tuileries; the Tuileries feel themselves disdained by the courts of the Continent." Here is a curious example of the Emperor's susceptibilities:

"A young German prince [his name is not given] placed under the protection of the Austrian embassy had not had himself presented at court. I ignored the young German's presence in Paris, and he had not yet made me his visit. But the Emperor suspected me of being the cause of this abstention. To know the truth about it he sent to me Bacciochi, after having told him: 'Say to him frankly what is the matter; don't play the diplomat. . . . If you are frank, Hübner, as I know him, will be frank also.' His envoy was frank enough to repeat to me these very words. I had the prince searched for in the hotels of Paris, and I presented him to the Emperor, who received me with open arms and ceased to show me coldness for several weeks. Is this clear enough?"

A conference of the Powers took place at Vienna, and meanwhile hostilities began on the Danube between the Russians and the Turks. Hübner was conscious that the French Emperor saw only a pretext in the Turkish complications. "What," he said, "is the situation? Are we confronting a real Eastern question? No. Turkey is merely the ground on which the real question is to be raised; for England and for France this real question is the preponderance of Russia. John Bull don't want this preponderance, whatever Lord Aberdeen may say or do. . . . France cannot remain passive. . . . The progress of Russia must be stopped. This is the new phase on which we enter."

In the midst of these political considerations, we find interesting accounts of visits to Champlatreux, the château of Count Molé, to Fontainebleau. Hübner calls Fontainebleau the richest and most fantastic of all the castles of the ancient kings of France. During this visit, made with Drouyn de Lhuys, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Thouvenel, he found himself with Princess Mathilde and the personages of the new court. Of the great gentlemen of the country, there was but one, the Duke de Baufremont. After the dinner, served for eighty people in the magnificent gallery of Henri II., Hübner had a long conversation with the Emperor on the Eastern question:

"I then had the honor of opening the ball with the Empress. It was the eve of her feast day. The Emperor took the gentlemen to his bedroom and distributed to them bouquets of flowers. Guided by him, we then entered in procession the room where stood the Empress, and we presented our flowers to her in succession. . . . Towards the end of the evening, Drouyn de Lhuys begged me regard what his master had said to me as having the value of an official communication."

Austria, Prussia, France, and England signed in Vienna in December, 1853, a protocol which isolated Russia, and which virtually put an end to the Russian hegemony in Central Europe—a result which was but imperfectly understood in Vienna and in Berlin. It was the policy of Drouyn de Lhuys to seek in an alliance with Austria (a conservative country) a remedy against the revolutionary tendencies of his master and at the same time a counterpoise against the influence of England, personified at the time by Lord Palmerston. Napoleon was absolute master of France; his object was to undo the treaties of 1815, and an alliance of France with England against Russia was the entering wedge. England was both astonished and pleased to find the army of France at her service. The preoccupations and reflections of Hübner during the confused period of negotiation which preceded the Crimean war, and during the war itself, are full of interest, as they reflect the current state of mind in Austria. Hübner clearly foresaw that the Crimean war was but a beginning, and that the position and influence of Austria were threatened by the combined action of France and England. He prophesied that the Italian question would come into the ascendant after the Congress of Paris, which followed the Crimean war.

The first volume of his curious journal covers the years 1851-1856; it will be followed very soon by a second volume which will undoubtedly be as interesting as the first. At the end of the first volume we find Hübner's appreciation of Cavour, whom he met at the Congress of Paris.

"I like," said he, "to do justice to my adversaries, but Cavour displeased me. At the Congress he tried to appear modest. At the sitting of the 8th of April, when Walewski was, against his will, obliged to cast the firebrand of Italian affairs among the plenipotentiaries, with the knowledge if not with the approbation of the Emperor Napoleon, Cavour had the courage to attack openly Austria, whom he did not cease to attack secretly during the conferences. Strongly supported by Prince Napoleon, he was not pleased by the Emperor's constant wavering between his good and his bad instincts, between his desire to be accepted by the sovereigns and his fear of being compromised by the revolutionists. Cavour's physique is wanting in distinction."

THE FRENCH PRIMITIVES IN PARIS.

PARIS, May, 1904.

It was no doubt the successful exhibition of Flemish primitives, held two years ago at Bruges, that suggested the exhibition of French primitives recently opened in the Pavillon de Mersan at the Louvre, with a supplementary section at the Bibliothèque Nationale. One of its immediate objects, according to its organizers, is to make reparation for the long period during which these early French painters have been neglected and forgotten. The cynical, just now when critics at the Salon are declaring that there is no French art left, might see in the collection only an additional proof that there was none, as far as painting is concerned, in the beginning, and that if the French primitives have been neglected, it is because they never existed. However this may be, one thing is certain: the show has a very great historical importance; no pains have been spared to make it complete; while, when it comes to the later period represented, the sixteenth century—though then, surely, French art had outgrown all primitiveness—there is work that appeals as powerfully to the artist as to the historian or the Morellian. In a word, the show is one to be seen by everybody who happens to be in Paris before the 14th of July, when it closes—is, indeed, one worth a special journey for the special student.

As the exhibition is held in Paris, I need hardly explain that it is not only intelligently but delightfully arranged. Even the person caring nothing for the history of primitive or any other art should go, if merely to enjoy the first impression on entering from the Rue de Rivoli. For the great hall below and the stairway leading to the picture galleries upstairs are hung with gorgeous old tapestries; beautiful statues stand here and there; and masses of plants make restful spaces of cool green in the midst of the glow of color and the splendor of design. There is nothing of the tedious effect of an exhibition. It took me, at any rate, some little time to realize that tapestries and statues were there as "specimens" to be examined, lent for the occasion by private collectors and public museums, so essentially did they seem to belong to their background. Naturally, in the picture galleries, it has not been so easy to retain this illusion of appropriate decoration. Here the end would be defeated if the paintings were not grouped according to schools and periods, and hung so that they could be studied separately and comparatively.

Already the collection has aroused great national and patriotic enthusiasm; already it has been seized upon as a motive for books that are to establish the originality and preëminence of the French Primitives; already I seem conscious of busy Morellians shuffling names and attributions, and dealing them out afresh. But when the enthusiasm has had time to cool, when the game of attributions has been played, I

have an idea that the general estimate of the French Primitives will be very much what it was. At the best, the primitive art of any country, except for the rare work of the rare genius, has little beyond an historical value. And I see nothing in the present collection, to which national and provincial museums, churches, and cathedrals from all over France, collectors from all over Europe, have contributed, to convince one that the occasional genius in primitive France was less rare than has been thought; nothing to disprove the belief that what painting there then was, reveals Flemish and Italian influence rather than local character. I know it is now urged that, after all, in the early days of the Valois, Flanders and Burgundy were so closely allied as to be practically the same country, united under the same princes, the people sharing the same interests; and that if the work then done in Burgundy bear traces of what we call Flemish influence, there is no more reason for attributing it to a Flemish origin than there would be to embrace all Flemish work in one great Burgundian school. Indeed, I should not be surprised if, presently, it were urged that Flemish art really is Burgundian or French. But the fact remains that the few great painters in this part of Europe who owed their art to Flemish—or Burgundian, if you please—sources, belong to the country that once was Flanders and now is Belgium, and that they alone give the Flemish School, and indirectly the Burgundian group, any artistic importance. There are altarpieces and panels and even portraits in the Burgundian section that have all the amusing angular naïveté, the uncompromising, matter-of-fact realism, the minute detail, the homely conception of beauty, that characterized the series of pictures at Bruges; but nowhere did I discover the little more that separates the supreme genius from the well-trained craftsman—the little more found in the masterpieces of Memling and the Van Eycks. And so with the other French Schools, the sole essential difference being that, as you get further south—in Provence, for instance, where painting flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—the Italian influence replaces the Flemish.

One or two artists may seem somewhat more accomplished than the rest—Fouquet, the painter still known as "le Maître de Moulins," though the Morellians have him in hand; Nicholas Froment. But, interesting as their work is, admirable and notable as are the examples—Froment's triptych with René and Jeanne de Laval, like donors kneeling on either side in the wings, from the cathedral at Aix; the exquisite little paintings on vellum by Fouquet; a simple portrait of a woman by the Maître de Moulins, the property of Mr. Walter Gay; the strikingly realistic head of a child, in the catalogue ascribed tentatively to Jean Bourdichon—interesting as these and other things are, I do not hesitate to say that the unprejudiced student will find nothing in the series that can be compared to the great performance of the Flemish Primitives on the one hand, of the Italian on the other. That good painting was done in France during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is clear. But, despite the care and thoroughness and knowledge with which the collection has been got together, only a comparatively few known examples of note being omitted; despite the fact that never before has there been such an opportunity for an exhaustive study of the early French painters, I do not believe sufficient new evidence will be found in the work shown to persuade the impartial critic to modify his appreciation of the relative merits of the Primitive Schools of European painting; I do not believe the historian of art will see any reason to rewrite his history.

Coming down to a later period, it is another matter. It may be stretching a point to include in an exhibition of Primitives men like Corneille de Lyon, Jean and François Clouet, and the artists who worked at Fontainebleau with the Italians summoned to France by François I. But no one can regret that that point has been stretched, at least in the case of the Clouets and their disciples. For here a stage is reached when a school of French painting with a distinct character of its own had been developed; and though it may be proved that Jean Clouet happened to be born in Flanders, his work must still be ranked as essentially French. Some of the portraits by him and by his son François are so Holbein-like in their beautiful flat modelling and in their design—in the way the head is placed on the canvas or the little flower is held in a hand—that it is no wonder if now and then one of them has been attributed to Holbein. But the resemblance is more or less superficial, and the French characteristics become more and more marked. Art in France, or rather painting, never found its most sympathetic outlet in religious subjects and for religious purposes, as it did in Italy and Flanders; and it was inevitable, from the very nature of the French genius, that its first fine flowering should have been in portraiture. Many of the most beautiful and famous examples are here: that wonderful little portrait of Elizabeth of Austria by François Clouet from the Louvre; the man holding the volume of Petrarch from Hampton Court, lent by King Edward; panels—portraits of men and women—from Versailles and private collections, by Corneille de Lyon, that now, seen together, make one realize as never before what a fine master he was. But perhaps even more beautiful are the drawings, the wonderful Clouet drawings in crayon, little more than outlines, with the occasional touch of color, but so strong in the rendering of character, so learned and exquisite in draughtsmanship. With this school of portrait painters to boast of, there seems the less need for French historians to be so eager in their desire to reconstruct for themselves a native school of Primitives. Of the work by the Fontainebleau group, I say nothing. It really is out of place in the present collection. And, besides, in it is felt not so much the influence of Italy as the deliberate imitation of Italian masters—if, indeed, the few pictures catalogued as by the School of Fontainebleau were not actually painted by Italians.

I have so far spoken entirely of the paintings, because more space is given to them, and more attention is paid to them in the admitted desire to recall and reinstate the neglected and the forgotten. But if the French people waited to produce a school of painters of their own, they evolved a great school of sculpture almost as soon as a great school of architecture. The sculpture, however, is less easy to represent in an exhibition of this kind, for the simple reason that architects and sculptors in those early days worked together in such intimate coöperation—the art of the sculptor supplementing and completing the art of the architect—that to do justice to the sculptors would be to strip half the cathedrals and churches of France of their most glorious ornament. A number of statues are scattered through the galleries, some in stone, some in wood, most of them tinted and gilded, or, rather, with a little of the old color and gilding clinging to them still. But they give a mere suggestion of the work in which, as all France testifies, the early artists of France triumphed.

I have referred to the tapestries exhibited. There are also fine enamels and marvellous illuminations. And, as the old mural decorations are no more available for purposes of exhibition than the old sculptures, a number of copies of the most ancient frescoes or wall paintings in the country have been lent from the "Monuments Historiques" collections, and hung together in an upper room. Moreover, to round out the exhibition more completely, as the space in the Pavillon de Mersan is limited, and as transportation was too great a risk for certain of the nation's treasures, the new room at the Bibliothèque Nationale has been used for the display of a marvellous series of early illuminated manuscripts and books. It is here that Jean Fouquet is seen to even better advantage.

I should add that the catalogue is exceedingly well done, the descriptions exhaustive, the illustrations representative; in every way, the model of what a catalogue should be. Altogether, the organizers of the exhibition—who have the Ministre de l'Instruction Publique as their President and M. Henri Bouchot of the Bibliothèque Nationale, to whose incentive the show is due, as their Secretary—are sincerely to be congratulated.

N. N.

Correspondence.

RUSSIA AND THE NORTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question whether the friendly attitude of Russia during your civil war was helpful and welcome to the North might, I believe, be settled by reference to your journals of that date. The British Government was, from the beginning and throughout, resolved on neutrality, and needed no demonstration on the part of Russia or any other Power to confirm it in that resolution. But the attitude of Russia was probably somewhat helpful to it in resisting the efforts of the party in its own country which was striving to force it into intervention. By the Emperor of the French, intervention was certainly desired; on him the attitude of Russia could hardly fail to produce its effect. It did not strike me, or I think any of us, at the time, that there was anything affected or insincere on the part of Russia. It was natural that she should sympathize with a Power entirely friendly to her and not likely to be otherwise, against the Powers with which she had recently been, and might again be, at war. It is not by the jealousy of

the United States that she is blocked at the Dardanelles and wherever she tries to make her way to an open sea. She has nothing to fear from the contagion of your republican institutions. Her policy has, of course, been decided by objects of her own; but it may, nevertheless, have led her sincerely to desire friendly relations with the United States.—Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, June 11, 1904.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have completed their plans for the preparation of a new series of works on "The Types of English Literature," under the general editorship of Prof. W. A. Neilson of Columbia University, recently of Harvard. The following assignments have already been made: "The Ballad," to Prof. F. B. Gummere of Haverford; "The Novel," to Dr. Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly;* "The Lyric," to Prof. F. E. Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania; "Tragedy," to Prof. C. H. Thorndike of Northwestern University; "The Pastoral," to Prof. J. B. Fletcher of Columbia University, recently of Harvard; "The Essay," to Dr. Ferris Greenslet of the *Atlantic Monthly;* "Character Writing," to Mr. C. N. Greenough of Harvard; "Saints' Legends," to Dr. G. H. Gerould of Bryn Mawr; "Allegory," to the general editor. Other volumes are being arranged for, and the series will cover ultimately the whole field of English literature.

Mr. D. B. Updike, Boston, announces an elegant quarto edition of Ascanio Condivi's Life of Michelangelo (1553), translated and embellished (even to the designing of a special fount of "Montallegro" type) by Herbert P. Horne. Out of 275 copies, 230 will be for sale.

Mr. Hector Macpherson, the author of a life of Adam Smith, has prepared a condensed edition of the 'Wealth of Nations' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.). As Adam Smith entitled some considerable parts of his book digressions, the work of condensation is so far simplified; but, as this edition can contain scarcely a third of the original matter, many things are omitted which will be missed by those familiar with what Smith wrote. The editor observes that much of the historical illustration—the combination of which with general principles, as Mill said, had such happy results—has become obsolete. But principles can be made clear by old facts as well as by new ones; and they are not made clearer by omitting the old without substituting the new. Still, the work of selection seems to have been done with intelligence; and as the 'Wealth of Nations,' although extremely interesting, is probably so bulky as to deter many readers, an epitome may be of service. If Mr. Macpherson's book has the effect of sending those who read it to the original, it will justify its appearance.

The Hon. T. A. Brassey offers the public a collection of his writings and addresses, entitled 'Problems of Empire' (London: Arthur L. Humphreys). The book is handsomely printed and bound, but the contents remind one of President Edwards's description of his body, as composed of flaccid solids and vapid fluids. Such feeble support as this may well make Mr. Chamberlain despair of his cause. Mr. Brassey seems really unable to comprehend the nature of an argument, and his utterances amount to nothing but expressions of opinion.

We may contrast with Mr. Brassey's sumptuous volume Mr. Edward Pulsford's plainly printed and bound 'Commerce and the Empire' (Cassell & Co.). Mr. Pulsford represents New South Wales in the Australian Parliament, and is a vigorous champion of the cause of free trade. In spite of the lapse into protection which followed federation, he is confident that the English colonies will adopt the policy of the mother country; and he certainly gives abundant reasons for their doing so. While his book is addressed primarily to Australians, it is of universal value on account of the able handling of the statistical information which it contains. Perhaps nothing better fitted to make clear the fiscal controversy has yet appeared. Mr. Pulsford suggests that it would be more correct to speak of "penalized" than of "preferential" trade, and that the word "restriction" be substituted for "protection." John Stuart Mill employed the word "restrictive" in speaking of protective tariffs, and it is certainly a more accurate expression than the one in common use. This work deserves a place in public libraries as well as in those of economists.

The third volume of 'Watertown [Mass.] Records' contains the town proceedings from March, 1727, to March, 1822. These have the familiar physiognomy, and possess now chiefly a genealogical interest. We meet again with the town's vigilance against newcomers likely to become a charge on the community, and their expulsion; the care of the infirm and poor; the differences over the location of schoolhouses; the license for swine to run at large, and for horses ("without fetters," "without being well fettered"); the laying out of town ways, and perambulation of town boundaries; the repair of the minister's house, the church, the Great Bridge over the Charles River. A single item is exceptionally curious, anno 1734, when it was voted that for one year no townsman should "presume to carry any Wares or Provisions" from Watertown and "Expose them to Sale, in the Markets that is Voted by the Inhabitants of the Town of Boston to be Set up there." The fine was twenty shillings; the pretext, that Boston's setting up a market "by many is thought will prove prejudicial to people in the Country." So the protectionists carried the day. The name of Garfield is prominent in these records, but does not occur in the list of births, deaths, and marriages filling half this volume, and ranging from 1738 (after the division of the town) to 1822.

'The American Natural History,' by William T. Hornaday (Scribners), a large volume of 449 pages and many illustrations, is primarily for use in schools. Mr. Hornaday maintains that isolated facts in natural history, no matter how fascinatingly presented by the teacher, have no permanent educational value except to awaken interest in young pupils, and need to be dovetailed in some rational system that demonstrates their relations and converts them into available sources of knowledge. In the present book, intended for school instruction intermediate between college "zoology" and the "Nature Study" of the lower grades, the author has aimed to sacrifice neither the principles of his science nor the interest of his subjects. His personal knowledge of wild animals, drawn from his experiences as taxidermist and collector of specimens for the Smithsonian and as director of Bronx Park, appears on every page, and sets his book, in worth and interest, far above the compilations of hack writers and the pleasant vagaries of many popular authors of animal stories. It is almost a dictionary of vertebrated animals of North America, from monkeys to fishes inclusive. The life history of each animal is concisely related. The author writes entertainingly of the habits of animals in captivity. Of the dispositions of the Zoo mammals he says: "Deer are the greatest fools; wolves are the meanest; apes, the most cunning; bears, the most consistent and open-minded; and elephants, the most intellectual." A highly interesting section relates to poisonous snakes and the treatment of snake bites. Every sojourner in a country infested with poisonous snakes should carry a hypodermic syringe and the necessary drugs for an injecting fluid. The section on ichthyology has much matter that will interest the angler. Hypercritical readers may find fault with some of Mr. Hornaday's work on classification, and ornithologists may think his figures for the decrease of bird life a little large; but every one must admit that his book is of much value to students of vertebrate zoology.

Mr. Ralph Hoffman, a successful teacher of the art of identifying birds without the use of a gun, has just published a book for field students, entitled 'A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). He has prepared elaborate field keys, which regard coloration, haunts, habits, and notes of his subjects. Separate keys are provided for the different seasons. Though it is somewhat disappointing to find that the author is not in his most charming mood of sympathy with nature, still his facts—first-hand observations of an experienced ornithologist—are perhaps all the more rapidly instructive from being a little hard and concise in expression. His careful descriptions of the notes of birds especially evince the long and patient field study that has gone into the making of his book. Professional ornithologists, as well as Audubonites armed with field glasses, will find this guide valuable.

The 'Field Book of Wild Birds and their Music,' by Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is the most thorough and elaborate study of American bird songs yet published. The author has been able to collect his bird music and set it down on the musical staff, "taking," he says, "no liberties with the score except to make a doubtful A or B no longer doubtful." By the employment of syllables, also, he represents well the form of various songs. In many cases he has composed piano accompaniments, making with the song themes unique and charming productions. He finds that many birds use our musical scale while others do not, and includes among the former class the purple finch. The present reviewer has failed to hear the purple finch using our scale, but, as the author says, each species has a wide variety of songs,

hence an objection based on ordinary experience has little weight.

Mr. T. Mellard Reade, author of 'The Origin of Mountain Ranges,' has brought together a series of more or less related essays, partly new, partly reprinted from professional journals, under the title 'The Evolution of Earth Structure, with a Theory of Geomorphic Changes' (Longmans, Green & Co.). Mr. Reade tries to prove that folded mountain chains arise from the recurrent heating and expansion of thick accumulations of sediment; to remove some probable misunderstandings of the earlier statement of his views; and to extend the principle of heating and expansion to the explanation of slaty cleavage. The book contains some pretty illustrations of folds artificially produced by "circumferential compression" in a round box acted upon by a "compression band." It is difficult to see how these experiments strengthen the postulate of folding by heating. Mr. Reade's thesis is an important one, however, and the worldwide occurrence of rocks showing the effects of loss of temperature by their present crystalline state demands more consideration from the author's point of view than the subject has received from working geologists.

The author, John Volk, of the unpretentious little volume recently published in New York under the title of 'Songs and Poems in Danish and English,' died a few weeks ago. He translated, apparently, with equal facility from English into Danish and from Danish into English. So we have in this selection Danish translations of poems by Longfellow, Markham, Whittier, Walker, Tennyson, Watson, Ostrander, Henry Van Dyke, Eugene Field, Warman, Kipling, Donohue, Donaldson, Tom Moore, etc., and English translations of poems by Baggesen, Drachmann, Björnson, Bögh, Grundtvig, Lie, etc., besides original productions in both languages. Readers who are interested in Scandinavian literature without being capable of first-hand study may be recommended to make the acquaintance of Danish and Norwegian lyrics through John Volk's translations. Mr. Volk is a distinct loss to Scandinavian journalism in America.

'The Issue,' by George Morgan (Philadelphia: Lippincott), is a rather impetuous narrative (of the current semi-historical type) of the ferment over slavery which begins in the short fury of the Nat Turner negro uprising in 1831, in southeastern Virginia, and continues into the civil war as far as the battle of Gettysburg, where some of the lovers in the plot find a satisfactory outcome of their perilous vicissitudes. In many respects the book shows power; the typical characters of the slave world are portrayed often in an original and seldom in a hackneyed manner. Famous historical personages (Webster, Calhoun, Clay, and Lincoln) are introduced, not always through any necessity of the fiction and sometimes with unjustifiable burlesque; sometimes also with entertaining reminiscence of their well-known traits of mind and body. Vigorous descriptions of notable battlefields, such as Antietam and Gettysburg, carry along the general sweep of the tale, which is full enough of adventure to content the most exacting of appetites for stir and thrill. Po Groudy, the heroine, has a melodramatic career, from the day when as a baby she escaped the Nat Turner massacre, through her experience as a revival exhorter among the Chesapeake 'longshoremen, thence as a Crimean nurse (of which we have only a rumor), and finally as nurse in the Union army, appearing with the customary remarkable timeliness to the needs of her friends which good novelists ensure. The lack of quiet resting-places for the reader's emotions is partly due to the rapid transitions of this young woman from one hardship to another, and partly to the procession of personages of the eccentric and villanous kind which is constantly passing across the stage of action.

The fourth number of the John P. Branch Historical Papers of Randolph-Macon College (the annual publication of the department of history) breaks off in the midst of a series of reprints from the Richmond *Enquirer* of 1816, embracing Judge Spencer Roane's opinion in the case of Hunter vs. Martin, and sundry articles of his on the same theme of State rights, "a sort of prelude to the Missouri controversy," as Professor Dodd points out. The first of three other papers in this number is a sketch of the life and Congressional activity of George C. Dromgoole, an uncompromising Virginian champion of slavery. His biographer does not spare his infirmity of drunkenness, but might have enlivened his pages by citing verbatim John Quincy Adams's sarcasm, which will do more to perpetuate Dromgoole's memory than any merit of his own.

Bound up with the Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin at the annual meeting in October, 1903, are two papers of decided value on "Coöperative Communities in Wisconsin," by Montgomery E. McIntosh, and "Early Wisconsin Imprints," with facsimile illustrations, by Henry E. Legler.

In the April Bulletin of the Central National Library in Florence, announcement is made of a prize of $500, offered by a "signore forestiero," transparently veiled (whose Petrarch collection, we are told, ought not to run the risk of crossing the Atlantic, but should remain on the banks of the Arno), for the best work exhibiting the relations of Petrarch to his native Tuscany. The donor hopes the essay may combine literary quality with scientific research. Two hundred dollars additional will be allowed towards the expense of printing and illustrations. The essay must be in Italian, and be handed in to the Laurentian Library not later than April 9, 1905, the anniversary of Petrarch's crowning in the Campidoglio. The judges will be Guido Biagi, Guido Mazzoni, and Pio Rajna.

The Florentine bibliopole, Leo S. Olschki, has just issued a Catalogue 57 by way of supplement to his remarkable Catalogue 53, 'Monumenta Typographica,' which we noticed at the time of its appearance. These additions to his collection of early printed works are characterized with the same scrupulosity as their predecessors, and frequently illustrated in facsimile. Tables of towns and printers follow. The sole book published in Pogliano, Petrarch's 'Libro degli uomini famosi,' is among the rarities.

"O. T." writes to us: "There is a certain similarity between the names used in 'Florambel de Lucea' and those in 'Pandosto' and the 'Winter's Tale' which is possibly worth while calling attention to. I give first of all the name in 'Florambel,' accompanied by the volume and page where it occurs in Clemencin's 'Don Quijote,' then the name in Greene or Shakspere: Florineo (I, 31), Florizel; Beladina (I, 31), Bellaria; Policiano (II, 264), Polixenes; Leoncides (II, 462), Leontes; Lerinter (II, 469), Jarrinter."

—At the last meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held at its building in Boston on Thursday last, Dr. Adolph Harnack of Berlin, of 'History of Dogma' fame, was elected an honorary member in succession to Theodor Mommsen. The rule of the Society as respects election to its honorary list has already been referred to in the *Nation*. In that society all the classes of membership, three in number, resident, corresponding, and honorary, are strictly limited. The charter of incorporation confines the resident membership to citizens of Massachusetts, not exceeding one hundred in number. The corresponding membership is confined to fifty, chosen at large from persons not resident in Massachusetts. The honorary membership is still further limited to ten persons chosen at large because of conspicuous eminence in the field of historic research or the production of some historical work of international fame. Dr. Mommsen was a marked example of a selection made on both grounds. He was elected in October, 1880, and at his death his name stood second on the roll; David Masson, author of the 'Life and Times of Milton,' elected in 1871, alone preceding him. Besides Dr. Masson, six other names only are now included, Dr. Harnack making an eighth. The six names are Carl Schurz (1887), James Bryce (1896), Sir George O. Trevelyan (1899), Pasquale Villari (1901), and Henry Charles Lee (1902). There are two vacancies remaining to be filled, and in connection with these the names of John Morley and Capt. A. T. Mahan have been canvassed. In this matter, however, it is the practice of the Massachusetts Society to proceed with extreme circumspection. The name of Dr. Harnack, for instance, had at the time of his election been more than six months under consideration.

—From the prefatory dedication to Mr. D. B. Updike's folio edition of the Minor Writings of Tacitus it appears that this author was chosen by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, from among all the Latin classics, as worthy of the honor of being first printed in the publisher's new fount (designed by Bertram Goodhue). The choice is approved not only on the ground of genius and style, but because we cannot read Tacitus without some painful home reflections—"multa continet quae hoc tempore nostrae reipublicae legentes de nostra vita eiusque vitiis publicis privatis legere videamur." However, this chastening experience is less to be incurred with the Agricola, the Germania, and the Dialogus de Oratoribus than with the Annals and Histories. By so much, accordingly, one's pleasure will be less marred in viewing and perusing this noble specimen of the printer's art. Mr. Goodhue's letter has that masculine quality which insures it Mr. De Vinne's suffrage. It is well balanced, and characteristic without freakishness; archaic only in the ligated *ct* and in the hyphen (⸗). The capitals have been well studied and subordinated. A typographer's eye will be struck with the close

spacing, which does not shirk divisions at the end of the line—which even invites them. Four or five hyphens thus sometimes terminate as many successive lines, and thereby increase the task of the pressman. There are three initial letters of the proper strength and beauty, cut on wood, and we can but applaud the taste and craftsmanship to the very end, where the colophon is introduced by a filleted *capo di bove* printed in red, and the Merrymount Press is designated as "officina quae Hilarimontium dicitur." The paper is Arnold, expressly hand-made for this edition. Mrs. Whitman has presided most successfully over the binding, in olive green leather and gray boards. Prof. Morris Hicky Morgan of Harvard has superintended the Latin, filling in certain lacunæ in Henry Furneaux's text, which the Clarendon Press has courteously given permission to reproduce. Altogether, this enterprise merits very high praise indeed, with the natural regret that only one hundred copies are available for those who may covet the volume. One other observation, not supererogatory: the letterpress is readable as well as a thing of beauty in itself.

—Methuen & Co., London (New York: E. P. Dutton), have added an 'Alfred Tennyson' to their "Little Biographies." The writer is Arthur C. Benson, whose 'Rossetti' was but lately added to the "English Men of Letters" series. One gets the impression that it was written *con amore* to a degree that the 'Rossetti' was not. Its structure is looser than that of the earlier book, with no corresponding loss. The biographical part takes up 77 pages, and its principal incidents are the publication of Tennyson's successive collections of verse and particular poems. Little here is new, but our memory of many things is pleasantly refreshed. The remainder of the book is a discontinuous and anecdotical comment on the poet's mind, character, and work. Mr. Benson has helped himself liberally from the official Life, but the good things which there were scattered are here crowded close together. The best anecdotes are those which have the pungency of Tennyson's literary judgments, as where he said of Ben Jonson's dramas, "To me he seems to move in a wide sea of glue." What Tennyson thought of other poets and how they influenced him, furnishes the matter of one of the most interesting chapters. Another describes the methods of his work. Mr. Benson agrees with FitzGerald that Tennyson's best work is found in the two volumes of 1842; that what he did later was too responsive to what he conceived to be the public demand upon him for moral and religious inspiration. The treatment of Tennyson's religious temper and opinions is remarkable for its sincerity. There is no attempt to make him out more Christian than he was. The Christian dogmas had little hold on him. Passionately insistent on the soul's immortality, he drew no argument for it from the resurrection of Jesus. The limitations of Tennyson's character, his lack of sympathy, and his morbid sensibility to criticism, are not extenuated nor too much insisted on. To the technical qualities of Tennyson's verse Mr. Benson brings a trained and delicate appreciation.

—At the death in Göttingen, a year and a half ago, of Dr. Karl Dziatzko, and in Leipzig, shortly after, of Max Spirgatis, editor and publisher respectively of the "Sammlung bibliothekswissenschaftlicher Arbeiten," it was feared that this valuable series would cease. A new number (the seventeenth) has, however, appeared, published in Halle by Rudolf Haupt—who has purchased Spirgatis's publishing and antiquarian business—and edited by Dr. Konrad Haebler in Dresden, well known as the author of many important contributions to Spanish bibliography. It is dedicated to the memory of Karl Dziatzko, and has an excellent portrait of him, with a bibliography of his printed writings, in addition to two posthumous papers. One of these deals with the so-called R-printer, whom the author is inclined to identify with Adolph Rusch of Strassburg; the other is a sketch of the university library of Göttingen during the reign of Jerome Bonaparte as King of Westphalia. It was then, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, at the height of its fame. While the number of volumes on its shelves, the value of its manuscripts and rare printed books, were exceeded in other libraries, "no library possessed a collection of scientific literature brought together upon such a consistent and uniform plan." The main reason for its importance was "the relative completeness of the collection in all books of permanent value for the pursuit of learned studies." And in general usefulness and accessibility this library was far ahead of most contemporary institutions. While, for instance, the Bodleian did not admit the use of any book outside its walls, a policy which Dziatzko regrets having been adopted later for the British Museum and many other English (and, we may add, American) libraries, the students and professors of the University in Göttingen could take home a practically unlimited number of books. This practice is now common among German university libraries, but at that time Göttingen was in this respect far ahead even of them. The same liberality was extended to resident and non-resident scholars, whether with academic connections or not. The "Georgia Augusta" was in many ways favored by Jerome and Napoleon at the expense of other institutions. Its library was apparently intended by them to become for North Germany what the Imperial Library in Paris is for France. While so many German libraries were despoiled and their treasures taken to Paris, Göttingen was not only spared, but even invited to share in the spoils. With rare self-control, however, the library authorities selected only a comparatively small number of manuscripts and printed books, presumably following for the acceptance of these gifts the same principle as in their purchases, namely, to acquire only what would be immediately useful. After 1813 all these "gifts" had to be returned.

—The bibliography of Dr. Dziatzko's writings gives an interesting picture of the literary activity of a German librarian. He preserved through life his early interest in classical literature, and returned again and again to his favorite authors, Plautus and Terence. In 1872 he passed from teaching to librarianship, becoming in that year chief librarian in Breslau, in 1886 in Göttingen. The first fruit of his work as librarian was his "Instruktion betreffend die Ausarbeitung des alphabetischen Zettelkataloges," which was lithographed in 1874, and in 1886 was followed by the important "Instruktion für die Ordnung der Titel im alphabetischen Zettelkataloge der Königlichen und Universitätsbibliothek zu Breslau." He wrote for the 'Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften' and the 'Real-Encyklopädie der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft' important articles on libraries and on the book trade; and for the *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* as well as for his own "Sammlung bibliothekswissenschaftlicher Arbeiten," many papers on various problems of bibliography and library administration, including articles on the recent movement for a universal bibliography and on the international relations between libraries. The subject with which his name is perhaps most closely identified is the invention of printing. In 1895 he wrote an excellent summary of what was then known of Gutenberg, and two numbers of the "Sammlung," the second (1889) and fourth (1890), were entirely confined to this question. In the former, entitled "Beiträge zur Gutenbergfrage," he published the long-lost Helmasperger notarial instrument of November 6, 1455, which he had discovered among the manuscript rarities in Göttingen; and the latter, "Gutenbergs früheste Druckerpraxis," is a minute study of the thirty-six and forty-two-line Bibles. These researches were carried on in the bibliographical seminar which he conducted as professor of "Bibliothekshilfswissenschaften." He soon felt the necessity of having under absolute control a medium for publishing shorter contributions to bibliography both of his own and of his students, and therefore began to include in his "Sammlung" a "series within the series," under the title, "Beiträge zur Theorie und Praxis des Buch- und Bibliothekswesens," afterwards changed to "Beiträge zur Kenntnis des Schrift-, Buch- und Bibliothekswesens." He published seven of these miscellaneous numbers; the present, the eighth, will be the last, and in future each number of the "Sammlung" will contain a single monograph.

—We put out incessant efforts through missionaries to improve the morals of the Chinese and other Eastern nations, as well as elsewhere; why should not as great, perhaps greater, effort be made to improve their sanitary arrangements? An observer at Mongtze in Yunnan, on the Anamese border, Georges Barbézieux, physician to the French Consulate, remarks in his report to the Chinese Imperial Customs that the state of the Chinese is well described in reports and documents sent by the officers of European Governments to the home office; but what is done in a sanitary way in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, New York, is not known to the Chinese, nor do the reports of European officials among them (such as his own) get back to them. In a few large cities like Shanghai, Canton, Tientsin, Hankow, the European quarters are built on the model of Western countries, with wide, well-lighted streets, networks of sewers, a sort of embryonic municipality with its different boards. But beside this lies the Chinese city in all its filth, and in the smaller places the Europeans live as the Chinese. If reports about China, so far as they offer suggestions to the Chinese, were translated and then spread broadcast in China in the form of tracts, with a special dis-

cussion of matters of public hygiene, some improvements would begin to follow, and pestilences that now have free scope among them would begin to disappear. The Chinese notables can be trusted to know a wise suggestion when they hear it, and from them instruction can filter down through the lower strata.

—Dr. Barbézieux thinks it a matter of international concern that the Chinese should not bury their dead at the level of the ground, in half-open winding sheets, and sometimes in simple mats; for we have in these customs a vehement cause of the spread of some epidemics. In Mongtze, corpses and carrion are abandoned to wandering dogs and birds of prey; swine and fowl defile the soil; filth remains in the house; lepers elbow decent people on the street, even put up at the same inn with them and share the same bed. Europeans bear with Chinese manners because they are few; but when railroads and other improvements now under way bring in a greater influx of civilized people, these old customs would become dangerous and an international menace. Perhaps it is too much to expect, with Dr. Barbézieux, permission to introduce mixed tribunals in China and elsewhere in the interest of sanitary science, as has been allowed in old times in the case of crimes; but missionary enterprise in this line by means of instruction and the printing-press needs to be encouraged. The aged Empress might perhaps be induced to send some of her young men to Europe or America to train themselves for professors of sanitation.

LIFE IN THE ANTHRACITE REGIONS.

The Slav Invasion and the Mine Workers: A Study in Immigration. By Frederic Julian Warne, Ph.D.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Anthracite Coal Communities: A Study of the Demography, the Social, Educational, and Moral Life of the Anthracite Regions. By Peter Roberts, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co.

That two books should be published almost simultaneously on the Slav invasion, as bearing on the strike question in the anthracite regions, is hardly accidental. The little book by Dr. Warne covers a wider range than does the very minute treatise by Dr. Roberts on the population of the anthracite field, for it describes both the life of the foreign workers in that field and the successful organization of miners and operators created in some of the bituminous coal States to reconcile differences and adjust wages at joint annual conferences. Both authorities write from intimate acquaintance with the people and the subjects of which they treat, Dr. Roberts being a Congregational minister in Mahanoy City, Pa., and Dr. Warne having been a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* in the strikes of 1900 and 1902; and both approach the subject without any strong, distorting bias, though Dr. Warne evidently hopes for and expects more from the influence of trade unionism than does the clergyman.

A study of the social conditions existing among the representatives of the twenty-six nationalities that constitute one of the most complex of the many cosmopolitan communities which make up the fabric of our national life, would at any time be interesting, but is, in the existing unsettled state of the labor market, peculiarly acceptable. Dr. Roberts's present work is supplemental to a book published by him on 'The Anthracite Coal Industry' before the great strike of 1902, and which we reviewed before the memorable struggle between the owners and transporters of hard coal and the miners of that fuel began. In that review we pointed out the risk which the whole country ran from the employment of ignorant laborers from central and southern Europe, who, although consisting in large measure of "men and boys who cannot speak or understand English, . . . are eager to join the union and ready to submit to the consequences of a strike; but, as might be expected, exercise less self-reliance and show less respect for their non-union fellow-American than does the American unionist; and therein lies the danger." What happened during the summer and autumn of 1902 was simply a realization of what every student of the economic and social conditions of the anthracite region anticipated; and, unfortunately, few regard the settlement of the dispute made by the President's Commission in any other light than as a compromise making a truce between the contending parties possible. As long as the foreign population of the anthracite region constitutes a coherent unit, foreign in its language and habits to the people that surround it and to the managers of the corporations for which it works, and as long as the means and facilities for transportation are owned by companies enormously overcapitalized, and which must make large profits, over and above the bare cost of production and carriage, in order to pay even their fixed charges, there are present elements of strife which may break forth into hostility at any moment.

Since 1892, prosperity has abounded and cold weather has prevailed. The extraordinary demand for coal has therefore kept the miners busy, and the wages are satisfactory as long as the miner works full time. It is when his annual income is restricted through the number of working days being reduced to 180, as was the case in the hard times, that the pinch of poverty is felt, and discontent and jealousy find expression in strikes, accompanied by violence. Dr. Peters pointed out in his first book that if the coal companies carried stocks over the dull season of the year to supply the market when the demand is brisk, and thus gave continuous employment to the miners, steady work would be secured to 110,000 mine hands, instead of intermittent employment to 140,000, and thus one of the chief causes of friction would be removed. It is true that the minimum number of hands would not have sufficed to produce the large tonnage demanded by the consumption of 1903. But that demand was abnormal, owing to the shortage of stocks resulting from the strike, which had to be replenished all over the Eastern States, Canada, and the Middle West. Some such remedy must, however, be adopted, even if the cost of this precious fuel is to be thereby increased; and by reason of this and other causes it is almost certain that the price will rise instead of decline. The available quantity of anthracite is so small that it will be exhausted during this century, but as no substitute has been as yet discovered, the demand for this smokeless fuel will grow, even though, from higher cost of mining it from thinner veins and greater depth, and the payment of better wages, the actual cost of production will increase. Meanwhile, the owners, in their efforts to hasten the amortization of their inflated capital, as the time of exhaustion approaches will not unreasonably endeavor to secure a larger margin of profit than even at present. The anthracite problem is therefore complicated by other factors than the unfortunate employment of Slav labor, although this dangerous feature is of the utmost interest to the public, in view of the smouldering labor troubles which threaten to break forth into flame in all of the twenty-eight coal producing States, except in the ten where the United Mine Workers of America and the mine owners have reached an agreement.

The Slav immigrants drift in larger numbers to coal-mining and coke-making regions than to any other scene of occupation; and though the Slavs of the anthracite and Eastern and Western coal-fields do not occupy a lower plane, socially and intellectually, than the immigrants of the same nationalities scattered elsewhere through the country, their concentration in such large numbers in these mining communities makes their objectionable peculiarities more conspicuous and their influence more dangerous. The description given by our author of their manner of life, their low morality, their abject superstition, descending even to the practice of magic, justify the author's conclusion

"that the Slav immigrants which furnish the cheap labor needed in the development of the thinner veins of coal, and which supplied the operators with men willing to work under conditions which labor of a higher grade resented, represent possibly the lowest grade of European workman which can be imported; for, Congress being in its present frame of mind, it is not likely that Orientals will supply operators with labor still cheaper, which would displace the Slav as he has displaced the Anglo-Saxon, the Celt, and the German."

That they likewise fill the worst-paid positions is true, and is due to their ignorance and inferior capacity, even when compared with the immigrants of Southern Europe. The Italians in our West readily secure employment as miners, while the Slavs are willing to do the drudgery work above ground which the Italian rejects. Looking over the pay-roll of a Western mine which employs very few foreigners, we find that underground there are sixteen Italians employed and only three Slaves, while thirty-one Slavs and only seven Italians accept more poorly paid surface work. Strange to say, notwithstanding the faculty which the educated Slav evinces in acquiring foreign languages, the uneducated Slav is slow in picking up English, and does not value the privilege of citizenship as highly as some of the nation's other guests. In the community above referred to, only two or three have been naturalized. The Census of 1900 shows that more than 50 per cent. of the immigrants designated as Slavs remain aliens, although this large proportion may be due in part to the late arrival of so many of this most recent group of accessions to our population.

To the Slav, as to all the immigrants from

central and southern Europe, trade-unionism is congenial. Most of them belonged to secret and political societies in Europe, and are therefore apt pupils of the most extreme preachers of the ultra doctrines of the anti-capitalist; but, as Warne argues in his 'Slav Invasion,' "association with the English-speaking miner in the United Mine Workers' Unions is the one influence strong enough to draw him out of his isolation, and bring him into contact with the thoughts and aspirations of his American fellow-laborer." Still, it is to be regretted that his first education in American institutions should be under the tuition of the leaders of trade-unionism, nor can it tend to the real advantage of moderate trade-unionism that its ranks should be recruited largely from such material. It was the irrepressible and riotous conduct of this group of miners during the anthracite strike which brought discredit on the more self-controlled followers of Mr. John Mitchell.

What influences first introduced Slav immigration to enter the country and drew it towards the anthracite regions is not very clear, but the stream of immigrants, once it sets in, always follows the channels cut by the first rush of population. The earliest so-called Slav immigration was towards the anthracite region after the suppression of the infamous Mollie Maguires and of the more legitimate efforts at labor organization such as the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, in the seventies. It commenced flowing when unionism was at its lowest ebb, and when, therefore, unrestrained labor competition was in full play, and when, owing to depressed trade conditions, the coal operators were seeking for labor of the very cheapest kind.

These causes alone do not, however, always account for the concentration of certain groups of immigrants in certain regions. Congeniality of climate and scenery with the antecedents and tastes of the settlers have often determined the deflection of certain nationalities to certain districts. For instance, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and the neighboring regions of Wisconsin and Minnesota more nearly resemble Finland than any section of our very diversified country, and it is therefore hardly due to accident that more Finns have during the past forty years sought employment there than elsewhere, and have settled for so long a period and in such numbers that a handsome Finnish College, where a higher education is given to the youths of that nationality and theological students are trained for the Lutheran Church, has been built, and is well supported, in Hancock, Mich. It is significant that though these hard-working citizens, unlike our transient Italian population and many among the Slavs, have no intention of returning to Russia, the Finnish language is used in their college.

Objectionable, however, as may be the Slav immigrants, and difficult as may be their assimilation into the body politic, they have come in great numbers, and will continue to come. Professor Giddings, in a recent paper read before the American Association of Political and Social Science, describes the successive waves of immigration as follows:

"The total estimated alien immigration to the United States from 1776 to 1820 was 250,000. The total number of arrivals for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, was 857,046. This is the greatest number that ever applied for admission in a single year. . . .

"The character of these arriving aliens, however, during the past year, differs greatly from that of 1882 and the years previous. Since the foundation of our Government until within the past fifteen years, practically all the immigrants came from Great Britain and Ireland, Germany and the Scandinavian countries, and were very largely of Teutonic stock, with a large percentage of Celtic. Fifteen millions of them have made their homes with us. In fact, they have been the pathfinders in the West and Northwest. . . .

"The character of our immigration has now changed. During the past fifteen years we have been receiving a very undesirable class from southern and eastern Europe, which has taken the place of the Teutons and the Celts. During the past fiscal year nearly 600,000 of these have been landed on our shores, constituting nearly 70 per cent. of the entire immigration of the year. Instead of going to those sections where there is some need for farm labor, they congregate in the larger cities, mostly along the Atlantic seaboard, where they constitute a dangerous and unwholesome element of our population. The question that individually and vitally affects the interests of our people is: What shall we do with the thousands that are admitted?"

Professor Giddings's remedy is that the Bureau of Immigration should deflect the arrivals to localities where conditions are favorable, so that the tide of immigration will be directed to open and sparsely settled country. It will be found, however, that the arrivals will not consent to be deflected. Every immigrant follows a kinsman or a fellow-townsman to a locality where he has already secured employment, and thus one colony will consist of men from Servia, another from Dalmatia, another from Montenegro.

Our immigrants will unavoidably come from Southern Europe, for every other section of Europe has been drained. Nor can we do without them; for, even if the birth-rate of Americans and aliens of the second generation were maintained up to the normal standard, which it is not, the natural increase in population would not supply the extraordinary labor demand which the development of our national resources will certainly make, and therefore we must for many a decade to come look for its replenishment to the foreign labor markets of the world.

If we must reject Professor Giddings's remedy as a relief from the risk which the country runs from this large influx of undesirable immigrants, and if we must regard trade-unionism as at the best an equivocal school for the education of foreigners into the ways of free and intelligent and independent American citizenship, to what influence must we resort? The Church and the public schools are the most available agencies; but neither reaches the unmarried Slav, for he has no children, and he brings his priest with him. The responsibility therefore rests with the employer, who should put the means of decent living within his reach, and should supply him with wages sufficient to maintain more than a mere existence, and dwellings where the decencies of life are not habitually outraged; and then with the State, which should compel him to use the sanitary and other elevating means which his employer should provide. We are face to face in this Slav immigration with no common danger, and therefore the usual *laissez-faire* methods of refusing to interfere with one's neighbor and one's workmen's affairs are not applicable. The wise employer of labor should refuse to engage a low and dangerous class of employees unless compelled to do so by the dearth of any other; but, if he must depend upon them, common prudence would dictate that he take other precautions to protect himself and his property than he need resort to when his interests are entrusted to responsible native labor; and no precautions are so efficacious as fair wages, steady work, healthy homes, and a cheerful environment.

Outlines of the History of Art. By Dr. Wilhelm Lübke. Edited, minutely revised, and largely rewritten by Russell Sturgis. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

As stated in the preface to the present edition, Lübke's 'History of Art' was first published in 1860, and the eleventh (a revised) edition was published in 1891. The basis of the present translation is that made in 1877 from the seventh German edition. Mr. Sturgis goes on to say:

"Since 1891 much has been added to the scholar's knowledge of archæology and to the critic's perception of artistic truth, but since 1860 the whole point of view has changed. The history of art which is possible to-day was unthinkable in 1860; many assumptions have been proved untrue; many known facts have wholly different explanations now from those once thought sufficient. The amount of added fact is incredibly great and important."

The book seemed, then, to its American publishers, so far antiquated that it needed a thorough revision, and the incorporation of the new matter with the original text seemed to them likely to secure a better result than would a system of copious annotation that should constantly contradict the statements of fact or opinion in the body of the work. To quote Mr. Sturgis again:

"This has been done with the single desire to make the book what Dr. Lübke would probably have made it had he been writing in 1902, and in America. . . . Expressions of opinion have been modified in one case and left unchanged in another; the attempt having been always not to substitute the present writer's views for those of the German author, but to modify the thought of the original as would seem inevitable in view of the discoveries and the critical studies of the last forty years."

Two typical instances are specified. Dr. Lübke's admiration for the Carracci and his lukewarmness to Correggio might conceivably be the same to-day, and consequently their expression is left unaltered; his conception of the reasons for the differences between Greek and Indian art could but be modified by our present knowledge of the Oriental mind, and therefore this part of the book is recast.

Any system of revision that could be adopted has its advantages and its drawbacks. That which has been adopted gives us a continuous and readable text which should be much more useful from the correction of outgrown errors, but it has the disadvantage of leaving us constantly in doubt whether we are listening to the nineteenth century or the twentieth, to the German doctor or the American architect. Without an elaborate comparison of editions, which few will have the opportunity

or the patience to make, it is impossible to tell what is Lübke and what is Sturgis, or which opinions are the best attainable and which are merely still tenable. Perhaps no one was better fitted for the difficult and ungrateful task which it has been attempted to perform than Mr. Sturgis, but we could find it in our heart to wish that he had either given us an accurate translation of Lübke's last authorized edition, with his own comments in the form of notes or appendices, or had frankly recast the whole, so that nothing might remain which should not represent the best critical judgment of our own day, if not precisely the personal opinion of the editor. The first procedure would have given us Lübke together with the necessary caution against his errors; the second would have given us a wholly modern book. What we have is neither quite flesh nor altogether fowl.

The edition of Lübke with which the reviewer has been most readily able to compare the present one is that published in London by Smith, Elder & Co. in 1868, the translation being by F. E. Bunnètt. The most conspicuous difference in the two is in the considerably greater bulk of the new edition, as it contains nearly a quarter again as many pages as the older one; the exact figures being 1,145 pages, against 922. Of the 223 added pages, seventy are given to the last chapter, on "Art in the Nineteenth Century," and forty-eight to the first two books on the "Ancient Art of the East" and "Classical Art," and it is reasonable to suppose that it is in these parts of the work that the greater number of changes and additions have been made, either by Lübke himself in his later editions, or by the present editor. There are, however, changes or additions throughout as far as we have examined. Sometimes they are made in a rather awkward way, as where the first mentioned of the Correggios in the Dresden Gallery is "a most tender and charming little picture of a Magdalen (the authenticity of which has, however, been recently denied)," or where two pictures are mentioned as characteristic of Giorgione and described with some care, only to be dismissed with the statements that "this has recently been denied to be the work of this master" and that "this picture is with justice, however, now no longer credited to Giorgione." In spite of some expansion, the section on Japanese art seems to us to be still singularly inadequate. An important transposition places Nicolò Pisano, Cimabue, and Duccio where they belong, in the "Gothic" rather than in the "Romanesque" period.

The increased bulk of the new volumes is partly due to the addition of some illustrations in the text from various sources, but of the same general style and quality as the old ones, and partly to the inclusion of a hundred-odd full-page plates. Modern methods of illustration differ from those in use in 1860 even more than modern criticism and connoisseurship differ from those which then prevailed, and the contrast between these new half-tone reproductions from photographs and the old woodcuts is startling. In some half-dozen instances the plates duplicate, in subject, the woodcuts, and it would have been cleverer in these cases to leave out the old cuts—they only serve to throw doubt on all their companions by the shocking discrepancies they display when compared with the plates. One has only to glance at the two versions of, say, Michelangelo's "Creation of Man," Giorgione's "The Concert," Holbein's "Meyer Madonna," Rembrandt's "Syndics," or Troyon's "Oxen Going to Work" to be astonished at what used to pass muster as an illustration of a great work of art.

These are all reproductions of paintings, and it might be thought that sculpture and architecture would suffer less by the woodcutter's translation. Certainly these arts are more adapted to expression in line, and, in the case of architecture, the linear treatment would have an advantage in its greater clearness if only one could trust its accuracy. To be convinced that the sculpture is little better treated than the painting, however, one has only to compare the old and new cuts of Michelangelo's "Moses"; while that the old manner of illustrating architecture left something to be desired, may perhaps be gathered from the fact that more than half of the new plates are devoted to architectural subjects. To be sure, this may have arisen from the editor's special interest in the art he has himself practised, but if the old illustrations had been more satisfactory, one imagines that so many new ones would not have been needed. It is especially in its illustrations that we regret that the book could not have been thoroughly modernized.

Opposite each of the full-page plates is a note printed on the tissue paper guard, and these notes are the only parts of the book that are quite certainly by Mr. Sturgis. They are so conspicuous that any errors they may contain are the more likely to attract attention, and it is in them that we have noticed some of those slips of the pen or the types that are sure to occur in such a work; and we note a couple only that they may be corrected if opportunity offers. Donatello's "St. George" is attributed in the note to Verrocchio, though the legend under the plate gives the correct attribution; and the Darmstadt version of the "Meyer Madonna" is spoken of as a "duplicate or early copy," though the text states, what is the general opinion, that this picture is the original, that in Dresden being somewhat inferior to it. In the present state of criticism it is surely rather daring to describe "The Concert" in the Pitti as "undoubtedly by Giorgione."

Each volume has, besides the half-tone plates and woodcuts, a frontispiece lithographed in colors. They are both from architectural restorations in the Metropolitan Museum; that of the first volume representing the temple of Karnak, and that of the second the Parthenon. We confess to some curiosity as to the meaning and origin of the extraordinary design stamped on the back of the cover.

Everything considered, the book is vastly the better for its partial rejuvenation, and perhaps there is nothing superior of its kind to be had at present, but it is still far from what a general history of art might and should be if undertaken afresh with modern knowledge, modern insight, and modern means of illustration.

The Code of Hammurabi, King of Babylon (about 2250 B. C.). By Robert Francis Harper, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1904. Pp. xv, 192, with one photograph and ciii plates.

In the winter of 1901-02 the French archæological expedition to Persia under M. De Morgan found, on the necropolis of Susa, three pieces of a large stele of black diorite, containing a law code of the famous Babylonian King, Hammurabi, the most important discovery in the field of Assyriology since George Smith's publication some thirty years earlier of a fragment of a clay tablet containing the Flood legend. The inscription was published with commendable promptness and in fine form, thanks to the liberality of the French Government, in the Memoirs of the Expedition, in 1902, with beautifully clear photographic reproductions of the text. On the basis of this work, translations speedily followed in German and in English, as well as numerous articles and booklets discussing the bearings of this code on the history of civilization in the East, and particularly its relation to the law of Moses. The volume before us is more elaborate and more carefully prepared than these earlier publications. It contains an autograph text of the inscription, originally published in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literature* in October, 1903, "reconstructed and edited from the photographs published by Scheil" in the memoir referred to above, a transliteration of the same in Roman letters, with a translation on the opposite page, a glossary which notes every occurrence of each given word, with the exception of a few particles, and a very elaborate index of subjects. As appendices, we have lists of all signs used, with their transliteration in two forms, one giving the character actually used and the other the dictionary form of the same character; a list of numerals; and, as justification of certain readings, a "list of scribal errors," showing in one column the sign which actually appears in the inscription and in the other the sign which Professor Harper believes should be read in its place; together with a "list of erasures," where the scribe, perceiving his own error, has erased the sign first written and substituted another. At the close of the volume is a decidedly sketchy map, the mountains on which look as though they had been thrown in haphazard. There is no commentary, and the very brief introduction contains no discussion of the origin, development, or use of this remarkable code. A second volume is promised, by the brother of the editor, President William R. Harper of Chicago University, which will discuss the Code of Hammurabi "in its connection with the Mosaic Code."

In regard to the transliteration, Professor Harper says of his own work that an edition of an Assyrian or Babylonian text which is to be final must go back to the originals. This is undoubtedly so. Nevertheless, the photographs of Father Scheil were so beautifully clear and accurate that Professor Harper has been able to produce from them an autographed text which will presumably need very little emendation to make it perfect. The translation seems to us to leave still much to be desired. It is literal, in the sense that it aims to reproduce the Babylonian word for word, so far as that is consistent with intelligible English, and to translate any given Babylonian term systematically by one and the same English word. This method of translation only makes more clear the fact that there are

yet many places which are not altogether intelligible, especially in the case of those laws which deal with the privileges and duties of certain classes of public officials. However, in general the meaning of the laws is perfectly clear, and most of the details also.

It is worthy of note that, except in a very few places, as, for instance, at the commencement of the Code (according, at least, to Professor Harper's translation), there is no trace of the arrangement of the laws in any of those systems so common in ancient codes, of pentads, decalogues, or the like. On the other hand, these laws are codified by subjects more systematically than is usually the case even in codes much less ancient. The laws, approximately 280 in number, are all case laws, introduced by the word "if" or "in case" (*summa*), what in the phraseology of old Hebrew legislation were called "judgments." Both this outward form, and also the contents of the laws, which reveal a high condition of social and economical development, make it clear that, in spite of the fact that this is by many centuries the oldest code of laws heretofore discovered in any country, there nevertheless existed before the time of Hammurabi a long line of legal precedents, and presumably a number of different codes of jurisprudence. The work done by Hammurabi in formulating this code was evidently very similar to that done by King Alfred in England in his famous "dooms." He gathered together the various dooms or judgments sanctioned by the kings of various cities, and out of these formed a body of laws for his entire empire. This code of laws was an important factor in that unification of a Babylonian empire which took place under his reign; and an incidental reference to "the laws of Aleppo" in the prologue suggests that the influence of his legislation, as of his empire, extended beyond the limits of Babylonia. Since Professor Harper's work was put in print, the interesting suggestion has been made that a clause near the end of that prologue (i-na pî ma-tim; literally, "in the mouth of the country"), means that, contrary, probably, to earlier use, these laws were published "in the language of the people," that they might be understood by all, and not by the priests or lawyers only. We would suggest, as a variant of this proposition, that the phrase may mean that they were now published, whereas they had been hitherto preserved by oral tradition.

The present volume is an admirable foundation for the study of the text of these laws. It is to be hoped that the succeeding volume, by President Harper, will give us a satisfactory analysis of and commentary on their contents, together with a comparison of Hammurabi's laws with the laws of Moses and a discussion of their relation to one another. The mechanical execution of the volume is beautiful—heavy paper, broad spacing, clear type—leaving nothing to be desired.

The Song of Roland. Translated by Isabel Butler.

Beowulf and the Finnesburh Fragment. Translated by Clarence Griffin Child. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. ("The Riverside Literature Series," Nos. 157 and 159).

There is much worse summer reading than the mediæval epics, 'Beowulf' and 'Roland,' which are now to be had by school children and discerning grown-ups in the inexpensive "Riverside Literature Series." These two heroic poems make an excellent brace if only for their contrasts, corresponding to the deepest sentiments of the two stocks in which they were sung. The 'Roland' is all clarity, reasoned patriotism, and religious certitude. The reader moves in a world of great affairs conducted by emperors and bishops, menaced only by paynims who are generally beaten, and traitors who are condignly punished. Everything in the great poem is social and national. Tallifer most appropriately sung it as he rode at the Hastings palisade. The 'Beowulf,' on the contrary, is all mystery, personal punctilio, and religious ambiguity. Its world is one of morasses inhabited by the brood of Cain, of dragons' treasure, of chieftains mysteriously afflicted by supernatural visitants. The sentiments are tribal, not national, and no lesson is taught except that of personal fortitude before the sad exigencies of a hero's life. Compare Roland with his face towards Spain offering his glove to God, and Beowulf dying beside the dragon's hoard and predicting the downfall of the Geats. Such reflections may be a little serious for summer time, but they go far to explain the national differences of the two Powers that have recently struck hands—the highly organized valor of the Frenchman, the more melancholy *Innigkeit* of the Englishman.

To return to the two booklets before us, these prose translations are meritorious additions to the handy series which the Boston house provides for schools and general readers. Miss Butler has caught something of the march of the 'Roland' in her prose, and since any reproduction of the assonantal *laisses* of the original is impossible in English, and any other metrical form a misrepresentation, it is certain that she has chosen the proper medium. In her introduction she tells all that the average reader needs to know about the growth of the Roland legend; an illustration of a page of the unique jongleur's copy of the 'Roland,' and several reproductions from the Bayeux tapestry and other mediæval sources go to complete a very workmanlike little book.

Mr. Child has had a far more difficult task in translating 'Beowulf.' Indeed, every new attempt confirms in your reviewer an old opinion that this poem is untranslatable in modern English. The heavy, oscillatory movement of the alliterative verse is repellent when transferred to prose, and very difficult to suggest in modern alliterative verse. Hall, perhaps, has done it best. But Professor Child has at least had the considerateness to respect his readers, and his version is as free from the jargon that offset sadly Earle's general spiritedness as from the pedantries that make Morris and Wyatt's fairly unreadable. Professor Child's English, which in the main sins on the side of literalness, can be read with some degree of pleasure; but it is terribly matter-of-fact, and certainly emphasizes the author's belief that we must perfect a form of verse which shall rock without halting—in short, the alliterative staves that Garnett, Hall, and others have tried with varying success.

A brief synopsis of the Beowulf question can hardly be made interesting, and Professor Child would have done better to crowd all this preliminary matter into the briefest form, to be digested by readers of the chalkenteric sort, and so give himself elbow-room for a leisurely presentation. Typographical bad luck has befallen the footnote on p. vi.; the Anglo-Saxon specimen on p. xxii. has the half-line pause unduly exaggerated by the spaces, whereas that pause is completely ignored in setting the accompanying metrical translation.

The Memoirs of Rufus Putnam, and Certain Official Papers and Correspondence. Published by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Ohio. Completed and Annotated by Miss Rowena Buell, Marietta, O. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903. Pp. xxxvi, 460.

The works that have already been published under the authority of the Society of Colonial Dames of America lead us to hope that it may authorize the publication of many more in the future. The present volume is valuable and timely. It gives us the best possible portrait of a man of sterling character whose services to his country have not always been as highly appreciated as they deserve, and it makes accessible much valuable material for the study of the history of the Northwest Territory. It is based on the Putnam manuscripts, the Samuel P. Hildreth manuscripts, and the records of the Ohio Company—all in the possession of Marietta College. The journal which Putnam kept intermittently (it was usually very full only when he was engaged in some military campaign or some engineering expedition), occupies about one-third of the book, while the remainder of the volume is devoted to official papers and correspondence referred to in the journal, or necessary to explain the context. There are eleven illustrations, mainly maps and plans prepared by Putnam himself. The manuscripts have been reproduced exactly, including the "spelling and gramer," the study of which, in Putnam's case, was sadly neglected in his youth—a neglect from which he did, indeed, as he naïvely confesses, "suffer much through life." The editor has limited her part to the insertion of occasional notes of reference or explanation. The index is fairly good, though not as full as could be wished, and the plan is the same as that adopted for the Society's 'Correspondence of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island.'

Putnam's journal is but little concerned about political events, but treats in minute detail the events of the campaigns or expeditions with which the author was connected. After the first few pages of genealogical material, the part played by Putnam in the French wars is recounted. During the seven years from 1765 to 1772 there is no entry. From 1772 until the outbreak of the Revolution, Putnam was engaged in the West Florida expedition, and on his return we learn nothing about the controversy that was passing into war. Fifty pages take us through the war itself, and about thirty more cover the period of Putnam's activity in the Northwest Territory. These papers are therefore valuable chiefly for the military historian. In the

latter part of the journal, however, there is some useful information in connection with the early history of the Northwest Territory, chiefly with respect to the number and location of particular parties of settlers, relations with the Indians, and the affairs of the Ohio Company.

In spite of "spelling and gramer," the journal makes interesting reading. It is the straightforward expression of a man strong in the elemental virtues of simplicity, honesty, and modesty. Almost the last paragraph is so characteristic of the man and his method that its insertion here may be pardoned. It is in explanation of his dismissal from the office of surveyor-general that Putnam says: "Indeed, I might appeal to my corrispondence with the Secretaries of the Treasury, or even to Mr. Galliten personally, that *no want of ability, integrity,* or *industry* was the cause of my removal from office. *no.* It was don because I did not Subscribe to the Measures of him whom I have called, *Arch* enemy to Washington's Administration. Because I did not die nor resigne" (p. 125). It may be mentioned that his "spelling and gramer" much improves in the course of the journal.

Le Roman Social en Angleterre. Par Louis Cazamian.

Kingsley et Thomas Cooper. Par Louis Cazamian. Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Édition. 1904.

Few people in this country know anything definite about that singular institution, the "Fondation Thiers." Yet the educational project which M. Thiers had at heart and which bears his name, though delayed for nearly twenty years after his death, has been realized since 1893, when the Hôtel du Rond-point Bugeaud was opened for the first five students who were to benefit by the terms of the foundation. M. Thiers was a very busy man, and, like other gifted men who have had little leisure for their favorite studies, or have cherished the conviction that if they had the time they would study, he desired to create an atmosphere in which the minds of a chosen few should be stimulated to produce. He devised the usual stimulus of leisure, the hot-house method which assumes that if you eliminate all possible friction the creative imagination, that delicate plant, will forthwith bloom and thrive. He had no international aims, like Cecil Rhodes; the foundation is strictly reserved to Frenchmen. Every year the five most distinguished graduates in the faculties are chosen by a committee of members of the Institute, are placed in a luxurious and sequestered hotel, are allowed a fair sum for pocket money, and for three years are maintained in learned leisure, about $2,000 annually being devoted to the expenses of each one of the fortunate fifteen. There are no duties, no direction, no limitations; and if leisure were all, the *fine fleur* of the University of Paris would seem to be deprived of all excuse for mute inglorious-ness. Moreover, the "Bibliothèque de la Fondation Thiers" has been established for defraying the expense of the publications that are to be the fruit of this retirement. As a matter of fact, though the foundation was not, we believe, originally intended to smooth the path to the doctorate, the "pensionnaires" seem to devote their three years, or a part of them, to the attainment of the Docteur-ès-lettres.

We have before us two theses for the doctor's degree by a "pensionnaire," both in French—for the University of Paris, not long since resolved not to exact the Latin thesis once indispensable to the highest French degree; the form of two separate dissertations is maintained. 'Le Roman Social' is a volume of 575 pages, to which the second dissertation of 65 pages, 'Kingsley et Thomas Cooper,' is a sort of footnote. In his main dissertation M. Cazamian traces the influence on the political philosophy and legislation of England from 1830 to 1850 of the "novel with a purpose." Dickens, Disraeli, Mrs. Gaskell and Kingsley were the chief writers whose novels contributed to the sentimental reaction against the utilitarian system of Bentham. Of that system Disraeli's 'Coningsby' could say in 1844: "It has passed through the heaven of philosophy like a hailstorm, cold, noisy, sharp, and peppering, and it has melted away." The social remorse of England awoke none too soon. The Chartists had indeed failed, the strikers had failed on every side in those years of cruel indifference to industrial life when the English, having developed a new type of population in their mines and factories, had not yet realized that they must protect it with new laws. But meanwhile the tide of industrial misery rose, labor learned how to organize, and England too might have had her revolution, following on mere riots, in the early forties. But it is the good fortune of England, the practical, that she is always capable of a profound idealistic reaction. Altruism, æsthetic morality, religion, the sympathetic imagination, may for a time be obscured by the spirit of commercialism as they were obscured in the years that bred the Chartists. But in the end the visionary and the humanitarian triumph over the utilitarian and the theorist. The part played by the novels of Dickens in the reaction to intervention is carefully defined by M. Cazamian. Dickens knew little about industrial conditions; the hardships of the lower middle class, the class exposed to the debtor's prison, or the Yorkshire school, claimed his sympathy because he knew them best. Disraeli stands for the aristocratic movement in favor of charitable intervention. In his recent study of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Bryce speaks of 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil' as "political manifestoes," but does not discuss Disraeli's position as the foe of the utilitarianism and rationalism of the thirties. Disraeli may not have been wholly sincere when he took the same side as Dickens and Carlyle and faced the same adversaries. But if he lacked sentiment, he did not lack imagination; he saw the danger that threatened England, and when, in 'Sybil,' he wrote with eloquence of the wrongs of the industrial class, he had not forgotten the persecutions of his own race. 'Coningsby,' 'Sybil,' and 'Tancred' are a trilogy devoted to the exposition of the social gospel of the Young England Tory party. The reconciliation of the commercial and landowning classes, the patching up of the quarrel between the factory and the manor, was Disraeli's aim. Like Carlyle, he saw the significance of the industrial revolution. "The age of ruins is past," says a character in 'Coningsby.' "Have you seen Manchester?" The sentimental socialism of Dickens, the social Tory reaction of Disraeli, the Christian socialism of Kingsley, proceeded from very different conceptions of the cure that must be applied to the social conditions of early Victorian England.

The aim of M. Cazamian was to differentiate the motives and the ideals of the Victorian novelists up to 1850, when the cloud lifted. His studies in the economic literature and fiction of his period have been extremely thorough; he is a very accurate writer, and has fully maintained his thesis, which is naturally not new, that the novel with a purpose did more to rouse public opinion and to bring about industrial reforms than all the Parliamentary commissions and Blue Books on the subject. In 'Kingsley et Thomas Cooper' M. Cazamian proves by extracts from Kingsley's correspondence with Cooper the Chartist, and from parallels of Cooper's life with that of the hero of 'Alton Locke,' that Kingsley had Cooper in mind when he drew his Chartist reformer. The point was worth a footnote, but not a dissertation.

The study of English at the Sorbonne and the University of Paris is notoriously inadequate. M. Cazamian can have received little encouragement to pursue his studies in the English novel and the social conditions that produced it. His bibliographies are thorough, and as a whole the dissertation reaches the standard of the better sort of American or German literary thesis, which contributes nothing new, but analyzes and accounts for works whose place is already well defined. It is unfortunate, however, for the prestige of the French degree, or of any higher degree, that it should be bestowed for dissertations which in themselves are no guarantee of severe studies. Evidently, in France as well as in America and in Germany, there is danger that the doctor's degree may degenerate into a mere certificate of two or three years of graduate work, and so become quantitative where it should be qualitative. The work of M. Cazamian should not be dignified with the name "research," for a layman might have produced it. The hard-worked "founder of the French Republic," when he dreamed of the "Fondation Thiers," had in mind, we imagine, a severity of standard, an austerity of scholarly ambition, not to be satisfied with 600 pages of description of the early Victorian novel.

Ruskin in Oxford, and Other Studies. By G. W. Kitchin. E. P. Dutton & Co.

By his many solid contributions to scholarship the Dean of Durham has earned the right to occupy the leisure of his eighth decade with less strenuous tasks. In the above work he offers us, in his own words, "desultory pages" which are merely the work of his "holiday times." This little collection of studies—biographical, historical, literary, theological, and antiquarian—provokes once more the question: Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer? The Ruskin paper opens attractively at Dean Liddell's dinner table, with Gladstone and Selborne discussing the abolition of the privileges of the gentleman-commoner; a debate in which Gladstone, as might have been expected, took the conservative side. This incident leads naturally to a speculation as to what kind of Ruskin we should have had if the vintner's son had never worn velvet and silk, but had been com-

pelled to hold his own in the common life of his college. Dr. Kitchin went up to Christ Church only five years after the close of Ruskin's Oxford days, and is therefore able, from his own reminiscences, to reconstruct the environment of the time—Gaisford, Osborne Gordon, Buckland (the geologist), Liddell, and Henry Acland, to name the contemporary personal influences only. The author of this volume was still in residence when Ruskin returned as Slade professor in 1869, and again in 1883. There is much good reading in Dr. Kitchin's memories of this period. We learn, for example, how Ruskin hopelessly ruined some of the most exquisitely illuminated of his missals by cutting leaves out of them to serve as illustrations of his points. Another story is of a lecture on "Birds," in the course of which he made the Oxford musicians furious by a digression protesting against the degradation of the psalm, "Oh! for the wings," as he had heard it lately in a college chapel linked to the frivolous prettiness of Mendelssohn's setting. Suddenly, in the midst of his denunciation, he "began to dance and recite, with the strangest flappings of his M.A. gown, and the oddest look on his excited face." Another sample of what was locally called his inspired nonsense was his description of how a hairbrush by incessant rotation evolved itself in the course of æons into a swallow. Dr. Kitchin evidently shares to a great extent Ruskin's depressing judgment as to the mischief wrought by recent changes upon the charm of Oxford. This pessimism is somewhat surprising in one who has seen such excellent results from his own contributions to the liberalizing process—at the Non-Collegiate Delegacy, for example.

The transition is abrupt to the next paper, which describes that disappearing race, the "statesmen," or yeoman farmers, of West Cumberland. Incidentally, Dr. Kitchin makes a keen thrust at a recent exhibition of popular weakness. Quoting from an old account of the dignified thankfulness with which the people of the dales received the news of the battle of Waterloo, he adds the quiet comment: "Men had more ballast then; and it was only Waterloo, not Mafeking." The temptation is great to extract notable stories and reflections from the remaining papers. Their subjects cover a wide ground, including Whitby Abbey, a study of Celtic and Latin Monasticism; Durham College, a glimpse of mediæval Oxford; the Statutes of Durham Cathedral; the North in the Fifteenth Century, an account of the visit of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini (afterwards Pius II.); a discussion of the reason of Dante's choice of Virgil as his guide in the lower world; an inquiry into the cause of the burial of Slavonian sailors in a Hampshire church; an archæological investigation of the font in Winchester Cathedral, and an address at the unveiling of a memorial to Bishop Butler at Durham. It must suffice to say that in all the diversity of topics there is a unity of interest—the catholic spirit and scholarly taste of the author himself, in whom learning and discretion, literary skill and human sympathy, so delightfully combine.

A Grammar of Oscan and Umbrian, with a Collection of Inscriptions and a Glossary. By Carl Darling Buck. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1904.

It has always been held, and rightly so, that no Latinist, be he professional or amateur, can properly comprehend his own subject without a fairly equivalent understanding of Greek. A quarter of a century ago the additional necessity of a more or less comfortable acquaintance also with Sanskrit was generally insisted upon. The zealous activity of the younger comparative philologists of Germany had communicated itself across the water to America by means of the American students of the classics who had been "made in Germany." Roman history and literature and antiquities had to be studied in a sort of shamefaced way through the lens of phonology and thereafter of syntax. Some enthusiasts went so far as to prescribe liberal doses of Sanskrit for quelling all the ills that were beginning to attack the previously sturdy body of classical education. The dulcet enervation of natural science was to be corrected by the exhilarating stimulus of vrddhi and jihvāmūlīya-spirants.

But the predicted conquests of Sanskrit in the field of general classical education have not been carried out. That language has apparently fallen back from the fighting line. It is now regarded rather as a part of the equipment of the specialist in the purely linguistic field. The principle of comparative study has been welcomed and adopted, but the absurd claim that every Latinist must be a comparative philologist has been properly abandoned. Yet every student of Latin literature must first of all have a thorough acquaintance with the Latin language, even though he may not carry his investigations so far afield as the very cradle of the Aryan race; and upon the Latin language the study of the kindred dialects of ancient Italy often casts a remarkably vivid illumination. Even the schoolboy, who regards as an additional grievance the existence of an antique Latin genitive in -as, and the persistently asserted, but apparently meaningless, identification of a genitive in -ae with a ghostly locative, may find a trifling consolation in the inspection of the regular Oscan forms for these cases; while for the ordinary Latinist the study of Oscan and Umbrian may to great advantage take the place that Sanskrit tried to fill. It is, indeed, only political chance (if it be right to describe as chance the inexorable workings of human character) that has made the world use Latin rather than Oscan.

Up to this time the elaborate and expensive works of Von Planta, and later of Conway, have been the most available means of introduction to the study of Oscan and Umbrian. But what the student needed is precisely what Professor Buck has now furnished him, a thoroughly scientific and at the same time eminently clear and interesting and readable exhibit of the grammar of the two dialects, with constant comparison of Latin forms, and of those to be found in the lesser dialects of the Italic group. The arrangement of the book on the familiar model of a Latin grammar adds much to its practical convenience, and the well-annotated selection of the most important inscriptional remains of the dialects is much better for the elementary student's use than anything that has yet appeared. We should have welcomed, indeed, the printing of the inscriptions in their native alphabets (in so far as the originals appeared thus) instead of merely in transliteration. Oscan and Umbrian stand on a very different basis in this respect from Sanskrit, the individual letters of which number half a hundred, and are so curiously modified and linked together in actual writing. The learning of the Oscan-Umbrian alphabets is, on the other hand, the matter of an hour's application, and adds much to the interest and value of the study of the dialects themselves. The four plates that Mr. Buck gives in facsimile do not afford sufficient practice, and of these the three illustrations on Plate I. are useful only as indicating the shape of the material on which the inscriptions are cut or painted, for the inscriptions themselves are illegible.

The book will be of interest to more than one class of persons besides professed students of philology. The merely curious acquirer of information (and we hope the specialization of the present day has not scoffed him out of existence) will now find it possible in a few hours' time to gain a fair general knowledge of the difference in tongue between the sturdy Samnite and his more fortunate Roman conqueror. The student of Italic antiquities will be tempted to study at first hand the transactions of the Atiedian priesthood, the Iovilae offerings, and the dire Curse of Vibia. The reader of Horace mayhap will be pleased to picture to himself Bantia as something else than a region of forest-glades. Even the prospective, or past, visitor to Pompeii may readily learn to interpret those non-Latin inscriptions that confront him there, of which he could otherwise tell only that they are recorded in a curious angular cryptogram.

The detailed discussion of Mr. Buck's work will naturally find its place in more technical journals; meanwhile we welcome it cordially as one of the most valuable, important, and significant contributions made by American scholarship to the old learning, which is ever new.

Desiderius Erasmus concerning the Aim and Method of Education. By William Harrison Woodward. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

If there was a sincere side to Erasmus of Rotterdam, it was certainly displayed in his attitude toward the subject of education. He refers in many of his writings to this primary condition of a revived and enlarged culture, and devotes to it two special treatises of considerable length. It is, however, lamentably true, as Mr. Woodward remarks in his preface, that the biographers have allowed his services in this direction to be obscured by what they have regarded as his larger interests, notably by all that concerns his relation to the reformation of religion. It is, therefore, a significant service that Mr. Woodward has here rendered by bringing together in this little volume the most important indications he has been able to gather from Erasmus's own writings of his educational aims and methods.

Beginning with a brief sketch of Erasmus's life, the author shows that he has made a careful study of the biographies, and that he is guided by the latest and most critical. He realizes fully that Erasmus's account of his own early years must be

taken with the largest allowances, and estimated, not so much by what the man says directly about himself, as by the obvious implications of facts. He drops entirely the old notion that Erasmus was a victim of monkish persecution, and accepts fully the view that the ten years spent at Steyn were years of fruitful intellectual work and of stimulating companionship. At the same time we are reminded that the habit of mind then acquired may account for many of the restraints and limitations of Erasmus's later life. The characterization of the great humanist given here in a few pages is more discriminating and more just than most of the biographers have given us in their volumes. Nowhere have we seen better expressed than here (p. 35) the essentially unhistorical character of Erasmus's mind. Antiquity was to him "not merely a past"; it was "an ideal to be defended or to be criticised." In his thought of the classic civilization as a something universal that might be applied to modern conditions, a kind of universal solvent by which all these conditions would be set free to fall into their true relations again, he always overlooked the hard fact of nationality. The Middle Ages had gone to pieces on this rock of universalism, and not even Erasmus was great enough to escape from its attraction. Hence, we may believe, his indifference to politics, his horror of national warfare, his neglect of modern languages; and hence also his exclusive emphasis upon classical studies as the essential basis of a liberal education. On the other hand, it is precisely this note of universality that gives elevation and permanent value to Erasmus's educational ideals.

In regard to method, nothing could be further from a "system" than what is here laid down. Education stands, to Erasmus, for the harmonious development of the whole man from the earliest moment of conscious existence—and before. His detailed suggestions are only aids to the carrying out of this central thought. Mr. Woodward emphasizes especially what we are apt to call the "modern" notion of interesting the boy instead of trying to force him by mere compulsion; but it will be observed that Erasmus does not say, "Make the boy study only what he likes," but, "So teach him that he will like what he studies." His ideal of the teacher is almost too lofty. It suggests a man who, like Erasmus himself, would probably cordially hate the drudgery of teaching. So far as we have here principles of instruction, they are based upon plain common sense. Speech comes before reading, and writing follows. The text to be read must be explained in such a way that the boy will comprehend and be interested in what he reads, while at the same time he gains command of the medium through which his thought is to be expressed.

The last third of the volume is taken up by translations from the two most important Erasmian treatises on education: *De ratione studii* and *De pueris statim ac liberaliter instituendis*, together with one chapter from *De conscribendis epistolis* and a selection from the colloquy, *Convivium Religiosum*. These might rather be called paraphrases than translations, since Mr. Woodward has allowed himself large liberties of omission and occasionally of insertion. He justifies this by stating that he does it to avoid "Erasmian redundancy of illustration," but it has the effect of depriving his version of much of the true Erasmian flavor. The scholar can, however, if he will, make his own corrections, following the careful references to the columns of the Leyden edition which accompany each paragraph. The volume as a whole is a welcome addition to the literature of Erasmus which recent years have brought us.

Laws of New Hampshire, Including Public and Private Acts and Resolves and the Royal Commissions and Institutions. With Historical and Descriptive Notes and an Appendix. Edited by Albert Stillman Batcheller. Volume I., Province Period. Manchester, N. H.: The John B. Clarke Co. 1904. Pp. 914.

We have here a volume of State papers prepared in continuance of the policy, begun by New Hampshire in 1867, of collecting and printing documents of various descriptions pertaining to her early history. Some of this material has already appeared in earlier volumes of the New Hampshire State Papers; other papers are transcripts from the English archives. The purpose has been to get together in one collection all the laws and ordinances of the Province Period (1679-1702), and it seems as if this purpose had been accomplished. The volume is bulky enough. Its size proceeds partly from the fact that the editor has conceived it to be his duty to insert many pages of historical memoranda from the writings of Jenness, Tuttle, Hoyt, and other local writers who have discoursed upon the topic of New Hampshire's settlements and of the first years of her existence. The editor has done his work well, though perhaps a little too heavily. Some of the longer notes might have been condensed to advantage.

We are not greatly impressed, however, with Mr. Batcheller's faculty of historical narration. His style is labored and diffuse. He writes as one who is content to follow in the footsteps of historians of an elder day. He accepts the Puritan view without question; and this, too, when the distinctively New Hampshire writers of a later time, after an exhaustive study, have found themselves at variance with Winthrop, Belknap, and Palfry and that school. We have space for but a single illustration. In treating of the genesis of the union between the New Hampshire towns and the Massachusetts Bay Colony, in 1642, the editor observes:

"Despite the fact that the course of the towns in adopting the 'Combinations' showed a creditable respect for law, it was found difficult to preserve order among the people. This is not surprising when we recall that such adventurers as Burdett, Larkham, and Underhill were among their chosen rulers. As the towns were a frontier region, exposed to the hostilities of the French and Indians, whose most active spirits were licentious clergymen exiled from Massachusetts Bay, it was a most natural course to seek a political union, under favorable terms, with the strong contiguous Puritan colony" (Introduction, p. xxx.).

One discovers here no hint that full reliance cannot be put in the charges freely and harshly laid against some of the clergy of that period by the Massachusetts authorities, and gravely believed by Massachusetts writers of history. Nor is there a suggestion that the alleged spontaneity of the movement for a union may possibly be questioned. Nothing is said as to the complaint, entered by some of the inhabitants of the towns, that the Bay people came where they were not wanted.

In a work of this character, officially put forth by the State, it might perhaps be well either to leave out an historical sketch involving facts that are the subject of controversy as not necessary; or else to state briefly the two views entertained by writers on the subject—and there stop. But we are none the less happy to be able to praise Mr. Batcheller for the fidelity with which he has accomplished a formidable task. The print is good; the proof-reading evidently has been scrupulously attended to. There is an index of subjects as well as of names. The enterprise certainly brings credit to the State of New Hampshire. The written laws of a free people reflect much of that people's character; they form an authentic source of history; and this volume is a storehouse of material for the publication of which the student of American history may well feel thankful.

The Evolution of Modern Liberty. By George L. Scherger. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Evolution is so elastic, not to say vague, a term as to apply to almost any view that may be taken of a subject. Were it otherwise, we should be inclined to call the title of this book misleading. We might reasonably expect to find here some account of the development of the principal rights enjoyed by the citizens of modern States, and we certainly should not expect to end our survey with the beginning of the French Revolution. It seems strange, too, to find in a treatise on the evolution of liberty no mention of the protection afforded by the writ of habeas corpus, or of the principles involved in Wilkes's case. Indeed, so far as we have observed, none of the great constitutional decisions of the English judges is so much as mentioned.

What is really done by Prof. Scherger is to give the views of numerous writers, ancient and modern, on the theories or doctrines of natural law and popular sovereignty. It was his original intention to consider the relation between the principles stated by the French Constituent Assembly in the "Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen," and those expressed in the American bills of rights. On this subject there has been some controversy between Professor Jellinek and M. Boutmy; the former regarding the Declaration as a literal transcript of American statements, the latter maintaining it to be a purely French production, attributable to the influence of Rousseau. The truth, as Prof. Scherger shows, lies between these views. The evidence is abundant that French philosophers and statesmen had been deeply interested in the course of events which culminated in American independence, and were familiar with the "declarations" of American patriots. The debates in the Constituent Assembly on the Declaration of Rights show this familiarity, and Lafayette explicitly maintained that only since the American Revolution had the necessity of defining the fundamental rights of man appeared, and that the example then set should be follow-

ed by France. But, while the formal enunciation of these rights in the American colonies was a conspicuous event, the French statesmen were not ignorant of the sources from which James Otis and Samuel Adams drew their inspiration. Our forefathers were well read in the doctrines of natural law and popular government as set forth by Sidney, Milton, and Locke, and did no more than embody their reasonings in formal declarations. With these reasonings the French statesmen were as well acquainted. They had watched with interest and with envy the successful struggles of the English against the arbitrary powers claimed by their rulers, and they were disposed to follow English rather than American precedents. On this point, the fact that they meant to establish, not a republic, but a constitutional monarchy, seems to be conclusive.

In his examination of the sources from which these political theories were derived, Professor Scherger goes over ground that has often been traversed, although perhaps never more thoroughly. He takes up one writer after another, and gives a summary of his opinions, as if he were writing articles for a dictionary of philosophy. He scarcely attempts to trace the influence of these political theories on positive institutions, unless in the case of the early settlers of New England. A great part of the work is devoted to the doctrine of natural rights; but more is to be learned from the brilliant generalizations of such a writer as Sir Henry Maine than from lists of books in which certain opinions are advanced. We must commend the industry which has epitomized many treatises now almost sunken into oblivion, and which show us how ancient is the justification of "modern liberty." To read such a catalogue, however, is tiresome, and we must describe the treatise as valuable chiefly as a bibliography.

Like numberless other writers, Professor Scherger assures us that individual liberty was not recognized in the ancient state. The more we learn of the institutions of early times, the more clearly we see that the rights of individuals, implied in customs, must always have existed. Nor is evidence lacking that in theory the absolute right of rulers was denied. The "Antigone" of Sophocles contains the whole truth concerning liberty, ancient or modern; the truth that what may be called indifferently the law of God, or natural law, or the supremacy of conscience, or the right of private judgment, is above the power of government. Rulers may be able to excommunicate, to exile, to torture, to put to death subjects who refuse to obey their commands. That is what we mean by the sovereignty of the State. But when men are commanded to do what they think is wrong, the best of them, ancients or moderns, have replied that they must do what they think is right, and governments have usually been wise enough to give a tacit recognition to this principle.

Explicit and formal recognitions have not, perhaps, quite the importance attributed to them by this author; we know what happened after the French Declaration. It is when the principle animates the institutions of a people that liberty is secure. Yet formal statements keep high ideals before a people, and may thus stimulate the love of freedom. However this may be, we must commend the generous feeling displayed by Professor Scherger in his defence of the rights of the individual, as well as the scholarship which has made his research so exhaustive. It is much to be desired that young men should interest themselves in the irrepressible conflict between freedom and authority, and they will find this book not only valuable for historical reference, but also stimulating to the moral sense. The bibliography with which it is supplied is, so far as foreign writers are concerned, particularly full; but it would be improved by references to some English law books and judicial opinions.

The Stock Exchange. By Godefroi D. Ingall and George Withers. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Here is a perfectly clear and intelligible account of the methods of doing business on the London Stock Exchange, and of the meaning of the technical terms in daily use among its members, some of which from time to time find their way into our newspapers. In two essential features the Stock Exchange business of London differs from that of New York. In the first place the great mass of transactions in London, instead of being cleared and settled the following day, as with us, run on until the next "account." There are two accounts, one about the middle and the other at the end of each month, so that a couple of weeks often elapse between the initiation and the completion of a bargain. In the second place, the London Stock Exchange is composed of two classes of members, the brokers and the jobbers, while with us there is no such distinction. This English differentiation is precisely analogous to their division of the legal fraternity into solicitors and barristers, and in either case it is difficult for the unprejudiced mind to see any advantage in the more complicated system. In London the broker takes orders from his clients, but, instead of buying or selling in the open market, as New York brokers do, he has to go to a jobber, who stands ready to buy at one price or sell at another; these prices being generally from a quarter to a half per cent. apart. It would be difficult to show that the client fares any better under this system than by the American method. On the contrary, inasmuch as the jobber is committed to buy or sell only a very moderate amount of stock at the figures he names, it would appear probable that the open-market plan would result in closer trading, particularly if the amount to be dealt in was considerable.

But, whatever view may be taken of this peculiarity of London dealing, there is scarcely any room for doubt that in regard to the other essential difference the American system is the better and safer one. Very serious fluctuations in prices may and often do occur in a single day, but the resulting losses can be kept within bounds if all transactions are settled within twenty-four hours, and if the margins on all loans are adjusted to the new conditions in the same period; whereas if all transactions and loans are "hung up" for a fortnight, there is an obvious and most undesirable increase of risk to both brokers and money-lenders. Without offering any serious argument in support of their position Messrs. Ingall and Withers take the opposite view, apparently on the ground that daily settlements "tend to make the Wall Street market exceedingly sensitive." A long acquaintance with Wall Street leads us to the conclusion that fortnightly settlements would make that interesting locality even more sensitive than Messrs. Ingall and Withers suppose it to be. But they supply a better argument on another page, where they refer to the "alarming fashion in which one [London] Stock Exchange failure in these days promptly involves two or three other firms." In fact, it is a case where the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and there are certainly more failures on the London than on the New York Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, J. Redwood. The Music of Death. Clifton, England: J. Baker & Son. 2s. net.
Atherton, Gertrude Franklin. The Conqueror. Popular edition. The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.
Ballard, Adolphus. The Domesday Boroughs. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 6s. 6d. net.
Baldwin, Simeon F. American Railroad Law. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Rendle, Alfred Barton. The Classification of Flowering Plants. Vol. I—Gymnosperms and Monocotyledons. (Cambridge Biological Series.) Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Bicknell, Edward. The Territorial Acquisitions of the United States, 1787-1904. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Boniface, John J. Manual for Non-Commissioned Cavalry Officers. Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co.
Cody, W. F. The Adventures of Buffalo Bill. Harper & Brothers. 60 cents.
Cohn, Toby. Electro-Diagnosis and Electro-Therapeutics. Translated from the German by Francis A. Scratchley. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $2.
Cooley, Julia. The Poems of a Child. Introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. Harper & Brothers. $1 net.
Cornelii Taciti Opera Minora. Edited by Morris Hicky Morgan. Boston: D. B. Updike (The Merrymount Press). Folio, $15 net.
Deeping, Warwick. Love among the Ruins. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Duff, H. L. Nyasaland under the Foreign Office. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.
Early Western Travels—1748-1846. Vol. III.—André Michaux's Travels into Kentucky, 1793-96; François André Michaux's Travels West of Alleghany Mountains, 1802; Thaddeus Mason Harris's Journal of a Tour Northwest of Alleghany Mountains, 1803. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $4.
Emerson's Works. Centenary Edition. Vol. VIII.—Letters and Social Aims. Vol. IX.—Poems. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 per vol.
Francis, M. E. Lychgate Hall. (Fiction.) Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. The Givers, and Other Stories. Harper & Brothers. $1.25.
Hobson, John A. International Trade. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 net.
Hogarth, David George. The Penetration of Arabia. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.
Ker, W. P. The Dark Ages. (No. 1 of Periods of European Literature, edited by Professor Saintsbury.) Charles Scribner's Sons.
Lane, T. O'Neill. English-Irish Dictionary. London: David Nutt. 12s. 6d. net.
Lovett, Robert Morss. Richard Gresham. (Fiction.) The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Master, Edgar Lee. The New Star Chamber, and Other Essays. Chicago: The Hammersmark Pub. Co. $1.
Menpes, Mortimer. Whistler as I Knew Him. The Macmillan Co.
New Sayings of Jesus. Published for the Egypt Exploration Fund by Oxford University; New York: Henry Frowde.
Osgood, Herbert L. The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century. 2 volumes. The Macmillan Co.
Pattison, James William. Painters since Leonardo. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Roberts, Charles G. D. The Watchers on the Trails. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.
Rosedale, H. G. Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company. (Published under the direction of the Royal Society of Literature.) London and New York: Henry Frowde. 10s. 6d. net.
Scollard, Clinton, and Rice, Wallace. Ballads of Valor and Victory. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Step, Edward. Wayside and Woodland Trees. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. $1.75 net.
Stokes, Hugh. Benozzo Gozzoli. (Newnes's Art Library.) London: George Newnes, Ltd.; New York: Frederick Warne & Co.
The Edwards Bicentenary at Andover. Andover, Mass.: The Andover Press.
The Philippine Islands—1498-1898. Vol. XIV—1605-1609. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.
Wheatley, Henry B. The Story of London. (Mediæval Town Series.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1904.

The Week.

For the second time in succession a Republican National Convention meets with the result foregone for months beforehand. That state of things may betoken great harmony and a flattering outlook, but is adverse to vast ebullitions of excitement at the Convention. Only paid *claqueurs* or dutiful and expectant office-holders can work themselves into a frenzy over the rising of the sun on schedule time. A national convention is a body of 900 men ostensibly met for deliberation. A contest is implied in the very fact of their coming together. If all are of one mind, there is no more reason for their meeting, at great expense and inconvenience, to nominate a President, than there was for a convention to nominate George Washington. In addition to the absence of piquant differences over candidates, we have this year the platform also settled in advance down to the smallest details. Lodge has the party principles in his valise. Nothing is left to the Convention except to go through the motions.

As a form of life insurance for President Roosevelt, the nomination of Senator Fairbanks as Vice-President would be intelligible. Certainly, the maddest anarchist would never think of killing Roosevelt to make Fairbanks President. For other grounds for his selection, however, one would search in vain. He is all compact of negative qualities. Without warmth or color of personality, having neither initiative nor eloquence, identified with no public policy, and known only as a rich manipulator of the Indiana Republican machine who never commits himself, and who, instead of dying in the last ditch, would always be found on the first fence, Senator Fairbanks could add nothing to the Republican ticket except a weight to be carried. We presume that the determination to put him on it is due to the belief that his nomination will make Indiana safely Republican. He has some enthusiastic friends in that State who would like to elevate him to the Vice-Presidency in order that they might have the disposal of his seat in the Senate. That, too, is a motive we can understand; but other reasons why Fairbanks should be nominated we are not given. With Roosevelt himself debarred from speaking or touring through the campaign, the cry has been for a running mate who could kick up the dust and snort. But Fairbanks would be as far as possible from that kind of horse. If a complete foil to Roosevelt and a damper on the whole campaign is wanted, the Indiana Senator is just the man to nominate for the Vice-Presidency.

Quay is dead. Long live Addicks! The Republican National Committee hastened on Thursday to console itself for the loss of one corruptionist by welcoming another. Addicks was declared "regular," and went about receiving with bland smiles congratulations as the next Senator from Delaware. That national disgrace is now distinctly on the Republican programme. The term of the anti-Addicks Senator, Mr. Ball, expires next March, and the gasman proposes to buy the Legislature in the November election. But since he also promises to buy Delaware for Roosevelt, the party of moral ideas has not a single objection to raise. "Would not a knighthood fit the crime?" Sir Robert Peel was asked, when a disreputable politician was urged upon him for a baronetcy. The Republican Committee has evidently decided that a Senatorship exactly fits Addicks's electoral crimes.

Shrewd party policy would not have dictated the decision in the Wisconsin case reached by the Republican National Committee. Its action puts Wisconsin in the list of doubtful States. The reasons lie on the surface. Whatever may be said of Gov. La Follette, he is a man of showy and popular qualities who has again and again demonstrated his hold upon the voters of his State. For such a leader to be set aside incontinently and completely by the Committee, although he was technically "regular" and his opponents the bolters, and although the legal merits of the controversy are still to be judicially determined, is certainly to create a very ugly situation. The effect cannot be limited to the State ticket. It is bound to involve the vote for Presidential electors. Resentment is sure to strike through Senator Spooner and reach Roosevelt himself. Spooner is the President's chief apologist. It will be angrily charged, accordingly, that the Committee acted on a Presidential hint in behalf of his friend. This, however, we consider unlikely. Mr. Roosevelt is too clever a politician for that. The case seems to be more like another example of Senatorial courtesy. With two Senators appealing to a Committee on which other Senators are sitting, how could they be turned away? But this explanation will not help matters in Wisconsin. The Governor is already making threats.

The proceedings in the Hearst-ridden Illinois Convention on June 14 were enough to curdle the blood of all sensible Democrats. Here we notoriously have a State in which the Republicans are torn with factions, where the loudest complaints have been made of the Republican machine, and where the opportunity for a rational and decent Democratic party is obviously great—but what was done? A machine and a boss far more offensive than anything the Republicans can produce were enthroned; a set of Socialistic delegates, with an apologist for trades-union boycotting and murder at their head, put through instructions for Hearst, with the net result of throwing Illinois as a gift to the Republicans and sending a chill down the back of Democrats the nation over. There can be but one political effect. Southern delegates will merely shudder, and proceed to concentrate upon Parker more rapidly than before. Uninstructed delegates will find themselves drawn the same way. States putting forward favorite sons will take good heed that, wherever they go after the first ballot, they throw their weight unmistakably against Hearst.

For "the tariff revised by its friends," read, "the tariff revised by its abusers"—such is the suggestion of the Mississippi platform. It is a neat countering of phrase by phrase. Congressman Williams, who devised it, showed his adroitness also in the draft of a money plank. It congratulates the country on the addition of $2,000,000,000 to the world's stock of "real or metallic money, in a manner acceptable to all Democrats," this nation's share of the increase being $700,000,000. This swelling of the volume is held to "vindicate the Democratic contention" that it was necessary. In some such language, it is highly probable, the National Convention at St. Louis will announce the intention of the Democrats to meddle no further with the gold standard. They can save their faces by pointing to the unexpected increase in gold production. Republicans will be in no position to jeer at this. It is the same argument which converted their own militant friends of silver, like Hoar and Lodge and McKinley himself. The country, we believe, will not care very much by what process of reasoning the Democrats convince themselves that the gold standard must be let alone. The main thing is that they do it.

"If the Filipinos become fit for self-government, and desire independence, God knows I want to give it to them." That extract from Secretary Taft's speech on Friday night shows how native to his heart are generous sentiments; but it also shows how hopeless

is his effort to prevent Americans from discussing Philippine independence. He himself cannot refrain from discussing it. If the rest of us are indiscreet and are "rousing false hopes" and "encouraging agitators" in the archipelago, what is he doing? His words will be carried back to the islands, though they are very much of the sort that he has called unwise and incendiary. In fact, an expression like his personal wish is nearly all that the Philippine Independence Committee, whose work is so displeasing to him, is asking of the National Conventions. If both parties would simply echo Secretary Taft's phrase, and call God to witness that they desired to give the Filipinos independence, the prayer of the Committee would be practically granted. It is a petition backed by some 7,000 names of the nation's wisest and best. A copy of it, with the imposing array of signatures, is being placed in the hand of every delegate at Chicago. Can the Republican party, can Mr. Taft, can President Roosevelt afford to despise it?

One passage in Secretary Taft's speech on Friday is either unfair if taken literally, or really ludicrous as a mere rhetorical rejoinder. He asks why the college professors and clergymen, instead of calling for Filipino independence, do not "hold up my hands in trying to induce Congress to reduce the tariff" on Philippine goods. Bless the Secretary's innocent heart, no one has done that precise thing more consistently than the very men to whom he makes his appeal. They have approved and urged every measure in the interest of the Filipinos, when it was not cunningly devised as a means of exploiting them. And who are the ones that have withstood Mr. Taft's pleas, set aside even the President's recommendations, and kept the tariff inflexibly against the Filipinos? Why, the leaders of his own party; the politicians who propose to squeeze every dollar and every office possible out of the Philippine Islands. Secretary Taft means to support them on a "stand-pat" tariff platform, and then expects them to hearken to his prayer for tariff reduction. Impracticable for impracticable, we think he fairly rivals any of his despised anti-Imperialists.

An exhibition of pure selfishness was made by the Grand Army, on Thursday, at the convention of the New York Department. Naturally, an absorbing topic was the President's service pension order of last March—regarding which commendatory resolutions were passed. Then a letter was read from the Allied Printing Trades Council asking the veterans to announce themselves in favor of requiring all printed matter used by the Department to bear the union label. Such a resolution "the delegates did not see fit to adopt." In a word, the fine patriotism of forty years ago has evaporated. The veterans of Gettysburg and the Wilderness no longer ponder the rights of man, but are concerned entirely with getting as much and giving as little of the good things of life as possible. They have put the union label on the taxpayers of the United States, but they have no intention of suffering the infliction of a similar policy by organized labor. Themselves the most imposing labor union in the country, they have gathered their cloak about them and assumed a haughty air towards their brethren the printers.

Chicago unionists have been charged with many crimes, but a new count is brought against them by a New York street-cleaning expert. Invited to Chicago to inaugurate a system that would produce "maximum results at a minimum expense," Richard T. Fox found himself, at the end of the first day, homesick for New York, "where unions aren't so strenuous." He had infused industry in his sweepers, and by evening he saw the street refuse piled neatly beside the curbs. But at that point the City Team-owners' Association stepped in with a demand for more pay than the city allows for the carting. One solitary non-union driver appeared at nine o'clock in the evening and was promptly ordered to "get off the street" if he didn't want his face smashed. Mr. Fox tried to get teams from a number of contractors, but the tie-up was complete. The neatly piled sweepings became sport for the winds. On the previous day, the New York expert had ordered a load of coal for his own cellar, and when he came home found the coal cart standing in front of the house while the driver possessed his soul in patience. When ordered to unload the coal, the strict unionist answered: "Not me. The union won't allow it. I'll spill it on the grass for you if you say so, though." The proper union man was sent for and the coal got in. The dealer only laughed at all protests. In a union-ridden city they have got used to such pretty ways.

The approach of a new harvest is denoted by the appeals now being made for a reduction in railroad rates to farm hands. The Western Passenger Association has just submitted to its various lines a proposition for a one-cent per mile rate for persons going to work in the fields of Kansas, the westbound tickets being good from June 27 to July 10. Thus we are reminded that it will soon be possible to speak more definitely regarding the future course of general business. If the crops turn out well this year, a feeling of encouragement should in large measure take the place of the depressed views which have prevailed for the past year. During the recent setback to general business the farmers have continued to be prosperous. Meanwhile, there has been a complete cessation of most of the causes which led to the comparative stagnation of the last ten months. Much of the inflation has been eliminated from credits, excessive stocks of goods of all kinds have been worked down, and the voice of the promoter and boomer has ceased to be heard in the land. In short, the country has had a year of recuperation, and, if the crops turn out well during the next few months, the feeling with which we approach the winter of 1904 should be in marked contrast with that of 1903.

Of the numerous influences affecting immigration, the cost of transportation is comparatively unimportant. Steerage rates in 1903 were about 50 per cent. higher than in 1880; yet 857,000 were brought over, as against 457,000 in the earlier year. Prosperity in this country always increases immigration, though there are, of course, modifying considerations. The industrial situation in foreign countries is one of them. Political and religious or racial persecution is another; this largely accounts for the enormous Jewish influx of recent years. But there is no doubt that the greatest single cause of immigration is the condition of the American labor market. The 79,000 immigrants of 1837 fell to 38,000 in 1838; the 427,000 of 1854 to 90,000 in 1860; the 438,000 of 1872 to 261,000 in 1874. These figures, and numerous others that might be cited, are explained by the "prepaid ticket"—that is, the steerage ticket purchased on this side and mailed to friends and relatives at home. According to Mr. Schwab, 60 per cent. of all steerage traffic is by such prepaid tickets. A stream of immigrants' letters flows from America to Europe, detailing the new opportunities for labor and the general attractions of American residence. The fact that immigration is declining must, therefore, be regarded as another sign of the lessened demand for labor. Yet the effect of good and bad times upon immigration is not immediate. In our "boom" year of 1899 only about 311,000 newcomers landed. It was not until 1902 that we had reached the 500,000 mark; not until last year that we surpassed the record of 1882. The recession will also be gradual.

With all the recent flurry over reduced steerage rates, the fact is that immigration is decidedly on the ebb. The greatest on record was that of 1903, when 857,046 aliens were admitted. The decline set in last December. In that month the total was only 28,000, against 36,000 the year before. Since then the figures have gone down steadily. The busiest months at Ellis Island are April

and May. Last year in April 91,000 came in; this year 63,000. For May the corresponding figures are 92,000 and 68,000. The total immigration at New York for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, was 599,488; the total up to date is 479,286. For the whole country it would seem safe to predict an immigration in 1904 not exceeding 700,000.

Words are too feeble to express the pity and the horror of the *General Slocum* disaster. The character of the victims—women, mostly, and children of tender years—the swiftness of the destruction that has overtaken half a modest parish, the terror of sweeping flames, and of loaded decks collapsing into the furnace below—all these heart-rending features of the tragedy strain the compassion of the mere reader to the point of numbness. The coroner's inquest has already brought out the facts that the examination of life-preservers was perfunctory, that the fire apparatus was not inspected at all, that the second officer had never taken out a mate's license, that no fire drill had been held with the present crew, that the crew itself contained a number of incompetents. Thus, step by step, the responsibility is driven home, on the one hand to the owners of the boat, on the other to the steamboat inspectors. Both, it appears, willingly took desperate chances with the lives entrusted to their vigilance. The owners who manned their boat with the riffraff of the docks and maintained unlicensed officers, assumed that no better class of men would ever be needed, just as the manufacturers who supplied worthless life-preservers figured that they were to be paid for and exhibited in racks—never used in the water. Upon the basis of the evidence already brought out by the coroner, we may expect Secretary Cortelyou and District Attorney Jerome to proceed fearlessly. Already it is clear that we are dealing with a kind of negligence which morally reaches criminality, and it may be legally as well.

Gen. Uhler's hint that the steamboat inspectors' fines have frequently been remitted through political influence ought to be followed up with names and specifications. Such a state of things would go far to explain the complete demoralization of the inspectors. What can a man do when he finds, on the one hand, steamboat owners willing to pay him for leaving his duty undone, and on the other his chiefs ready to make a fool of him for doing his duty? When Gen. Uhler says that Senators and Congressmen have had such fines reduced, he undoubtedly speaks by the book. Clearly, he should continue the subject before the Commission of Inquiry, and Secretary Cortelyou should not fail to carry back to its source the rottenness his department has inherited. At every point he must be prepared to find lying and concealment in behalf of those "higher up." Already Inspector Lundberg, who gave the *General Slocum* clean papers five weeks ago, refuses to answer the coroner's questions, "on the ground that it might tend to incriminate me." Such an attitude shows clearly that it would be absurd merely to order an investigation of the inspection service by itself.

A remarkable delegation of English clergymen waited upon the Archbishop of Canterbury a few days ago, upon a remarkable errand. They sought a change in the rubric requiring the public reading of the Athanasian Creed on certain great festivals of the Christian year. Bishop Welldon was their spokesman, and his remarks, together with the Archbishop's long and careful reply, indicate significantly a theological trend of the day. The appeal was chiefly directed, as may be supposed, at the minatory clauses of the Creed. To rightly appreciate these, affirmed Bishop Welldon, "demanded an historical spirit, a theological learning, which could not be found in congregations consisting of men and women, educated and less educated, and even little children." As much might be said, one would think, of many of the metaphysical parts of that most metaphysical Creed; but as for the damnatory clauses, there can scarcely be two minds. Whatever else they may be fitted for, they do not go well with a religious service meant to be uplifting and joyful. To begin with "without doubt he shall perish everlastingly" and to end with "he cannot be saved," is not a good way to invite tranquil meditation upon the theological doctrines which are affirmed in between. Archbishop Davidson pointed out the difficulties in the way of practical relief, but left it in no doubt where his sympathies lay. He did not attribute the movement to evil hearts of unbelief. To him it was, rather, a gratifying sign of greater intelligence on the part of the Christian commonalty.

Our American theory that prosperity can come only from taxation has received a severe blow in Europe. The theory was applied with all rigor in connection with the beet-sugar industry of the Continent. Year after year the people of Germany, Austria, France, and Belgium were bled to prop up this clamorous infant, but even then it was necessary to combine to regulate prices. Finally, the Brussels Convention decided to abolish the bounties on exports. Though the condition of the sugar industry the world over seemed to make this a wise step, there was nevertheless a fear that it would result in ruin to many of the beet producers. But, wonderful to relate, in Austria the effect appears to have been quite the reverse. The immediate result of the cutting off of the export bounties was a decrease in the tax on sugar, but an increased consumption. This is as true of the other nations as of Austria. From September to April, Germany increased her consumption by 207,000 tons, France 210,000 tons, Belgium 27,000 tons, and Austria 60,000 tons. Who before ever heard of low prices bringing prosperity? And yet it is admitted that the Austrian sugar industry was never better off than at present.

We are far from knowing the whole truth about the stiff fighting at Wafang-ku, but the fact that a Japanese force of 30,000 men has fought its way twenty-five miles north of Port Arthur is significant. It looks like the beginning of a concerted movement, in which Kuroki will later participate, upon Kuropatkin's extreme right. The fact that Oku can spare Nozu with 30,000 men also shows that the force of investment below Kinchow has more than reached the strength reckoned as necessary for the reduction of the fortress. Everything, in short, points to a general forward movement by Kuroki, without waiting for the taking of Port Arthur. Gen. Stakelberg's defeat receives a humorous turn through the naïveté of his dispatch stating that just as he had comfortably enveloped the Japanese right, his own right was turned with an overwhelming force. But the fight itself was a serious business enough. It cost to either side many thousand men, and to the Russians fourteen guns. It is known that Stakelberg has his main force near Kaiping, forty miles above the scene of the engagement of June 15. Kuroki's left, at Siuyen, is about as near.

The raid of the Vladivostok squadron has brought out, in a certain impracticable idealism, the seamy side of Japanese valor. Such incidents as the refusal of troops on transports to surrender to warships, the wholesale preparation of such troops to commit suicide, and the demand that an unsuccessful admiral should take his own life, remind us startlingly of the gulf that lies between ourselves and these Orientals. As for the troops who lay helpless under the guns of the Russian cruisers, their preference for death gratified only a personal punctilio. By surrendering at discretion they could have put the Russian fleet to considerable embarrassment. Clearly the Russians could not have taken them prisoners; indeed, would have been obliged to furnish some means of escape from the sinking transports. Under such circumstances, the Japanese would have been under no parole, the Russians would have been subject to a perilous delay, and a thousand troops would have been spared to fight the battles of the Empire.

THE SPURNED VICE-PRESIDENCY.

The Vice-Presidency has long been without honor, but it has never been so thoroughly spurned as in the past few days. Speaker Cannon's outbursts of indignation and alarm whenever it was proposed to promote him to that dignity eclipse even Mr. Roosevelt's pathetically unsuccessful evasions of four years ago. Mr. Hitt, we believe, was willing to be Vice-President; generally, the office is treated with indifference by the workers and with abhorrence by the eligible candidates. Everybody, apparently, has read and accepts Woodrow Wilson's entertaining characterization of the second magistrate of the nation, in 'Congressional Government': "His position is one of anomalous insignificance and curious uncertainty; . . . his importance consists in the fact that he may cease to be Vice-President."

In view of this general contempt for what has practically been a very important office, it is amusing to read in the Madison Papers that the office of Vice-President, and particularly his right of presiding over the Senate, was regarded with considerable jealousy. In the Constitutional Convention Mr. Gerry of Massachusetts said: "We might as well put the President himself at the head of the Senate." Col. Mason of Virginia suspected a baneful encroachment of the Executive upon the Legislature. Only Roger Sherman of Connecticut perceived that, without the duty of presiding over the Senate, the Vice-President "would be without employment." Evidently, Aaron Burr took no mean view of this function, for, when he bade farewell to the Senate, he acknowledged that he had been perhaps too stern a chairman, but averred that he had done what he had done from a high and impartial sense of duty. A little later, Vice-President George Clinton, withdrawing for a time that a temporary chairman might be elected, declared solemnly that he should make it a point to be present in the chair whenever important business was up.

A modern Vice-President who combined in himself something of Burr's will and Clinton's sense of obligation could probably redeem the office from insignificance. Admit the difficulty of controlling a body upon which you are imposed, of which you are not even a member, and yet imagine also the possibilities that would open before a chairman of Speaker Reed's, Mr. Roosevelt's, or Mr. Cannon's type. The spectacle of a legislative body floundering in obsolete personal prerogatives, deprived of elementary parliamentary organization, powerless even against its own members, is one to stir the ambition of a parliamentary Hercules. There is no doubt, we are convinced, that he could reduce the Augean stables in the north wing of the Capitol to some kind of order. For even the Senate must sooner or later submit to that codification of common sense applied to debate which we call parliamentary law. It is only necessary to hold up the slipshod procedure of the Senate before the public until it becomes too ridiculous to be longer maintained. Here, then, lies an undertaking worthy of the best powers. Mr. Roosevelt, we understand, had been urged to make this task his own. Had he accomplished it successfully he would have had a far better title to reëlection than that established by an assassin's bullet.

What Mr. Roosevelt perhaps might have done, what any strong personality might do under these circumstances, is this: Apply imperturbably the ordinary rules of parliamentary order as the occasion arises. When Senator Morgan, for example, divagates on the Jesuits apropos of the Venezuela blockade, call him to order. Naturally, celestial ire would threaten to consume a chairman who took so sensible a stand; he would be ridiculed in all the moods; his ruling would be unanimously reversed. Very well, let him take that as in the day's work, and call to order the next Senator who wanders hopelessly from the matter in hand; and the next and the next. Unquestionably, there would be terrible wagging of tongues, but it is doubtful if the task in itself is more difficult than that which Speaker Reed accomplished. At the beginning the President of the Senate would be a laughing-stock, then, as he persisted in provoking egregiously bad reversals of right decisions, the laugh would turn on the Senate, and that popular opinion which it has learned to scorn too loftily would begin to work. No body, not even "the most august deliberative body in the world," can afford to appear palpably and constantly wrong. Obviously the Senate, resenting the just control of the officer appointed to preside over it, would be in precisely that untenable position. Given a Vice-President of sufficient tact and toughness, the victory would remain with him.

Surely, the emprise is worthy of any strong man, Republican or Democrat, who finds himself compelled to accept the Vice-Presidency. Success would hardly make the office popular, but it would relieve it of the deplorable disrepute into which it has fallen, while failure would at least save one Vice-President from the dire perfunctoriness to which he was elected and apparently condemned.

SHAW VS. THE HOUSEKEEPER.

"May the good Lord preserve us from another period of cheap living expenses!" was Secretary Shaw's pious exclamation before the Delaware workingmen. As if in direct answer, the Bureau of Statistics reports an increase since last year in the cost of such necessaries as breadstuffs, sugar, coffee, wool, cotton, and petroleum. Of course, the high-flying protectionist has been taught from his cradle not to apologize for high prices, but to glory in them. He looks beyond trifling questions of every-day food and clothes to the monthly figures for steel billets, block tin, and raw copper, which are just now within reach of the humblest. This means, obviously, rising above all petty and belittling considerations. Our spirits are too exalted to care whether our loaf be dear or cheap. A leader in an English free-trade organization visited this country last year when interest in Mr. Chamberlain's propositions was at its highest. Americans in all walks of life whom he met were anxious to hear from him about the progress of the controversy. But he confessed before his departure, "I have not been able to make them understand why Englishmen should be stirred up over a tax on food." "To us," he added, "it is the most vital part of the fiscal system, while you regard it as entirely of secondary importance."

Mr. Shaw expresses this feeling in its baldest form when he declares that the cost of living is virtually a negligible factor in national prosperity. He represents our domestic trade as a great circle, in which the man in the tan pit can afford to pay an extra 50 cents for his shoes because he gets high wages from a tanner, who pays them only because he has pushed up prices a notch or two in his sales to the shoe manufacturer. But the household is one of the places where the Shaw doctrine cannot be applied by any manipulation of the facts. One family does not buy from another, or sell to it, and the doctrine that "it is measurably unimportant what price we pay so long as we pay the price to ourselves," great and inspiring though it is when applied to a broad continent, has no meaning at all in relation to the affairs of five persons living in the same house.

"The Housekeeper under Protection" is the title of an article contributed by Margaret Polson Murray to the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. It recounts one woman's experience in supplying the needs of a household in Canada and in London. Canada's tariff wall is scarcely half as high as ours. Her schedules, according to our protectionists, would spell ruin and destitution on this side of the border. They have not done it in Canada, to be sure; but it is interesting to learn just what they have done, not from the standpoint of the economist or the manuufacturer, but from that of the final consumer. "At the outset," says Mrs. Murray, "I am not sorry to have an opportunity to refute an almost universal impression to the effect that, whatever may be expensive in Canada, at least *living* is cheap. Strange to say, the case is exactly reversed. The Canadian may adopt armorial bearings, sport his crest on his sta-

tionary, and on the harness of his horses, and have as many liveried servants as he may choose, without contributing from these a single dollar to the revenue of the country; while the housewife is charged on almost every item of the endless expenditure which makes up her daily life." Taking articles of the same quality, she finds that a shilling in London goes as far as two and sometimes three in Montreal.

It may be simple enough for Republican logicians to account for steel manufacturers selling steel rails seven dollars less per ton abroad than at home. The average man is affected only indirectly, and his interest is impersonal. Very few of us build railroads; but all of us maintain breakfast tables, and here protection appears in the clearest light. "A well-known Scotch marmalade, sold in London at sixpence per pot, costs tenpence half-penny, and in some places a shilling, in Canada. Canadian apples, by the barrel, are seven shillings cheaper in London than in Montreal. But I come to the climax when I find London people buying their bread made from Canadian flour at twopence three farthings. The same loaf, with the flour at the very door, in Montreal cost fourpence last October, and has since been raised to fourpence halfpenny." In other lines the results are still more striking. "Curtains, rugs, carpets, and linens are incredibly dearer, three or four times the price, and china, crystal, etc., are at least four times the price. A good piano costs about three times the money." We are not immediately concerned with the details of all the differences in prices that prevail in London and Canadian shops. But the facts and their causes come home to the American accustomed—"educated up," if you please—to high prices when he can look at these same protective prices through an outsider's eyes, and ask himself whether, with complete freedom of choice before us, we should ever deliberately have created such a stupendous system of levying on the consumer.

The late Speaker Reed attributed the Republican defeat after the passage of the McKinley bill very largely to the awakened interest of the housekeepers of the country. They see the relations of income and expenditure in their simplest terms. As one lady of our acquaintance put it, "All that I know about the blessings of prosperity comes to me in the shape of much larger monthly bills." This, of course, would seem a very short-sighted view to the brooding and prophetic Shaw. But it exists widely. It had to be taken into account in 1890 and 1892, and Republican managers will reckon ill if they leave it out this year.

TRADE-UNIONS AND THE LAW.

Trade-union dovecotes are still fluttered by the "Taff Vale" decision of the English House of Lords. For some thirty years previously these bodies had found themselves very comfortably situated. They could inflict injury without being liable for damages. They could deprive a workman of all opportunity to earn a living; they could prevent an employer from carrying on his business. Their funds were exempt from levy. But this pleasant immunity has been suddenly disturbed. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants has been compelled to pay the Taff Vale Railway Company £23,000. The South Wales Miners' Federation has been mulcted in £45,000; and the amount claimed by the Denaby Main Company is even larger.

These judgments, it is asserted by the supporters of the unions' position, will bring about a political revolution in England. "Labor," says Sir Charles Dilke, "has been welded together on a labor question; an overwhelming class consciousness has been created among trade-unionists." It is time for them to act as a political party. They have been contented hitherto to force the existing parties to grant their demands, but they are now thinking of becoming legislators themselves. They propose to enact laws that will make the position of the unions impregnable. They mean to secure the privilege of interfering with other people's business without suffering interference with their own.

The privileges to be enjoyed are outlined in a bill drafted by the Trade Union Congress Parliamentary Committee, which has passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 39. Any person or persons, according to the provisions of this bill, "in contemplation of or during the continuance of any trade dispute," may lawfully "attend for any of the following purposes at or near a house or place where a person resides or works, or carries on his business, or happens to be (1) for the purpose of peacefully obtaining or communicating information; (2) for the purpose of peacefully persuading any person to work or abstain from working."

This provision would compel employers to allow their premises to be occupied by any number of unionists who chose to "attend" there. They could remain so long as they pleased, and "communicate information" all day long to workmen who ought to be busy, and who would frequently much prefer to be let alone. Workmen could be exempted from attentions of this kind neither at their homes nor while going to work, nor at the shop. The essential purpose, of course, is to legalize the presence of a throng of strikers at places where they can practically compel submission to their demands. The circumstance that they profess a peaceful purpose is immaterial; there can be no peace under such conditions, be it cried never so loud. Employers could not prevent the interruption of their business or protect their workmen against violence. The non-union workman would be safe nowhere except in jail.

The second clause of this bill does away with the law of conspiracy. It provides that no agreement by two or more persons to do anything in connection with a trade dispute shall be actionable unless what is to be done would be actionable if done by a single person. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the consequences of this change in the law. Many acts are harmless when committed by a single person, but dangerous when several combine to do them. The aim of combination is to accomplish what the individual cannot; the act, to effect its purpose, must be committed by many. The object of the law against conspiracy is to prevent the concentration of powers for an evil end; and the object of the bill is to allow trade-unionists to conspire without fear of the penalties inflicted on other citizens for like conduct.

The third clause of the bill is meant to relieve unions from the payment of damages, either for torts or breaches of contract. It takes away all right of action against a trade union "for the recovery of damage sustained by any person or persons by reason of the action of a member or members of such trade union." The admirers of trade unions make much of "collective bargaining"; they insist that employers should enter into agreements with the unions of their workmen. This bill make such bargains impracticable. It is absurd to enter into a bargain with a man who tells you in advance that if he decides to break his word, you cannot sue him. Civilization consists in the establishment of laws and courts that compel men to discharge their obligations or pay compensation for their failure to do so. The bill that has passed its second reading in the House of Commons would restore the conditions of the Middle Ages. It would create a privileged class, above the law and free from its penalties. Such a measure would reduce workmen not belonging to the guilds to the position of helots or serfs. They would have to be content with such work as the trade unions allowed them to take, at such wages as they could get in occupations that the unions did not care to monopolize.

It is well for the people of this country to see what the claims of the trade unions really are. In order to attain their end, they must extinguish the competition of outside workmen. They cannot do this so long as the law protects such workmen. At present the law does extend some protection. A workman and an employer wishing to make a bargain against the desires of a trade union have, theoretically, a perfect right to do so. But, in fact, both employer and workmen often go in fear of their lives

if they attempt to exercise this right. It is taken as a matter of course that, in case of a strike, violence should prevail to a certain extent. When a union of workmen on a street railroad quarrels with the management, the company expects to have a certain number of its cars demolished, and to receive no indemnity. Some of the men that want to work will be killed, many of them will be beaten, and they or their families must suffer without redress. It is idle for the trade unionists to profess to deplore these conditions. If they did not exist, if the law gave protection in fact which it gives in theory to employers and workmen, strikes would very seldom succeed, and the monopolies of the unions would be broken. The interest of the common people of this country lies in the suppression of violence, not in legislation that will promote it.

A LABOR GOVERNMENT.

Recent events have invested Australian politics with world-wide interest. The Premiership has passed from one of whom it has been said: "In eloquence he has no equal in the Commonwealth. He is cultured and urbane to an extent unusual in Australian politics. He has the charm of manner and the gift of friends that help to make the leader." His place has been taken by a man who, at fourteen, was an apprentice in a small New Zealand newspaper office, and who, on being launched at a later period into the larger world of Sydney, came to the front with remarkable speed as the leader of the trade unionists. Not only does Mr. Watson, the new Premier, belong to the Labor party, but all his colleagues in the Ministry, with the exception of the Attorney-General, are of the same faith. The situation, in fact, is identical with what it would be in Great Britain if Mr. Balfour were to give place to Mr. Richard Bell, with John Burns looking after the War Department and the other offices in the hands of labor representatives.

The world has waked to the fact that an experiment of vast importance is now under way in Australia. Practically every member of the new Government is destitute of training in administrative affairs, and people are asking if anything but harm can be expected from the efforts of a ministry thoroughly impregnated with the doctrines of the most advance school of trades unionism. Heretofore, the other nations have looked on with good-natured indifference, or at the best with but here and there a lively interest, while Australasia has introduced one seemingly fantastic policy after another. The labor element has for a long time made its presence felt in the politics of the Island Continent, wresting one concession after another from the established parties, but until recently its part has been chiefly that of an influence. Now it is being weighed in the balance as a direct factor in administering the government.

An article in the June *Independent Review* on "The Australian Labor Ministry" is from the pen of Mr. W. P. Reeves, the London agent of the colony of New Zealand. He, though largely responsible for the New Zealand labor laws, is nevertheless the fairest of advocates, and one of the best informed men whom Australasia has produced. Mr. Reeves has no fears on the score of the new Labor Ministry. He says that a dozen years ago the coming of labor in that quarter of the world would have been greeted with vastly more alarm than at this time. It is only fair to point out, he continues, that, though the former contempt for Australian labor politicians was not wholly justified, the politicians themselves have risen above the level on which they then stood. They never were, as a class, incendiaries. But they were, politically, uneducated, and therefore impatient, and unused to weigh the possible effects of exaggerated language. To-day it is very different. The labor leaders are "neither revolutionary prophets nor rowdy agitators," but just such men as the handful of quiet labor members "whose personal merit saves them from being lost in the wilderness of broadcloth in the House of Commons." Personally, says Mr. Reeves, Mr. Watson and his lieutenants are not pick-and-shovel men. They are all workmen raised by their industry and intelligence above the rank and file who work with their hands. Happily, he adds, the Australian Labor Ministers are examples of workers who prefer to lead their old comrades rather than push their own way to placid respectability among the *petite bourgeoisie*.

Of Mr. Watson in particular it is said: "He is as unlike the coarse, howling rough of anti-Labor cartoons as Mr. Parnell was unlike the typical Hibernian blatherskite." He is described as cool, pleasant-mannered, self-controlled, with some knowledge of books as well as of men, and with what his opponents term a "talent for intrigue"—in other words, managing power. He is by no means the most fluent or rousing speaker of his party; but, in the colonies, though the best talkers occasionally gain Premierships they seldom hold them long. It was not oratory, says Mr. Reeves, which enabled Sir John Forrest to govern West Australia for ten years, or which made Sir Edmund Barton the Commonwealth's first Prime Minister; which gave Mr. Kingston and Sir George Turner unprecedented terms of office, or which has kept Mr. Seddon in power in New Zealand for more than thirteen years. Force of character, hearty geniality, and managing skill are described as the qualities which the colonial democracy hold in highest esteem. Without brilliancy or dash, Mr. Watson has impressed those who know him as having the power of digesting plans and suggestions, of "brooding over ideas," and of acting to some purpose, usually at the right time. As we have previously stated, the policy of the new government as enunciated on May 18 contained no features which should alarm the Australian public. Not only Mr. Watson's spoken word, but also his record and that of his party, point to a régime of financial economy. Labor, asserts Mr. Reeves, is pledged distinctly to resist all Federal borrowing, except for conversion. Taking his policy as a whole, Mr. Watson seems disposed to go slow. But, whatever his course, it will not be possible for him to go farther than the Deakin and Reid parties care to have him, as, united, those factions greatly outnumber the Labor members.

A FRENCH BELLAMY.

The French are a logical people; they lack that native fund of stupidity which, to Bagehot's way of thinking, has been the salvation of the Anglo-Saxon, and as a consequence the tendencies of the age always stand out among them in clear and warning relief. Perhaps the most striking instance in recent years of this surrender to a merciless logic is the action of those two great critics and men of letters, M. Ferdinand Brunetière and M. Anatole France, who have practically abandoned their earlier literary antagonism in a newly assumed political hostility. From acceptance of the most rigid of the classical rules in literature, Brunetière has passed into a complete reactionary, whose only watchword is authority and whose one ideal is the religion and the state of the seventeenth century. Anatole France, as a critic, denied the validity of any rules, revelled in impressionism of the most extreme sort, and avowed himself a skeptic in everything. His single aim was to gather up and enjoy the sensations of the hour. Now, by a metamorphosis common enough in Paris, he leaves literature, properly speaking, for politics. It was only a little while ago he laid aside his aversion for Zola in order to pronounce a funeral oration over the champion of Dreyfus. More recently he has been publishing serially in Jaurès's new socialistic journal, *L'Humanité*, a curious piece of fiction, "Sur la Pierre Blanche," in the form of philosophical dialogues.

The theme of these dialogues is significant enough to repay a little attention. Several Parisian friends meet together in the cabin of Giacomo Boni, director of the excavations in the Roman Forum. One of them reads an imaginary dialogue between Gallio and certain of his companions at Corinth, who discuss together the future of the Roman world. In the midst of their conversation Gallio is called away to hear

that dispute between Paul and the ruler of the Jewish synagogue which is recorded briefly in the Book of Acts, and which Gallio dismissed so contemptuously as a contest over "words and names." To these Romans, skilled in the law and philosophy of the day, the stirring of the new religion comes as the vague echo of a street brawl. What had they to do with the religion of an obscure Nazarene? As one of the listeners to the reading says:

"We have just heard a Greek philosopher and several cultured Romans talking together over the future destiny of their country, of humanity, of the world, seeking the name of the power that should succeed Jupiter. While they give themselves up to this anxious questioning, the apostle of the new god appears before them and they despise him."

Then comes the moral of the tale. These learned and inquisitive Frenchmen turn from listening to this dialogue of ancient Corinth to a discussion of the future of their own world, and M. France would seem to accuse them of the same folly as that which blinded the companions of Gallio. Even to-day a new religion is forming under their very eyes, and they ridicule it as a light thing and contemn it as the work of base and self-seeking men. And what is this new religion? Nothing less than Socialism. In a dream recounted by one of the friends, the author presents a picture of society in the year 220 of the Federation of the Peoples, or, in more familiar language, the year 2240 A.D. It is a little disconcerting to find so subtle an artist as Anatole France falling into this cheapest of literary devices, nor can it be said that he displays any particular originality in the details of his picture. He does not even avoid that inevitable dryness and dreariness which fall upon all except Plato who attempt to reconstruct society.

But that is not the point. Whether Anatole France has succeeded artistically where Bellamy and a host of others have failed is a matter of little importance. We are concerned rather with the very fact that a man of so refined and sensitive an intellect should attempt such a work at all. Is there any real justice in this parallel between that old Roman world and society to-day, between the stealthy growth and final victory of Christianity then and the spread of modern Socialism? Is there growing up among the oppressed and otherwise hopeless to-day a new religion destined to take the place of Christianity just as Christianity supplanted paganism, and is the god Humanity to thrust the Christian God from His seat as He cast out Jupiter? The question presented so graphically by Anatole France may well cause a shiver of doubt to pass through the minds of those who slumber in easy acquiescence. Yet, in another sense, the very character of the man who offers the parallel may carry the suggestion of an answer. This rumor of a new religion of Humanity which has caught up in itself the remnants of Rousseauism and Positivism and a multitude of other *isms* comes rightly from the mouth of one who has wandered helplessly in the morass of literary impressionism. In its crude form (and only in its crude form can humanitarianism assume this authority of a religion) it is the mere negation of any ideal beyond the poor scope of daily needs and material desires; it is the product of despairing skepticism, and is predestined to eclipse. There is still room, we believe, for the idealizing intelligence and the guiding will in that safe realm which lies between the impressionism of M. France, following the blind sentiment of the hour, and the rigidity of M. Brunetière, petrified in a stationary past.

HANDICRAFT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The arts and crafts movement has acquired greater momentum in Massachusetts, so some of the craftsmen say who have had opportunity to make comparison while serving on juries for the St. Louis Exposition, than in any other section of the United States. The special exhibit sent from Boston to the Exposition was, according to common report, unsurpassed even by that gathered in New York city. A Massachusetts man, Mr. Frederic Allen Whiting, was chosen director of the department of applied arts at the Exposition. Only those, in fact, who have followed closely the beginnings and development of the numerous handicraft societies in various communities throughout Massachusetts can have any conception of the enthusiasm with which the leaders of the movement have entered upon their work. On various hands you will hear it asserted that the industrial salvation of New England lies in the reëstablishment of ancient handicrafts. It's all very well, say these enthusiasts, to talk of reciprocity and of what cheaper raw material will do for New England. As a matter of fact, the hope of the section lies in the growth of a public demand for handmade articles of various kinds—a demand that is destined to limit the dominance of the machine everywhere. They believe that Massachusetts and New England generally offer such opportunities as probably no other district of the United States can offer for the development of small hand industries, particularly in the rural neighborhoods where until lately there has been a marked decadence. In handicraft production the question of the price of raw materials enters only very slightly into the cost; the skill and contentment of the toiler in his work are the main factors. The environment in many parts of New England, and especially in those adjacent to the great cities of New York and Boston, is singularly favorable to the art worker, combining country conditions of living with ease of access to great museums, libraries, and other collections. Massachusetts in particular has long been one of the leaders in the field of public-school and normal art education. Young people, furthermore, in great numbers have been drawn to the schools of professional art in New York. As a result, almost every town in Massachusetts contains a considerable number of persons who have had more or less instruction in drawing and painting and kindred arts, but who are usually unable, from the intensity of the competition, to make a living from the precarious professions of painting and sculpture. These people are turning with ever-increasing enthusiasm to the arts and crafts.

Boston is the centre of this handicraft movement, although some of the best-known societies are in the western part of the State and hence more or less within the sphere of influence of the New York art world—such, for example, as the one at Deerfield, started by Mrs. Madeleine Yale Wynne, and the Rev. E. P. Pressy's communistic community at New Clairveaux. Greenfield, Springfield, and other places in the Connecticut valley are interested in the movement, but by far the largest number of crafts workers is now to be found in the towns that cluster about the New England capital. Here, serving to some extent as the clearing-house of the whole movement, is the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts, under the presidency of Prof. H. Langford Warren of the Department of Architecture at Harvard University. It has a membership running far into the hundreds of active workers in all sorts of crafts. The show rooms of the Society, in the quaint old building of the Twentieth Century Club at No. 14 Somerset Street, have steadily become more attractive during the past three or four years with exhibits of basketry and book-binding; potteries, textiles, and glass; metalwork and wood-carving. It is understood from the President's annual report that the Society is in a very fair way financially. At the start it was more or less dependent upon the munificence of well-to-do art amateurs of Boston. To-day it is almost self-supporting, and bids fair very shortly to become entirely so. It maintains amongst its other ventures a little handicraft shop, situated in the same street, in which a group of metal workers is engaged in gold-beating, silversmithing, enamelling, and similar crafts. It is interesting to note that several of the craftsmen in this shop are Finns. Indeed, running over the list of the members in the Boston Society, one finds non-Anglo-Saxon names appearing very plentifully, justifying, perhaps, the contention which has often been urged, that the fine arts in this country will flourish in the future very largely as a result of the influx of more artistic races than that

which originally populated this continent.

Other arts and crafts societies have been started in several of the towns about Boston. Thus, at Hingham, on the south shore of Boston harbor, a place where formerly the manufacturing of buckets and shooks for the benefit of the rum and molasses trade went on briskly, a group of workers has revived a number of old industries and started new ones. The annual exhibition of the Hingham Society, which is held in August, has become, in fact, in quantity and variety, perhaps the best art show of its kind in the United States. The Hingham-made articles all bear the familiar "bucket" monogram. The handicrafts of the Hingham Society consist at present of the dyeing of basket materials and fabrics, basket making and rug making, embroidery and netting, spinning and weaving, beadwork and cabinet work, and the making of candles from the wax of the bayberry—in other words, reproducing the old "bayberry dips" with which Pilgrims and Puritans lighted their houses in colonial days.

Similarly at Malden a very enthusiastic crafts society has grown up, organized by Mrs. Sylvester Baxter. Here an attempt is being made to promote the manufacture of drawn rugs of artistic design and good color; of handweaving in various media; of pewter work, and several other crafts. About eighty members, all actual workers, have been enrolled. Furthermore, Dorchester, Dedham, Hyde Park, Concord, and other towns have all developed their local handicraft industries. Winchester, the home of a number of artists and art workers, has Hermann Dudley Murphy's picture-frame shop, where the hand-made picture-frame, designed to accord strictly with the character of the artist's composition, is produced. A little further away are the Merrimac pottery and other industries at Newburyport, conducted under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Nickerson, and the various crafts at Ipswich, largely started through the inspiration of the summer classes of Mr. Arthur Dow of New York, and now carried on all the year round. In the centre of the State several enthusiastic handicraft workers have recently organized a society at Fitchburg under the management of Mr. A. G. Randall, with a membership that takes in the neighboring towns of Gardner, where Mr. Arthur J. Stone's silversmith shop has already become famous; Leominster, the scene of Mr. Walley's experiments in pottery; and several other towns. These and kindred undertakings attest the rapid spread of the handicraft movement throughout the State.

Nearly all the arts and crafts leaders seem to believe that the next step is to secure some kind of State coöperation. A distinct movement in that direction was recently made at a conference of the village-improvement societies of Massachusetts, held in Boston. Just what sort of coöperation will be brought about, nobody knows, but something is likely to be accomplished. The Boston Society of Arts and Crafts, it is understood, has generally been unfavorable to association with the other handicraft leagues of the State, for fear that the high standard of artistic craftsmanship for which it has always stood, may be lowered. Elsewhere, however, the feeling appears to be general that the quality of workmanship is being raised rapidly everywhere, and that, with proper assurance of intelligent supervision of exhibitions and salesrooms, the objections to combination will be removed. Only by coöperation, in the matter of output, the president of one of the local societies maintained in a recent address, can the movement be protected from a somewhat disagreeable commercialism that has afflicted it in Massachusetts and in other States. He called attention to the fact that certain dealers, taking advantage of the present fad for arts-and-crafts furniture and other articles, are already putting on the market objects of which the parts may indeed have been assembled by hand, but which in design and spirit are utterly out of harmony with the principles enunciated by William Morris and the other leaders of the art-and-crafts revival in England. As a corrective, he entered a plea for enlisting the sympathy of as many intelligent amateurs as possible in the movement, enrolling them as members of the State societies, giving them opportunities to serve on juries at exhibitions, to be elected to presidencies and other honorary offices, and generally to give the benefit of their enthusiasm and advice. The value of the amateur has been strikingly illustrated in the success of the Copley Society of Boston, which is not a mere association of log-rolling professional artists, but one of professionals and well-to-do amateurs. This official expressed the belief that only in case a considerable body of amateurs can be induced to give disinterested service to what they regard as a cause, will the arts-and-crafts movement gain that momentum which it theoretically ought to acquire. There is, as everybody knows, a very large number of well-to-do people in Massachusetts; by enlisting their coöperation a great deal can be done to protect the workers from the dangers of commercialism.

QUERIES ABOUT RADIUM.

A critical estimate of our present knowledge of radium leads Professor Clemens Winkler (perhaps the foremost chemist of Germany), in the May bulletin of the German Chemical Society, to the conclusion that the evidence of its existence as a distinct element is altogether insufficient. The facts and arguments in point are simple. Radium was found in the mineral pitchblende. This mineral contains, among other things, a small amount of the element barium. The barium obtained from pitchblende is strongly radio-active; barium from any other source is dead. The discoverers of this fact, M. and Mme. Curie, concluded that pitchblende-barium must contain minute amounts of a new, powerfully radio-active element. Although not even the spectroscope, in spite of its wonderful sensitiveness, could reveal the presence of anything foreign, they undertook to isolate the suspected element by a process of fractional subdivision; that is, they dissolved their active barium (in the form of its salt called barium chloride) in a quantity of hot water just sufficient to absorb it entirely, and then allowed the solution to cool. Cold water cannot hold in solution so much barium chloride as hot water; therefore, on cooling, part of the salt crystallized out, and thus the salt was divided into two fractions —one in the crystalline state, the other remaining dissolved in the cold water.

From experience in similar cases it might have been expected that the mysterious radio-active constituent would distribute itself unequally between the two fractions. As a matter of fact, the fraction that had crystallized out was about five times as radio-active as that remaining dissolved. The former was, by the same method, divided into two smaller fractions, and one of these was found to be again about five times as radio-active as the other. By a great many such crystallizations, M. and Mme. Curie finally obtained a minute remainder that showed spectroscopic characteristics belonging to neither barium nor any other previously known element.

Hitherto the radio-activity had been the only hint of the existence of a new element. Now the spectroscope added a second proof. The new element was christened "radium," and Mme. Curie undertook to supply a third proof of its distinctive character by determining its "atomic weight," *i. e.*, the weight necessary and sufficient to saturate chemically certain weights of other elements. The atomic weight of radium was found to be 225; that of barium is only 137. The atomic weight of an element, which is determined by delicate methods of analysis, is its fundamental chemical characteristic. Here, therefore, was a third peculiarity—and a very important one—in which radium differed from any known element. But, strangely enough, in every other respect it was absolutely identical with barium.

Let us now examine in succession the three proofs. First, the radio-activity of a substance and its concentration in certain portions during fractional subdivision do not prove the presence of a new element. This is conclusively shown by many facts like the following. About

four years ago Mme. Curie added to a perfectly inactive salt called bismuth nitrate a trace of radium, and then carefully removed it again. She found that the bismuth nitrate had thus become radio-active itself. She then subjected this active nitrate to a process of fractional subdivision, and found that the radio-activity gradually accumulated in certain fractions—precisely as in the case of the active barium from pitchblende. To-day, after the lapse of nearly four years, one of those fractions is still as active as in the beginning. Yet Mme. Curie had not only eliminated all the radium originally added, but by a special method demonstrated its complete absence.

Can the spectroscope alone prove beyond doubt the essentially distinct character of a given substance? Numerous facts show that the spectrum of a substance depends, not only upon its essential nature, *i. e.*, the nature of its atoms, but also upon a variety of conditions having nothing to do with its nature. For instance, the element oxygen has, not a single characteristic oxygen spectrum, but many different spectra. Such facts diminish greatly the weight of spectroscopic evidence, even if determinations are made under seemingly the same conditions. And so, when the question is asked whether radium is a distinct chemical element, the fact that it has a spectrum of its own cannot be taken as a conclusive answer; especially since different investigators, using different methods, have found radium spectra that have very little in common. Professor Winkler also gives an instance from history, showing how easy it is to draw erroneous inferences from spectroscopic evidence.

Passing to the third and last proof that radium is a new element, viz., its atomic weight, 225, different from that of any other element, one is at first inclined to accept it as decisive. The proof even seems to gain further strength from the fact that the so-called "periodic law" long ago permitted of foreseeing the discovery of an element of atomic weight 225, or thereabouts, and similar forecasts on the basis of that law have been brilliantly confirmed in several cases in the past. But, on the other hand, that same highly constant law also decrees that the element of atomic weight 225 must be approximately as different in all its properties from barium as barium itself is from calcium. Yet such is very far from being the case with radium, which, so far as known at present, is radically identical with barium in all properties except those under discussion. Professor Winkler speaks only of the atomic weight itself. Without explicitly doubting Mme. Curie's determinations, he mentions laconically a recent case in which a slight analytical error led another investigator to the assumption of a very false atomic weight. And Mme. Curie worked under the disadvantage of having but a small amount of radium to experiment upon.

Of course, all this is far from showing that radium is chemically nothing but common barium. But it does show that much further research is required before mankind, struggling with the perverse elements that be, will believe that radium, too, is an independent chemical entity. Meanwhile, we may all share with Professor Winkler his "scientific doubt," and sophomore athletes may rejoice that a new chapter of chemistry is not yet in shape to be added to the troubles of the coming year.

"SHAKUNTALĀ" AT SMITH COLLEGE.

NORTHAMPTON, June 20, 1904.

After nine years of William Shakspere, Smith College has turned to him who has been called the Shakspere of India, and on June 17 and 18 the Senior Dramatic Club gave a presentation of Kālidāsa's "Shakuntalā," the acknowledged masterpiece of the Hindu drama. It is pleasant to say at the outset that the production is worthy of commendation in many ways. Evidence of hard work on the part of the students was visible from the invocation to the end of the last act, during three hours and a half of sustained effort. It was thorough, conscientious work, which showed itself in many details liable to escape notice, in the studied stride befitting the male characters, in the carefully trained-down voices, which scarcely betrayed the femininity of the same difficult parts, and in the perfect smoothness of the acting, which even at the first presentation showed no hitch or hesitancy. A double meed of praise is perhaps due to those who were content to act well parts which were the last one could imagine to be acceptable to a girl actor, such as those of the negro mute and the unkempt fisherman. Further, the effect of the whole was certainly beautiful. The robes and stage setting, however incongruous at times, were artistic; and, to those who did not demand too minute a regard for Oriental propriety, eminently pleasing. The same may be said of the music, especially composed for the play by Professor Coerne of Smith College. It had Oriental suggestions, although it did not attempt to reproduce the airs appropriate to the lyrical parts of the drama. The presentation must first be accepted for what it professed to be, not a rendition of "Shakuntalā" as it was once rendered in India, but as an effort to present the typical features of the play under the limitations imposed by the conditions.

That these limitations were so great as to forbid a satisfactory rendition, it is too much to say. The "Shakuntalā" of Smith College gave much satisfaction. At the same time it must be said that any such attempt as this is so daring as to be predestined to give less satisfaction than an English or even a Greek drama. In the latter one has, if not the Greek music, at least the music of the Greek, whereas in "Shakuntalā" an English version of varying elegance and correctness represented the exquisite metres of the original. The length of a Sanskrit play required pruning and compression, but the Smith College version, by what can be described only as an unfortunate contradiction, was not only compressed, but unnecessarily expanded; the scene of the sage's curse being worked up for effect which, to be frank, failed because of its inherent impossibility. It is difficult enough to give the Hindu atmosphere even with strict adherence to the Hindu text; to invent is to seek danger without compensation. Another unfortunate and unnecessary failure was the whole conception of the jester, who was so Americanized as to be almost unrecognizable. This was, of course, the general fault to be expected, and it speaks well for the acting of the students that they were able to convey any Oriental effect when hampered by American scenery, American clothes, and American music. Some finer points of the original were naturally lost, sometimes by exaggeration, sometimes by a failure to appreciate. But how could it be otherwise with a text that only rudely represented the original, with actors whose ideas of India were furnished by the text, and with music which, however excellent, was not Indian? The Smith College Dramatic Association may be congratulated on having given a real pleasure to many who, by means of this representation, have learned in some measure how pretty a comedy "Shakuntalā" must have been when given in India fifteen hundred years ago. They may also rest in the assurance that the parts of Shakuntalā and Dushyanta, the heroine and hero, came close to the original conception, and that, had these two spoken and sung as they did in India, the effect would have been that intended by Kālidāsa. The dance of the maidens in the fourth act was perhaps the prettiest single scene, as well as recognizably Oriental.

On the whole, the comedy was a source of genuine delight to a large audience, and really taught them something of India. It was also a beautiful thing to see, and perhaps minuter criticism may seem only invidious, for the performance was given for the general public, and that the general public appreciated it was evident not only in the applause, but in the less formal acknowledgement of pleasure to be heard on every hand.

THEBAN LIFE AND ART IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

CAIRO, April 26, 1904.

Excavators are still busy probing the sandy slopes and limestone cliffs of the ancient necropolis of Thebes, and this wonderful mine, unpromising as it appears at the surface, is by no means exhausted. Several new tombs have been recently opened in the Shêkh Abd el-Kurna group, and on the 30th of March I saw eight camels, laden with the spoils from the neighboring Tombs of the Queens, file past the colossi of Memnon in solemn procession, on their way to the western margin of the river.

When a foreigner is duly authorized to dig in Egyptian soil, he is assigned a definite field, pitches his tent, and hires the native Arabs to do the work. Unfortunately, the contract is often made through their village shêkh, who is the modern slave-

driver in Egypt. The Ghizeh Museum, now in Cairo, is entitled to select from among the movable objects found any which it desires to the amount of one-half of the total number discovered. In this way the great expense of exploration is shared by English lords and American millionaires, while public museums in both England and America are enriched with original documents from one of the oldest and most interesting civilizations. This common-sense policy, which characterizes the rule of Lord Cromer in Egypt, is in striking contrast to the methods pursued in regard to the search for antiquities on the continent of Europe, and notably in Italy, where the foreigner is excluded, and where neither the sale nor the exchange of a single object is allowed. On the other hand, we find attached to the Museum of Ghizeh a conspicuous department, devoted to the sale of authenticated objects which may be duplicated many times over, and are therefore not wanted in a scientific and much less in a popular collection. Consider what the saving of all the duplicate specimens found at Pompeii, or even in Rome, really implies. It means the useless hoarding, and possibly the eventual loss or destruction, of almost countless numbers of objects, large and small, parts of statues, bits of sculptured frieze and cornice, amphoræ, fibulæ, and utensils of every description and in endless array. Thousands of marble fragments, which might be sold to advantage, and which would be prized by many small museums, are left exposed to rain and dust or piled up in dark chambers in various parts of Italy, apparently on account of this short-sighted policy, and through fear of letting down the bars at a single point.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the able manner in which the French, aided by the admirable work of the Egypt Exploration Fund and by private enterprise, have successfully mastered the difficult task of bringing to light, and in some measure restoring, as well as guarding for the future, the wonderful monuments of ancient Egypt, scattered as they are along the desert borders of the plain of the Nile for over 500 miles, from the Delta to Nubia, often remote from towns and from every convenience of modern life, and suffering from the neglect and worse abuses attending the vandalism of 2,000 years. Every great monument is now under the charge of guards, and every new tomb of importance which is now unearthed, is fitted with a modern door and placed under lock and key. It is a little surprising, on the other hand, that certain excavators who rob the graves of the ancients for the benefit of science, should pay so little respect to the remains which are left behind. At Assuan, Thebes, Benihasan, and Sakkara the bones of the ancient dead lie scattered over the sand like the chips in a lumberman's camp. At some of these places I picked up perfect skulls, and could have filled many barrels with the bones which the shifting sands of the desert had not yet concealed. When these human remains are not wanted by the excavator, it would seem proper that they should be either replaced, buried in a single grave, or at least sent to anatomical museums.

Thebes itself, which at an early day had come to embrace Karnak and Luxor, as well as a long strip to the west of the Nile, is to many students the central point of interest in Egypt, while its ancient necropolis, rising in desolate grandeur from the plain, is one of the most impressive spots in the world. The journey across the river and the Theban plain from Luxor, or, better, a ride over the wider and more diversified strip of tilled land on the east bank, affords a valuable introduction to the necropolis itself, so striking is the parallel between the field-life of to-day and the life of men and animals depicted on the walls of the ancient tombs. Still can we see the wide fields of long-bearded wheat, already, in early April, ripe for the harvest. The field-hands are many, and some, with short sickle in hand, their brown backs bared to the sun, and protected only by scant breech-cloths, are still reaping in the old way and with the old tools, stopping every little while to bind in small sheaves the garnered wheat. We pass a threshing-floor for lentils—that vegetable which suggests the flax and, when ripe, turns to a bright yellow-green; then another for the coarse but well-flavored Arab beans. Each is but a cleared space of ground, on which the dried crop is piled, while yoked cattle, driven over it, round and round, in a narrow circle, for many hours, slowly tread out the pulse in the grain, at the same time mixing it with plenty of grit.

In the large threshing-floors, which cover two or more acres, the threshing sledge or roller is commonly used, and a dozen may be seen in action at one time. This tool, though not occurring on the monuments, is undoubtedly very ancient. It consists of three revolving axles, each carrying a number of circular iron discs, and rigged to a hand-hewn wooden frame. When this heavy machine is trundled by means of oxen round and over the grain for many hours, the edges of the discs on which it rests are sufficiently sharp to gradually chop the straw very fine, thus releasing the grain without crushing it. At the same "floor" one may also see the old winnowing fan, "fork," or basket still in use. One should add that, in parts of the Delta, large model farms are to be found, fully equipped with modern agricultural machinery, including, I am told, the steam-plough; but these have no effect on the rest of the country, and in Upper Egypt the tools of the men who labor so industriously in the fields have not essentially changed in four thousand years.

Next to tilling the ground, the great occupation of the Egyptian peasants, during the dry season, is carrying water from the Nile in earthen jars and goatskins to the houses, or lifting it by shâdûf or sakîyeh (the well-sweep and the wheel) and sending it coursing through an ingenious system of canals to every part of those fields where the crops are still green or the season of growth is yet to follow. Brown shâdûf men, bare-headed and stripped to the belt, keep the well-sweeps in motion, and night or day the creaking of the sakîyeh seldom ceases, at least at critical periods. The shâdûf, which occurs more than once on the monuments, is seen in its simplest form in Upper Egypt, where it consists of two columns of sun-dried mud, with or without a core of durra-stalks, for supporting the pole, a large lump of Nile mud for counterpoise, and, for the bucket, a basket of palm-leaf or coarse cloth. For the same purpose Archimedean screws are in use in the Delta, and in parts of Upper Egypt a curious modification of the "sweep," where it is necessary to raise the water from but one to two feet. A man standing in the canal, works up and down, see-saw fashion, a long narrow trough or scoop which is weighted at the open end, where the water escapes.

The fields are checked with the greens and yellows of growing and ripening crops, and with the rich umber browns of the newly ploughed soil. It seems probable that the characteristic checkerboard ornament, as well as the irregular quadrangular designs which we see on the early monuments, such as the many stelæ, the decorations of the sarcophagus chamber in the pyramid of Onnos, which dates from the Fifth Dynasty, and of the sarcophagus itself, were suggested by the checkered patterns of the river valley where those simple figures were ever before the eyes of the early dwellers on the borders of the plain.

It is often said that the modern Egyptian plough, the counterpart of which is seen in both ancient painting and sculpture, only scratches the soil, but this is a mistaken idea, and based on theory only. I have watched the ploughing in the fields, and can affirm that this wooden implement, which has an iron shoe, strikes a sufficiently deep if too narrow furrow. Its upright fork or handle is of little use, for no pressure of the ploughman is commonly required. Its heavy beam and wide crossbars which hold the yoked animals, be they buffalos or cows, or even cow and camel, full six feet apart, serve also to keep the point of the plough well in the ground. The soil of Egypt is a soft, fine loam, without a root or stone; and as nearly all the arable land is submerged for a part of the year and is therefore the bed of the Nile, it is as level as a floor. The function of the plough is to stir up the hard, sun-dried loam, especially after the winter crops are harvested in March and April; and whenever the fields have become hard and dry the fellâhîn go over the fields after ploughing and break up all the hard lumps of earth with their primitive, short-handled hoes. If they would introduce the American harrow, it would save them an immense amount of labor, even if they still clung to the wooden plough, which is by no means an ineffective tool.

Hundreds of small crested larks, which are said to resemble the English skylark in all but their song, rise from the wheat and barley and drop down in the path, some with straws for nests or food for their young; and the very moment their feet touch the mother earth, up spring their vertical crests as if they had received a galvanic shock. Their colors are those of the brown Nile soil, and on Queen Makere's temple, hard by, you will see their clean, beautiful profiles cut in sharp relief, and repeated many times. The hoopoos, those beautiful targets of the feather-hunting Italian, Greek, or Arab, fly like the American highhole or flicker, but nearer the ground; and the moment they alight their great black-tipped, cinnamon-colored crowns begin to expand. They probe the earth for insects with their long downward-bent bills, and in rest show one of the boldest black-and-white patterns to be seen in the plumage of any bird. A series of very broad black-and-white bands travers-

ing both wings and tail produce a striking "flicker" effect when they fly. In the early morning as well as in the heat of the day you hear their loud cuckoo-like call—Hoop-hoop-hoop-oop-oop-oop! The stress is laid on the first two or three notes, dying out with the last, while the pumping motions of head and tail are curious to observe. The hoopoo appears on the fine tomb of Ptah-hotep at Sakkara, where slaves, bringing them alive as offerings, hold them in the hand by the wings.

The date palm, now in flower and ready to be fertilized by the guild of Nubian climbers who make this their business in March and April; the tamarisk, whose fine blue-green sprays suggest the red cedar or the tropical Casuarina; the green cucumber, looking like an unripe squash, marked with light and dark green stripes; goat-skins and clay-colored pottery in graceful forms, used for carrying, storing, or cooling water; dishes and utensils, tools of the farmer and artisan, literally hundreds of objects, the products of nature or the device of men—can be seen in modern Egypt, while their prototypes are all carefully figured on the temples or in the tombs.

High amid the grand and desolate ravines of Bibân el-Mulûk the tombs of the kings descend by a series of corridors deep into the heart of the native rock—a beautiful limestone interspersed with nodules of flint, weathering to a golden brown color, but below the surface suggesting masses of frozen cream. It has a delicate texture, splits with a conchoidal fracture, and can be cut and polished like a cameo, as is well seen at Dêr el-bahri or in the beautiful low reliefs which cover the walls of the stately chambers once the tomb of King Seti the First. At Shêkh Abd el-Kurna, the tombs of the grand viziers and princes of Thebes were mostly cut into the perpendicular face of the cliffs, but were not, as a rule, carried below the superficial layers of splintered and fissured stone. Their walls, with few exceptions, were therefore covered with a coating of mortar or staff made of Nile mud with a liberal admixture of ground straw, identical with the material which the modern Arab often uses to plaster a fence or wall. These tombs are commonly T-shaped, and their outer door admitted directly to a chapel or vestibule, which corresponds to the cross-bar of the letter. The real door of the vault or sarcophagus chamber lay in front of the entrance, and was sometimes built up altogether, or concealed by the stela, before which stood the table of offerings. At one end of the vestibule we sometimes find a blind door, usually painted in imitation of red granite, while at the end of the tomb-chamber, beyond the sarcophagus and its enclosed mummy, was a niche or serdâb for statues of the deceased. Again, the stela was sometimes fixed in another part of the vestibule in order thus more effectually to conceal the real door of the tomb and to baffle the ingenuity of grave-robbers, who began to despoil the royal cemetery even in ancient times.

Stela, table of offerings, mummies, and generally the statues—in a word, all the movable contents, with few exceptions—have been taken from the Theban tombs. In the well-preserved and tastefully decorated tomb of Anemophis the Second, discovered in 1898, the mummy of the dead king still rests in its sandstone sarcophagus in the royal crypt. In one of these rock tombs at Bibân el-Mulûk an electric power plant has been installed, and the grim features of the old king can be seen by all the world under the glow of an incandescent light. The transition seems perfectly appropriate, and it is a pity that more electric lights cannot be placed in darkened precincts elsewhere as in the beautiful tomb of Ti at Sakkara.

The mural paintings which fortunately remain in many of the smaller tombs and are among the most interesting relics of antiquity possess an even higher degree of interest when we reflect that they were not primarily designed to be seen by human eyes, but only by the dead and their spiritual representatives. So clean is the stucco, and in many cases so bright and fresh are the colors, especially at Thebes, that it is impossible to realize that some of those admirable friezes and ceiling designs, and those almost endless studies of men and animals in action, were conceived and executed over two thousand years before the traditional founding of Rome. The zenith of Egyptian art, however, was reached as early as the Fifth Dynasty, or over four thousand years ago, as is well shown in some of the Memphite tombs at Sakkara. No great civilization of the ancient world has left such abundant historical documents, pertaining to religion, the arts, and daily life, as the Egyptian; but to realize this fully one should come to Egypt fresh from a study of the sadly mutilated remains of Italy or of Greece.

FRANCIS H. HERRICK.

Correspondence.

THE ARUNDEL CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thanks to your kindness in inserting Mr. Berenson's letter about the movement recently initiated here for the publication of photographs of precious works of art in private collections in England and elsewhere, we have received from the United States a great number of inquiries and adhesions, some addressed to me, others to our honorary secretary, Mr. Robert Ross, No. 10 Sheffield Gardens, London, W. The minimum number of members necessary for the formation of the Society has thus been reached and passed, and we are now collecting and preparing for issue before the end of the year the first annual series of about fifteen prints. My object in writing to you is not merely to announce our success, but to state that it is largely due to the coöperation we have received from the United States—a coöperation resulting almost entirely from the publicity you have given to our proposal, for which kindness of yours we are sincerely grateful.

As so large a number of our members are United States citizens, it has occurred to me that it might be more agreeable and convenient to them to form themselves into a separate branch, with a committee of their own. Such an organization would facilitate the distribution of the photographs and would enable custom-house formalities to be accomplished without causing trouble to each individual subscriber. The criticism and advice of such a committee would be welcomed by us. Moreover, there are already many important old works of art in the possession of individuals in the United States, and every year sees their number increase. A photographic record of them is not less desirable than of similar works in private ownership here; but to discover them and obtain permission to photograph them must be the work of an American committee. The Egypt Exploration Fund, with its double organization on the two sides of the Atlantic, sets an example which I think we ought to follow. Our honorary secretary, Mr. Ross, will be very glad to receive communications and suggestions as to this matter.—I am, yours faithfully,

MARTIN CONWAY.

THE RED HOUSE, HORNTON STREET, LONDON, W., June 9, 1904.

THE DIRECTORSHIP OF THE NAPLES MUSEUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the directorship of Professor Pais, students and tourists alike have had ample reason for complaint in the reorganization of the Museo Nazionale in this city. Indeed, it has been rather a work of disorganization. As was to be expected, a new broom may sweep clean. Under a new management radical changes may legitimately occur which will render invalid all existing guidebooks to the collections—changes which cause an upheaval of greater or less duration, so that certain sections of the museum must needs be withdrawn from public inspection. Natural and logical changes executed with skill and taste based upon sound scholarship are what is demanded of a suitable director. It would seem that Prof. Pais has proved his utter incompetence for the task of managing a museum in a modern or scholarly manner. But perhaps it is not so much on this account as upon grounds of infidelity and rank mismanagement of affairs that yesterday afternoon the King signed a decree for his dismissal from the coveted post. There has been chosen as a temporary substitute or "regent" Cavaliere Giovanni Gattini, treasury inspector, and a member of the board that sat in judgment upon the weird doings of Pais.

The specific charges against Prof. Pais are of twofold nature. He is accused (and does not deny the accusation) of having raised the sum of over 300,000 francs more than his proper appropriation by pledges involving the museum. For this irregularly obtained sum he paid 6 per cent. interest. The character of the second set of charges brought against him is immediately less serious, but none the less highly unsatisfactory. The arrangement of the collections prior to Pais's arrival upon the scene as Director was not ideal, but was in many ways not condemnable. The principal trouble then was the undue crowding of the chief masterpieces (particularly marbles) into an inadequate space, so that, for instance, the Venus of Capua could not well be inspected by more than one person at a time; and it was so placed next a wall that it was poorly lighted and not approachable from all sides. For over a year Professor Pais has made it impossible for many students and thousands of tourists to visit the collections to any advantage; and, more than that, has stripped the visitor

of all means of identification by opening the rooms before so much as even a provisional catalogue was issued or any system of labelling was adopted. In a less degree the experience of a resident English professional man of parts is that of every one desirous of examining the museum's treasures. Only yesterday he was telling me how for years he had been used to enjoy his weekly visits to the marbles and bronzes, and had come to love them in their relations one to another as old friends. Now he deplored having to journey aimlessly up and down the tawdrily decked-out corridors in search of his particular favorites. Without the slightest sense of scientific taste or scholarly instinct, Professor Pais has caused to be placed together, according to some strange canon of bilateral symmetry, unrelated statues or busts stood at equal removes upon pedestals of like color and size, two by two! He has done worse than that. He has garishly arranged the rooms as though each were the salon of some Roman *nouveau riche*, symmetrically set out to the best scenic advantage without the remotest suggestion of archæological law or order or accuracy.

The harsh, not to say ridiculous, clash of effects is bound to gall the justly patriotic Neapolitan, as it surely brings a sneer to the lips of one familiar with sentiently composed museums. Only yesterday a Neapolitan artist was bitterly girding at Pais's brutal denseness as we walked through the Pinacoteca, the floors of which are partially covered with genuine Pompeian mosaic, obviously so priceless that it should never be subjected to the wear of ordinary shoes or rustic hobnails. The pictures in this small but partially admirable collection are, as well as the statues below stairs, grouped according to the same idiotic criteria of bilateral symmetry, as to both color and size. Worse than this, there are eight rooms full of paintings quite unsorted and not exhibited! However, they are at least shut away, and have not as yet been subjected to the capricious and servile generosity of some of the antiques in the basements, several examples of which the henchman Pais is reported to have sent to his patron, Nasi, the discredited ex-minister.

For many months a storm has been brewing. The great majority of the best archæologists in Italy have been opposed to the recent suicidal administration, and so eminent a man as Prof. B. Croce came out last autumn in a scathing rebuke of the director's unfitness for his position. To many overt and covert attacks Pais has made irritated retorts, even calling his critics asses. His nature is well exhibited by an incident reported some weeks ago in a local paper. It seems that, for one cause or another, Pais fell into a pet and shivered a valuable vase into small bits. The paper went on to say, satirically, that there was evidently no reason why he should stop at such trifles as Greek vases when he might feel at liberty to shatter a whole basementful of fragile friezes and unexhibited marbles.

Professor Pais has acted most strangely in his own defence. He is reported to have at first denied all complicity in or knowledge of the mismanagement of funds illegitimately acquired, and in the next breath to have admitted all the accusations one by one. He tries to exculpate himself by asserting that the ex-minister Nasi (now hiding in some foreign nook) gave him *carte blanche* in the framing of the museum budget and in the subsequent expenditure of it. T. D. B.

NAPLES, June 7, 1904.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF BEHEMOTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are your pages open to an Orientalist to bring forward a tiny point—but one curious and, perhaps, significant enough—at which seemingly East and West join? He would seek aid from students of mediæval Europe. In the cosmography of Islam, borrowed from the cosmographies of India, the world is depicted as a series of stages, one below the other, supported by an angel, a bull, a green stone, a great fish, the sea, the back of the wind, the power of Allah. The fish has, in Arabic fashion, three names. Long ago, Fleischer pointed out that two of these are derived from Behemoth and Leviathan in the Book of Job. More recently, in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages* (April, 1899), I pointed out that the third name was also derived from a word common in Job, and very rare elsewhere. So much for the East.

In Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Monk of Fife,' one of the characters is represented (I cannot find the reference at present) as swearing by Behemoth. Mr. Lang is not an inventor of strange oaths, and his color may be relied on, but, until a few weeks ago, I had no parallel for this treatment of Behemoth as either deity or demon. Then, however, in Epiphanius's 'Lives of the Prophets,' printed in Nestle's little Syriac chrestomathy, compared with the parallel Greek texts given by Migne, Behemoth turned up again as a deity in good and regular standing. In the Syriac text (lines 168, f.) we are told of Nebuchadnezzar that he was in the form of Behemoth. But one of the Greek versions given by Migne (Patrol. Græca, xliii., col. 404), apparently translated and muddled from a fuller Syriac text than we have, says that he was δεόμενος τοῦ θεοῦ Βεημὼν, ὅ ἐστιν τοῦ θεοῦ Ἰσραήλ. So here we have Behemoth turned into the God of Israel. Apparently, also, from the reference to Ephrem Syrus, given in Brockelmann's 'Lexicon,' some Syrians explained Behemoth in Job as meaning Satan.

My queries now are two: Can any further light be cast on the Western use and interpretation of Behemoth? And, second, has Behemoth had any part in the mystery of the Baphomet of the Templars?

Very truly yours,

DUNCAN B. MACDONALD.

HARTFORD, CONN., June 13, 1904.

THE HUNTING PASSAGE IN MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find in the commentaries no sufficient illustration of M. N. D. 4. 1. 108-124, either from ancient or modern literature, and therefore contribute one from Gervase Markham's 'Country Contentments' ("The Eleventh Edition, Newly Corrected, Enlarged," etc. London, 1683), a part of which was quoted by Baynes on the passage a generation ago. The Shaksperian passage is:

Theseus. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
(*Exit an attendant.*)
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hippolyta. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Judge when you hear.

The more important passages from Markham are those which follow (pp. 3-9). These, as will be seen, have chiefly reference to the music of the cry, and to the breeds and sizes of dogs in relation to the music; but other illustrations will be found in the mention of the long ears and the flews (some of the important words are italicized to emphasize these points). It is evident that Shakspere's favorite hound (at least, judging from this play) is the large West of England dog, and that he imagines, or wishes to produce the impression, that the harmony can be produced by these alone. That he admires long flews is shown also by "Venus and Adonis," 919-922:

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another *flap-mouthed* mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice,
Another and another answer him.

The following quotations reproduce the original, except that the names of the English shires, and nothing else save the word "Beagle" in the first paragraph, are there in italics:

"Now of these Hounds there are divers kinds, as the *slow* hound, which is a large, great dog, tall and heavy, and are bred for the most part in the West Counties of this Land, as also in Cheshire and Lancashire, and most woodland and mountainous countries; then the middle siz'd dog, which is more fit for the Chase, being of a more nimble composure, and are bred in Worcestershire Bedfordshire, and many other well mixt soyls, where the Champain and Covert are of equal largeness, then the light, nimble, swift, slender Dog, which is bred in the North parts of this Land, as Yorkshire, Cumberland, Northumberland, and many other plain Champion Countries: and lastly, the little Beagle, which may be carried in a mans glove, and are bred in many Countries for delight only, being of curious scents and passing cunning in their hunting; for the most part tyring, (but seldom killing) the prey, except at some strange advantage. . . .

"For the shape of your Hound, it must be according to the Climate where he is bred, and according to the natural composition of his body, as thus: If you would chuse a large, heavy, *slow*, true, Talbot-like Hound, you must chuse him which hath a round, big, thick head, with a short nose uprising, and large open nostrils, which shews that he is of a good and quick scent, *his ears exceeding large, thin and down-hanging much lower than his chaps, and the flews of his upper-lips almost two inches lower than his neither chaps*, which shews a merry deep mouth, and a loud ringer, his back strong and streight, yet rather rising, than inwardly yeilding, which shews much toughness and indurance; his fillets will be thick and great, which approves a quick gathering up of his legs without pain, his huckle bones round and hidden, which shews he will not tire, his Thighs round, and his Hams streight, which shews swiftness; his Tail long and rush-grown, that is big at the setting on,

and small downward, which shews a perfect strong chine, and a good wind; the hair under his belly hard and stiff, which shews willingness and ability to endure labour in all weathers, and in all places: his legs large and lean, which shews nimbleness in leaping or climbing; his Foot round, high knuckled and well clawed, and a dry hard sole, which shews he will never sorbait; and the general composure of his Body so just and even, that no level may distinguish whether his hinder or fore-part be the higher: all which shew him of much ability, and that in his labour he will seldom find any annoyance. But if you will chuse a swift light Hound, then must his head be more slender, and his nose more long *his ears and flews more shallow*, his back broad, his belly gaunt, his tail small, his joynts long, his foot round, and his general composure much more slender, and Gray-hound-like; and thus in the generality for the most part, are all your York-shire Hounds, whose vertues I can praise no farther than for scent and swiftness: for to speak of their mouths they have only a little sharp-sweetness like Gig, but no depth or ground like more solemn *musick*. . . .

"If you would have your Kennel for sweetness of cry, then you must compound it of some large dogs, that have deep solemn Mouths, and are swift in spending, which must as it were bear the base in the consort; then a double number of roring, and loud-ringing Mouthes, which must bear the counter-tenor; then some hollow plain *sweet* Mouthes, which must beare the mean or middle part; and so with these three parts of *Musick*, you shall make your cry perfect: and herein you shall observe, that these Hounds thus mixt, do run just and even together, and not hang loose off from one another, which is the vilest sight that may be; and you shall understand that this composition is best to be made of the swiftest and largest deep-mouthed dog, the slowest and middle-sized dog, and the shortest-legg'd slender dog, amongst these you may cast in a couple or two small single Beagles, which as small trebles may warble amongst them: the cry will be a great deal the more *sweet*.

"If you would have your Kennel for loudness of Mouth, you shall not then choose the hollow deep Mouth, but the loud clanging Mouth, which spendeth freely and sharply, and as it were redoubleth in utterance: and if you mix with them the Mouth that roreth, and the Mouth that whineth, the cry will be both the louder and the smarter; and these Hounds are for the most part of the middle size, neither extream tall *nor extream deep-flewed* such as for the most part your Shrop-shire, and pure Worcester-shire dogs are, and the more equally you compound these mouths, haveing as many Rorers as Spenders, and as many Whiners, as of either of the other, the louder and pleasanter your cry will be, especially, if it be in sounding tall woods, or under the *eccho* of Rocks.

"If you would have your Kennel for depth of mouth, then you shall compound it of the largest dogs which have the greatest mouths and *deepest flews*, such as your West-Countrey, Chesheire. and Lancasheire dogs, are, and to five or six base couple of mouths, shall not add above two couple of counter-tennors, as many means, and not above one couple of Rorers, which being heard but now and then, as at the opening or hitting of a scent, will give much *sweetness* to the solemness. and graveness of the cry, and the *Musick* thereof will be much more delightful to the ears of every beholder. . . .

"And now to return to my purpose; your Kennel thus composed of the swiftest Hounds, you shall as nigh as you can, sort their mouths into three equal parts of *Musick*, that is to say Base, Counter-tenor, and Mean; the Base are those mouths which are most deep and solemn, and are spent out plain and freely, without redoubling: the Counter-tenor are those which are most loud and ringing, whose sharp sound pass so swift, that they seem to dole and make division; and the mean are those which are soft sweet mouths, that though plain, and a little hollow, yet are spent smooth and freely; yet so distinctly, that a man may count the notes as the open. Of these three sorts of mouths, if your Kennel be (as near as you can) equally compounded, you shall find it most perfect and delectable: for though they have not the *thunder* and loudness of the great dogs, which may be compared to the high wind-instruments, yet they will have the *tunable* sweetness of the best compounded consorts; and sure a man may find as much Art and delight in a Lute as in an Organ."

As the first edition of Markham's work did not appear until 1611, Shakspere can hardly be indebted to it, unless it had been in circulation in manuscript for some years previously, which is not impossible, seeing that Markham was born about 1568, and that he was known as an author before "Midsummer Night's Dream" could have been written. More probably, however, both works reflect facts and ideals current at the time.

ALBERT S. COOK.

YALE UNIVERSITY, June 4, 1904.

Notes.

An illustrated work, Weale's 'Mantchuria,' is promised directly by Macmillan Co., along with 'War Neutrality in the Far East,' by Dr. T. J. Lawrence.

Howard Duffield is one of the ministers of the gospel who find in Wagner's "Parsifal" a work not to be attacked, but eulogized. In his 'Parsifal the Guileless Fool' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) he maintains that the scope of this music-drama "is encyclopædic; that it runs the gamut of experience; that it sweeps a circle of influence as vast as the horizon of human opinion." He undertakes, among other things, to show why the Pilgrim Fathers and Washington and Lincoln were "guileless fools" like Parsifal. The 'Parsifal' by the Rev. H. R. Haweis (Funk & Wagnalls) is a reprint from one of his books, which those who have heard or expect to hear Wagner's last work may read with interest and profit. It is an account of a Bayreuth performance in 1883.

When a teacher or author of a treatise for singing-teachers and pupils begins, as Salvatore Marchesi does in his 'Vademecum' (Schirmer), by declaring that "the best traditions of the art of singing are, with very few exceptions, nearly lost," he shows such ignorance as to the present golden age of song that one feels tempted not to read on. His little treatise of forty-eight pages, nevertheless, contains useful hints and sensible remarks. Percy Goetschius's 'Counterpoint Applied' (Schirmer) and Benjamin Cutter's 'Harmonic Analysis' (Oliver Ditson) are meritorious books for serious students of music. Luigi Lombard's 'Osservazioni di un Musicista Nord-Americano' (Milan: Fratelli Treves) is an Italian version of a series of short talks on musical subjects which appeared in this country a few years ago.

When such a production as 'Book-Lovers, Bibliomaniacs and Book Clubs,' by Henry H. Harper, privately printed, and written "for the exclusive use of the members of a private book club" in Boston, comes to our hands through the courtesy of the author, literary criticism is obviously impertinent. To the highly select public which this author addresses, his remarks may be replete with novelty and interest, or may have some subtle and peculiar charm which eludes an outsider. But the veriest outsider can appreciate the exquisite typography of this little volume.

Mr. Macray's leisurely (because laborious) 'Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford' (Henry Frowde) reaches volume four, and, after the customary extracts from the registers and accounts which reflect the manners and customs of the period, presents biographical sketches of the Fellows from 1648 to 1712. This embraces the two English Revolutions; and if on the one hand we see the Parliamentary soldiers garrisoning Oxford in 1648 abused by one George Nicholson, M.A., Demy, and Curate of Horspath, not unmindful of their battering the college chapel in 1642 on the entry into Oxford, on the other we have in 1688 the "intruded Fellows" of King James II.'s Catholic nomination, including John Dryden, son of the poet. Intrusion for intrusion, Mr. Macray pronounces the Parliament's based on learning and ability, in most instances; the King's, chiefly on agreement with him in religion.

The well-known secretary of the Charity Organization Society of London, Mr. C. S. Loch, has collected a number of papers relating to social reform in a volume entitled 'Methods of Social Advance' (Macmillan). These papers are the result of discussions that have taken place at meetings of the Council of the Society, and are of interest as showing the views of those engaged in its practical work. Perhaps the most striking contribution is the account given by Mr. George Livesey of the "industrial partnership" in the South Metropolitan Gas Company. In the course of a dozen years nearly every man employed has become a stockholder, and their interest now amounts to £170,000, or an average holding of £40. Mr. Livesey maintains that the system can be employed as well in other industries as in gas works. It has put an end to strikes; but the trade-unions oppose its extension, and the Socialists do not favor it.

In this connection we may mention Mr. Nicholas Paine Gilman's 'Methods of Industrial Peace' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It treats of combinations of employers and combinations of laborers, and then discusses the contests arising between these organizations, the necessity of regulating them in the public interest, and the methods by which they may be prevented or settled. The factory system, under which great numbers of workmen are brought together, seems to lead almost inevitably to "collective bargaining"; a process which is very carefully examined. The functions of boards of conciliation and arbitration are stated, and there are special chapters on legal regulation of disputes in industries of the nature of monopolies, and on the New Zealand experiment. Mr. Gilman speaks favorably, on the whole, of trade unions; but he insists on the absolute necessity of preserving order, and of ending such controversies as that which paralyzed the anthracite coal trade two years since. Some documents of interest are presented, such as the New Zealand law, and the rules of certain trade associations. Mr. Gilman takes a hopeful view of the future; and if the parties to industrial quarrels would follow his advice, the world would be much happier.

As to trade unions, Mr. Edwin A. Pratt, who discussed their methods a year or two ago in the London *Times*, has republished his letters in a volume entitled 'Trade

Unionism and British Industry' (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Some startling facts are stated by Mr. Pratt, such as the diminution of the work done by bricklayers. Thirty years ago some men laid 1,200 bricks in a day, and twenty years ago 1,000 bricks were laid in ordinary work. Now the bricklayers' union fixes the maximum tale at 400, and the London County Council is said to call 330 "a fair day's work." Mr. Pratt describes the effects on a number of trades of the union policy of restricting production; but his charges are in most cases rather vague. The number of causes that may affect the prosperity of any industry is so great as to make it very difficult to prove that a decline in its productiveness is due to any particular influence.

More favorable views of trade unions are to be found in 'Elementary Principles of Economics,' by R. T. Ely and G. R. Wicker (Macmillan). We are reminded that employers have sometimes given secret encouragement to strikes when they wished to close their works for a time, and that the real aim of the unions is to raise the workman's standard of life. "The use of 'Union Labels' placed upon goods made by union labor under conditions satisfactory to the organization is becoming increasingly frequent and effective." As is to be expected in writings of this class, protective tariffs are gently handled, although it is admitted that "it is impossible to tolerate permanently a bad condition of things, and we are justified in demanding that there shall be progress in our tariff policy." The enormous increase in public expenditures must not be thought due to recklessness or dishonesty. "Government activity, while wiser than before, is also more extensive and important." It is conceded, however, that it is "at least regrettable that 70 per cent. of the regular Federal expenditures are due to past wars and to the preparation for war." Why does it not occur to our economists that the cause of labor would be more advanced by abolishing this expenditure than by all other expedients?

Among the scholars of an uncreative age, the history of criticism naturally attracts considerable attention, and no small share of their researches has been devoted to the period of critical origins in the Renaissance. Two volumes of a collection of "Elizabethan Critical Essays," edited by a most competent scholar, Mr. G. Gregory Smith, have just issued from the Clarendon Press; but most of the historical studies on the Continent have concerned more directly the Italian critics from whom the Elizabethans, like all other Renaissance men of letters, drew their inspiration. Among the most interesting and influential of these critics was Lodovico Castelvetro, who is important as the first to formulate with precision the so-called "dramatic unities," and whose work directly influenced Sir Philip Sidney's 'Defence of Poesy.' A young scholar, G. Cavazzuti, last year published an extended monograph on the life of Castelvetro and on the state of Modenese culture during his lifetime; and there now comes to us an important treatise by another Italian scholar, Antonio Fusco, 'La Poetica di Lodovico Castelvetro' (Naples: Luigi Pierro), in which this critic's poetic theory is historically and philosophically considered. The study of poetic theory is essential to a proper understanding of the changes of literary taste and the historical development of criticism. In the case of Castelvetro this is of especial significance, since his *magnum opus* is a commentary on Aristotle's 'Poetics' (1570), in which an independent and in some senses a very modern mind searchingly examines the basis of Hellenic theory, and prepares the way for the neo-classic canons of the century that followed. Dr. Fusco has not approached his theme in the mere spirit of pedantic erudition, but studies Castelvetro's poetic theory from the standpoint of the latest æsthetic conceptions. The book will interest students of æsthetics scarcely less than those directly occupied with the history of literary criticism.

The first volume of Eduard Fuchs's 'Die Karikatur der Europäischen Völker' (Berlin: A. Hofmann & Co.) was published nearly three years ago, and was noticed in these columns. It gives a history of European caricature from its origin and earliest development to the year 1848. The second volume, which has just appeared, covers the period from 1848 to the present time. It contains 515 illustrations in the text and 62 large prints, some of them in colors and many of them reproduced from rare copies of prominent art journals and organs of wit and humor; the whole constituting an exceedingly entertaining, epigrammatic delineation of historical events during the latter half of the nineteenth century. In antiquity, caricature seems to have been confined to frescoes, vases, coins, and the grotesque figures of gargoyles; and in the Middle Ages it found expression chiefly in the carvings on the capitals of columns and on the stalls of the chancels in churches or in the miniature paintings of manuscripts. Modern improvements in wood-engraving, in etching on different metals, and in lithographic, heliotypic, chemiglyptic, and other technical processes, gave it a new impulse, contributing immensely to its evolution and extension, and vastly increasing its importance as a factor in the formation of public opinion. Especially interesting and instructive is the author's account of the growth and influence of political caricature during the last thirty years, as well as of the efforts of official censorship to suppress it, which have been successful only in Russia. The work is written in an attractive style, and aims to be popular in its character, but is on that account none the less scientific.

Dr. Edgar Dacque's volume, entitled 'Der Descendenzgedanke und seine Geschichte vom Altertum bis zur Neuzeit' (Munich: Ernst Reinhardt), consists of two treatises, of which the first contains a clear and concise exposition of the modern theory of evolution, while the second gives an historical survey of the doctrine of descent from the earliest times to the present day, beginning with primitive myths of creation and ending with Darwin's 'Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection,' anticipations and suggestions of which are found in the speculations of ancient philosophers. In this province of thought the Middle Ages, under the dominion of the Romish hierarchy, were utterly barren, owing to the suppression of all researches opposed to the traditions of the Church. Dacque's presentation of the subject is necessarily succinct, but is quite satisfactory.

The State Historical Society of Wisconsin has just published a Descriptive List of the works on English history in its collection, prepared by Dr. Asa Currier Tilton. "This collection," we are told, "numbers about 15,000 volumes, a figure exceeded by few libraries in the United States." The compiler has given chief attention to "the works which furnish sources," like the Rolls Series, the Calendars of State Papers, the Historical MSS. Commission's Reports, the Deputy Keeper's Reports, etc. Even from the Dutch Tank Collection a notable list is made up.

From the Library of Congress comes a Select List of References on the British Tariff Movement (Chamberlain's Plan), compiled under the direction of Mr. A. P. C. Griffin.

Two items of interest in the current report of the Cleveland Public Library Board occur at pages 24 and 43. The Library has parted with its supervisor of children's work to become library instructor in the Normal School, *i. e.*, to teach the classification and arrangement of a library, the use of catalogues, indexes, bibliographies, and other like aids to research, the use of reference books, and the criticism and selection of books for children. In the Library itself a novel feature is the "story hour" for invited pupils of the lower grades in the public schools. "Hero stories" have been told. "The children listen attentively, and invariably ask for the book from which the story is taken."

President Eliot's jubilee fills a large space in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June, and is illustrated with early portraits. The epoch-making inaugural address of 1869 is fitly reproduced. The most significant new matter is the report of the Committee on Improving Instruction, which has a lesson for all colleges and universities. "Too much teaching and too little studying" is one of its findings. Outside attention should also be drawn to Prof. J. K. Paine's review of the history of the musical department, of which he was the practical founder; but Harvard men themselves may heed the appeal for a separate building for the department, whose utility alike and fruitfulness as an example would be vastly increased by possessing a habitation of its own. In the Corporation records we remark the humble gift of six dollars from "the Japan Club of Harvard University" towards binding books relating to Japan in the University Library.

La Vérité sur le Congo, the organ of the Federation for the defence of Belgian interests abroad, number eight, contains a semi-official "note" on the report of the British consul, Mr. Casement, upon the treatment of the natives by the officials of the Congo Independent State. Considered simply as an answer to the charges of persistent cruelty in the report, without reference to similar testimony from other sources, it has some weight. The decline of population is declared to have been caused by epidemics and the migratory habits of the natives, not, as Mr. Casement says, by their inhuman treatment. This may be true of some districts, but it is not true of others. Lord Cromer, for instance, writes that the Egyptian bank of the upper Nile was dotted with villages, while on the opposite Belgian bank for eighty miles "I do not think any of our party saw a single human being," except the officials and their followers, and the reason is, "the natives are afraid of the Belgians." The charge of systematic cruelty in collecting the taxes is denied, though it is admitted

that isolated cases have occurred. The numerous mutilations alleged to have been made for failure to collect rubber are attributed to native superstitions. A large part of the "notes" is taken up with an examination of a single case reported by the consul. The untrustworthiness of the evidence on which he relies is proved by the fact "that beside Mr. Casement, who questioned the natives, were two Protestant English missionaries of the region, whose presence alone would necessarily bias the depositions." It is apparently impossible to conceive that the presence of Belgian officials at a subsequent examination could exert any influence upon the testimony. A most damaging admission is the statement in this connection that the English Protestant missionaries as a body are "antagonists of the established authority."

The masters of secondary schools in Russia have been directed by the Ministry of Public Instruction to inform their pupils as to the origin and significance of the war with Japan. They must, however, base their lessons in patriotism on a carefully prepared scheme contained in a circular which has been sent to each of them. This begins with a statement of the causes of the expansion of the Empire, and then contrasts favorably Russia's relations with the natives of the acquired territory with those of the Western nations with their foreign subjects, referring among other instances to the present condition of the negroes in the United States and of the native population of the Philippines. Especial emphasis is laid on the fact that "all tribes, even those least advanced in civilization, receive, on becoming incorporated into the Russian Empire, all the civil rights enjoyed by the Russians themselves; to their most conspicuous representatives the way is opened to the highest positions of State, and their families of high birth are received into the ranks of the Russian aristocracy." A similar contrast is to be drawn in the instruction between the wars waged by Russia and the Western nations, pointed reference being made to England's opium war with China. The concluding statement of the introduction is that the United States and England have "thrust forward as an opponent of Russia Japan. . . . They calculated that the war would weaken both Russia and Japan, and would render it easier for themselves to further their own interests."

The weekly edition of the Kobe *Chronicle*, now in its twelfth number, treats of the war between Japan and Russia. Besides a good colored map, each number has a spirited full-page drawing, abundant half-tone illustrations with excellent battle-plans, news notes, and a few reproductions of articles and caricatures from Occidental newspapers, making a collection of documents and pictures that will greatly aid the historian of the present war. The plan of the battle of the Yalu is particularly clear, detailed, and informing. Whatever one may think about Japanese religious opinion, it is certainly a new thing in the history of Japan to read in the text of Admiral Togo's Official Report of the seventh and eighth attack on Port Arthur by the Japanese squadron, that, after attributing much of whatever advantages were gained to the illustrious virtue of his Majesty, he adds, "yet there still remains much in our success which cannot be attributed to human agency. We cannot help firmly believing that it is simply owing to Providential help." Among other documents in this collection of pamphlets is the full text of the correspondence between Barons Komura and Rosen, representing Japan and Russia. Among the illustrations is a full-page one showing nine typical war vessels of Japan, from the many-oared galley of 1848 to the battleship of 1904.

Hawthorne's natal centenary is being celebrated in Salem, Mass., to-day, in advance of the proper 4th of July, by the Essex Institute, with speeches and letters from eminent personages, and in connection with a collection of Hawthorne portraits, manuscripts, first editions, and souvenirs in the Society's rooms. At the same time and in the same city a reunion of descendants of the original immigrant, "the Worshipful Major William Hathorne," is in progress.

—The organization of the work of teaching economics has produced a textbook literature that bids fair to become embarrassing. For years Wayland and Walker monopolized the classroom, but within the last decade this influence has waned, and no one name casts a spell. The result is a large increase of books for high schools as well as for colleges; most of them the creditable productions of the younger university professors. Professor Seager's 'Introduction to Economics' (Henry Holt & Co.) is intended for college work, and, with its many excellent features, has added to the difficulty of making a selection. Under the circumstances it is not profitable to enter into a discussion of much that is on the whole fairly well stated; but in a book whose statements are so well-tempered it is a great disappointment to come upon the discussion of education of our "middle class," *i. e.*, those whose incomes range from $1,500 to $3,000 a year for each family (p. 236). The reference to the public schools might have been made by a high and dry Tory reviewer in *Blackwood's*. There is food for reflection for Mr. Seager to be found in President Eliot's latest Report, in which are figures showing that at Harvard the public high schools carry off the honors; and every wide-awake university professor knows that his university is becoming increasingly dependent upon the public schools for the supply of students. So, to say that the "middle class," "either from necessity or because they undervalue the training offered by high schools and colleges," withdraw their children from school, is unsupported by any observation worthy of the name. The noteworthy increase in high-school attendance, and the fact that the high school is now the feeder of the university, show that Mr. Seager's fears that the children of the middle class "are being shaped all to one common mould," and so stand a fair chance of swelling the mass of mediocrity, are altogether unfounded.

—From the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, issues 'The Arapaho Sun Dance, the Ceremony of the Offerings Lodge,' by George A. Dorsey, Curator, Department of Anthropology; an exceedingly elaborate and minute description of an Indian ceremony, beautifully illustrated. It has the great merit of being strictly matter-of-fact, devoid of all sentimentalism and subjective attempts at explanation. Dr. Dorsey has conferred a lasting benefit upon students of the Indians of the North American plains. The book is the more valuable since the ceremony will probably not be witnessed many years more. The author says: "That the time is soon coming when the ceremony will be no longer given by any tribe, there is no doubt." "The ceremony of the Sun Dance is performed in compliance with a vow, generally made during winter, but which may be made, however, at other seasons of the year. The vow is in the nature of a pledge, that the speaker will make provision for the erection of the lodge and for the proper performance of the ceremony if the *man-above* will grant him his wish in regard to some particular matter." While in former times torture was, to a limited extent, one of the accessories to the ceremony, it is now, according to Mr. Dorsey, almost completely abolished, and the chief objection to the Dance thereby removed. There is, in fact, nothing in the whole performance to arouse special aversion against it. It will, so the author of this valuable account states, die a natural death like all primitive rites of the kind, and there is no longer any cause for official prohibition. After the thorough description given of it in this book, we shall have few pretexts for regretting its disappearance on the score of ethnologic research. Very interesting, indeed, are the numerous folktales at the end of the book. Like all Indian myths, they are not surcharged with meaning, unless fancifully interpreted, which Dr. Dorsey, who knows too much, is careful and sober enough not to attempt. The origin myth is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Indian lore.

—The feelings with which Spain—or at least a portion of its inhabitants—regards the advent of the friars compelled to leave the Philippines, are forcibly set forth by Don Viriato Díaz-Pérez in a little work entitled 'Los Frailes de Filipinas' (Madrid, 1904). The evident passion of the writer suggests that his statements should be taken with considerable allowance, but he seems to be thoroughly informed as to facts and details, and if one-half of his indictment be true, it is easy to understand the detestation in which the religious orders were held, excepting the Jesuits, for whom he has no censure. A single case of the many he relates will suffice to render this intelligible. Up to 1874 the Augustinians, he says, held a little property of about sixty acres, known as the Hacienda del Santo Niño de Cebú. Then they spread a report that all the lands of the district not attached to the Santo Niño were about to be granted by the Government to an English company, to found an agricultural colony. When the Indians were thoroughly frightened, the good frailes got them to sign a paper, drawn up in Spanish, which they did not understand, making over their properties to the convent, subject to their remaining as tenants at a rent to be settled every three years. For the first term this was fixed at two pesetas an acre; then it was raised at successive periods until the annual payment was more than the value of the land. The unhappy Indians were unable to pay the rents, and were given forty-eight hours' notice to quit. Their huts were burnt, their cattle were seized, more than five thousand families were driven forth homeless, and flourishing villages like Concepcion and Tolisay were vir-

tually depopulated. Sr. Diaz-Pérez also pays his respects to Fray Nozaleda, the whilom Archbishop of Manila, who has been comforted with the Archbishopric of Valencia, to the effect that he collected $19,000 of unearned salary and evaded all attempts to make him disgorge.

—The *Korea Review*, which, during the present year, has given the reports of eyewitnesses of the naval battle at Chemulpo and of the movements of the Japanese on land, presents in the number for April a diagram of the imperial palace in Seul, which was burned on the night of April 14. This huge collection of buildings, huddled closely together, some purely native in style, some purely foreign, and others still a mixture of the East and West, became a level waste of ashes in a few hours. Korean floors are nothing but stone covers to ramifying flues, through which the smoke and heat of the fire kindled at one end of the house pass out at the other. From one of these overheated flues near woodwork, it seems, the fire started, though no alarm was given until thirty minutes afterwards. When the men of the British legation with their patent fire extinguishers and the American legation guards, Japanese, and others, with buckets and engines, tried to be of service, they found the gates closed and barred. They were foiled at every point, and this largely because of historical and very ancient reasons. The general practice of conspirators against throne or palace has been to start a fire. Hence, by rigid rule, the first care has always been to shut the palace gates and to give access to no one. No outcry or tumult is allowed. Only after these regulations are followed out is the Emperor awakened and informed of the fact that the palace is on fire. Then, and only then, can any attempt be made to quench the flames. With such etiquette, the one thing certain is a devouring fire, which in this case included archives, libraries, gold and silver treasures and souvenirs, besides much else that cannot be replaced. The careless workmen were condemned and nominally banished for a term of years, soon probably to be reprieved. The Old Palace, in which Queen Min was murdered, has been repaired and occupied. The 5th of May, being a lucky day on which a moving can be accomplished without fear of the spirits that overpopulate Korean air, earth, and water taking offence, was selected for the day of occupation. A paper on the condition of Internal Affairs in Korea, by one who has lived in the country eighteen years, shows an appalling condition of misrule, anarchy, brigandage, and cruelty, leaving little or no incentive to industry or enterprise. Professor Hulbert's Korean History begins the seventeenth chapter, bringing down the national story to 1890.

—Those attracted towards the subtleties of Hindu metaphysical thought will find a fresh field of interest in the forty-eighth volume of the "Sacred Books of the East," just published at the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde). The work continues the exposition of the Vedânta Sûtras begun in the thirty-fourth and thirty-eighth volumes, in which Thibaut gave the commentary of Shankara. The present volume complements this Vedânta series by an exposition of the commentary of Râmânuja at the hands of the same capable scholar. Thibaut's claim that Râmânuja's theistic interpretation is truer than Shankara's view has met considerable criticism, and it would have been a valuable addition to the present volume if the translator had expanded his previous argument. The eight hundred pages of translation probably prevented this, but it may be hoped that a full critique of both interpretations will appear in course of time. To the Western reader the great stumbling-block to any interest in the commentaries or even in the texts of Hindu philosophical tracts is the evasion of all discussion by a reference to authority. Scripture decides, not logic. It is curious, however, to see that when authorities disagree (as, for example, in the all-important question of a conditioned or a non-conditioned Brahman), the texts referring to Brahman as devoid of qualities "are of greater force because they are later in order than those which speak of Brahman as having qualities"; and they are "later" simply because they deny; all denial presupposing that which is to be denied. In the dogmatic conclusion of our Hindu philosopher, "thus everything is settled."

RECENT POETRY.

Somewhere in the ample writings of Sir Kenelm Digby there is a quaint and haunting anecdote of one born blind, who yet knew when a candle was brought into the room only by the quickening and reviving of his spirits. Something like this is the essential poetic motive which is exhibited on a stage of epical magnitude in Mr. William Vaughn Moody's 'The Fire-Bringer' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). In his prefatory note Mr. Moody informs us that 'The Fire-Bringer' is the first member of a trilogy on the Promethean theme of which 'The Masque of Judgment,' already published, is the second member; but as the Angel Raphael is the chief character of the Masque, it is evident that Mr. Moody has conceived the Promethean theme with a certain largeness, and that the protagonist of the third member is not easily to be guessed. The fable of 'The Fire-Bringer' deals with the lost first part of the Æschylean trilogy—the first, that is, in the temporal sequence of the story, though it was seemingly the last to be played—as Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound' dealt with the lost third. Like Shelley, Mr. Moody has departed from the traditional notion of the character based on the 'Prometheus Bound.' But his Prometheus is not the Godwinian democrat of Shelley, any more than he is the indomitable anarch of Æschylus; he is, rather, the avatar, with a suggestion of the poetic sky-treader who resembles Shelley himself more than his hero. The structure of the piece is nobly simple. In the first act we have an impressive picture of the world peopled from the stones and clods of Deukalion and Pyrrha, inert and despairing, devoid of light, of heat, of all aspiration and desire. From the contemplation of this despair, and from the quenchless faith of his mistress Pandora, Prometheus conceives his purpose of filching fire from Heaven,

> "To light the passion of the world again
> And fill man's veins with music."

In the second act this is accomplished, and we have a remarkable passage describing the coming of light across the world, quite comparable in nobility and beauty to Milton's Invocation to Light in the third book of his 'Paradise Lost,' or to any of the great prose rhapsodies on the theme of χαῖρε φῶς. In the third act Prometheus, after an eloquent revelation of his forethinking mind, goes collectedly to the doom which he knows to be inevitable.

It is pleasant to be able to say categorically that in poise and purity of tone, in technical adroitness, and in ripeness of thought 'The Fire Bringer' shows an unmistakable advance over 'The Masque of Judgment,' which we found so finely promising three years ago. The perfect imaginative realization of an ideal theme, the masterly composition of a thousand details of classical antiquarianism into a single coherent and beautiful whole, are by themselves sufficient to mark Mr. Moody as one of the finest poetic artists of our time. His art, too, whether consciously or not, is full of intimations and modern meanings for the reflective reader. It is, perhaps, inquiring too curiously to see in the sickening darkness of the first act a poetic foreshadowing of the dull materialism of an age of force worship and scientific agnosticism, or in the mission of Prometheus the perennial life-giving service of the true poet; but one need exercise no ingenuity to be aware how the mood of wonder engendered in a poetic imagination by the science of the hour colors the blank-verse passage that we present as a sample of Mr. Moody's habitual manner, or to feel both the modernity and the sempiternity of the song that we subjoin as a specimen of his best attainment.

> "For you the moon stilly imagineth
> Her loiterings and her soft vicissitudes;
> For you the Pleiades are seven, and one
> Wanders invisible because of you;
> For you the snake is burnished in the spring,
> The flower has plots touching its marriage time,
> The queen-bee from her wassailed lords soars high
> And high and high into the nuptial blue,
> Till only one heroic lover now
> Flies with her, and her royal wish is prone
> To the elected one, whose dizzy heart
> Presageth him of ecstasy and death.
> For you the sea has rivers in the midst,
> And fathomless abysses where it breeds
> Fantastic life; and each its tiniest drop
> Flung from the fisher's oar-blade in the sun
> Has rivers, abysses, and fantastic life.
> For your sakes it was spoken of the soul
> That it shall be a sea whereon the moon
> Has might, and the four winds shall walk
> upon it—
> Also it has great rivers in the midst,
> Uncharted islands that no sailor sees,
> And fathomless abysses where it breeds
> Mysterious life; yea, each its tiniest drop
> Flung from the fisher's oar-blade in the sun
> Has rivers, tempests, and eternal tides,
> Untouched-at isles, horizons never hailed,
> And fathomless abysses where it breeds
> Incredible life, without astonishment."

> "Of wounds and sore defeat
> I made my battle stay;
> Winged sandals for my foot
> I wove of my delay;
> I made my shouting spear;
> Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
> Of weariness and fear,
> And swift oncoming doom
> I made a helmet for my head
> And a floating plume.
> From the shutting mist of death
> From the failure of the breath,
> I made a battle-horn to blow
> Across the vales of overthrow.
> O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
> The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
> O hearken where the echoes bring,
> Down the gray disastrous morn,
> Laughter and rallying!"

Yet if we are to speak our whole mind concerning a poet for whose abilities and serious devotion to the poetic art we have nothing but grateful admiration, we are bound to certain reserves. The form of drama, whether lyrical or not, does not seem to us the form best suited to Mr. Moody's quality. There is always a collectedness in his writing; always a careful manipulation of *sonantia verba et antiqua;* always a laborious attention to *gravis et decora constructio*, which are wholly admir-

able in ode or elegy, but which estop the wings of a lyric, and are likely to rob a drama of due dramatic passion. Mr. Moody softens the chiselled outlines of classic tragedy by many touches of a Virgilian poignancy, many voices of human wistfulness. So he just misses the invincible charm of the pure classic manner, while he never quite attains the spontaneity and unction by which alone any other type of drama justifies its form. In short, like Mr. Stephen Phillips's, whose poetic position is in many respects comparable to his, Mr. Moody's adventures in the dramatic form are not likely to afford true poetic pleasure to as many readers as his earlier and less ambitious pieces have done. We shall welcome the third member of the Promethean trilogy, but we shall hope to see more poems like the noble "Ode in Time of Hesitation" and the tenderly elegiac "Daguerreotype."

In his tragedy of "Tristran and Isolde" (Brentano's) Mr. Louis K. Anspacher shows his ability to write vigorous and passionate dramatic verse, and to make his people use a vivid imaginative speech without falling into the pseudo-Elizabethan manner. He has treated the story of Tristran as the traditional tragedy of fatal love, but he has gone further than most of the poets who have treated it, in reading into the curious *situation à trois* a Euripidean pity and pathos. This he does, chiefly, by sentimentalizing the character of King Mark, who quite makes good Tristran's words:

> "King Mark's full clemency will never fail;
> He is a tree that, wounded, yields a balm,
> Which like a benediction pities all."

The treatment of the familiar story is fresh in its choice of the scenes for presentation; it is always readable, and often finely poetic. But though there are many excellent passages of dramatic clash and surprise, Mr. Anspacher has not been wholly successful in tying and untying his tragic knot. The action is fitful rather than sustained, and Tristran as hero has too much protestation and too little business. He docilely suffers himself to be stabbed both in the third act and in the fifth, which for the purposes of ideal tragedy is once too often.

How admirable, even in an unpoetic age, may be the results of the cultivation of verse writing as a fine art is to be seen in the latest volumes of Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. John Payne. Mr. Carman's 'Sappho' (L. C. Page) is an unusually successful experiment in quantitative versification, full of the graceful pagan sentiment of which Mr. Carman is so easy a master. The flute-like limpidity of Mr. Carman's verse, a fit expression for the Lydian quality of his sentiment, is as remote as possible from the deathless intensity of the Lesbian. Yet his attempt to recapture her lost odes has resulted in many strophes of pleasant poetry, as will appear from these that follow:

> "When the early soft spring wind comes blowing
> Over Rhodes and Samos and Miletus,
> From the seven mouths of Nile to Lesbos,
> Freighted with sea-odors and gold sunshine,
>
> "What news spreads among the island people
> In the market-place of Mitylene,
> Lending that unwonted stir of gladness
> To the busy streets and thronging doorways?
>
> "Is it word from Ninus or Arbela,
> Babylon the great, or Northern Imbros?
> Have the laden galleons been sighted
> Stoutly laboring up the sea from Tyre?
>
> "Nay, 'tis older news that foreign sailor
> With the cheek of sea-tan stops to prattle
> To the young fig-seller with her basket
> And the breasts that bud beneath her tunic.
>
> "And I hear it in the rustling tree-tops.
> All this passionate bright tender body
> Quivers like a leaf the wind has shaken,
> Now love wanders through the aisles of spring-time."

The knowledge of many words and the delicate instinct for their happy employment which have made memorable Mr. John Payne's translations from French and Italian, Persian, and Arabic, appear to excellent advantage in his 'Songs of Consolation' (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.). Mr. Payne's poetic vision is not without a measure of that "sad lucidity" which distinguished Mr. Arnold's, and some of his lyrical pieces on themes like resignation and the coming of old age have a poignant directness that is wholly admirable and impressive. We like him better, however, in his dealings with quasi-mediæval themes, where his linguistic antiquarianism and extraordinary metrical ingenuity have freer play. Perhaps the best thing in the volume is "The Coming of the Dove," a poem on the annunciation. The tenderly naïve soliloquy of the Virgin tempts to quotation, but a better specimen of Mr. Payne's quality is the conclusion of the speech of the Genii Universales, whose triple internal rhymes and opulence of assonance and alliteration comport excellently with the supernatural speakers, and half disguise the pessimism that they express.

> "I grieve as I go, Forsooth for I know The travail and woe untold,
> The wrack and the war, The stressfulness sore, That the future in store doth hold,
> The horror of hate 'Twixt the small and the great, In the scriptures of Fate enscrolled,
> The dearth and the death, The sorrow and scaith, That the forthcoming faith enfold,
> The frost that shall fall On the hut and the hall, On great and on small, young and old.
> The bale that shall brood On the ill and the good, On weald and on wood and on wold,
> When the breeze shall be bare Of the sylphs of of the air Nor the elves shall set share in the mould,
> When the Dryad the brake And the Naiad the lake And the Faun shall forsake the fold,
> When the smile from the sea And the laugh from the lea And the green from the tree shall be polled,
> When, for sorrowful thought, Men rejoice not in aught And all shall be bought and sold.
> And well I know, well, That the spirits, in hell And in heaven that dwell, shall behold
> The dawn of the day When the folk, for dismay Of their summerless way, heavy-souled,
> Shall, dumb in their doom, In their lives without bloom Look back from their gloom and their cold,
> From the blood-boltered maze Of their faiths and their frays, And sigh for the days of old,
> When the Gods debonair, The frank and the fair, Yet governed the age of gold."

The remaining volumes of the long row which represents the spring season's output of verse include none of sufficiently fine or individual poetic quality to call for more than passing mention. Mr. John Lewis March's 'Book of Verse' (Badger), Miss Mary Ainge de Vere's 'The Wind-swept Wheat' (Badger), and Miss Ruth Young's 'Verses' (Longmans) all show a sincere though slender inspiration, and the faculty of correct and graceful versification without distinction. "In Fifty Years,' by Madam Belloc (Sands), a new edition of 'The Saga of the Oak,' by William H. Venable (Dodd, Mead & Co.), and 'A Sunset Idyl,' by Eben Jenks Loomis (The Riverside Press), with less of tunefulness than the three just mentioned, are more thoughtful and filled with a riper sentiment. Mr. Loomis's volume in particular, with its transcendentalism and mild Wordsworthian fluency, is pleasant reading. Mr. Charles G. Kendall's English version of Julius Wolff's 'Tannhäuser' (Badger) is a commonplace and generally infelicitous specimen of verse translation, filling two stout volumes. It is likely to prove of a certain homely service to students of the legend; but such should not waste time in a search for Gaget's 'Livre des Grandes Merveilles d'Amour,' to which Mr. Kendall easily refers his reader for further information. As we have had occasion to point out before, "Gaget's" book has no more substantial existence (outside the brain of Mr. Swinburne) than the tracts of Dr. Primrose. 'The Ballads of Bourbonnais,' by Wallace Bruce Amsbary (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill) has a certain dialectic interest, and the 'Poems' of Andrew Edward Watrous (Lippincott) have at times an unction that makes them readable. 'Frog Hollow Post Bag' by Henry D. Muir, 'Poems' by Pauline Frances Camp, 'Friends Hither and Yon' by L. F. S. Barnard, 'The Radiant Road' by Ethelwyn Wetherald, 'Songs of a Deeper Note' by Edmund Corliss Sherburne, 'Echoes from the Home of Halleck' by S. Ward Loper, 'Poem Pictures' by Laura Case Downing, 'Far from the Stone Streets' by Henry and Helen Chadwick, 'The Rose of Seville' by Elizabeth Minot, and 'Quarry Slaves' by Lee Byrne, all published in Boston by Badger, show poetic ambition.

EIGHT NOVELS.

The Silent Places. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Grafters. By Francis Lynde. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Merry Anne. By Samuel Merwin. The Macmillan Co.

A Little Union Scout. By Joel Chandler Harris. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Later Adventures of Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. Bell. Harper & Brothers.

The Faith of Men. By Jack London. Macmillan.

The Colonel. By the late Capt. Olivieri Sangiacomo. Translated by E. Spender. London: David Nutt.

The Island Pharisees. By John Galsworthy. Putnams.

Few of the story-tellers who go to the uttermost ends of the earth for treasure fare so well as Mr. Stewart White in 'The Silent Places' of the North. His tale opens with a picturesque description of Conjuror's House, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, where the situation is promptly disclosed. An Obijway named Jingoss having failed to turn up at the post with furs representing the amount of his annual "debt," the factor, Galen Albret, feels that, for the sake of the moral effect on the company's host of vagrant debtors, Jingoss must be sought out, captured, and brought before him for punishment. For this difficult task he selects an old and tried woodsman, Sam Bolton, and a youth, Dick Herron, whose spurs are still to win. After explaining the errand and announcing the reward for success, he adds autocratically, as becomes one of those despots whose word makes law and who used to hold in their hands the power of life or death: "I want no doubt. If you accept this, you must not fail. Either you must come back with that Indian, or you must not come back at all. I won't accept any excuse for failure. I won't accept any failure. It does not matter if it takes ten years. *I want that man.*"

Thus admonished, the men set forth, to be presently joined by an Ojibway girl

resolute to attach herself to Herron, who as resolutely repulses her. But unobtrusive, watchful, and supremely useful, this Ruth of the Ojibway nation follows by trail and stream through the summer weather. When a long winter chase of the erring Jingoss is decided on, in language scarcely less poetical than that of her Jewish prototype she declares her intention to follow faithfully, even unto death. "You'll have a lot of trouble dragging a squaw all over the North," said Herron, throwing the responsibility on the older man, and Bolton hesitated and argued with the "Little Sister." Respectfully listening, she packed her snowshoes and blankets on the sledge. There was a flame in her heart that challenged the frozen North. No man could control her destiny.

So far the interest lies chiefly in physical adventure and in descriptions of progress through a wilderness that in its most favoring aspect lends little aid or comfort to the enterprise of man. As winter's icy breath blows over land and water the interest becomes subjective, and we are involved in a conflict between man's will to persist and conquer, and the passive, inexorable hostility of nature. For weeks the tiny sledge train slips over deserts of snow, Jingoss leading the way, and the keen-nosed hound, Mack, sniffing his trail. The heavy forests are passed; the low spruce and pointed firs fall behind; and so the train winds on into "the vast whiteness of the true north, where the trees are Lilliputian and the spaces gigantic beyond the measures of the earth; where living things dwindle to the significance of black specks, and the aurora crackles and shoots and spreads and threatens like a great inimical and magnificent spirit." At last Bolton knows that Jingoss is heading for the Barren Grounds, where there is no shelter and but one chance for food—that of meeting a single cariboo herd said to drift to and fro on the rim of the world. Yet they have no thought of turning back. Gradually they lost sight of the ultimate "object of their quest; it became absorbed by the immediate object, and that was following the trail." The day came when Bolton lay down on the sledge, whispering that he could live there several days, and urging Herron to push on, trusting himself to Mack's instinct. For two days more Herron follows the trail, and Little Sister (also the victim of mania) follows him. On the third day she fell, and Herron let her lie. Then, glad to be free, with a sense of elation of victory near at hand, he shot away from her. As his excitement passes, he becomes conscious of loss, of missing something he has long been used to. Terror clutches his heart, and when he realizes that the awful silence is unbroken, that there is no longer the *crunch, crunch* of following snowshoes, that he is all alone, without hesitation or a thought of the trail, he turns back.

As Herron waits for death with the dead girl in his arms, all baffled and battered, he passes from brutal boyhood into manhood. His eyes are opened to look upon life, and his heart understands. Here is the climax of the drama, thrilling enough to be called a supreme moment. It leaves us indifferent to the coming of Jingoss and cold to the sight of the cariboo herd, "drifting dim and ghostly, rank after rank, across the middle distance." The real strength of the tale is its spiritual significance, and that interpretation of the spirit of the wilderness which inevitably recalls by contrast the work of Mr. Joseph Conrad. Nature in the Silent Places of the North seems to strengthen and spiritualize men, whereas in the tropical forest, seething with life, she depresses and degrades. Mr. White cannot, like Mr. Conrad, intensify impression by an overwhelming rush of words. He is a little stiff, not guiltless of phrases that have more sound than sense, and shows signs of conscious struggle, sometimes of conscious failure, to say all he feels. Such defects are, however, superficial, and do not either conceal or seriously impair intrinsic worth. There can be no doubt that 'The Silent Places' is a contribution to imaginative literature.

Language, like most things in America, grows fast, but one cannot be so sure that it develops towards perfection. A year or two ago, a book called 'The Grafters' must have suggested persons employed in the growing of roses or in arboriculture—savory and pleasant occupations. To-day this is not the case. "Grafters" appears to have supplanted "boodlers," a word as ugly as the thing it represents, and to our mind more suggestive of persons engaged in picking and stealing on a large scale. The grafters, of whose grafting Mr. Lynde gives an involved but sufficiently horrifying account, comprise the executive of a Western State, a judge, a working majority of the Senate and House of Assembly, and a number of inferior persons spoken of as "troughsmen." These used to be called "henchmen," then "heelers," but the newer word may be accepted without cavil; it conveys all its meaning instantly to the dullest intelligence. These grafters are the most shameless ruffians to whom public attention has been invited. By comparison Mr. Steffens's serious revelations of political corruption pale, and a rather shocking group described in the novel entitled 'The Thirteenth District' become innocent as lambs and white as snow. Bucks, the Governor of the State, Meigs, the Attorney-General, and MacFarlane, the judge, are exhibited in the act of destroying the Trans-Western Railway for their own profit, not actually lifting rails and blowing up trains, but, by complicated methods (all criminal) taking it away from the people to whom it belongs. We do not pretend to understand their machinations, or those of Mr. Kent, counsel for the railway and hero of the tale; but presumably there are people in the West who can follow the plot intelligently, and who will not be disturbed by the rush of the "flyers" and "motors" on which the plotters habitually travel, or by the "wiring" and "phoning" incidental to the conduct of their nefarious business. In the end, owing to the astuteness of Kent, the high moral view of his sweetheart from Boston, and the wisdom of his Egeria, Miss Van Brock, all working together to a fine issue, the grafters are overcome and the Trans-Western shareholders, out of pure gratitude, make Mr. Kent a present of a large fortune. At least, we assume this explanation of his acquisition of a fortune, feeling certain that he came by it honestly, not because he ever strikes us as beyond temptation, but because the Boston girl had plainly let him know that she would have nothing whatever to do either with head "grafters" or "troughsmen."

The moral of the tale is unimpeachable, and to every voice crying in the wilderness let us give a willing and respectful ear. Still, to return to the unimportant matter of language (unimportant, that is, in comparison with national repute), we must protest (perhaps unadvisedly) against much of that in which this particular cry is uttered. We are puzzled to know on what principle Mr. Lynde selects some phrases. Why, for instance, is it better to say, "Loring oriented himself in a leisurely eye-sweep," than that Loring took his bearings in a moment, or in the twinkling of an eye? Of course, our interpretation of Mr. Lynde's phrase may be incorrect. What did Mr. Ormsby do to Elinor when he is said to have kept her "judiciously marooned" in a sleeping car, surrounded by relatives and fellow-citizens? Why does Kent implore an irritated editor to "keep his clothes on"? Is it the habit of excited Western editors to strip and rend their garments, like the prophets of old? Why does every one, hastily pursuing an object, "leg for it," and every one who is tired "get brain fag"? What do "panic-acidulous" and "panic-ardor," and a score more of the hyphenated words profusely scattered through the book, mean? How can an "occult prompting" "see to it" that a thing be done, and by what occult influence was Mr. Lynde prompted to describe the sudden stopping of a train as a "solution of continuity"? We hardly hope to like that phrase better when we have seen it oftener. A legion of novelists looms on the Western horizon; we cannot escape them even if we would. We are willing to submit to being driven hither and yon on their "flyers and motors"; we accept the racket of their "wiring and phoning," but in return ask for some concessions. They may in the end extort from us the sacrifice of our mother tongue, but let them use a giant's power mercifully, and remember that it is not sportsmanlike to hit a fellow when he is down.

Mr. Merwin appears to have appropriated for his use in fiction Lake Michigan and the industries pursued on its surface and shores. Traders who sail their own craft, fishermen, life-saving crews, smugglers, and revenue officers are drawn by him with an assurance that testifies to his acquaintance with both the men and their business. His people generally speak the speech of the illiterate, using local idiom sparingly, and in narration the author approaches more closely to English sanctified by literature and custom than do his contemporaries who dwell more remote from the Atlantic seashore. The subject of the *Merry Anne* is the pursuit and capture by revenue officers of a gang of unlawful distillers of whiskey, who smuggle their product from Canada into the United States. The subject does not seem to us enchanting, but it is very well managed, and no doubt many people like stories of rough adventure conducted by roughish men. The captain of the *Merry Anne* is a good fellow, who comes out of serious complications with flying colors. It is pleasant to think of him defeating the revenue officer in love, and gallantly sailing away in the *Merry Anne*, with his girl doing her trick at the wheel.

Scouting during the civil war appears to have been easier work than it was in South Africa, or is now in Mantchuria. According to writers of fiction, much of the scout-

ing for North and South was done by girls, dressed up as boys, to be sure, but, from all reliable accounts, more obviously girls than if they had stuck to petticoats. 'The Little Union Scout' of Mr. Harris's tale had already made fame as Capt. Frank Leroy before the adventures here narrated befell. Her proper name was Jane Ryder —such a sensible-sounding name that one can hardly think of its owner so foolishly masquerading. Undoubtedly the combatants knew Capt. Leroy for a girl and permitted her to prance between them, for the sake of distraction from the grimmer affairs of war. Her tale is told with Mr. Harris's accustomed ease, and shows, as do so many of his tales, his familiarity with details of the war and with the feeling on both sides.

Persons who delighted in the first volume of "Wee Macgreegor's" adventures can probably endure the second. The Robinsons, Purdies, M'Ostriches, reappear, natural as ever, but not in situations to reveal character more fully. Macgreegor continues to ask pointed questions and make inopportune comment, to be amusing as clever spoiled children sometimes are—at long range. A useful glossary, indispensable indeed, for those unfamiliar with the speech of common Glasgow folk, is included in the volume.

Of the eight stories in Jack London's 'Faith of Men,' four profess to be amusing and at least partially succeed, though the laughter induced is of the kind familiarly described as on the wrong side of the mouth. The other four simply vie with one another in unpleasantness. The man who, after untold hardships, transports a thousand dozen eggs to Dawson City, only to find them rotten, is hardly more repellent in his suicide than in his previous tragedies. The man who marries from pique under a misapprehension rouses in us irritation rather than pity, and the last story of all is an unsatisfactory compound of "Zaza" and Kipling's "Georgie Porgie." But the palm in sordid grewsomeness must be awarded to the dog who hangs his master, grotesque and unworthy successor of the author's fascinating Buck. It seems regrettable that Jack London should employ his wide knowledge, keen insight, vivid powers of description, and trenchant vocabulary merely in order to make us plough through miles and miles of ice and snow, in the company of unscrupulous men whose fun is to make Indians drunk, and whose earnest is to deceive and kill, of women devoid of moral sense, and of dogs whose brutal savagery would put wolves to the blush.

'The Colonel' is another powerful and unpleasant book, but in this case the whole tone is high, and the moral lesson obvious, though not obtruded. Its motto might well have been the terrible truth expressed in the sanction of the second commandment. The illegitimate son of an Italian colonel commits murder in his regiment, and is sentenced to death by his own father, who dies of the shock. The descriptions of Italian military life come from the practised pen of one having authority, and if they differ widely in spirit from the pictures of De Amicis, allowance must be made for personal points of view. The book is a translation, and higher praise cannot be given to E. Spender than to say that, except in a few isolated sentences, we remain unconscious of the fact.

'The Island Pharisees' is characterized on the paper cover as an "enterprising novel" with a "light and readable style." This may be the publisher's sincere conviction. The reader would probably describe it as a lengthy diatribe against what the author calls Conventions and most people call Morality, without any plot to speak of, and with an abundance of cheap cynicism, labored epigram, and unconvincing psychology. Why the French tramp with a "long, thin, lopsided nose" and "goggling, prominent eyes," enunciating trite satire against society, should have so far influenced the hero as to make him break off his engagement, we may well wonder. But we cannot but feel that Antonia is well rid of a lover perpetually in opposition to the powers and things that be, and yet too languid to seek out a remedy—a man whose ideal is to "understand things and let them slide." The author, in the person of his hero, is facetiously sarcastic over the lack of true Christianity in marriage, class distinctions, patriotism, organized philanthropy, police regulations, and so forth; but, unfortunately, his criticism is purely destructive, and he has no new hope nor aim nor motive to give us, and no new course of action to suggest. Limited and Pharisaical as his English gentlefolks may appear, they have to the unsophisticated reader the advantage of at least some principle and moral standard; but, to the writer, principle and moral standard seem to be a *bête noire*. The book might fitly be called 'The Island Pharisees, by a Sadducee.' "For the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit; but the Pharisees confess both."

The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper. Profusely illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

Neither the historical nor the literary sense distinguishes this compilation, which belongs in a peculiarly difficult class. The choice lies between a frank exhibit of a definite number of pictorial examples in orderly arrangement, with the necessary elucidation, and an essay with illustrations thrown in. In the latter case the temptation is irresistible to describe pictures not reproduced, or not available for reproduction; and no literary skill can make this readable. Mr. James Parton, whose 'Caricature and Other Comic Art' appeared in 1877, but is not, we believe, referred to in the present work, was a practised writer taking broad views, and succeeded as well as any one is likely to in weaving an interesting text about his collection of designs. His successors both cover a narrower tract and work it less deftly and comprehensively. Parton's twenty-second chapter was devoted to Italian caricature, and Italy certainly cuts some figure in the history of the past century, but her comic artists get the barest recognition here. German caricature is feebly and casually represented: it is not drawn upon for the Franco-Prussian war, which is illustrated wholly from the side of the vanquished (with a couple of Tenniels). The Dutch creeps in by way of the Boer war, as Spanish caricature by way of 1898. French, English, and American art forms the staple.

Our authors' general reflections on caricature are jejune, and as respects American undiscriminating. *Puck* and *Judge* are credited with "a formidable power," which perhaps they have, but the decline of *Puck* upon the death of Keppler and Bunner is not adverted to; and very naturally, as there is mention without reprobation of artists serving indifferently and simultaneously two opposing parties. This was not Keppler's humor, nor was it Nast's. Our authors notice, almost incidentally, "the fact that a majority of the ablest caricaturists of today are devoting their talents to the daily press." "It is an exacting sort of work," they add; "exhaustive both physically and mentally." They might further have alleged, morally.

Some artistic comparison of caricature in the several countries might have been expected; or in successive epochs in the same country. The relation of war to caricature by way of both stimulus and debasement was a theme fairly suggested by the instances furnished by the Spanish-American conflict—on both sides. Parton had a different vision in his preface.

"I am sometimes sanguine enough to think," he says, "that the pencil of the satirist will at last render war impossible, by bringing vividly home to all genial minds the ludicrous absurdity of such a method of arriving at truth. Fancy two armies 'in presence.' By some process, yet to be developed, the Nast of the next generation, if not the admirable Nast of this, projects upon the sky, in the sight of the belligerent forces, a *picture* exhibiting the enormous comicality of their attitude and purpose. They all see the point, and both armies break up in laughter, and come together roaring over the joke."

The Hague seems a solider assurance. Were it a case of wager of battle with magic-lantern caricature for weapons, the Japanese might be thought as capable antagonists in this field as in that of arms.

To sum up, this 'History' can be recommended almost entirely for its selections from the enormous mass of pictorial material, with omissions as grave as Doré's 'La Sainte Russie' in the chapter on the Crimean war. The text is jumbled. There is no index. The paper is over-glossy and over-weighted.

Early Reviews of English Poets. Edited, with an introduction, by John Louis Haney, Ph.D. Philadelphia: The Egerton Press. 1904.

It was a happy thought, that of collecting in one handy volume these selected and important reviews, embracing a period of almost exactly a hundred years, from Goldsmith's tempered praise of Gray's odes (1757) to the *Saturday Review's* proclamation in 1855 that "this sort of thing [Browning's poetry] should be stopped"—so that the scope of the work is nearly co-extensive with the revival and triumph of what is called (for want of a better name) "Romanticism."

It is not merely as a convenience to the student, who can have here under his hand important documents not otherwise readily accessible, that we welcome this volume, but as comprising an instructive and significant chapter in English literature. If the poems here reviewed represent the tendencies of the age, these criticisms represent for us the mental environment into which those tendencies were emerging, and which they were gradually to transform. We have here the natural resistance of the soil to the germination of the seed—

the inevitable protest of the old bottles against the new wine—in all its forms, from the Olympian superiority of the *Edinburgh*, and the tearful expostulation with an erring brother of the *Christian Observer*, to the Ashantee war dance of *Blackwood*. Every reviewer regarded himself as a judge, and the author as the prisoner at the bar; and every review was a sentence. Could they but have brought themselves to see that critic and poet were but fellow-worms, and the poem and the review alike crossing ripples of the same current—but that was not possible.

When we are irritated by the dogmatism, the superciliousness, the lack of "sweetness and light" in these reviewers, we run the risk of falling into their error. Most of their censures rest on justifiable grounds. It is quite true that much of Wordsworth's work is dull, and much childish; that Coleridge wrote melodious nonsense; that 'Endymion' is crude and cloying, and Byron affected and melodramatic. But what these critics failed to see was that all these phenomena were connected and significant—were symptoms or premonitions of a coming transformation. Just so Ben Jonson, with perfect justice from his point of view, thought it monstrous that an infant should be born in the second act of a play and appear full-grown in the fourth. Measured by the Greek standard, so it was; but he failed to see that the drama was widening its scope from the Incident to the Tale.

The day of the judicial review is past, or, as the *Saturday Review* puts it, in finer language than we can command, "the correctional justice of criticism has abdicated its proper functions." "Interpretative criticism" is now the order of the day. And here arises the thought, when interpretative criticism in its turn is outgrown, what is to come next? Will there be a world in which all writers are so lucid and all readers so perspicacious that there will be no room for interpretation, and the review will have sunk to the book-notice?

The present work is complemented by excellent notes, and an introduction containing an interesting historical sketch of the English critical journals.

Working with the Hands. Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

While this volume of Mr. Washington's necessarily contains some repetitions of ideas given in his previous works, they are such as will bear being brought once, twice, and many times before the public. Some of his teachings we could wish applied to all races, *e. g.*, "I have taught our girls from the beginning of this school that a student who receives pay for properly attending to dishes, and does her work poorly, is guilty of two wrongs: She is guilty of falsehood, and guilty of receiving money for doing something which she has not done." Would that every worker felt this! Well and tersely put is the difference urged between slave and free labor: "There is a vast difference between working and being worked. Being worked means degradation; working means civilization." Mr. Washington speaks of the comparative numbers of immigrants coming to North and West, and South, and ends with this: "It must be frankly recognized by the people of that section, that for a long period they must depend upon the black man to do for it what the foreigner is doing for the Great West, and that they cannot hope to keep pace with the progress of people in other sections if one-third of the population is ignorant and without skill. If the South does not help the negro up, it is tying itself to a body of death." Most true; but it is not only the people of the South who should "help the negro up"—private help should go from North and West for this end. No part of our country can be left semi-civilized—East, West, North, and South; white, black, and yellow! As a country, the one thing we cannot afford is ignorance.

Most heartily we can commend Mr. Washington's plea for practical results rather than talk—which last is always easy to get:

"One farm bought, one house built, one home neatly kept, one man the largest taxpayer and depositor in the local bank, . . . one office filled, one life cleanly lived, these will tell more in our favor than all the abstract eloquence that can be summoned to plead our cause."

Mr. Washington has tried to find out whether in general the whites find the educated or the ignorant negro most to their minds. For this end he sent out many inquiries. The majority of answers was plainly in favor of educated negro labor. One questions whether Mr. Washington may not be undertaking, in one place, too many trades and too great a variety. There is always danger that spreading too much may result in want of really thorough work. Any one institution may become too big for its own good. We trust that Tuskegee may avoid this danger, and long remain the great hope and training school of the negro race.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Avebury, Lord. Free Trade. The Macmillan Co. $1.60.
Butterfield, Julia Lorrillard. Biographical Memorial of Gen. Daniel Butterfield. The Grafton Press.
Chamberlin, T. C. A Contribution to the Theory of Glacial Motion. University of Chicago Press. 50 cents net.
Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Vol. IV. Cuming's Tour to the Western Country, 1807-1809. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.
Ewart, Frank Carman. Notes on Rostand's L'Aiglon. Published by the author at Hamilton, N. Y.
First Report of the Tenement House Department of the City of New York (Jan. 1, 1902—July 1, 1903). In two volumes.
Hosie, Alexander. Manchuria. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.
Howard, George Elliott. A History of Matrimonial Institutions. 3 vols. University of Chicago Press. $10 net.
Joseph, D. Geschiehte der Baukunst vom Altertum bis zur Neuzeit: Ein Handbuch. 2 vols. Berlin and New York: Bruno Hessling.
Peattie, Elia W. The Shape of Fear, and Other Ghostly Tales. The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.
Russell, Israel C. North America. (Appleton World Series—The Regions of the World.) D. Appleton & Co.
Sen, Mohit Chandra. The Elements of Moral Philosophy. Second edition, revised. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.
Sichel, Walter. Beaconsfield. (Little Biographies.) E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.
Siegfried, André. La Démocratie en Nouvelle-Zélande. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.
Smith, Charles Sprague. Working with the People. A. Wessels Co. 50 cents net.
Smart, William. The Return to Protection. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 5s. net.
Strenuous Epigrams of Theodore Roosevelt. H. M. Caldwell Co.
Tayler, Constance J. D. Koreans at Home. Cassell & Co., Ltd.
Temple Series of Bible Handbooks. Saul and the Hebrew Monarchy, by the Rev. Robert Sinker. The Early Christian Martyrs, by the Rev. J. Herkless. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
The Letters of Horace Walpole. Vols. V., VI., VII., VIII. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 6s. net each.
The Woman Errant. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Vinogradoff, Paul. The Teaching of Sir Henry Maine. London and New York: Henry Frowde. 1s. net.
Wilkinson, Florence. Two Plays of Israel: David of Bethlehem; Mary Magdalen. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Wolfe, S. H. Investment Directory: Insurance Companies. (Description and Classification of Stocks and Bonds.) The Insurance Press.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1904.

The Week.

Mr. Root's speech at Chicago shows how literally he has "resumed the practice of the law." It was skilful, plausible, but essentially an advocate's plea. Intended, of course, as much for circulation in the form of a campaign document as for immediate effect upon his audience, it was a reasoned attempt to persuade the country that Republican rule and Republican policies are for the public good. The absence in it of the note of personal adulation is most grateful. Its entire suppression of Jingoism and the screaming eagle proves that Mr. Root is more sagacious than all the barbaric yawpers. He has nothing to say about the big-policeman theory of our mission. He is not anxious to "police" a single disorderly Government, except our own. Corruption in the Federal services he glides over deftly. The tariff he damns with faint praise, holding out a hope of needed revision—though, of course, only by its "friends." (How can Republicans say that any more without laughing in each other's faces?) Of the Philippines he paints a bright picture, though he admits reluctantly that it may be necessary to acknowledge their independence some day. But neither he nor the party is willing to make any promise to that effect. Mr. Root had a few unguarded moments. For example, he went over bodily to the quantitative theory of money, and discoursed of "per capita" as glibly as any silverite or greenbacker. Whatever may be said of this, it is too obvious a justification of old Democratic contentions, and too plain a hint of the way of escape for the Democratic platform-writers, to have been expected from so astute a special pleader. And was it not a mistake to affirm so roundly that the action of the President in the Panama matter was "in accordance with the law of nations"? This is to remind people that it has been denied; and also to recall the fact that our most eminent expounders of the law of nations have asserted the contrary.

The Republican position is rapidly getting to be that the Democrats cannot be trusted not merely to revise the tariff, but to undertake any part of the administration of Government. Mr. Root laid it down in his speech that they would be "unfriendly guardians" of the Panama Canal, and therefore that no patriot could think without alarm of its being dug under a Democratic President. Presently we shall be told that pensions can be paid out only by the hands of their "friends," the mails sorted by good and true Republicans alone, and "seeds" dispatched to farmer constituents only by those who are "friendly" to vegetation. Such complacency in their own powers has been observed in public men before. It was remarked of one English Ministry that they were fully convinced that they were "the only body of men competent to carry on affairs." Yet that keen politician, Benjamin Disraeli, declared in his Life of Lord George Bentinck that such a conviction on the part of men in high office "is often current on the eve of great changes."

Mr. Root's address before the Yale Law School on Monday will hardly be dedicated, when it is published in full, to President Roosevelt. It would be too much like the humorist's fancy of writing a 'Life of Naboth, with some account of his Vineyard,' and dedicating it to his Majesty King Ahab! For Mr. Root's measured and weighty words on the dangers to the common weal which arise from the ignoring by those in high office of the limitations of their power by law, can have only one personal bearing. If they mean anything, they mean a condemnation of Mr. Roosevelt's tendencies. In a more sober dress, Mr. Root presents the same thought which, clothed in Bourke Cockran's glittering rhetoric, impelled the House of Representatives to frenzied applause—namely, the peril of executive usurpation and the duty of resisting it. It is a needed and courageous utterance which Mr. Root has made. It will carry far and do good—all the more so if it causes the ears of a certain "great officer" to tingle.

Since the dispatch which demanded "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead" will be constantly cited on the stump as the heroic act of a President who does things, it may be well to look into the chronology of the events which led up to Mr. Perdicaris's release. It proves that the threat had no effect in Morocco, and was timed not with any view to hastening Mr. Perdicaris's liberation, but rather with the purpose of enlivening the Convention on June 22. Here are the facts: (1) On Tuesday, June 21, the ransom of Perdicaris and Varley had been deposited at Tangier, and it was morally certain that they would be promptly released. (2) On Wednesday, June 22, about 3:30 P. M. the Perdicaris dispatch was read at Chicago. Presumably there had been no delay in its transmission, and at 4:30 (Eastern time) it must have been sent simultaneously to Chicago and Tangier. It could not, allowing for the difference of time, have reached Consul Gummere at Tangier before 9:30 P. M. (3) But by that time it was thoroughly known in Tangier that the go-between, Mulai Hamet, would leave early the next morning, with the ransom, for his sixteen-hours' ride to Raisuli's camp. Now note that the famous dispatch could not have been received before the late evening of the 22d; that Raisuli was sixteen hours, by horseback, away in the mountains; that Mr. Perdicaris, as he told the representative of the Paris *Herald*, knew that the Sultan had granted all Raisuli's demands "three days before the ministers were aware of it at Tangier"; finally, that Raisuli actually brought Perdicaris and Varley to the rendezvous appointed at the time appointed. In other words, when the threat came over, everything was taking its regular course; nobody in Tangier, not even the captives in the mountains, had any reason to suspect that the release would be delayed, much less refused. The chances are that Consul-General Gummere read the telegram, smiled as he remembered it was convention time, and turned over and went to sleep again. This is the true story of what history, if it deigns to signalize the matter at all, will set down as one of Mr. Roosevelt's most characteristic bits of catchpenny bluster.

Gov. La Follette seeks consolation for his snub in the Convention by speaking a shocking amount of truth against the party machine. He tells his Wisconsin constituents that the Republican party is no longer patriotic, but plutocratic; that it is secretly opposed to the President's attempt to control the corporations, and that it is void of principle of any sort. Gov. La Follette adds, to be sure, that he and Mr. Roosevelt share certain anti-Trust convictions which, with the aid of the people, they mean to force upon the party. This, however, is not a campaign argument of the ringing kind. No ingenuous voter will rush to a body which is charged with a desire to knife the candidate it has nominated by acclamation, and for principles can only point to the hope that it may acquire some during the campaign.

If they but knew it, Lodge is the best friend the people of Massachusetts have. His attitude at Chicago towards reciprocity was such as to cover a multitude of previous sins—including his stifling of that issue at the State Convention recently. According to the Boston *Journal's* correspondent, the general sentiment at Chicago was "Reciprocity be damned." He says it was only by Lodge's "grim determination," in the face of the whole resolutions committee, that the "little sop" in favor of reciprocity in "non-competitive articles only" was obtained, and he did not suc-

ceed in getting even this until four o'clock in the morning. So the friends of reciprocity, says the Boston *Record*, are shown that the man they have so bitterly attacked is "the only real friend" they have among the Republicans of note in the whole country. But we are afraid the 35,000 New England petitioners for reciprocity will not view it in that light.

Few realize in what a state of flux President Roosevelt's Cabinet has been. The latest changes merely come upon the heels of many. Mr. Roosevelt lost successively President McKinley's Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of War, and now Attorney-General. Even his own creation, Secretary Cortelyou, steps out before he has fairly got to work. But the President shuffles the Cabinet about cheerfully, as if it were only a question of changing orderlies. Unfortunately, the impression is given throughout that politics, not efficiency, is the prime consideration. There is Postmaster-General Payne, for example. His health is as badly broken as his prestige. He is the first one whom the President should ask to resign. The Post-Office Department, which, we suppose, is still being investigated "in our own way and at our own time," would be better off without him. Yet he stays on while better men go. The reason is avowed: he is simply to keep the place warm for Mr. Cortelyou till after the election. That all this injures the efficient conduct of the public business is certain. It also tends to degrade the Cabinet itself, and to make its members mere pawns to be moved about at the President's convenience, and purely for political reasons.

In his letter to the retiring Attorney-General, the President says no more than is Mr. Knox's due in paying tribute to his legal ability, skill, and laborious devotion to the work of the Department of Justice. Mr. Roosevelt's superlative habit ran away with him, however, when he ranked Mr. Knox above all the "great and able men" who had preceded him in office. And when the President states that "the development of our entire political system in its relations to the industrial and economical tendencies of the time" has been "deeply affected for good" by the Attorney-General, does he mean to imply that the work is all done, and that no more Trusts are to be "busted"? It would look so, until after election at any rate, since it is announced that Mr. Moody's appointment as the successor of Mr. Knox is only a stop-gap. A man who intends to withdraw from the Cabinet and "practise law" after six months, will not be likely to practise much anti-Trust law while temporarily in the Department of Justice.

If battle-scarred Republican politicians were angered by the President's making a raw recruit like Mr. Cortelyou chairman of the National Committee, what will they say to his placing Mr. Paul Morton in the Cabinet? Here is a man whose Republican wedding-garment is yet confessedly creased with newness. Of Democratic ancestry, himself a Gold Democrat until very recently, his sudden promotion over Republicans who have borne the heat and burden of the day is certain to provoke bitter complaints in the vineyard. But the laborers therein must know that they have a master who proposes to do what he will with his own—his own being the party and the Government. He likes Mr. Morton personally, and doubtless considers it clever politics to bid for support by independent Democrats through an example of the ease with which they may obtain office by the simple process of becoming Roosevelt Republicans.

We trust that the first thing Mr. Cortelyou does as chairman of the National Republican Committee will be to stop the publication of indiscreet information by the Bureau of Statistics. Take the figures just issued regarding our trade with Japan. The facts confound all the theories of the friends of protection. The figures show that our exports to the Mikado's empire amounted to $22,594,713 during the past eleven months, against $19,854,843 last year; but they also show that in the fiscal year 1900 the exports amounted to $29,087,475, whereas, on June 30, 1904, they will probably not exceed $24,000,000. The significant fact is that this falling off marks a blow at a great American industry. For the first eleven months of 1900 Japan imported 161,500,000 pounds of American cotton at a cost of $12,666,666, but for the same period this year she took less than 24,000,000 pounds, valued under $3,000,000. Owing to prosperity prices under a Republican Administration, Japan has been obliged to buy her cotton of India, and with it has become an increasing competitor of ours in the China market for cotton goods. Last year she was the only nation to make increased sales there.

But this is not half the story. While out total exports to Japan for the eleven months were $22,594,713, our imports were $44,367,461. Certainly, our experience with Japan gives the lie to the champions of protection. And there is more than appears on the surface, for many of the things which make up Japan's "balance of trade" against us are articles which are displacing similar American products. An excess of imports compounded in this way should be kept out of sight in a Presidential year. The figures just given out by the Bureau of Statistics show very clearly that the heavy imports of Japanese gold at San Francisco in the last few months could not have been for American account. They money was unquestionably for Europe. The fact is, Great Britain manages to sell Japan more than she buys from her, and is thus able to provide us exchange on Tokio. We hope our campaign orators will ignore that fact on the stump this year; and the chief of the Bureau of Statistics should also be given the hint.

At the dinner recently given by Gov. Bates of Massachusetts to the Filipino Commissioners some influence—perhaps of the place—had an exhilarating effect upon our friends from far away, for they unloosed their tongues to an extent which must have caused Secretary Taft to grieve profoundly. It is barely possible, however, that they may have been incited by the speech of Mayor Collins of Boston. According to one newspaper account, he told "the recently pacified gentlemen from the Philippines" that "there was a God in Israel." Let the Filipinos, he said, "take back the example of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and may the spirit which was exhibited there inspire the 8,000,000 of these islands." No wonder that one visitor after another rose up and vehemently asserted that the American Government ought formally to declare its intention to grant the Philippines complete independence. One of the speakers asserted that, though the islands were able to throw off the yoke of Spain, they wished to secure "by friendly means" their independence from the United States." Clearly, it was a mistake to let the visiting Filipinos set foot upon New England soil.

It is possible that the introduction of sixty-four new typesetting machines into the Government Printing-Office this summer may work a radical reform in the American theory of government. According to the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, the five hundred extra hand compositors who are employed during the sessions of Congress will not be needed, and, beginning with the coming session, will not be hired. But can it be possible that the Administration has any intention of making the Public Printer conduct his business as cheaply and as efficiently as a private establishment? Suppose this rule were applied to all the departments. What a cry would go up all over the land if the supernumeraries in our custom-houses and post-offices were given their walking tickets! "Extras" are one of the ends for which government has existed in the past, and it is certainly strange for the Administration to choose this particular time to start a movement for business-like economy. Of course such a departure will win a certain amount of applause, but is

this not likely to be heavily outweighed by the disgust of organized labor and of our statesmen? The latter will have five hundred fewer snug berths for the "boys" of their districts.

After three months of the new "Jim Crow" street-car regulations in Richmond, Va., the boycott by the influential negroes has been effective enough to result in one change of the rules. On the rear seats of the open cars, smokers of both races are permitted to mingle, and as yet the social system of Richmond has not been destroyed. The only arrest attempted thus far among the colored patrons was of a mail carrier who, an officious conductor believed, was occupying a forbidden seat. As it turned out, however, the seat was one open to negroes, and the conductor was discharged for interfering with a United States mail carrier. The negroes are using the most effective method to convince the street railway company that its rules are ridiculous—they are walking whenever possible. The company's prediction that three months of walking would bring the colored people back to the "Jim Crow" sections has failed signally of fulfilment, and it is predicted that other modifications of the obnoxious rules will soon be made.

Taking advantage of Policeman Roosevelt's preoccupation, the bad boys in Port-au-Prince have been stoning the French and German Ministers. This will worry police headquarters in Washington. It had been hoped there that, while Policeman Roosevelt was doing duty at the polls in the United States, order might be preserved elsewhere on his large beat. But France and Germany have had to take the law into their own hands in Hayti and have got their apology unaided. The chances are that any other troubles between now and November in South and Central American alleys will be adjusted in the same offensive fashion, to the imminent danger of the Monroe Doctrine. Under the circumstances, any less active guardian of the peace than the White House *gendarme* would complain that his beat is too large. Not so, however, with the Constable of the Continent. He is but temporarily doing election duty, and we warn those roystering fellows to the south of us to crowd all their fun into the next four months.

For sustained interest a tariff war is preferable to a military contest. The longest military fracas is over in a comparatively short time, and the acute suffering occasioned by it is soon forgotten. But tariff animosities perpetuate themselves decade after decade. This fact is illustrated by the report of the committee appointed by the French Parliament to investigate the tariff relations of the republic with outside nations. It declares that "Germany has forged against her neighbors, against her industrial competitors, a formidable weapon, capable of profoundly troubling the economic relations that exist between them." But can a nation "profoundly trouble" its neighbors without itself being adversely affected? The committee points out the "exceedingly remarkable results" achieved by German agriculture within the last ten years, but it also says that, in looking over the last three years, this growth seems to have reached its maximum. In view of the continued low prices for farm products and the high price of labor in Germany, "the farming community is quite discouraged." What a strange conjunction!—a high tariff and low prices for its beneficiaries. And how singular, too, that "Germany is every year obliged to look abroad for her cereals." But strangest of all is the fact that, though France pretends to have been "profoundly troubled" by the tariff aggressions of her neighbors, she always has more ready cash to lend than any other nation.

As regards tariff retaliation, the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Germany has made this discovery, and as we are a big nation and are talking rather loudly of discriminating duties, it may do us no harm to note the outcome of the game she has been playing with Canada. When, in 1898, the Dominion granted the mother country a tariff preference of 33 1-3 per cent., Germany claimed an equal privilege under an existing treaty with Great Britain. The latter overcome the difficulty by denouncing the treaty. This led to the imposition by Germany of maximum rates on Canadian goods; and the end of it all was that Canada, in 1903, put a sur-tax on the products of the Kaiser's subjects. Would any one have supposed that the 5,000,000 people of the Dominion could defeat the 56,000,000 of the Empire in a tariff fight? Yet it appears, from Canadian official reports, that for the nine months ended March 31, 1904, our northern neighbor imported only 530,000 pounds of raw sugar from Germany, against 150,000,000 pounds the previous year, the business being shifted to British Guiana and the British West Indies. It would seem that playing with retaliation is like playing with lightning—it is impossible to predict where the bolt is going to strike.

Since Togo's latest torpedo dash, which resulted in the sinking of a battleship of the *Peresviet* type and the disabling of the *Sevastopol*, the Port Arthur squadron is reduced to four battleships, all badly damaged, and a miscellaneous assortment of lighter vessels, of which the cruiser *Bayan* is the only formidable fighting machine. A small part of Togo's fleet can now maintain the blockade easily, while the rest may reinforce Kamimura in the Straits of Korea or escort an expedition to Yinkow. Incidentally, the appearance of the Russian squadron in the outer roadstead shows that the harbor channel has either never been blocked or has subsequently been cleared; but probably the blocking tactics, aside from their demoralizing effect, have prevented free egress from the harbor and pocketed the Russian fleet for long periods.

Two rather significant movements emerge from the ruck of Far Eastern dispatches. An advance has been made from Siu-yen to the pass of Feng-shuiling on the direct road to Kaiping. A little earlier, Oku, below Kaiping, had detached a column towards the right to join the force advancing by the southern road between Siu-yen and Kaiping. By this time the juncture must be effected, and the three Japanese columns bearing on the Kaiping-Ta-che-Kiau line must be in touch at not more than twenty miles distance from Kuropatkin's right wing. What he has to fear is a simultaneous attack from the south (Kaiping) and at Ta-che-Kiau (the junction for Niu-Chwang). Tactically, his position seems weak. His flank appears to be already turned, the Japanese columns moving upon him from the east are operating in mountainous country highly favorable for concealment, and it will be very difficult for him to foresee just whence the blow against his line of communications will be struck.

Forty miles to the north a remote but formidable danger impends. The Japanese, by a clever flanking movement from the south, have taken the famous pass of Mo-tien-ling on the post road between Feng-Wang-Cheng and Liaoyang. This places them in a very strong position within twenty-five miles of Kuropatkin's old headquarters. In case of a serious reverse to the south, a small force from this point of 'vantage could easily turn a retreat into a *débâcle*. Obviously, Kuroki has taken considerable risk in throwing out a brigade more than forty miles from his main line of advance, and has counted confidently upon the immobility of the Russians. Probably such a movement indicates also that Kuropatkin's effective force is still inferior to that of the united Japanese armies. The seizing of Mo-tien-ling, even if it should be in the nature of a feint, will probably detain at Liaoyang many regiments which would otherwise go to reinforce Kuropatkin. The Japanese net is being drawn inexorably about his southern positions. The news we have indicates that he is massing his forces near Kaiping, where the greatest battle since the Turko-Russian war may soon be fought.

THE NOMINATION.

It has been very easy to nominate Theodore Roosevelt; it will be more difficult to elect him. He was the inevitable candidate of his party, though many of its leaders dislike him and many of its rank and file distrust him; but he is not the inevitable candidate of American voters with the alternative of a trustworthy Democrat. From now on begins the process of persuasion, and what have the Republicans to offer but the magic name of Roosevelt? The party cries ring hollow: prosperity-compelling protection meets the fact of business depression; anti-Trust oratory would leave a vacuum in the campaign chest; shipping subsidies cannot be advocated in the face of a depleted treasury; sound currency is a non-contentious issue; even on the subject of Imperialism, no one longer seriously urges Mr. Roosevelt's "the-flag-will-stay-put" argument. We doubt if any Republican campaign committee has faced a contest with so little partisan ammunition in reserve. Charges of panic and disloyalty upon the Democrats are worn out. What remains is simply the glamour that surrounds the personality and the deeds of the candidate.

Whoever doubts that Mr. Roosevelt is the sole Republican issue has only to remark the last two days of the Chicago Convention. What changed the apathy that greeted Mr. Root's weighty chronicle of Republican successes into the tremendous enthusiasm that followed the braggadocio concerning Raisuli, Gov. Black's flamboyant portrait of a stern, unterrified war chief, and Mr. McKnight's florid visions of the commercial conquest of the world? Why, simply the introduction of Mr. Roosevelt in his heroic—we may say, his legendary—aspect. It was this that moved gagged and bound delegates to enthusiasm; it is in this sign that the Republican party will conquer next November, if conquer it can. But it is a terrible thing to be legendary before you are dead. Few statesmen have had Disraeli's luck to keep even pace with the popular belief in them, and no statesman who ever so little disappoints a people habituated to scan him in heroic dimensions, is forgiven. Witness the most instructive instance of Admiral Dewey.

The triumph of Mr. Roosevelt, then, depends largely upon his ability to seem for the next four months as lovable, picturesque, incalculable, sensational, heroic, as he has appeared for the past seven years. It is a task to appall any one but Theodore Roosevelt; it may well transcend even his histrionic powers, hampered as he is by the Presidential office, for your professional hero is terribly in danger of repeating himself, and even more in peril of taking the fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous. And Mr. Roosevelt is driven towards an awkward dilemma. Could he carry on his continuous heroic performance at a pressure which would but just content the strenuous West, he would take the risk of scaring the effete East into the arms of any reasonably restful Democrat. To frighten the East means to sap the golden stream of campaign contributions at its Wall Street fountain-head, and a drought at this point is serious, for even the West will not indefinitely shout itself thirsty at its own expense. Yet we believe that Mr. Roosevelt must confidently cast himself upon his legend. The hypocrisy of posing as a "safe" candidate merely would be as intolerable to him as it would be transparent to all his doubtful supporters. For this campaign he is the party, and the Republicans will find his volatile personality both their strength and their weakness.

Herein lies obviously the opportunity of the Democrats. They may present not only a man, but a programme. Their man cannot possibly rival Mr. Roosevelt in so-called popular qualities: he may, however, have the advantage of presenting himself straightforwardly for what he is worth. He need not divert the energy fairly due to advocacy of his party's principles into incessant self-exploitation or heroic attempts to bolster up a waning legend. As he reveals his personality to his fellow-countrymen, he need not be haunted by the harrowing fear that he is being found out. This is a dread that can never be very far away from Mr. Roosevelt, who must know better than any of us how vulnerable his legend really is. There is also a great advantage for a new candidate of a regenerated Democracy in the fact that everything possible has been said in extolling Mr. Roosevelt's virtues, and the country is possibly just a little bit weary of its strenuous Aristides. It is certain that Mr. Roosevelt will win very few votes between now and November; he may lose many. On Thursday afternoon he touched his maximum strength—a sufficient and overwhelming strength it may be; but his qualities and the position of his party are so well known that, if there is any weakness to-day, that weakness is irreparable. Either Mr. Black's boasting was truth or mere bluster; let the Democrats prove which.

Their hope of beating Roosevelt lies in striking him where he is vulnerable—in his enormous egotism and capacity for swift error; and in attacking his party where it is most open in its stolid adhesion to the selfish interests it has wilfully confused with the American people. The combination of a man of solid parts standing on principle would to many be far more attractive than the spectacle of a man of glamour thundering upon the slippery planks of the present Republican platform. Toward Mr. Roosevelt's future the attitude of thoughtful men is that of the publicist Nefftzer toward Bismarck, then Ambassador at Paris, whom Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Foreign Minister, had declared to be a negligible quantity. "Alas," said Nefftzer, "we shall see that man at work; he is more than dangerous—he is attractive." With all willingness to admit Mr. Roosevelt's attractiveness, there is a considerable dread of seeing the man at work.

THE PLATFORM.

A certain amount of clap-trap must be allowed for in every national platform. Its framers are no more on oath than the authors of lapidary inscriptions. Parties would not be parties if they did not, on dress parade, indulge in more or less humbug and boasting. The Democrats at St. Louis may be trusted to trumpet their own virtues as lustily as the Republicans at Chicago. But there is always a residuum in the official deliverances of a party, by which its main attitude may be determined, its hopes and fears inferred, its future policy predicted. Judging in this way the latest Republican platform, we can only say that its chief planks are an extraordinary compound of timidity and shuffling, designed to catch everything while promising nothing, and are in glaring contrast with both the character and the record of the candidate.

For cool mendacity commend us to this statement of the platform-makers at Chicago: "A Democratic tariff has always been followed by business adversity; a Republican by business prosperity." This is to affirm that the panics of 1873, 1884, and 1893 all took place under Democratic tariffs. The truth is that they all took place under Republican tariffs. The first and only Democratic tariff during the past half century, the Wilson bill of 1894, was not even introduced until six months after the panic of 1893 set in. The panic of 1893 took place under the McKinley tariff and was one of its direct consequences. The repeal of the sugar duties and the bounty on domestic sugar caused a deficit in the public revenues. This occurred simultaneously with the Sherman Silver act of 1890, which was passed as a log-rolling measure to help the McKinley tariff through the Senate. When the panic of 1893 took place, the Republican politicians did not ascribe it to a Democratic tariff. They said that it was caused by a fear that there would be a Democratic tariff. They ignored the McKinley tariff and the Sherman Silver bill, which were existing facts of their own devising (facts quite sufficient to account for the mischief), and charged it all to the election of Cleveland—not to anything that Cleveland had done, but what they expected he would do. The Wilson tariff, which came a year and a half later, maimed and perverted as it was, repaired in part the unhappy consequences of the Republican "deal" with the silverites

in 1890. It restored the sugar duties and repealed the sugar bounties, and Mr. Cleveland caused the repeal of the Sherman act; but the mischief that had been done could not be undone in a moment. The panic of 1893 unsettled business too profoundly for instant readjustment. Time was required for healing the disorders caused by the Republican political game of 1890. Instead of saying as before that it was due to expectation of a Democratic tariff, the Republicans now ask the public to believe that the panic took place under the operation of a Democratic tariff.

Next let it be borne in mind that President Roosevelt is on record, in his Life of Benton, as a convinced free-trader. If that be dismissed as a youthful folly, knocked out of him by the necessity of getting office at the hands of protectionists, recall his public speeches as President in 1902. In them he argued openly for tariff revision, and specifically committed himself to the proposition that every duty sheltering a monopoly should be, "of course," abolished. Furthermore, his friendly biographer informs the public that one of Mr. Roosevelt's ardent ambitions is to do away with tariff abuses in his second term; while intimates of the President are taking tariff-reformers aside, in Washington and elsewhere, and assuring them that the true way to accomplish their objects is to reëlect Roosevelt. On top of these well-known facts comes the heathenish prostration of the platform-makers before the tariff fetish!

Thus we have a tariff-revising nominee upon a tariff-worshipping platform, and a bold and forthright candidate standing upon a mixture of trickery and hypocrisy. For no man can read the tariff planks without either indignation at their falsehoods or amusement at their transparent evasions and word-juggling. Talk about words being used to conceal thought—here we have words employed in the attempt to conceal cowardice and cheating. Reciprocity "wherever consistent with protection"! That is, going North so long as you go South. Reciprocity, provided it be "without injury to American agriculture, American labor, or *any* American industry." The force of slipperiness could no further go. Any New England or Western Republican who is fooled by that would be capable of buying a gold brick at every block on his way down Broadway. Evidently, there is *one* American industry which has not yet suffered injury, and that is the manufacture of tariff planks by tricksters for gulls.

All the tariff and Trust parts of the platform are conceived and expressed in so low and mercenary a spirit, bent on catching votes at any price and wheedling men into campaign contributions, that one asks wonderingly if the intention can possibly be to make the campaign on such issues. Is there nowhere a breath of the old Republican aspirations for liberty and human rights? May not the President and the Republican orators kick all these miserable shuffles about the tariff from under their feet, and make their appeal on a platform of fair play and equal rights before the law for men of every race and color? We should be glad to hope so. We should be glad to believe that the plank about disfranchised negroes and the enforcement of their Constitutional guarantees meant a vigorous and honest campaign on that issue. But, frankly, we see no proof that the party is in earnest about all that. Its chief thoughts are of war, conquest, money, and special privilege; and devotion to oppressed peoples goes ill with such absorptions. What de we find the Convention doing with the prayer of 7,000 college presidents, bishops, philanthropists, and reformers that it speak a word of hope to the Filipinos? Throwing it into the waste-basket. Suppose 7,000 manufacturers had united in asking a tariff favor! The Republican party would have bowed obsequiously to its masters. But the pleaders for liberty knocked at its door in vain.

We can judge Republican professions of solicitude for the negro only by Republican deeds in his behalf. The party has taken no decided step to recognize him as a man, fully entitled to his political rights. It permitted the nomination of a negro collector to go unconfirmed by a Republican Senate, simply because he was a black man. It talks now about "Congressional action," but what has it been doing with its Congresses while the negro has been discriminated against? Absolutely nothing. It has not even, by the Committee on Credentials, looked into the grossly unfair and illegal conditions of the suffrage in the South. Until it gives us something more than vague promises, therefore, we have no reason to suppose that it means to stir in this matter. A catch-all platform simply has a plank to catch the negro vote in the North. That was what Senator Hanna frankly confessed to be the object of the Ohio platform last year, and, till better advised, that is what we must think was the sole design of the Chicago platform.

All told, it is melancholy reading for those who remember how hatred of slavery and oppression everywhere was for years the very breath of life in the Republican party. That spirit is fled. The party falls in the dust before its new idol, and shouts only, "Great is our goddess Protection!" And even in that pitiful enslavement it has neither consistency nor courage.

"THE SOCIETY OF TO-MORROW."

The little band of French economists of which M. de Molinari is perhaps the most prominent, has long occupied a unique position. They are free-traders in a country sodden in protectionism; they uphold the liberties of the individual in a community which seems steadily drifting into socialism. In a sense, these men may be called unpractical theorists; they preach to an evil generation, which cares nothing for their message. One might suppose that they would give up—not their doctrines, for that would be mental suicide, but their attempts to persuade the world of their truth. What is the use, they might well exclaim, of preaching to those who will not listen and who cannot understand?

Very far from this is the attitude of M. de Molinari and his associates. In the *Journal des Économistes* their principles are set forth now as they have been from the beginning, and from time to time are published with fresh applications in books distinguished for clearness of grasp and admirable literary style. Like the old philosophers of whom Plato said that they went on their way without caring very much whether they were understood or not, the French economists have been content to declare the truth and to support it with arguments that are unanswerable, thinking their unpopularity no excuse for abandoning their mission. In a book entitled 'The Society of To-morrow,' just published by Messrs. Putnam, M. de Molinari contends that mankind is on the eve of passing into a greatly improved political state. He brings out with great force the truth, to which we are blinded by the maxims of democracy, that government always and everywhere is in the hands of a ruling caste or class. Governments, he explains, are of the nature of commercial enterprises. They furnish services, the chief of which are internal and external security:

> "The directors of these enterprises—the civil and military chiefs and their staffs—are naturally interested in their aggrandizement on account of the material and moral benefits which such aggrandizement secures to themselves. Their home policy is therefore to augment their own functions within the State by arrogating ground properly belonging to other enterprises; abroad they enlarge their domination by a policy of territorial expansion. It is nothing to them if these undertakings do not prove remunerative, since all costs, whether of their services or of their conquests, are borne by the nations which they direct."

The nation has really no choice but to accept the policy of its Government. When the nobility ruled, it had a certain proprietary interest in the nation. The people were its estate, which it was interested in having flourish. The power exercised by the monarch or the aristocracy was justified by the state of war in which mankind has until recently lived. The necessity of repelling attack gave the sovereign unlimited power over the lives and wealth of his people. When the ownership of the political establishment passed into the hands of the na-

tion, representatives, agents, or delegates undertook to exercise this power. They are nominally chosen by those members of the nation who possess political rights, but they become the nominees of parties. The latter are really armies contending for the advantages which go with the exercise of government. In order to enlist recruits they must promise rewards, which consist in offices of all kinds. The managers of the parties are compelled to make the interest of party supreme, regardless of the interest of the commonwealth. In fact, the nations find themselves to-day overwhelmed with debt, and compelled to apply two-thirds of their enormous taxes to military purposes.

Clearly, M. de Molinari argues, the conditions suitable to the state of war have been perpetuated in an age which already enjoys the state of peace. There is no longer occasion for military expenditure, or for the absolute control exercised by Government over the liberties of its subjects. The limits of nations are now defined; the titles to the several parts of the earth have been quieted. Just as the individual yielded a portion of his liberty to the community in order to obtain protection, so the nations must now relinquish their right of private war. A collective guaranty against aggression must be substituted for the armaments that are now crushing the life of the peoples. The smaller States of Europe are no longer required or allowed to wage war; the concert of the Powers compels them to adjust their quarrels by arbitration.

This association of the great Powers is compelled to justify its interference with the proceedings of States which, though small, are nominally sovereign and independent. They do so by appealing to the rights of humanity and the demands of civilization. Thereby they invoke a higher law than their own sovereign will, a greater power than that of their armies. The ramifications of trade are now so extensive that all nations may be affected by a war between any two Powers, and the interests of neutrals are more and more asserted and recognized. Release from the burdens of this state of war will enable civilization to bound forward. "The economy in blood and treasure will be no more than an incident of the benefits accompanying the advent of a state of peace. A new cycle of progress will be opened, the era of a new and better life for humanity."

It is easy to sneer at Molinari's powerful argument as implying but an iridescent dream. No doubt the ruling classes will struggle hard to maintain and to extend a system of government which furnishes them so many advantages at the expense of the common people. But the stars in their courses fight against them. The Tribunal of The Hague has already done far more than would have been thought possible a few years ago, and it has but begun its work. It remains only for enlightened and benevolent men in all countries to insist that their governments shall enter into a confederation for the orderly adjustment of their differences. If individuals submit to the decision of the court of justice, associations of individuals can do so. It is immaterial that these associations are called nations; or rather it is all the more material that these great communities should take the final step in the advance of civilization which began with the suppression of private war.

THE COLLEGE SMALL BUT FIT.

The accomplished Latinist, Professor Morris of Yale, speaking at the Williams Commencement dinner, shook the idols of that typical small college rather sharply when he reminded it that, Topsy-like, it was growing into a large college. He added that his hearers should welcome the change, as he did, and give over the futile attempt to remain small; trying rather, in full consciousness of inevitable increase of numbers, to maintain their traditional social and academic life. His forecast is fully borne out by the statistics. Thirty years ago the small colleges of the East—Williams, Lafayette, Brown, Bowdoin, Amherst, Dartmouth, Hamilton, Union, Rutgers—averaged somewhere about 200 students each; to-day, with few exceptions, these colleges number about 400, while Dartmouth with over 700, and Brown with over 900, have passed numerically out of the class. In another aspect, the small colleges of to-day have about as large an attendance as the large colleges of a generation ago, and only the multiplication of new institutions—an unlikely event—will save the small colleges from becoming virtually extinct as such.

That, many feel, would be a pity; for there is not merely a relative but an absolute difference between an academic body of 300 and, say, one of 500 students. In one case there is considerable uniformity of experience, in the other extreme diversity. With classes of one hundred and fifty, or so, the divisional system breaks down, and undergraduates, instead of all coming under the instruction of a few professors, are distributed to a multitude of underlings in the academic hierarchy. At this point, too, the homogeneity of classes of about one hundred or less gives way to the more diversified activities of clubs, fraternities, and the like. So that the peculiar social and academic training which constitutes the stamp of the college tends to become blurred, and in the end we might expect to see the Amherst, Williams, or Bowdoin graduate as little redolent of his origins as, say, the bearer of a *Reifezeugniss* of his gymnasium. Or, putting it in other words, the organiaztion of a college of 500 men is necessarily much that of a college of 1,000 or 2,000, and uniformity of organization reacts upon the product—the graduate.

Now, we are not unwilling to admit that a compensating gain of larger numbers and broader activities does make up in some measure for this transformation of a peculiarly American institution, but it would be unfortunate, we are certain, that the only survivors of this historic type should be such colleges as are not small by choice, but by reason of poverty or denominational association. There is, we are convinced, a field for a group of colleges which should be small by preference—aristocratic, if you will, but aristocratic along intellectual lines. Imagine a college which admitted not more than 300 students, and provided the traditional curriculum, in which the classics, mathematics, and philosophy held the chief place. Suppose the course to be purely disciplinary, and arranged absolutely without reference to the future callings of its students. Such a college would seek in its small teaching force—twenty would be a sufficient faculty—primarily character and ability in the classroom. In all matters it would set quality of instruction before quantity of subjects and courses. Science it would teach, but chiefly in its philosophical bearings. All the men would pursue the same courses, but the contact between professor and pupil would be so close that the ambitious undergraduate might be carried in any subject far beyond the minimum requirement, while in the companionship of men of wide culture many subjects—the literatures of England and Europe, a fair acquaintance with history, all the painful small beer of the new-style curriculum—would be acquired almost without effort. For it may be assumed that the man who knew not only Greek paradigms, but the Greek drama, would find his way easily to Shakspere, Molière, or Calderon.

Utopian as this fancy may seem, nothing stands in the way of its realization except expensiveness and the difficulty of getting vitality *ex cathedra*. As for the money, people will pay for what is clearly good value; as for the danger of uniting debilities and calling the conglomerate a facuity, good ability can be had when the cause is worth its while: Kings at Cambridge and Balliol at Oxford find no difficulty in securing dons worthy of their great traditions. Plutocracy—the undoubted bane of our older colleges in the East—would hardly invade a college that admitted only honor men, while by a prudent allotment of free scholarships the tendency to merely social aristocracy would be offset. Indeed, the enthusiasm and personality of its teachers would constitute them admirable mentors for the sons of the wealthy. One can imagine an atmosphere—it exists in some of the

English colleges—in which the vulgar ostentation of wealth would be impossible. On the part of the professors would be required the conviction that simplicity and discipline are the ends of education. With them it would lie to prove that Greek and Latin have never worn out; that only the tradition of teaching them has decayed.

Such a college would, we believe, soon create a place for itself, through the conspicuous efficiency of its graduates in active life. Witness the Japanese students of the Buddhist books who plan brilliant campaigns, or the Oxford honor-men in classics who rule distant provinces of the Empire. To establish a college on this basis should attract a benefactor with an eye to the original. Meanwhile, any of the older colleges which, renouncing the vain competition with the universities, should elect to remain small on this basis, ought to win some better fame than that of an interesting survival.

THE SECRET OF HAWTHORNE.

On October 25, 1835, Nathaniel Hawthorne, then in his thirty-second year, wrote this memorandum:

"A person to be writing a tale, and to find that it shapes itself against his intentions; that the characters act otherwise than he thought; that unforeseen events occur; and a catastrophe occurs which he tries in vain to avert. It might shadow forth his own fate—he having made himself one of the personages."

Could Schopenhauer have read this note he might have taken it as the text of his wonderful essay on Genius:

"Normal intellect," says Schopenhauer, "is the medium of motives; it originally sees no more in things than their relation to the will—the direct, the indirect, the possible." "Where the representing power of the brain has such a surplus that a pure, distinct, objective picture of the outside world is formed *without a purpose*—a picture which is useless for the purposes of the will, and in the higher degrees a hindrance, nay, which can even be an injury to them—there the predisposition at least exists to that abnormity which is denoted by the name of *genius*, indicating that here something foreign to the will—that is, to the real ego—as though it were a genius coming from the outside, seems to become active."

That Hawthorne did not write the particular tale suggested by his note of 1835 would thus be explicable by the fact that most of his great works are more or less of that character. And the explanation would be confirmed by Hawthorne's experiences. The most delicate of moralists as to his life and will, his book 'The Scarlet Letter' was accused of immorality. It wove a halo around an impenitent outcast who says to her reverend lover, "What we did had a consecration of its own." Twelve years before, in 'Endicott and the Red Cross' (1838), the wearer of the letter had no halo: "Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth, with golden thread and the nicest art of needlework." Hawthorne being one-third Puritan but two-thirds artist, Hester's "nicest art" threaded its way to the artist and carried the Puritan along helplessly. As for the famous portrait of the old inspector of the Custom House, after the artistic two-thirds (the genius) had finished it, the prudent one-third limpingly tried to overtake and arrest it. But advanced sheets had already been sent to the *Literary World*, the veto was too late or disregarded, and Salem Custom House turned into a hornet's nest. A daughter of the deceased inspector talked of "cowhiding" Hawthorne. "He holds a dark steed hard," said Emerson of Hawthorne, but the dark steed had a way of taking the bit in his mouth, and sometimes brought the benevolent man to wonder at what his genius had done. My friend Mr. G. M. Williamson has in his Hawthorne collection a copy of 'The Scarlet Letter' with a marginal note in Hawthorne's handwriting on this sentence relating to the inspector: "I have heard him smack his lips over dinners every guest at which, except himself, had long been food for worms." Hawthorne has written on the margin: "I myself have often been the recipient of his titbits, and my children also. This is my gratitude for it."

Mr. Williamson sends me a letter written to him by a scholar born in Salem (1834) who says:

"I remember very well walking up Essex Street behind Hawthorne, who wore an ample cloak with a high velvet collar, and following him—for we were bound for the same place—into the Salem Athenæum Library, where he would glide into one alcove and I into another, he to read I know not what, and I to devour the works of Fielding and De Foe. There seemed then to be a sort of lonely, mysterious air about him, quite in keeping with the impression made on me shortly afterward by 'The Scarlet Letter.' I can distinctly recall the hubbub created by the preface, and the loudly expressed indignation of the clerks in the Custom House and their families. It was a Mr. Dutch, I think, who revelled in the memory of a goose he had once eaten, and it was a daughter of his who talked of 'cowhiding' Hawthorne. Mr. Dutch clung to his queue and shoebuckles after these fashions had disappeared. 'Joe' Waters was the young man with literary aspirations; it was a brother of his who worked out the history of John Harvard, founder of the University. General 'I'll try' Miller, who lived in a brick house near the Custom House—a house once occupied by Bowditch the mathematician—I can see in my mind's eye at this moment, and Hawthorne's description of him is stereoscopic."

Many examples of the waywardness of Hawthorne's genius might be quoted: he narrowly escaped a lawsuit for the character of Judge Pyncheon ('House of the Seven Gables'); he vexed the "come-outers" flocking to Emerson ('Mosses from an Old Manse'), also many Brook Farm pilgrims ('The Blithedale Romance'), and set England in an uproar by 'Our Old Home.' These echoes surprised and distressed Hawthorne; he had no desire to trouble any mortal. It was also a sorrow to him that the shadows were so thick in his tales. "Ah, if I could only write a sunshiny book!" So he said to Fields; but happily his genius said, No. Sunshine! What, and put out all the mystical constellations and the tender moonlight and sweet dreams! Hawthorne never wrote a popular book. The 'Life of Franklin Pierce' bearing his name* brought sunshine to a political party, and a kind of sunshine to the home his genius had stinted; but those for whom his real works were written love him as Ben Jonson loved Shakspere, "on this side idolatry," because through him spoke the World-soul from its depths. Emerson, prophet of the Over-soul, recognized its counterpart where

> "The patient Dæmon sits
> With roses and a shroud;
> He has his way, and deals his gifts—
> But ours is not allowed."

I long ago remarked that there was a Hawthorne cult, and that its devotees were nearly all people publicly advocating causes and reforms with which Hawthorne had no sympathy. Hawthorne's 'Life of Franklin Pierce' probably made Pierce President, but while other men of ability on the pro-slavery side—Webster, Choate, Everett, etc.—had been steadily impaled by anti-slavery orators, I remember no denunciation of Hawthorne. John Lothrop Motley was his most intimate friend in Europe, and had him as his guest for a time in London. I asked Lady Vernon Harcourt, Motley's daughter, how she and her father, with their strong anti-slavery principles, managed to get on with the biographer and consul of Pierce. "Ah, well," she said, "he came from Fairyland." W. W. Story and his wife in Rome, who described to me the jubilant days when Hawthorne and Motley were both there, and how the three men rambled together like boys in holiday, felt, like Hiram Powers and Sumner, inclined to whitewash Pierce because he had lifted the Hawthornes out of poverty.

When 'Our Old Home' appeared, the English reviews were so wrathful that Fields told me Hawthorne begged him to send no more of them. But when, soon after I was in England, meeting the author's friends and readers, I found no resentment among them at all. Browning, Lord Houghton, Francis Bennoch, Lord Dufferin, Tom Hughes, Henry Bright, Charles Bray—all active sympathizers with our anti-slavery cause, all patriots—ignored the limitations of the individual Hawthorne, and saw only the illimitable genius and the wonderful personality in which it had enshrined itself. "At my table," said Lord Dufferin to me, "he did not talk much, but showed his interest in those present and in everything said. And we felt at every moment that we were in the presence of those wonderful eyes." Mrs. Charles Bray, wife of the author of a work on 'The Philosophy of Necessity' which attracted Emerson (herself a literary lady and the particular friend of George Eliot), at Coventry, wrote me (1893) of Hawthorne:

"He took me in to dinner, and I think talked exclusively about Miss Evans, asking questions of all kinds about her, which I was glad to answer to one so appreciative and so interesting as himself. He was one of the few men of genius whose personality corresponded with the ideal we had formed of him, and to this day I can recall vividly his modest, almost shy, manner, and his very expressive and strongly intellectual face."

When I first saw Hawthorne, fifty-one years ago, there arose in my mind the line of Spenser, "Soul is form and doth the body make." I have read everything he ever wrote, have written his life, and followed his tracks through Europe and America, and at every step have had the grand figure and face of the man rise before me in a quasi-symbolical way, as if his marvellous creations were all summed up in him. Although we must, I suppose, continue to

*"I did not send you the 'Life of Pierce,' not considering it fairly one of my literary productions."—*Letter to Horatio Bridge*, October 18, 1852.

speak of "personality," I sometimes feel that there ought to be another word descriptive of the rare genius which cannot be confused with individuality, but represents universal ideas in a unique way, and this by necessity. Coleridge hesitated to apply the word "personality" to deity, and spoke of "the personeity of God." It is a far cry from the translunary deity of Coleridge to the World-soul that inspired Hawthorne, but where the actualities of human nature and life take such complete possession of an intellect that it is detached from egoism and self-interest, some profounder word than "personality" is needed to define it. And some such word would long ago have been in use were it not that this kind of genius is too rare to need a name; and indeed it at times possesses uncultured and inartistic minds that cannot give its practical uselessness the attraction of beauty, and so obtains the name of eccentricity, or perhaps insanity.

The combination of qualities in Hawthorne was rare; he was a scholar, a gentleman, a lover, an artist; that he should also have a genius supernatural enough to impress all these qualities to the work of imaging the spirits of nature, made him the magician imagined by Shakspere in *Prospero*. There have been great men who may conceivably return; but there can never be another Hawthorne. The one given us was nearly starved, and not even the still, small voice that summoned Hawthorne from Salem Custom House is now calling for the genius whose products are uncultivable and unmarketable.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

ST. LOUIS, June, 1904.

So little in the way of mere description of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has appeared in Eastern papers, that a feeling of amazement can hardly fail to strike the arriving visitor as he enters the grounds, first views the beautiful effect, and begins to apprehend the immensity of plan. The countries of the world and their products would seem to have vied with architects, sculptors, and landscape artists to produce a whole of surpassing splendor, which not to see means distinct loss.

The centre, the point of departure, as it were, for a sort of radial system, is, of course, the great Festival Hall, crowning a fine natural hill. Upon its enormous organ constant recitals will be given by famous organists of many nations. From either side of this dominating structure the imposing "Terrace of States" curves outward, a chain of colonnades flanked by sculptured groups and by flower beds in fullest bloom, and ending in a noble pavilion at either end. Immediately in front of the Festival Hall a series of mighty cascades tumbles downward into the quiet central lagoon; from the pavilions branch two lesser lagoons, which, with various intersecting canals, flowing under low, arched bridges, make a charming system of waterways.

As one emerges upon the high terrace before Festival Hall—perhaps the finest vantage-point for a first general view of the heart of the Exposition—the effect is well-nigh dazzling as the glance wanders across the foam of descending cascades to a veritable fairyland of beauty, a white city of radiant architecture and adornment, fountains near at hand springing up to catch the sun in a myriad rainbows, flowers of a thousand tints brightening lawns, banks, and sunken gardens, fine statuary on every hand, and all in wonderful harmony with a dignified and impressive plan. Comparison with the Court of Honor at Chicago at once suggests itself, but without serious detriment to either. Each is perfect, a gem, in its own way. At Paris in 1900 there was no central expanse comparable to either of these, with the possible exception of the vista from the Trocadéro down to the Eiffel Tower. In magnitude, actual and spiritual, Saint Louis stands unrivalled.

Another method of attempting to apprehend superficially the immensity of the entire scheme is to take a car of the intramural railway, at its first station near the building devoted to Varied Industries, and circumnavigate the grounds. With their twelve hundred and forty acres, this is not a trip of a moment. We first pass the Transportation Building, which, by the way, contains far more of interest than corresponding exhibits in any previous exposition, showing everything on its subject from Indian runners, pony express, and the white-topped "prairie schooner" of the early settler, and a dozen or more old locomotives in progressive order, to the most perfectly equipped modern train, in which private and parlor cars vie with one another in black oak, Tiffany lamps, and other truly artistic furnishings. Nor are the examples of the subject confined to this country, for sedan chairs, palanquins of various sorts, and the picturesque methods of travel prevalent in many portions of the globe, primitive and civilized, ancient and modern, offer hours of object-lessons to the non-travelled visitor.

Great Britain's pretty brick country-house, with its formal gardens, huge English policemen, and historic furnishings, comes next, and just beyond rises the lovely curved roof and brilliant coloring of China's Oriental domain. Inside are many rare and beautiful objects in old carved furniture inlaid with ivory and pearl, ancient embroideries, scroll pictures, and more than the usual native wealth of adornment. After this the car strikes the outskirts, and, under the shade of many old trees originally in the Forest Park appropriated to the Exposition, reaches a station near the permanent stone buildings to be occupied a year or more hence by Washington University. At present the Board of Lady Managers has here its pleasant headquarters, while another wing contains anthropological exhibits and the Jubilee presents of Queen Victoria. Sometime the inner quadrangle will be an academic retreat, but for this year its inauguration is confided to the Exposition visitor.

Still onward, the car will carry one past the Physical Culture Building, the big athletic field, and stadium, capable of seating nearly 30,000 persons, to the American Indian industrial exhibit. But of greater interest to the casual visitor are the native Indian villages just beyond, in whose picturesque tepees organized industries never had a place, whose architecture is wholly aboriginal, and where the simple life of squaw and pappoose and unemployed brave goes on in full view of the passing throng. Other native villages also cluster in this portion of the grounds, most conspicuous those of Filipinos and Moros, many shacks overhanging the waters of a small pond, quite after their home habit. A good imitation of the walls of Manila and one of its gateways has been erected here, the whole approached by a bridge, which might span the actual moat surrounding the walled city itself.

Fortunately, the intramural cars run slowly, and one has ample opportunity to watch the approach to the Forestry and Fisheries Building, which contains an immense amount of interesting and valuable material, New Zealand and Japan especially making a fine showing. The Government pictures of good and bad tree-cutting, the forceful illustrations of the really brutal method generally employed in this country of despoiling forests without a thought of their absolute extermination, and, on the other hand, the proper way of cutting conservatively, with an eye to future years, cannot fail, it would seem, to impress even the most thoughtless. The pretty little Ceylon edifice and its opposite neighbor representing India appear just here, and the United States life-saving station, where at intervals during the day may be watched the entire process of rescuing survivors from wrecks. In full view, too, is the huge floral clock adorning the lawn at one entrance of the enormous building devoted to Agriculture, which is said to contain over four miles of aisles. One can well believe it when an entire day may be most entertainingly spent in going once around the outer aisles with only casual inspection of their riches, and then realizing that the whole interior has practically not been touched. The famous floral clock will become constantly more beautiful as the season advances and the dial-figures of blossoming plants grow larger and more brilliant. The minute-hand of this original time-piece is reported to weigh twenty-five hundred pounds.

Throughout this portion of the grounds, and increasingly as the Horticultural Building is approached, is a fine display of gardens, lawns, nurseries, and shrubs, themselves an effective illustration of methods. For ten minutes or more after leaving this building the car passes delightfully through the original park forest, a gently rolling country, richly wooded with oaks, chestnuts, black walnuts, and other trees indigenous to the region, finally emerging at the Inside Inn, said to be capable of accommodating 4,000 or 5,000 guests. While of light and temporary construction, exits are so numerous and the walls so low that it would seem impossible for a fire to result in loss of life. Many of the great conventions have here their headquarters from time to time very conveniently, thus eliminating the nightly crush in trolley cars and suburban trains.

Grouped picturesquely in this hilly quarter of the grounds among the fine old trees are homes of the various States—Missouri's large and airy; that of Massachusetts simple and colonial, with a good but small collection of historical relics. Iowa and Kansas show statues and portraits of their famous men, while Mississippi brings an interesting replica of "Beauvoir," the home

of Jefferson Davis, filled with old mahogany, china, and portraits, many of them genuine relics from the original mansion. New Jersey and Connecticut are very perfectly colonial, the latter showing, perhaps, the most delightful interior anywhere in the grounds. New York and Pennsylvania are imposing and stately, and the others more or less characteristic, as the minds of a State's representatives turned to present effect or historic suggestion. Along shady ways one may reach the big Government Building below, where, from the wide flights of low steps, another fine vista opens over a pretty sunken garden, aflame with flowers, to the central lagoon and plaza. This building is always thronged, its exhibits unfailingly interesting and educative, from representations of the Yosemite and Yellowstone to the famous Signet meteorite, and cases of relics rescued from the Dead-Letter Office. After the "Missouri" station of the intramural railway, but a single one remains before its ending, just after passing the "model city," with town hall, churches, hospitals—a municipal object-lesson well worth study.

Having viewed the beautiful effect from the lofty height of Festival Hall, it is well, after emerging from the car at this final station, to walk a few steps onward in the same direction, until the same vista can be seen from the opposite and lower end. At this point one looks first over the wide Plaza Saint Louis, with its statues and the Louisiana monument, to the central lagoon and cascades, fountains, and Festival Hall. Here surges back and forth under the trees a never-ending, but never closely packed crowd, listening to band concerts frequently in progress from an open pavilion near the centre, or passing in and out of the four great buildings on either hand, devoted to manufactures, varied industries, electricity, and education. The Lindell Boulevard entrance "gives" upon the plaza just here, and affords an effective first view.

There is not space even to touch upon individual exhibits in all these huge buildings, almost bewilderingly diverse and interesting as they are. From French costumes and Redfern gowns, German vases, cut-glass and art silver, to Italian statuary, Dutch tiles, and Tiffany lamps, Arizona turquoise and Austrian chrysoprase, the procession of beauty and achievements grows, and it becomes well-nigh hopeless to absorb even a superficial impression, in a mere week or two, of this conjunction of world industries. Japan is particularly well represented. Besides its own charming houses and gardens in the neighborhood of "Jerusalem" and "Morocco," and its "Pike" temple and teahouse and attendant jinrikishas, nearly every building shows extensive and complete exhibits from this most versatile of nations. And they were installed practically on time.

Much has been written of the unfinished condition of grounds and exhibits, but it almost seems that undue prominence has been given this aspect of the Fair. In May and early June, to be sure, freight cars did come in with belated trophies, many thoroughfares were not paved, and an army of gardeners was still engaged in sodding, planting, and making waste places beautiful. But buildings and general effects were there, and exhibits enough for months of study. And in the last weeks of May every individual laborer's work seemed to tell. By the middle of June unfinished bits were in a rapidly vanishing minority. Of course one cannot understand why every great exposition should apparently of necessity be behindhand by a year or two, and then fail to meet the opening day in completeness as well; and perhaps that will be the point of coming advance in such affairs of the future. But even in May there was much to dwell upon quite as obvious as unpreparedness, and far more interesting. While this point of criticism is at hand, however, we may also mention that the management fails in being considerably less strict than that of Chicago in 1893 as to the throwing about of refuse by visitors; and many fine lawns in the neighborhood of the numerous chairs and benches thoughtfully provided for public comfort are made hideous by orange and banana skins, discarded boxes, and papers. There are receptacles for such things, and printed requests to use them, but these are not steadily enforced, as at Chicago. The Jefferson Guards are helpful and amiable, but not so generally intelligent, as to finding special exhibits or persons, as the corps of young men, many of them students in Western colleges, who push about the countless wheel chairs. Though not as easily propelled or comfortable as Japanese jinrikishas, which would indeed have been a boon in this enormous pleasure ground, the chairs form a welcome relief to most persons from the weariness of continual walking, and there are comparatively few vacant ones. Industrious and conscientious sight-seers, stout women, elderly men, are met at every hand rolling about grounds and buildings with satisfaction and relief depicted upon their wearied countenances.

Two subjects remain, without some mention of which no article, however general, would be even superficially complete—and they are at the antipodes from one another—the Pike and the Art Palace. Prof. Halsey C. Ives, chief of the fine-arts department, says the loan exhibition will be the finest ever shown; and although this central portion of the big building was not thrown open to the public for many weeks, I have had the pleasure of seeing some fine things in process of placing, many splendid sculptures, and premonitions of what is to come. Both wings were early finished, and one may study room after room of German art, beautiful and characteristic specimens of Dutch painting, while Italy, France, and Sweden have contributed generously to the very remarkable whole. In the latter department the portraits by Zorn are especially strong, and are constantly surrounded. In the sections devoted to Japan are some typical snowstorms, early morning mists, and other effects full of the dreamy suggestiveness of the native art, which make these rooms a delight. Just beyond are bronzes, ivory carvings, and wonderful cut velvets, while, penetrating still farther, a room is reached wherein Japanese artists have depicted Japanese scenes, to be sure, but through the medium of foreign training. In some way all the elusive charm, the subtle aroma of the purely native art, has vanished. It is good painting, the technique cannot be criticised, the scenes depicted recall vividly the flowery country; yet it is wholly unsatisfying. Even the faint odor of Japan which always hovers about any considerable collection from its shores, and which touches all these rooms with a reminiscent charm, fails to idealize these good Japanese paintings by Japanese artists done in "foreign" style. The educative value of the Fine Arts Building, taken as a whole, can hardly be overestimated. Indeed, the entire Exposition may be said to give, in the language of a recent visitor, "the maximum of cosmopolitan knowledge with a minimum of mileage."

The Pike is an expurgated Midway, but brilliant enough it is, especially in the evenings, when it is thronged with visitors, many of whom have just come from dining at the "Tyrolean Alps," where most delicious dinners are served to the music of a large orchestra discoursing Wagner and Beethoven as the courses progress. China and Japan, Cairo and "mysterious Asia" add their quota of picturesque passers to the daily evening throng, and it is a spectacle which must not be missed. But far from the Pike, near the central lagoon at night, is where the beauty of the plan comes to fullest flower. Every architectural accent, every dome and pillar, column and tower, and gable—in fact, every line of all the buildings—is outlined in light which sheds a soft radiance into every corner. Fountains and cascades come forth in pale emerald green, gondolas ply softly back and forth along enchanted waterways, and the fairy city of some master mind seems to have come to actual life before us.

We may quote from Mr. Gilder's sonnets of the "vanishing city" of 1893 words equally applicable here. Perhaps this latest embodied dream may yet find its own poet:

"Never before—
Save where the soul beats unembodied wings
'Gainst viewless skies—was such enchanted shore
Jewelled with ivory palaces like these:
By day a miracle, a dream by night;
Yet real as beauty is, and as the seas
Whose waves glance back keen lines of glittering light,
When million lamps and coronets of fire
And fountains as of flame to the bright stars aspire."

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

THE LAST YEARS OF MME. DE MAINTENON.

PARIS, June 17, 1904.

The last years of Madame de Maintenon were spent in complete retreat, and historians have had nothing to say about it. Whatever may have been the faults of her youth and of her life, she showed, after the death of Louis XIV., whom she survived by four years, that she had a sense of dignity which has generally been wanting in the favorites of kings. She had succeeded in bringing Louis XIV. to the foot of the altar; Scarron's widow had become the wife of the great king, of whom she said, during the years of his courtship, "Je le renvoie toujours découragé, jamais désespéré." A French writer, very severe on Madame de Maintenon, said of her once: "After all, she had one great merit—she kept Louis XIV. from becoming Louis XV." Saint-Simon, who felt a bitter hatred for her, writes in his Memoirs:

"Saturday evening, April 15, the celebrated and fatal Madame de Maintenon died at Saint-Cyr. What a noise this event would have made in Europe if it had happened some years ago! It was, perhaps, hardly known in Versailles, which is so near Saint-Cyr; in Paris, people scarcely speak of it. . . . She retired to Saint-Cyr at the moment of the king's death, and had the good sense to report herself dead to the world and never to set foot out of the

limits of this house. She would see nobody coming from the outside, with the exception of a very small number of people of whom I am going to speak, without asking anything, recommending anybody, or mixing herself with anything that might involve the pronouncing of her name."

Among the few people alluded to by Saint-Simon was her niece, the Countess de Caylus, with whom she corresponded regularly. This correspondence, which has almost the proportions of a diary, was partly and sometimes inexactly published by La Beaumelle. Madame de Maintenon's letters were lately in the hands of Count d'Haussonville; those of Madame de Caylus are in the archives of Mouchy, and their owner, the Duke de Mouchy, has allowed M. d'Haussonville to use them for a study of the last years of Madame de Maintenon.

Marthe-Marguerite le Valois de Villette de Mursay was born on the 17th of April, 1671, in the château of Mursay, which had belonged to Agrippa d'Aubigné. Her father, the Marquis de Villette, was the grandson of Agrippa d'Aubigné. He was a *chef d'escadre* in the French navy. "A Huguenot, like his grandfather, he was hard to convert at a time when all the Protestant nobility were eager to abandon the Reformation; and when he resolved to embrace the Catholic religion, it seems to have been with entire sincerity and without any ulterior motive, for he drily told the King, who complimented him, that it was the only occasion in his life when he had not had for his object to please his majesty." During an absence at sea of M. de Villette, the young Marthe-Marguerite was taken to Germain, with two cousins, who were Huguenots, as she herself was at the time. In her 'Souvenirs' Madame de Caylus says that they all three offered to the persons who wished to convert them a resistance "infinitely glorious to Calvinism." She adds, however: "I wept much at first, but the next day I found the King's mass so beautiful that I consented to become a Catholic on condition that I should hear it every day, and that I should be guaranteed against whipping. This was the only controversy employed and the only abjuration which I made."

Madame de Maintenon has been very justly blamed with this kidnapping of a child nine years old, and this conversion made without the consent of the child's parents. The child was educated from this time under the eyes of Madame de Maintenon, who chose a husband for her as soon as she came of age. The choice was not very happy. Madame de Caylus says nothing herself of her husband, the Count de Caylus, who belonged to the family of the Caylus who was a playfellow of Henri III. and was killed in a duel. Saint-Simon simply says that he was "blasé, and stupefied with wine and brandy." He was always in debt, and after a time Madame de Maintenon had him sent to his regiment. Madame de Caylus lived at court, under the guardianship of Madame de Montchevreuil, of whom Madame de Caylus says in her 'Souvenirs': "She was a person of merit if merit consists in having no *galanteries;* cold and dry, of a sad physiognomy, a mind less than mediocre, and a zeal capable of disgusting the most pious with piety."

Saint-Simon spoke in these terms of Madame de Caylus: "There never was a more intelligent, touching, speaking face, such freshness, so much grace and wit and gaiety, such a seductive creature. She had much success at court, and had the imprudence to become too intimate with the Duchess de Bourbon, a daughter of Madame de Montespan." Madame de Maintenon did not approve of this intimacy, and Madame de Caylus had to leave the court for a little while. M. d'Haussonville will have it that there was another and a more serious cause, which is not alluded to in the 'Souvenirs.' Madame de Caylus had a liaison with M. de Villeroy.

"History," he says, "has been hard upon Villeroy, seeing in him the type of the courtier who uses his favor to climb to the highest offices, and who shows himself incapable of fulfilling them. . . . But when we look a little nearer we can understand how he could have filled so long such a place in the life of a woman like Madame de Caylus, though he was twenty-seven years her senior. In his youth he was called 'le Charmant,' and some women, even if they are of a very noble nature and very distinguished mind, are not insensible to this kind of seduction. Madame de Lafayette, who knew well her own sex, in order to explain the sentiment which draws the Princess of Clèves towards the Duke of Nemours, repeats several times that this Prince was 'admirably well built'; and Madame de Sévigné, always ironical, laughs several times at the impression which the fine legs of the hero produce on the chaste heroine."

Villeroy was not only handsome: he was personally very brave; and Saint-Simon says of him that he was "just the man to preside at a ball, to be the judge at a tournament, and, if he had had a good voice, to sing at the opera the parts of kings and heroes; very well fitted to set the fashion, and nothing more." Madame de Caylus fell under the charm. After she left the court she lived in Paris, in a hôtel in the Rue de Vaugirard, where she led an elegant and free life, gave suppers, and had a salon. Racine was sometimes among her guests; he had not forgotten that when she was at Saint-Cyr she played a part in "Esther." La Fare, the poet, was one of her intimate circle, and wrote verses for her, a few of which are still remembered:

"M'abandonnant à la tristesse,
Sans espérance, sans désirs,
Je regrettais les sensibles plaisirs
Dont la douceur enchanta ma jeunesse.

. . . . . .

Alors j'aperçus dans les airs
L'enfant maître de l'univers,
Qui, plein d'une joie inhumaine,
Me dit en souriant: Tircis, ne te plains plus.
Je vais mettre fin à ta peine:
Je te promets un regard de Caylus."

The great ladies of the time always chose a spiritual director, one of those priests who were the confidants, not only of their faults, but of their troubles of mind, of their doubts, if they had any. Such was their influence that the grave and austere Nicole said: "There is a spiritual as well as a sensual *galanterie.*" The spiritual friend and director of Madame de Caylus was Father de la Tour. He was of a good family, and spent his youth at the court of the Grande Mademoiselle, at Eu or at the Luxembourg. He became an Oratorian. He acquired a great influence over Madame de Caylus, who by degrees changed her life, renounced the society of Villeroy, of La Fare, and of her gay friends.

Her conversion did not quite reconcile her to her aunt. Madame de Maintenon wrote to the Cardinal de Noailles: "I should have been pleased if I had seen her simple, valuing piety everywhere, reading all that is good, without pretension, and seeking the greatest simplicity as befits our sex; but there is no more simplicity amid all our novelties. Women trail pride with them; they want books made for them, fine translations. I don't know why the spiritual directors of these women do not keep them more humble." This last was in allusion to the Jansenists, for Father La Tour, though he was a superior of the Oratorians, was suspected of Jansenism. Dangeau writes in his Journal of January 7, 1705: "The King has given a pension of four thousand francs to Madame de Caylus. She already had a pension of six thousand. It has been desired that she should cease to be under the direction of Father de la Tour, and she has taken a director who does not belong to the Oratory."

The letters of Madame de Maintenon to her niece are well worth reading. She suspected the latter of not being seriously changed:

"You have never been devout but for politic reasons; you think only of marrying again [M. de Caylus died at Brussels in 1704]. . . . Live in peace, my dear niece; don't become worldly again. Choose a certain number of friends to make your particular society. See few men and only honest men. Live in the old fashion. Have always a woman working in your room when you are with a man. Mistrust the most virtuous of them; mistrust yourself. Believe one who has had experience and who loves you. You are still young and handsome. In God's name, don't commit yourself, and don't commit others. Don't be obstinate in anything. Follow the common rule. Be simple, and forgive my affection this little instruction."

Think of this "instruction" coming from a person who was almost the Queen of France, who had the court of Versailles under her sway, Louis XIV., the princes and princesses of the blood at her feet! It is clear that, with these sentiments, Madame de Maintenon did not find it difficult to change her life after the death of Louis XIV., and to retire to Saint-Cyr, From her retreat she continued to write constantly to her niece. Madame de Caylus survived her aunt by ten years; she died a few months after Villeroy, on April 15, 1729. The *Mercure* mentions her death in two lines: "In this month died the Countess of Caylus, an infinitely distinguished person. Her death occasions regrets." And this is all. But, in truth, Madame de Caylus would not have been remembered if she had not been the niece of Madame de Maintenon.

Correspondence.

THE ECCENTRIC CAPTAIN M'NIELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of the life of the famous Sir John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, in the *Nation* of May 19, 1904, your reviewer recites that, while in Italy, Colborne met an American sea captain—name not given, but described as the ugliest man he ever saw—who gave a ball at Naples and borrowed a beautiful band, and, after the ball was over, sailed away, and took the band off to America as a present to the President, for which he was dismissed the service; adding, "But what, we wonder, became of the band?"

By referring to Cooper's 'History of the Navy of the United States' (vol. i., p. 355, 1st ed., p. 324, 2d ed.) it appears that this

officer was Capt. Daniel McNiell of the frigate *Boston* 28. When, in 1801, President Jefferson appointed Robert R. Livingston minister to France, Capt. McNiell was ordered to carry the new envoy to a French port. After encountering a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay, in which he discovered perfect seamanship and the utmost coolness under circumstances particularly trying, Capt. McNiell landed his passengers and proceeded to the Mediterranean. In a note Cooper adds:

"The eccentricities of Capt. McNiell have become traditional in the service. While at Sicily during this cruise a band belonging to one of the regiments quartered at Messina was sent on board the ship, and he brought the musicians to America, it is said, without their consent. A portion of these men were on their way back in the *Chesapeake* in 1807, when that ship was attacked by the *Leopard*. On another occasion, he is said to have sailed from Toulon, leaving three of his own officers on shore and carrying off three French officers, who had been dining on board, with a view to keep up his complement! The latter were carried across to the African coast and put in a fishing vessel, but many months elapsed before all his own officers could rejoin their ship. Capt. McNiell subsequently commanded a revenue cutter, and performed a gallant thing in the war of 1812. He is said to have been the son of the Capt. McNiell who commanded the *Boston* 24 in the war of the Revolution, though we possess no other evidence of this fact than common report. Neither his seamanship nor his gallantry was ever questioned."

Capt. McNiell was not dismissed the service. When the *Boston* returned home after this cruise, he quitted the service under the Reduction law of 1801, which required the sale of all ships of the navy except thirteen frigates, and dropped all the captains but nine. Among other captains who left the service under this reduction were the elder Decatur, father of Commodore Stephen Decatur, and Christopher R. Perry, father of Commodore O. H. Perry. The first lieutenant of the *Boston* on this last cruise of Capt. McNiell was the lamented Richard Somers, who perished in the explosion of the *Intrepid*, the "Infernal," or floating mine, which Commodore Preble sent into the harbor of Tripoli on the night of September 4, 1804.

FRANKLIN L. CHASE.

CHICAGO, June 23, 1904.

TELLING THE TIME IN ITALY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are some who oppose all reforms in our ways of doing things on account of the trouble involved in making the change. They are unwilling to make any present sacrifice for a future good. For this reason many improvements in our methods of measuring and recording time have been delayed or defeated. Consider the system known as standard time, according to which places take their time from that of the nearest of certain meridians, namely, that of Greenwich, and those of 15°, 30°, 45°, and so forth, of east and west longitude. The result is that all times differ by whole hours. The advantages are untold, as all know who travel. Yet France still clings to Paris time, and a temporary inconvenience stands (with "patriotic" considerations) in the way of a lasting benefit. Again, the Julian calendar still survives in the countries where the Greek Church is dominant. Though the confusion attending the change to the Gregorian calendar would undoubtedly be great, the gain in having one calendar for all Christian nations would be incalculable. Yet the reform has been delayed for centuries.

Here in Italy there is in use a reformed manner of telling the hours of the day, which must be destined in time to prevail everywhere over the traditional manner. The hours are reckoned consecutively throughout the civil day, beginning with midnight. Noon is twelve o'clock; then follow thirteen o'clock, fourteen o'clock, and so on, up to twenty-four o'clock, or midnight. Each day has its own system of hours, and this is carried to the logical conclusion that after midnight the times are reckoned, not as 24.01, etc., but as 0.01, 0.02, . . . 0.59, because these belong to the new day, not to the old. Thus, all the difficulties of A. M. and P. M. time vanish. The Italian railway time-tables are absolutely unambiguous; no typographical device, such as the use of black-faced type, is necessary to reinforce the letters A. M. and P. M. Yet, I suppose, in spite of the care taken to distinguish morning and afternoon hours in our time-tables, we have all at some time or other made this blunder of confusing them. In Italian time-tables black-faced figures are used for the important fast trains.

As regards the serviceability of this system, I can testify that it took very little time to become used to it, even without the help of the Italian clock-face. This has Arabic figures for the hours after twelve o'clock inserted within the circle of Roman numerals to which we are accustomed. That is to say, under I you have 13; under II, 14; and so on, with 24 under XII. For the first twelve hours you use one set of figures; for the second, the other. But it is also easy to begin by associating 15, 18, 21, with 3, 6, 9 P. M. At first there was a tendency to think of 17 o'clock, for instance, as equivalent to 7 instead of 5 P. M., as if the decimal system had been introduced into our reckoning of hours. But this soon disappeared.

It is now a number of months that I have travelled by the Italian time-tables, and there is no doubt in my mind that the system is both far superior to the usual one, and by no means hard to become used to. It must be confessed that clocks apparently still strike the old hours between noon and midnight, and this is natural: twelve strokes are quite enough to count conveniently. But if some system of grouping the strokes could be introduced, it is conceivable that even 24 o'clock might be struck with clearness. On shipboard use is made of this principle of grouping for striking "bells." I am informed that the new system has been in use not more than four or five years, and very naturally both systems are in concurrent use in ordinary affairs. Why cannot the railroads of the United States inaugurate this logical and convenient manner of time-keeping in America, where we pride ourselves on adopting good things as we see them?

C. W. L. J.

SALSOMAGGIORE, June 7, 1904.

Notes.

The probable title of Prof. Willard Fiske's new work, for which the index to volume one is being prepared, will be 'Chess in Iceland and in Icelandic Literature, with Historical Notes on Other Table-Games.' The second volume will consist two-thirds of appendices, with a few notes, and will close with a bibliography.

Through L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Francis Miltoun will add to his 'Cathedrals of Northern France' a companion volume on the 'Cathedrals of Southern France,' with copious illustrations by Miss McManus.

The Oxford University Press will republish Tocqueville's 'L'Ancien Régime,' edited by G. W. Headlam, and with a text freed from the misprints common in the French editions. Mr. Frowde is about to bring out a catalogue of the loan collection of English historical personages who died prior to 1625, exhibited in the Examination Schools at Oxford under the auspices of a committee of the Oxford Historical Society. It will contain photogravure reproductions of the more striking portraits; and as "other exhibitions on the same lines are to be held later, at which more modern pictures will be on view," the new catalogue is likely to be first of a highly valuable series.

A decade has elapsed since the first publication of Havelock Ellis's 'Man and Woman,' a comparative study of sexual differences, which, though calculated for the general reader, had a strictly scientific basis, and has prompted further experiments and observations, creating the meat it fed on. So great, indeed, has been the accumulation of material that a fourth edition is now issued (Scribners), larger by fifty pages, besides a close-packed appendix of twenty more, effectively and temperately meeting Prof. Karl Pearson's criticism of Mr. Ellis's conclusions as to variability in man and woman respectively. In the retouching of his work, Mr. Ellis has had most to change in the chapter on the senses, where his original conclusions seemed sometimes paradoxical and have not always been sustained; but even here the much wider research needful to arrive at absolute certainty may swing the pendulum back again. His final summing-up is substantially undisturbed. We are glad to notice mention of many translations into foreign languages. This stimulating, informing, and liberalizing work deserves to be read by every thinking person.

There is something admirable in the steady output of the great Western serial enterprises like the 'Jesuit Relations,' the 'Philippine Islands,' etc. Already we have volumes two and three of Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites's reprints, "Early Western Travels (1748-1846)" (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.). The first of these is wholly filled by John Long's 'Voyages and Travels,' 1768-1782, published in London in 1791, a work popular in its time, and translated into Continental languages, though he was but a poor geographer. Of greatest value may be thought his Indian vocabularies, the Chippewa in the lead, partly derived from Jonathan Edwards, and partly in turn used by John Pickering in reprinting Edwards. Long's record of customs, especially among the savages with whom he hunted for furs and traded, possesses genuine worth. Volume three is composite, beginning with a special and the first English version of André Michaux's Journals, or so much of them as fall within the scope of Mr. Thwaites's series. They bear date of 1793-

1796, and are less readable than important. His son François's 'Travels' west of the Alleghanies is copied from an English translation a hundred years old, his date being 1802. Finally, a classmate of John Quincy Adams, the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, is drawn upon for his journey northwest of the same range in 1803. At Pittsburgh he came upon the flow of Seneca Indian oil, which he recognized as petroleum, and whose only use then was medicinal. A portrait of the younger Michaux serves as frontispiece, and facsimiles and maps adorn both these handsomely printed volumes. Mr. Thwaites's introductions and notes are respectively of great utility to the reader.

The "Narratives of Captivities" in progress with Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, is continued with 'The Dangers and Sufferings of Robert Eastburn,' reprinted from the edition of 1758, with introduction and notes by John R. Spears. Eastburn was "captivated" near Rome, N. Y., taken to Canada, and adopted by the Indians. He was of English birth and Quaker descent, but Whitefield captivated him for the Presbyterian faith. He was made prisoner at forty-six, and gun in hand, deacon though he was. He praises his French captors for acknowledging their victories with thanks to God on their knees, an example "worthy of imitation" and "which may make prophane pretended Protestants blush." These never acknowledge a God or a Providence in their military undertakings; "is it any Wonder that the Attempts of such are blasted with Disappointment and Disgrace!" So we remember to have heard a colored preacher enforce the power of prayer (to a colored regiment) by citing the successes of Stonewall Jackson. Eastburn's hardships were severe, but his constitution was equal to them.

'Under Croagh Patrick' (London: John Long) is a series of charming sketches of life in the west of Ireland by Mrs. William O'Brien. She has published the same in French under the title of 'Silhouettes Irlandaises' (Paris: Guillaume & Cie). There is little indeed in the first named to lead us to suppose English is not the author's native tongue. The manner of life of herself and husband on Clew Bay is simply told— their farming and gardening, all about their neighbors and their pets. The poor people around them are regarded with kindly eyes, their faults extenuated, and their virtues made the most of. Sketches of character and homely anecdotes abound. It is some time since we have met with a book relating to Ireland written in such an altogether cheerful and hopeful spirit; and surely no change can be greater than that from the storm and stress which for twenty years kept Mr. O'Brien so prominently before the world to the idyllic life here described as now led on the wild coast of the Atlantic. Have the quieting influences of this life and these surroundings had anything to do with leading Mr. O'Brien, apart from most of his old associates of the Land War, to take such a roseate view of the act of last year as a satisfactory settlement of the Irish land question?

If the term "fascinating" can be applied to any British "Blue Book," it may so be to a foolscap folio volume of 582 pages lately published—General Report of the Census of India, 1901. (The census proper appears to run to over fifty volumes.) One need go no farther for arithmetical information as to that vast dependency of the British crown. The essays (volumes, if published separately) upon education, occupation, language, religion, marriage, and caste, are especially valuable. The book is one that should be in the possession of every person specially interested in the East. During the decade 1891-1901 the population increased from 287 to 294 millions—a ratio of but 1.5 per cent., as compared to the increase, 10.9 per cent., from 1881 to 1891. This difference, some 25 millions, is to be accounted for only by the famines and pestilences that have lately supervened. No wonder that many friends of India feel there is small cause for complacency as to the actual condition of the country under its present rule. More than 180 different languages are spoken. Two hundred and ten millions of the population are engaged in agriculture, earthwork, or general labor. There are nine principal religions; the Hindus numbering 207 millions, and split up into eighty main castes. The degree to which the members of these castes can or cannot eat, associate, even touch, or receive a drink of water from each other, is one of the most curious chapters in the book, and fully explains how India fell an easy prey to wave after wave of conquest.

Regular commissions in the Indian Army have recently been granted for the first time to natives. This marks a significant advance in both Indian education and administration. The "chiefs' colleges," of which the first was founded thirty years ago by Lord Mayo, have been practical failures, mainly because they led to nothing. The one career which the Indian aristocrat regards as most worthy his station, that of arms, was closed to him. Now the graduates of these colleges can enter the Imperial Cadet Corps and receive instruction and training similar to that given at Sandhurst and West Point, and, if they pass the required examination, will receive regular commissions. The success of seven young sons of chiefs in obtaining commissions will doubtless give a stimulus to these colleges and tend to place the education of the Indian aristocracy on a sound and popular basis. In helping to satisfy, also, the aspirations of the highest and most influential class in the country for an important share in the administration, the new policy is solving one of the most difficult problems which have confronted Lord Curzon and his predecessors.

Probably few American students of the history of religions would prefer to read Chantepie de Saussaye's 'Lehrbuch' in a French translation. But those shortsighted ones to whom German is still hard, may now put off a little further the evil day and use the translation made by competent scholars under the direction of MM. Henri Hubert and Isidore Lévy as a manual for the École des Hautes Études (Paris: Armand Colin). The text of the second German edition (of 1897) has been faithfully and lucidly rendered; no attempt has been made to extend it, but some slight modifications, mostly of suppression, have been introduced with the consent of the author. The bibliographies profess to have been brought up to date, but much more could have been done in that way, and what is given is not always accurate. There is an introduction of forty-five pages by M. Hubert.

Mr. John Cotton Dana's annual report for the Newark (N. J.) Public Library is worthy of attention because of its certificate, after three years' occupancy, to the excellent design and structure of the building. The details into which he enters will profit any community about to erect a public library. Mr. Dana announces the "duplicate collection" now wholly self-supporting and a popular feature. Here the charge is a cent a day for new novels.

Dr. Sylvester D. Judd, who has in the Department of Agriculture's Year-book for 1903 a notable chapter on the economic value of the Bobwhite, is author of the Department's Bulletin No. 17 (Division of Biological Survey), entitled 'Birds of a Maryland Farm: A Local Study of Economic Ornithology,' and freely illustrated. The farm in question was studied in constant visits for seven years, with the result of supplying such a knowledge of general local and temporal conditions as would lend the broadest significance to observations. The detail entered into in this most interesting study is suggested by the index, where are grouped Birds eating ants, bees and wasps, blueberries, cherries, elderberries, grasshoppers, etc. (seventeen items in the menu); and by the picture (p. 64) of some common seeds found in crow pellets.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for June, Col. C. R. Edwards, Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, describes the organization and duties of this branch of the War Department. These may be described, in the words of the act by which it was created just two years ago, as embracing "all matters pertaining to civil government in the island possessions of the United States subject to the jurisdiction of the War Department." Special mention is made of the work of the Bureau in reference to questions of law and the tariff. The existence of land near the North Pole is shown by Mr. R. A. Harris to be indicated by the currents or drifts and tides of the Arctic Ocean. In some notes on Mantchuria, our consul at Niuchwang, H. B. Miller, records the fact that during the winter months "there are not less than 2,000 carts, each carrying two tons, per day coming to the port," many of them competing with the railway in a haul of 400 miles. He believes that, having "the happy combination of a splendid variety and vast quantities of minerals, valuable forests, great agricultural wealth, and an industrious, capable people, whose labor is, perhaps, the best in the world for its cost," Mantchuria will prove in time to be one of the richest sections of Asia. A short account is given of investigations by the Department of Agriculture as to a proposed method of checking the boll weevil by means of a red ant which in Guatemala destroys the weevil, so as to permit the successful growing of cotton.

The British expedition to Lhasa gives a special interest to Mr. Oscar T. Crosby's account, in the *Geographical Journal* for June, of a recent journey in a "corner of Tibet." It is a graphic picture of life on the northern slopes of the Himalayas, and enables one to realize some of the difficulties attending a march from India to the Lama capital. In the discussion of the paper at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir T. Holdich called attention to the fact that four hundred years

ago a large armed force of Mongols crossed the Karakoram pass, 18,550 feet, and at the close of the eighteenth century a Chinese army, 70,000 strong, marched 1,600 miles in Tibet and conquered Nepal, to put an end to the raids of the Ghurkas on the Tibetans. This he justly characterizes as one of the most remarkable military movements ever made in the world, and to this day the Nepalese send tribute every five years to China in acknowledgment of its supremacy. Prince Kropotkin, with a luminous array of facts, shows that "desiccation on a great scale has been going on in Northern Asia and Europe through the historical period," and discusses its relations to the age when a large part of this region was covered with ice, regarding it as a "necessary outcome of the preceding epoch of glaciation." Among the other contents of the *Journal* are an illustrated account of the lakes of New Zealand, and a lengthy notice of the recently published facsimiles of the Waldseemüller maps. One of these is the first on which the name America appears, and its two insets are the first instances of a division of the world into two hemispheres, each on its own projection.

Accounts of the geology of the Argentine province Buenos Aires and of Kamtchatka take up the larger part of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number four. The robbery of nature through man's destruction of his fellow-man is treated by Dr. Friedrich, who closes his study of an important subject by emphasizing the fact that the growth of population should lead to a careful husbanding of all nature's resources. Considerable space is given to the geographical curriculum of the German universities and high schools for this summer term. We note a course of lectures at Munich University on the history, constitution, industrial and social condition of the United States. Two courses are to be given in Berlin on the discovery, conquest, and religion of Mexico.

The Cologne *Gazette* reports a new decree of the Prussian Government, according to which women who have taken the regular gymnasium course and the university examination are to be allowed the *examen pro facultate docendi*—that is, the examination admitting the successful candidate to the teaching corps of the gymnasium, realgymnasium, or any school of this grade. This for the first time in Germany opens the door of secondary schools to women teachers.

The anti-foreign spirit that has been developing for several years in German universities and polytechnic institutes has found a peculiar expression in a new arrangement made by the authorities of the School of Technology in Darmstadt. The Senate has announced that, during the first three weeks of the term, only Germans will be accorded places in the lecture rooms and the work rooms, and that foreigners can, as students or *hospitants*, gain admittance only in case there are still vacancies after this period. It is announced that this policy meets the long-cherished wishes of the German students, who declare that they were crowded out by the foreign contingent, and that the insufficient preparation of the latter impeded the progress of the better equipped Germans. The University of Freiburg i. B. has just served notice that in future it will under no circumstances admit graduates of the women colleges of Russia.

The philosophical faculty of the University of Berlin has decided to discontinue the "doctor disputation" altogether, and, by the abrogation of this ceremony, has put an end to a venerable academic custom inherited from the Middle Ages. In former times such disputations were a part of the regular programme in the doctor promotions of all the faculties, and the new graduate was compelled to defend his theses in Latin against any opponent who might put in his appearance. In more recent times the Latin had been abolished, and the disputation consisted in a debate prearranged with some friendly critic and was little more than a formality. In the Prussian universities the disputation was obligatory only for those who expected to enter upon an academic career.

"There is," writes a correspondent from the peninsula, "not much excitement nor very great interest in Italy regarding the Petrarch centenary (the sixth); partly, I think, because people are tired of such festivities. Arezzo is doing what she can to arrange a little show. A small prize has been offered anonymously for an essay on Petrarch and Tuscany, sketching the various relations of all kinds which unite mother-country and son. Best of all, Rajna and others, aided by a Government appropriation, are preparing an edition of the poet's Latin writings, so long a desideratum, as the last one dates from the middle of the sixteenth century."

We read in *Minerva* that the Bros. Bocca have just published an Italian version of Emerson's 'Representative Men.' This is the first time that the work has been thus honored. Indeed, since 1867, the only Italian translation from him has been a collection of extracts on character and the conduct of life, in 1888, 1889; a neglect but slightly less than that which has befallen Lowell in Italy.

The mutual study of Japanese and English is being prosecuted in Japan with a seriousness worthy of all regard. The *Student* (published at No. 16 Gobancho Kojimachi-ku Tokio), a well-printed and illustrated semi-monthly magazine of 32 pages of the ordinary size, has reached its twenty-first number. Its editors are Dr. Inazo Nitobé, Alice M. Bacon, Anna C. Hartshorne, Umé Tsuda, and H. Sakurai. The issue, combining numbers 20 and 21, is a "Commodore Perry number." It has portraits of the naval diplomatist as he was in reality, and also in the conception of the Japanese of 1853. In both of these representations the nose is the most terrific feature. In another, "the envoy of the American king" is unmistakably of "Dago" origin, with a cross stuck in his hat. Count Okuma, the leader of the Progressive party, contributes a notable article of six pages entitled "Japan and the Anglo-Saxon Race." He pays a high tribute to Sir Harry Parkes and especially to Townsend Harris, and gives his reasons why Japan attaches herself to "the race which values the people's rights above all things." In his view the Japanese Empire is a sort of patriarchy, and the emperors of all generations in Japan have done their utmost to protect the people. Japanese civilization has centred around the Imperial House. Fine arts, morality, and literature have all developed around it, or come out of it; and while the people of Japan have never tried to lessen the imperial power, the Emperor has ever been anxious to advance the people's rights. Thus the soil of Japan was already prepared for receiving the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon nations. Other contributors are Profs. E. W. Clement and Uchimura, and Mr. Tsuzuki, chief secretary of the Privy Council. There are also corrected papers with notes and explanations. A magazine so rich in interchangeable idioms, provided it can be kept up with such fulness and ability, cannot fail to make more students of Japanese and native learners of English.

From Palestine comes the report of the discovery by the German explorers at Mutesellim, presumably the ancient Megiddo, of a fine jasper seal, having as device a lion marching, with the inscription, above and below, in very old Phœnician characters, "of Shema', the servant of Jeroboam." Presumably it was the seal of the governor of that city under King Jeroboam; but which Jeroboam it is not possible to determine. This seal possesses a peculiar value because it is the first object found in the excavations conducted in Palestine bearing a well-known Biblical name. The fact of the existence of such a seal of the time of Jeroboam is something like a guarantee that further inscribed material of the Israelite period will turn up. This seal was found by Dr. Schumacher in March. On the 20th of May Mr. Macalister, excavating for the English Palestine Exploration Fund at Gezer, on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, reported the discovery of a fragment of a tablet written in cuneiform characters, thirteen lines on one side, five on the other, with seal impressions between. This is the sixth tablet inscribed in cuneiform characters from the pre-Israelite period, approximately 1400 B. C., discovered to this date in Palestine. The first was found by Dr. Bliss at Lachish, and four (three of clay, and one of stone) by Dr. Sellim at Ta'anach, four miles east of Mutesellim.

—The July *Century* is specifically a fiction number. Margaret Deland contributes the most interesting of the short stories—not a new phase of Dr. Lavender this time, but a problem of the ethics of authorship. The hero, under the burden of prolonged ill-health and financial difficulties, brings the story to its crisis by burning a manuscript for which he has just received an offer of $7,000, rather than to run the risk of being persuaded by the entreaties and reproaches of his wife to publish inferior work, contrary to the promptings of his own conscience. In former days such a man would have received his reward before the curtain fell, but Mrs. Deland is content to help him over the edge of the frying-pan with no apparent concern as to the inevitable fire below. Miriam Michelson's second story of the Nevada Madigans is hardly up to "Cecilia the Pharisee," of the June number, but she has a mine which is capable of putting out a fair quantity of high-grade ore before it is exhausted. Among the contributions of serious interest, Andrew D. White's recollections of his service as an attaché of our minister to Russia during the Crimean War easily takes the lead. Mr. White rather regrets that the system of attachés has been dropped from our diplomatic service. Certainly its possibilities for usefulness must be rated high when one recalls that

Andrew D. White and Daniel C. Gilman simultaneously entered the service in this capacity with Minister Seymour. To Russia's slowness in catching the modern spirit, especially as illustrated in her failure to discard inferior weapons for more recent inventions, her lack of success in the Crimean struggle is largely attributed. In connection with this opinion, and in view of current events in the Far East, it is interesting to read in the same number an article by Baron Kentaro Kaneko on the Magna Charta of Japan, bringing out in a striking way the eagerness of the Japanese to adapt themselves to present-day conditions. Still another contribution to the same field of interest is a paper on Mantchuria by Consul James W. Davidson. Sylvester Baxter gives a well-illustrated description of the changes which have been authorized in the grounds and buildings of the Military Academy at West Point.

—Central Asia, if not the original home of the Indo-European and Mongolian races, was certainly one of their important resting-places, and, so far as present information goes, the home also of some of our most important domestic animals. During the Christian era, and as late as the fourteenth century, Turkestan, with its great and wealthy cities like Merv and Samarkand, played an important part in history. Numerous ruin mounds, scattered all over the surface of the country, attest its importance in the more remote past. With a grant from the Carnegie Institution of Washington, Prof. Raphael Pumpelly has commenced the excavation of some of those mounds in Russian Turkestan, just over the northeastern frontier of Persia. In a preliminary letter distributed by the Institution he gives some account of the excavation of a ruined city, Anau, surrounded by a moat and wall and occupied until within the last century, and of two great tumuli, each about a mile from Anau in the immediate neighborhood of Ashkabad (or Ashabad). A partial examination of these three sites—consisting "in terracing above the plain and in large open pits and shafts below that level" down to the original plain level, which is more than twenty feet below the present level of the plain—shows that these three sites were occupied not contemporaneously but consecutively. The result is that Professor Pumpelly seems to have been able to explore 174 consecutive feet of culture strata—a depth far exceeding that which has been found at any one point in Egypt or Babylonia. The first tumulus represents in the lower two-thirds the stone age. In the upper third the inhabitants were beginning to use copper. The second tumulus, in its lower two-thirds, represents the copper age; in its upper third, iron. The pottery of the first tumulus is entirely handmade. In the second tumulus we begin to meet with wheel-made pottery. The ruins of the city of Anau lie entirely within the iron age, and from the outset glass and enamelled pottery occur. Apparently, the foundation of this last city was contemporary with the commencement of irrigation in that section. Professor Pumpelly is very careful to make no effort to give dates, but from what he has reported so far concerning objects found, it would seem probable that the second tumulus began to be inhabited some time a little after 3000 B. C.; and the city of Anau a little before the commencement of the Christian era. The first tumulus, with its accumulation of 60 feet of débris, represents, roughly, the period antedating 3000 B. C. No written remains have been discovered in this tentative examination. Professor Pumpelly reports the discovery of vast quantities of fragments of pottery, hundreds of pounds of bones and the like, which have been sent to specialists for investigation.

—The opening of the new Library building at Somerville College on June 11 brought Mr. John Morley to Oxford for the opening address. After listening to him, the young ladies of the college entertained a large company of friends, among whom were the leading graduate members of the University. Using the poem "Demeter, a Masque," especially written for performance on this occasion by Mr. Robert Bridges, and music composed for the first two of Mr. Bridges's three songs by Mr. W. H. Hadow, and for the third song an air adapted from one of Schubert's piano compositions, these gracefully costumed amateurs afforded to the guests of the college an interesting and unique experience. The pillars and open entrance hall of the new Library were their stage-building, and the lawn in front of it was their stage as well as their audience room, bounded on various sides by leafy avenues of trees. "Hades," writes a correspondent, "prologized ominously until the chorus of Oceanides brightened the scene by their joyous entrance. Persephone, Athena, and Artemis were soon there, gathering the flowers of spring in the Sicilian vale of Enna. Left for a moment alone, Persephone was dragged away screaming by Hades, her captor. Upon this the chorus, with graceful movements of lassitude and despair, recounted in monotone to a lovely musical accompaniment their vain search, closing with

> " 'Now, since she is gone,
> All our dance is slow.
> All our joy is done
> And our song is woe.'

Demeter then entered, full of reproaches for the Oceanides. These finally merged into a calmer descriptive passage about her own fruitless search and the sad truth revealed by Helios. Next came a wonderfully worded and strikingly recited transition to wrath against Zeus, her undoer. The sympathetic voice lent to Demeter's part by the young lady who so well sustained it, made of this scene a memorable poetical experience, which culminated at last in the fine dialogue between the injured Queen and the Messenger of Zeus, dispatched to summon her to Olympus. Defiance outfaced expostulations and persuasions, and Demeter at last stood alone in the majesty of grief and indignation. Followed the first song, a dirge for the lost Persephone, uttered to the accompaniment of solemn movements and groupings pertaining to woe. The next and last scene, that of the restoration, was again dominated by Demeter, whose gradual reconcilement, under the persuasions of her daughter's love, was poetically distilled into the minds of all beholders by gestures and motions as well as by rhythmical speech." It is to be hoped that Mr. Robert Bridges may not long delay the publication of this Masque.

—The 'Transactions of the Royal Historical Society' for 1903, New Series, Vol. XVII. (London, published by the Society), contain a presidential address by Dr. G. W. Prothero and six essays on subjects mainly mediæval. Mr. Prothero's address takes the form of a proposal for a bibliography of English history since the end of the Middle Ages. The publication of Professor Gross's 'Sources and Literature of English History' has caused a good deal of generous shame to burn in the hearts of those who neglected to anticipate it, and we imagine that this fine work will prompt some scholar or band of scholars in England to take up the bibliographical thread at 1485, where Dr. Gross dropped it. Mr. Prothero, scandalized at the lack of such a manual, is led to make some candid observations regarding the defects of English character. His main point is that the English "are *not* practical in the higher and more positive sense of the word." After giving due credit to the national virtues, he proceeds: "But of the higher practicality, which consists in forethought, preparation, system, the qualities which make for national efficiency, [the Englishman] has, I fear, but a very small share. He takes routine for method, tradition for experience, habits for principles; he calls a man of ideas a star-gazer, and stigmatizes foresight as speculation; and he instinctively shrinks from, if he does not actively detest, education in general, and all knowledge that does not bear directly on the subject that he has in hand." Into the details of Mr. Prothero's bibliographical proposals we shall not enter, stating only that he offers interesting criticisms of the chief bibliographies which exist at the present time, and indicates the principles upon which such a work as he advocates should proceed. We might add that his scheme is a very large one, and would require the coöperation of numerous enthusiasts. The six essays which are also published in this volume maintain a high standard of learning and deserve the attention of professional historians. The subjects and writers are as follows: "The English Premonstratensians," by Dr. F. A. Gasquet; "The Intellectual Influence of English Monasticism," by Miss R. Graham; "Royalist and Cromwellian Armies in Flanders," by Dr. C. H. Firth; "The Development of Industry and Commerce in Wales During the Middle Ages," by Mr. E. A. Lewis; "Italian Bankers and the English Crown," by Mr. R. J. Whitwell; "Bondmen under the Tudors," by Mr. Alexander Savine.

DALHOUSIE'S INDIAN ADMINISTRATION

The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie, K. T. By Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I. 2 vols. Macmillan. 1904.

It is now nearly forty years since one of the most accomplished and amiable Englishmen of the nineteenth century, William Johnson Cory, wrote in his diary. "I should like to write a biography of some man of my own time whom I reverence. In particular I should like to write the life of Lord Dalhousie." The task to which the Eton master aspired (and it is a remarkable circumstance, in this connection, that the life of another great Viceroy, Lord Lawrence, is written by a master of Harrow, and that the best history of the Indian Mutiny is by a master of St. Paul's School) was at the time impracticable on account of the

jealous seclusion of Lord Dalhousie's official papers, which, except in so far as copies might exist in the public archives, have remained hermetically sealed until very recently. It must be concluded that Dalhousie, broken in health, though not in spirit, by eight years of incessant labor in a trying climate, felt himself unequal to the vindication of his administration from the heavy indictment to which the apparent collapse of British power in India had exposed it, and remitted the whole question to a more impartial posterity. He has undoubtedly profited by the skill and thorough knowledge of the advocate upon whom his rehabilitation has devolved—a trained Indian official, acquainted with every detail of government by long Indian employment in a variety of posts, and who continues his services to India since his return to England.

Perhaps the term "rehabilitation" should not be used with reference to the official character of Lord Dalhousie, for the severity of censure with which he was at one time assailed has long ago died away, while at the same time it is in vain to pretend that he occupies the same position in the estimation of his countrymen that he might have held if the Mutiny had never taken place. The disillusion was too rude, the shock too violent, the ensuing reversal of Dalhousie's policy in many respects too conspicuous. "The instability of the British Empire in India," said the *Edinburgh Review* at the height of the crisis, "is an idea so unfamiliar to the vast majority of our countrymen in the present generation, that, if the events of the past year had not given to that expression a significance it never had before, the words would scarcely fall from the lips of an Englishman." "As regards the chances of internal warfare," the *Calcutta Review* had said in a perfect pæan of triumph penned during the latter days of Dalhousie's government, "we may well ask if there is anywhere a native prince who would dare to meet in open field a British force of 10,000 men?" The British people could hardly help feeling that they had got a serpent for a fish; and that, moreover, insult had been added to injury by the representation that the serpent actually was a fish. On the whole, they did not come badly out of as trying an ordeal as the justice and temper of a nation ever were subjected to. Much was said unwisely and ungenerously; but with any other than an Anglo-Saxon people the sayings would have converted themselves into doings of a much more regrettable nature. Generous men like Cory meanwhile were drawn over to Dalhousie's side by a perception of the injustice which he encountered and the magnanimity with which he supported it; and, as the nobler feelings in human nature are more abiding than the baser, it is even possible that sympathy may award him a higher rank among the rulers of India than strict justice can confirm.

The best apology for his errors is the fidelity with which he represented ideas generally accepted at the time—the belief in the natural tendency of events to bring the whole of India under immediate British sway; and the conception of British rule as essentially a missionary and civilizing influence. Dalhousie was the very incarnation of these ideas. There is no ground for charging him with intentional injustice towards the native, unless when he extinguished, or amerced in money or territory. The two most important of his annexations, the Punjab and Oude, were obvious necessities, although the latter was made to wear an aspect of violence which might have been avoided. But the general tenor of his policy left no doubt that, though he would neither play false nor wrongly win, he would miss no opportunity which he thought fair of extending British territory and influence; and the impression was strengthened by the generally Occidental character of his legislation. Indians could not but feel that the tendency of his measures was to Europeanize them; and when at length the careless and stupid blundering of minor officials ignited a little spark of revolt, the flame spread without hindrance from the alienated native rulers and the estranged native middle class.

Yet, in all he had done, Dalhousie had had English public opinion at his back; the nation was *particeps criminis*, and a public outcry against him would have been most discreditable to its sense of fairness. Whatever individuals may have spoken or written, we cannot, however, find any evidence of a national censure of his policy, beyond the practical step of silently dropping it. Since his time the effort has been to convince the native princes that their interests are one with those of the paramount power. While maladministration is more severely checked than under Dalhousie, and the dethronement even of an incompetent prince is no uncommon occurrence, annexation (excepting in the case of a foreign conquest like Burmah) is almost unheard of. The attitude of mind which prevailed throughout the British nation in Dalhousie's period, and of which he was but the instrument, is recognized as fundamentally mistaken. The East is not to be conquered by European ideas, but, if possible, to be permeated by them. The empire is to be made impregnable, not by rigidity, but by elasticity. It is true that these are not the ideas of the average Briton. It is a fact of baleful omen that the three Viceroys who have most fully recognized the native claim to equality—Lord Lytton, Lord Ripon, and Lord Curzon—have been the least popular in Anglo-Indian society. But the principle of partnership, instead of the principle of extrusion, is now too fundamental a maxim of British policy to be easily disturbed.

Dalhousie, then, cannot be reckoned among the first class of statesmen—those who create and impose policies. His vindication (and it is a sufficient apology for the errors of his administration) is that he was not the inspirer but the instrument of the public opinion of his day. The complaint most commonly made against him during his term of office was not that he was too much of an Anglicizer, but that Anglicization did not under him proceed fast enough. He followed where he seemed to lead. He also wanted another indispensable qualification of the first-class statesman — the ability to take comprehensive views and regard the object immediately before him in its relation to the general course of affairs. He was carrying out two great plans, each calculated to offend and estrange Indian public opinion, and the more necessary they were in some measure, the more careful he should have been to conduct them with a minimum of friction. It was quite enough to be compelled to make the two great annexations from which there was no escape, the Punjab and Oude, without increasing ill will by minor appropriations of doubtful justice, like Nagpur, or adding nothing to the strength of the empire, like Satara and Kerowlee. Another class of his measures was even more calculated to offend, and yet was inevitable. He could not without dereliction of duty omit to protect converts and violators of caste rules from outrage and persecution; and the entire course of his legislation in restraint of native intolerance was in the abstract most honorable to him. But he should have considered that in simultaneously attacking national sentiment and religious fanaticism he was burning the candle at both ends. It was also a blot upon his otherwise valuable creation of a Legislative Council that at first native opinion was very inadequately represented upon it. Nor, as his rebuke to Henry Lawrence shows, had he in the least realized the advantage which the empire might derive from the enlistment of hardy races like the Sikhs and Goorkahs.

Dalhousie's claim on the admiration of posterity is not, therefore, so much in the character of a statesman as in that of an administrator. Here he is beyond praise. We have been compelled to confine this notice to general considerations from the sheer impossibility of comprehending his particular achievements within the limits of a review. Military organization, public works, finance, education, legislative and judicial procedure, were all transformed by him. The railway and telegraphic systems of India are mainly his creation. More important still, perhaps, was the example he set of indefatigable activity and swift decision. "He was as rapid," says Cory, "as Henry VIII." Sir William Lee-Warner has done ample justice to him in every respect. It is to be regretted, but was inevitable, that he should have been unable to find room for the great Minute in which Dalhousie reviewed the performances of his administration—a document, as a record of material achievement, almost comparable to the Ancyra inscription of Augustus. But Augustus, though scarcely a man of heroic mould, possessed that insight into his age, and that faculty for inspiring enthusiastic devotion to his person and system, which discriminate the statesman of genius from the eminent ruler of the second class.

SOME MUSICAL WORKS.

Henry J. Wood. By Rosa Newmarch. John Lane.

The Story of the Organ. By C. F. Abdy Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Modern Organ Tuning. By Hermann Smith. Scribners.

Harmony; Its Theory and Practice. By Ebenezer Prout. London: Augener & Co.; New York: Edward Schuberth & Co.

Of a series that is to include "Living Masters of Music," it must be said that if they all prove as good as the first, Rosa Newmarch's monograph, the lovers of musical literature are to be congratulated. The author had the advantage of being obliged to go to headquarters for her information. She pronounces Mr. Wood "unquestionably the central figure in

English musical life"; his influence certainly led to a great quickening of that life. For nearly two centuries the "oratorio industry" had absorbed the best as well as the worst of the English musical material. Mr. Wood and Hans Richter smashed this monopoly, and led to a new movement which became so popular that it was referred to as the "orchestral craze." New compositions, and older ones that had been shamefully neglected in London, were brought out by Mr. Wood in abundance. The author gives a list of these novelties which covers seventeen pages and which includes MacDowell's "Indian Suite" as America's share—small, to be sure, but better than nothing. For Mr. Wood, we are told, there is "no such word or thing as drudgery"; he owes much of his success to his "power of kindling interest in his own ideas and hopes." He is one of the most emotional and individual of conductors, and Rosa Newmarch remarks that "the complaints against individual interpretation in music come from those whose emotional gamut is very limited in compass, and whose emotional tone is of the thinnest quality. Such people are as out of place in the concert room as those of low physical vitality are in the football field." This is well put, and the author does not claim too much when she writes that, "in this matter of vitalizing what he renders, I should unhesitatingly place him next to Nikisch among the interpretative subjective conductors." Special chapters treat of Mr. Wood's relation to vocal art, and his missionary work for the Russians. It was thanks to him that Tchaikovsky became as popular in London as Wagner.

Mr. Abdy Williams justly refers to the organ as a "wonderful outcome of human ingenuity and skill," and he attempts, in eight chapters, to trace its development from the mechanically blown trumpet of Ctesibius in Alexandria to the present day. The latest phases receive less attention than the earlier ones, yet nothing of vital importance seems omitted. Some use is necessarily made of technical terms, but an appendix furnishes explanations for the general reader. There are about forty illustrations, of famous old instruments and transitional forms. Nor are the organists passed over in silence; they are of all grades, from those concerning whom the sixteenth-century composer Hermann Finck wrote that their performance was "just as agreeable as the braying of an ass," to men of genius like Mendelssohn, one of whose chief delights was the trying of instruments in various cities. In Munich he was disappointed because, on a certain organ, he could not play any passage of Bach, as it was wanting in the five uppermost keys. Yet he rejoiced in it because, as he wrote to his sister, "for the melody itself there is a clavier which contains only reed stops, so I draw a soft oboe, a very soft clarion of four feet, and a viola. The choral comes out so quietly and yet so penetratingly that it seems like distant human voices singing from the bottom of the heart."

One of the unpleasant things about organs is their habit of getting out of tune; they share this with the pianoforte, but the damage is much less easy to repair. Some years ago Hermann Smith wrote a book on pianoforte tuning, of which several editions were called for. His aim in this case was to enable a player to tune his own instrument—a desirable accomplishment in regions remote from musical centres. In the case of the organ, on the other hand, he would not, as a rule, encourage players to attempt to set matters right themselves, as the resulting damage might be serious. His hints are, therefore, intended chiefly for builders, who, as he shows us in his 120-page treatise, are confronted by a surprisingly large number of subtle problems.

Harmony is the modern element in music, only a few centuries old. It is a complicated structure, gradually built up by the great masters; and one of the strangest things about it is that every advance made in it was condemned by the critics, and, for a long time, ignored by the theorists. Haydn, when asked according to what rule he had introduced a certain harmony, replied that "the rules were all his very obedient, humble servants"; Beethoven grimly laughed at those who questioned his harmonic practices; and the alleged infractions of the rules have been merrily going on ever since, such composers as Schubert, Wagner, Chopin, Liszt, and Grieg being practically laws unto themselves. Teachers of harmony have not hesitated to say to their pupils: "Bach is wrong," or "Beethoven is wrong," or, at best, "This is a license."

Not so Prof. Ebenezer Prout, whose maxim is that "the principle must surely be wrong which places the rules of an early stage of musical development above the inspirations of genius; . . . and when we find that in our own time Wagner, or Brahms, or Dvorák breaks some rule given in old text-books there is, to say the least, a very strong presumption, not that the composer is wrong, but that the rule needs modifying." It is from this point of view that he has written his treatise on harmony. Many rules now obsolete, and contravened by the daily practice of modern writers, he has omitted altogether, and others he has modified greatly, while the laws affecting the chords of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth have been simplified and classified by him. The result is a thoroughly up-to-date treatise, which cannot be commended too highly to pupils and teachers. That it has been found useful already is evidenced by the fact that fifteen editions of it have been called for in twelve years. The present, sixteenth, edition is a great improvement on its predecessors, being practically a new book, greatly enlarged and in part rewritten. One of the new features is that, from the beginning, the harmonizing of simple melodies is taught simultaneously with the harmonizing of figured basses. There is room for disagreement with some of Professor Prout's conclusions, but this merely shows that the theory, like the practice, of harmony is still in a state of evolution.

Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature. New edition by David Patrick, LL.D. Volume III. The Nineteenth Century. London: W. & R. Chambers; Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1904.

This volume, concluding the Cyclopædia, has for its frontispiece a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, and for the subject of its first biography Wordsworth. But Mr. Watts-Dunton contributes a prelude on "The Renascence of Wonder in Poetry," intended to characterize the revolution which affected "the very soul of poetry" everywhere, with the English race in the van and the 'Lyrical Ballads' at the head of the movement for England if not for the world. This prelude is frankly a development of the writer's introduction to his own 'Aylwin' (misprinted "Alywin" on page 2). It deserves to be lingered over and re-read, and is alone worth the price of the volume; not solely for its thesis, but for its general sweep and its incidental judgments. Mr. Watts-Dunton has two other contributions of importance, the article on Byron, and that on George Borrow; the latter being, for peculiar reasons, one of the few sketches in this volume for which one might not better refer to the Dictionary of National Biography. Compare, for instance, Mr. Lehmann's notice of Dickens with Leslie Stephen's.

Carlyle opens, nearly enough, the second half of the volume, and is disposed of, selections and all, in eleven pages; about the same space being given to Thackeray and to Dickens, against some eighteen pages to the Brownings, less than nine to Tennyson, less than seven to George Eliot, almost five to Edward FitzGerald. Mr. William Wallace, who treats of Carlyle, says rightly that, "even as an historian, he was, and could not help being, prophet, preacher, and poet," and this is the single allusion to his poetic quality. But in the case of the 'French Revolution,' Mr. Wallace quite misses the essentially poetic nature of the presentation, which will appear very striking to any one who compares it with Carducci's sonnet vignettes, "Ça Ira." Mr. Wallace is more anxious to observe, with a confidence not beyond question, that Carlyle's "view of that still imperfectly understood social convulsion is now the world's." Since the historian sometimes dropped into actual verse, we should have liked to find among the selections his "Symbolum," for example. Stranger we think it that among the extracts under Charles Darwin nothing has been taken from his Autobiography, though this is most strictly his literary monument. Finally, to have done with the British section, there is a "complementary list" of recent and contemporaneous authors such as our memory can recall to have embraced Tennyson in the first edition of this Cyclopædia which fell into our hands. He was then visibly nothing but a poet of promise, whose career would be watched with interest.

The American section is ushered in by a brief disquisition on American literature from its slender beginnings, by Professor Woodberry, who then exhibits Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Franklin, John Woolman, and Washington, with one or more extracts; that from the Quaker Woolman not suggesting the peculiar humor which attracted Charles Lamb to his Journal. After Mr. Woodberry, the Rev. John W. Chadwick has been intrusted with the greatest number of significant writers, and Dr. Patrick's choice of a co-laborer could here hardly have been better. The Whitman is an exceptionally sound and just performance. We remark that more than half of the poetic extracts from Longfellow Mr. Chadwick takes from the sonnets, his later products, but none from Lowell's. Emerson was reserved for President Schurman, who rather curtly dismisses his poetic output as hard sledding and relatively unim-

portant, and cites only his "Rhodora." This is scant measure for the first American poet —or who is the first? In contrast, Mr. Watts-Dunton gets three pages of exemplification; but who that is not confused by the Englishman's supremacy as a critic of verse will expect from him, even with the élite, a memory and a cult like that which the poet Emerson may look forward to? Lincoln, among the prose writers, bears his Gettysburg speech in his hand, and we could have wished it accompanied by the higher eloquence of the second inaugural. In the American complementary list, it would perhaps be difficult to explain the principle of division between this company (not of the living alone) and that of the preceding ten pages of brief mention, so that the apparently more honorable position falls to Stephen Crane, for example, the less honorable to Edward Everett Hale. Neither grouping throws any light on the question, Who is to-day the leading American poet?

On the whole, the Cyclopædia maintains its title to a place in every library of reference, public or private. The portraits fall a little short of numbering 150.

Whittier-Land: A Handbook of North Essex, Containing Many Accounts of and Poems by John Greenleaf Whittier never before Collected. By Samuel T. Pickard, author of 'Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier.' Illustrated with map and engravings. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Whittier has been fortunate in his principal biographer, at once so candid and so affectionate, and Mr. Pickard's assumption of this minor task, a guide-book to the Whittier region, assures a piece of work at once reverently and carefully done. Whittier has been equally fortunate in the domestic associations of his early life, the homestead situated so pleasantly, the house built by his first American ancestor in 1688, and preserving so much of its original character, though once (1902) "saved as by fire." The Amesbury house, enlarged from the tiny cottage to which Whittier moved in 1836, is so commonplace in appearance as almost to chill the genial current of its personal associations. Whittier does everything for it, the house nothing for Whittier. One secret of some interest it gave up in 1903, when it was undergoing repairs. Hid in the wall was a package of letters, one of them from Lewis Tappan, revealing Joseph Sturge, the English Quaker abolitionist, as the benefactor whose $1,000 enabled Whittier to build a new part of the house much larger than the old. The birthplace and the later home are carefully described, and, without forcing the note, every circumstance available for the illustration of Whittier's life and poetry is economized, and every place and person vividly associated with his person and experience is made to yield some increment of interest to Mr. Pickard's aggregation of instructive and entertaining matter.

The heretofore uncollected matter is not of such value as to import neglect in the official biography; but here and there we have some expansion of that or a rendering notably fresh and different. Garrison's first visit to Whittier, for example, wears a more rueful color here than in the biography. The boy was, it seems, at the moment of Garrison's arrival, engaged in burrowing under the barn for a hen's stolen nest. Unwillingly he gave over the quest and went to change his clothes, but, getting into the wrong pair of trousers, made a more awkward appearance than if he had presented himself for his first honorable recognition "not without dust and heat." But Mr. Pickard's additions to his former presentation will be most highly appreciated where they carry farther the identification of the various personal objects of Whittier's interest and affection, immortalized by him in verse. We are sure now that the little heroine of "In School Days" was a next neighbor's daughter, Lydia Ayer. Unfortunately, the picture of the schoolhouse is drawn from memory. The vision cherished in "My Playmate" and "Memories" is identified with Mary Thomas, who married Judge Weld of Coventry, Ky. Our poet's sense of the phonetic value of proper names was generally so sure that one reads with astonishment that the line,

"The pines were dark on Ramoth Hill,"

was due to James T. Fields's dissatisfaction with Whittier's first form,

"The pines were dark on Menahga Hill."

The most interesting of these sentimental identifications is that of Evelina Bray with the girl described in "The Sea-Dream." Whittier's loveliest poem. She was from Marblehead, and was Whittier's schoolmate at the Haverhill Academy. We have heretofore conceived that it was from her that Whittier got the story of Skipper Ireson's ride, for he avowed its derivation from a Marblehead schoolmate, and no other has been identified. But in her old age the lady denied her responsibility. It would have been poetic justice if she had been permitted to atone for the ballad, to which the Marblehead people are foolishly averse, by the beautiful stanzas in which Whittier confessed his early admiration. Whittier's sensibility was remarkable, but his affections were always straying "out of Society," and he was too loyal to his parents and to the Quaker order to follow the inclinations of his heart. There are pictures of Mary Thomas and Evelina Bray in their autumnal grace, and there is one of Evelina as a rose-crowned girl.

It should be said that the numerous illustrations are excellent, and sincerely appropriate to the text. The chapters "Whittier's Sense of Humor," "Uncollected Poems," add more to the bulk than to the value of the book, any profit accruing from the sale of which, by the way, will be devoted to the preservation and care of the Haverhill birthplace and the Amesbury home.

Excavations at Phylakopi in Melos, Conducted by the British School at Athens. Supplementary Paper No. 4 of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies. Pp. 280. Plates 41. London and New York: Macmillan. 1904.

The (British) Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies will celebrate on July 5 of this year the twenty-fifth anniversary of its formation. Like the Archæological Institute of America, it was formed in 1879. It has been fortunate in the permanence of its organization, having had but two presidents, Bishop Lightfoot and Sir Richard Jebb, and one secretary, Mr. George Macmillan. Of the fifteen scholars who published papers in the first volume of the Society's *Journal of Hellenic Studies,* only two have died—Sir Charles Newton and Dr. A. S. Murray, Sir Charles's successor as keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum, who has just passed away. The Society was founded to advance the study of Greek language, literature, and art, and to illustrate the history of the Greek race in the ancient, Byzantine, and Neo-Hellenic periods, by the publication of memoirs and unedited documents in a journal to be issued periodically. The *Journal of Hellenic Studies,* now issuing its twenty-fourth volume, has occupied this broad field, publishing with impartiality Allen's text-critical discussions of the Homeric Hymns, the Provost of Oriel's work on the Epic Cycle, Sir Richard Jebb's charming papers on Pindar (the truest literary appreciation of that poet in like space), Freeman's views on the Later History of the Greek Language, Professor Bury's on Lombards and Venetians in Euboea, Ramsay's Studies in Asia Minor, Bent's Cyclades, Percy Gardner's Numismatic Commentary to Pausanias, Waldstein on the Frieze of the Parthenon, Penrose on the Ancient Hecatompedon—to name but a few characteristic papers. The annual summaries of the progress of archæology in Greece have been convenient and good—particularly those by Ernest Gardner. It is one of the very best philological and archæological journals.

The Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies bears almost exactly the same relation to the British School of Archæology at Athens as the Archæological Institute bears to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens—the Society founded the School and has supported the latter's explorations and excavations. Of the first three supplementary papers published by the Society, the most important was the report of the excavations at Megalopolis, published in 1892. That was in folio form, but the volume before us, requiring no elaborate architectural plates, has the form of the *Journal.* This is an excellent and prompt publication of the work of excavation conducted in 1896-99, and gives a clear account of the problems met and the results achieved. Phylakopi was the site of the earliest capital of Melos, and Melos was one of the most important members of the Ægean League, of which Crete was at the head. Melian pottery has been found at Cnossus, and the art of the wall paintings of a seated man and of flying fish at Phylakopi bears such a resemblance to that of the frescoes in the palace unearthed by Mr. Evans at Cnossus, that the suggestion is reasonable that a Cretan artist may have been imported for the decoration of the Melian palace. In the volume before us, Mr. Evans has a chapter on Pottery Marks, and notes two double axes, as well as other marks which recur in the Cnossian linear script. But, on the other hand, the great hall of the palace at Phylakopi had its hearth in the middle, like the palace at Tiryns, and has no such light-well at the back as the palace at Cnossus, and may have been built for a family which had come from the Argolid. The island of Melos contains the only abundant supplies of obsidian in the Mediterranean basin, and the obsidian industry must have been the chief source of prosperity of the ancient city on the

site of Phylakopi. An interesting chapter of this volume is devoted to the obsidian manufacture and trade, with comparisons of Aztec uses. The obsidian knives and arrowheads found at Mycenæ are supposed to have been brought from Melos, and the same conjecture of source is made even for the obsidian objects found among prehistoric and early-dynastic remains in Egypt. At Phylakopi are vast masses of obsidian fragments and half-used cores from which knives had been obtained. The material was so abundant that waste was disregarded. Near the quarries are large quantities of fragments which had been removed in order to fit the obsidian mass for export. Naturally, when bronze arrowheads and knives came into use the obsidian industry waned, and no ancient remains have been found at Phylakopi of a date later than the Mycenæan age, or, in round numbers, 1000 B. C.

The importance of these excavations lies in the fact that they furnish the missing link between the cist-tomb period and that of Mycenæ. This is the only site yet discovered that "exhibits the Cycladic civilization in all the outstanding phases of its development from the earliest beginnings to the age of decline." When the British explorers went to Melos in 1896 they were not without hopes of finding some work of classical sculpture, though it might not be so beautiful as the "Venus" of Melos now in the Louvre, or the Poseidon which is now in the national museum at Athens; but tentative excavations were forbidden by the Greek Government, and the explorers were confined to the examination of land which they purchased as containing manifest indications of ancient walls.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Altgeld, John P. The Cost of Something for Nothing. Chicago: The Hammemark Pub. Co.
Churchill, Winston. The Crisis. Popular edition. The Macmillan Co. 25 cents.
Davidson, A. B. The Theology of the Old Testament. Edited by S. D. F. Salmond. (International Theological Library.) Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.
Hardy, Mrs. A. S. Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Leland, Charles Godfrey. The Alternate Sex. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1 net.
Morton, Major Charles G. Stratagem. Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co.
Niebuhr's Heroengeschichten. Edited by George E. Merkley. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 50 cents.
Ormerod, Eleanor. Autobiography and Correspondence. Edited by Robert Wallace. E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.
Pendleton, Louis. A Forest Drama. (Fiction.) Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.
Vaughan, A. O. Old Hendrik's Tales. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Walter, Johnston Estep. The Principles of Knowledge. Vol. II. F. E. Grant, 23 W. 42d St. $2.

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